# Warhammer 40K: Chaos Legion Supplement 0.1

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# Introduction

*"Death to the False Emperor! Death to the weakling Imperium of Mankind!" — Oath of the Traitor Legions*

Welcome, Jumper.
The Thrashing Gods have seen fit to bestow upon you a most dreadful gift: an army forged in the image of the Corpse-Emperor's own legions, the very technology once wielded to enslave and conquer this cursed galaxy. Alongside this comes a Chaos Warband, a fragment of the once-proud hosts that marched beneath Horus during the Great Heresy. Though their primarch failed, these warriors of ruin now march at your command, believing you to be the one destined to lead them to glory, plunder, and eternal reward.

Wherever you choose to invoke this supplement, you do so with the full strength of an entire Warband of superhuman soldiers at your back. But know this: in any world where you unleash them for the first tiem, you are bound by a sacred and profane obligation—you must conquer that world in its entirety. Only by bringing it fully to heel beneath your banners can this gift be properly wielded.

If, however, you have already earned the Favor of this supplement through a Jump, the requirement of conquest is waived—your dominion already proven, your worth already acknowledged.

And to seal this bargain, take this boon:
1,000 Favor—raw, Warp-touched essence, Glory or damnation, Jumper. The choice is yours… though perhaps, in the eyes of the Gods, they are one and the same.

# Base World:

Every warband needs a place to call its blighted cradle of power. Here, you decide where your legion of ruin will anchor itself—a world that is, unsurprisingly, of paramount importance to your survival.

Your homeworld is a source of resources, the lifeblood that fuels your campaigns across the stars. It is a recruiting ground, where fresh thralls, cultists, and aspirants are fed into the grinder of war, and where the gene-forges may elevate the worthy into Chaos Marine. It is also a sanctuary, the one place where even your Chaos-touched transhuman warriors may return to recuperate, repair, and rebuild after their endless raiding . For even the mighty have limits, and even demigods of war must have a place to sharpen their blades.

Because of this, you will receive one base world for free from the list below as you capital world. Any additional worlds you choose to seize will cost 200 Favor apiece. All purchased worlds will be bound together within the same star system.

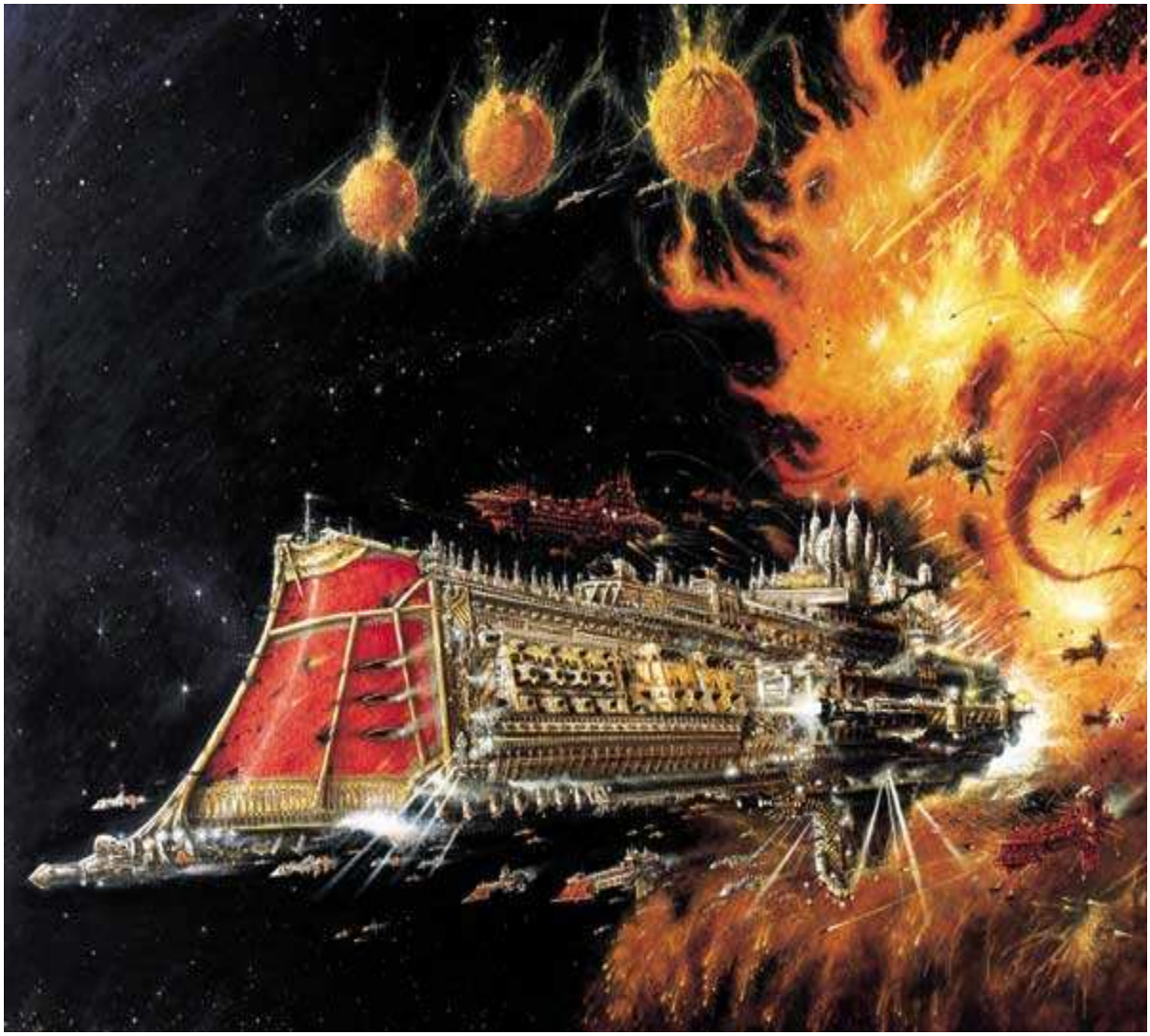
These base worlds are not limited to mere planets. A warband may claim moons, shattered asteroids, orbital strongholds, or even hollowed-out planetoids as their lair. What matters is not their form, but their function: each is a nest of iron, blood, and corruption where your forces may thrive.

**Fleet-Bound (Can only be purchase as a free option)**
Not every warband claims a world to call their own. Some refuse to kneel to the chains of stone and soil, while others have had their homeworld scoured by Exterminatus, reduced to ash and memory by the lackeys of the Corpse-Emperor. Whatever the reason, your warband does not anchor itself to a planet. Instead, it has become Fleet-Bound—a vast and terrible armada that drifts from warzone to warzone, plundering the galaxy for all it needs.

Your warriors recruit from the worlds they raid, drawing slaves, cultists, and potential aspirants from the carcasses of conquered civilizations. Your resources, however, are far from consistent. A raid may bring an abundance of wealth and flesh… or leave your forges silent and your gene-vats dry. There is no steady harvest here, only the ebb and flow of war.

Because of this, any additional “worlds” you purchase will not be true homeworlds. Instead, they will manifest as mobile fortress-ships, resource-extraction outposts, or scavenger stations dragged along in your fleet’s wake. They may serve to provide stability or specialized functions, but never the permanence of a true planet.

Yet, with this curse comes a gift. For while world-bound warbands are chained to their thrones, yours is the most mobile army of all



**Mineral-Rich Barren World**
Such worlds are a common sight in this war-torn galaxy: lifeless, airless husks of stone adrift in the void. With no biosphere, no breathable atmosphere, and no value to most but the desperate, they are often overlooked by the ignorant. But to a warband, they are treasures hidden in plain sight. Beneath the dead crust lies a wealth of raw minerals, the perfect feedstock for forging weapons, armor, and the endless munitions demanded by the Traitor Legions.

Worlds like this are ideal for establishing fortified strongholds. Without life-support systems, any would-be invader must wage their assault sealed in void-gear, their every step hampered by the hostile environment. Meanwhile, the warband entrenches itself in subterranean citadels, mine-fortresses, and refineries.

The minerals themselves are especially prized, as they are well-suited for the creation and maintenance of common wargear—bolters, chainblades, plating for power armor, and the armored hulls of warships. While not exotic, this steady resource base ensures your legion never starves for the tools of slaughter.

If you have chosen the Fleet-Bound option, this world manifests not as a planet, but as a mobile drilling and mining outpost—vast rigs chewing into asteroids, barren moons, or shattered planetary remnants. Such mobile operations are not as efficient as a true planetary base, operating at 88% of the yield of permanent facilities, but their flexibility ensures your fleet can harvest resources wherever it prowls.



**Baseline Human-Inhabited Planet**
Your homeworld mirrors the countless “average” planets once shackled to the Imperium of Man—self-sufficient, stable, and filled with teeming masses of human life. With a population of roughly five billion souls, this world maintains itself without reliance on outside supply lines, providing a steady and reliable foundation for your warband.

The level of technology here is comparable to 21st-century Terra, with the means to harvest raw materials, manufacture equipment, and sustain vast populations. While far from a forge world’s industrial might, its balance of infrastructure and manpower ensures that your warband enjoys a consistent supply of resources,Raw materials for weapons and armor,Mass-produced equipment for cultists and thralls,Fresh human slaves and aspirants, ripe for sacrifice or elevation into Chaos Space marines  (if they survive the process)

Though not exotic, the stability and sheer numbers offered by such a world make it one of the most dependable choices for sustaining long-term campaigns.

If you have chosen the Fleet-Bound option, this purchase instead becomes a colossal mothership-ark, built to house billions in its cavernous holds. Within its titanic structure, conditions are carefully maintained to support the slave population, aspirants, and basic industry required for your warband. Hydroponics bays, manufactoria, and gene-extraction forges ensure renewable resources, the production of standard equipment, and the continued creation of Chaos Space Marines. Quality in both the fleet and planetary versions is average but reliable—nothing remarkable.



**Deathworld**
To claim a Deathworld as your homeworld is to embrace the furnace of unending struggle. These planets are renowned across the galaxy as places so hostile, so monstrously cruel, that most sane men would rather walk into the jaws of a daemon than set foot upon them. From these brutal lands arise warriors worthy of the Long War, and Chaos Space Marines made from such stock will always be of superior quality—stronger, tougher, more ruthless than their peers.

The form of your Deathworld may vary, but each is equally lethal. Perhaps it is a jungle-choked nightmare like Catachan, where every vine drips venom, every insect carries a death sentence, and every beast is large enough to devour a man whole. Maybe it is a world like Cretacia, home to colossal reptilian predators—creatures like thunder-lizards, whose scales can turn blades, and whose claws have already tasted the blood of human settlers. Or perhaps it mirrors the irradiated wastelands of Baal, where survivors scratch out a life among glowing ruins, their very DNA twisted by ceaseless radiation. Then there are the ice-worlds, brutal places like Fenris, where summers boil seas into steam and winters plunge into centuries of killing frost, a cycle so harsh it breeds only the fiercest of tribes.

If you have chosen the Fleet-Bound path, it manifests as a mobile fortress-ark, a wandering bastion tainted by the Warp itself. The very environment inside is hostile to human life—radiation storms, warp-flame tempests, or predatory monstrosities lurking in its corrupted halls. Few survive within its bulk, but those that do are marked forever. Survivors of this living hell are granted powerful mutations and warped blessings, gifts of Chaos born of their struggle against both nature and the Immaterium.



**Feudal World**
Your homeworld is one where the drumbeat of war has never ceased, a planet whose inhabitants have lived and died by the blade for as long as their histories remember. The people of this world dwell in hierarchical societies, bound by oaths of blood and iron, their lives defined by service to their lords and ceaseless martial competition. Whether their technology lingers in the equivalent of Terra's Middle Ages, or has clawed its way to the crude, fire-belching savagery of techno-barbarian tribes, the culture remains the same: might is law, and war is life.

From such a world, your warband gains a steady influx of recruits who already possess a warrior's instincts. Slaves drawn from its peasantry are hardened serfs and raiders, while cultists emerge from knightly orders corrupted by whispers of the Dark Gods. Most valuable of all are the aspirants for Astartes induction—men who have already been trained since childhood in the arts of combat, familiar with discipline, weapons, and the brutal hierarchies of command. Unlike the soft stock of baseline human worlds, they need little conditioning to accept hardship, bloodshed, and obedience. This makes them easier to mold into warriors of Chaos, and far more effective as defenders of your strongholds.

If you are Fleet-Bound, this choice manifests not as a planet, but as a colossal pirate-flagship and its fleet of 10 raider vessels. Within these voidborne fortresses dwell your "feudal" subjects: hardened warrior-clans who have made a life of pillage and plunder among the stars. These marauders are exceptionally well-trained in the arts of ship-to-ship combat, boarding actions, and void warfare, making your fleet a nightmare for merchant convoys, planetary defenses, and even rival warbands.



**Fortress World**
Your homeworld was once a keystone in the Imperium's defensive network, a planet whose very existence revolved around the eternal state of war. Its skies once bristled with void shields, its ground pocked with trenchworks, bastions, and gun batteries. But now, this prize lies in your hands. Through blood, betrayal, or the gifts of the Dark Gods, you and your warband have conquered it, wrenching it from the corpse-emperor's grasp and bending its war-forged might to your cause.

Every aspect of life here is dedicated to the blade, the gun, and the defense of the realm. Cities are vast fortresses ringed by curtain walls and anti-orbital cannons. The wilderness is not wilderness at all, but a lattice of bunkers, trenches, and hidden redoubts. The world itself is a single machine of battle, its population conditioned from birth to march, drill, and die at command.

By recruiting from such a place, your warband gains aspirants who are disciplined, obedient, and militarily trained from childhood. They may lack the feral brutality of Deathworlders or the martial passion of Feudal Worlds, but they bring something just as valuable: an ingrained sense of order, loyalty, and coordination. When elevated to Chaos Space Marines, they become shock troops and disciplined line-breakers, their instincts tuned for unity of purpose rather than individual glory.

The defenses of such a world are staggering: orbital cannons, fortress-cities, void shield arrays, and labyrinthine trenchlines that can bleed even the strongest invaders dry. Few foes can hope to breach such a bastion—and fewer still escape once they set foot upon it.

If you are Fleet-Bound, you gain instead a colossal Star Fort, a drifting bastion of steel and void-fire. These massive fortresses are the Imperium's answer to invasion fleets, but under your control, they become the ultimate symbols of defiance and corruption. Bristling with gun batteries, torpedo silos, and fighter bays, your Star Fort is both fortress and fleet, capable of holding entire sectors hostage. Within its armored depths, entire populations live and toil, feeding the warband's endless hunger while basking in the baleful glow of the Warp.

**Forge World**
Through dark pacts and forbidden oaths, your warband has bound itself to the Dark Mechanicum. By their favor, you now control a Forge World—or what remains of one, twisted and remade into a shrine of heresy.

This world is a guaranteed fountain of war materiel, a planet-sized factory dedicated to the ceaseless crafting of weapons, armor, and war machines. Its surface is a nightmare of smokestacks, foundries, and assembly halls that stretch for kilometers, each ruled by tech-priests whose flesh is more wire and steel than human. Entire populations live only to feed the forges, stripping mountains to ash and boiling seas dry to fuel the endless manufacture of materiel.

If you have access to Mineral-Rich Barren World, its production is amplified further, allowing for not only mass-produced arms and armor but also the creation of daemon-infused vehicles, warp-touched war engines, and experimental weaponry beyond the dreams of the Imperium's enslaved Mechanicus. Such gifts come at a price, of course—nothing made here is free of the Warp's touch—but what warlord would dare complain when their tanks growl with daemonic hunger and their bolters roar like tortured souls?

If you are Fleet-Bound, you instead gain a mobile factory complex built into the belly of your armada, as well as a voidyard drifting in your fleet's shadow. These shrines of industrial might are sworn to the service of your warband's warpsmith, who oversees the heretic priests and daemon-machines that toil ceaselessly within. With these assets, your fleet enjoys: Far easier maintenance and repair of warships and wargear. The capacity to produce new equipment, vehicles, and munitions to sustain long campaigns. Most importantly, the manufacture of fresh voidships.

Do keep in mind, however, that even with the blessings of the Dark Mechanicum, the forging of a voidship is not a swift task. It may take decades or even centuries to birth a single great vessel.

# Warband Structure:

Every warband is a reflection of its master, and each has its own structure, culture, and methods of war. No two are the same, for Chaos is nothing if not variety—and madness. Some warbands function with rigid hierarchy and discipline, others as savage hordes that barely hold together until the next slaughter. All are unique, each shaped by the whims of their leaders, the blessings of the Dark Gods, and the scars of their history.

## Mark of Patronage:

Here we shall decide which of the Dark Gods your warband has pledged their lives, their victories, and their very souls to. Each God bestows unique blessings upon their followers, but none give gifts without demand—alongside their power come curses, restrictions, and eternal obligations.

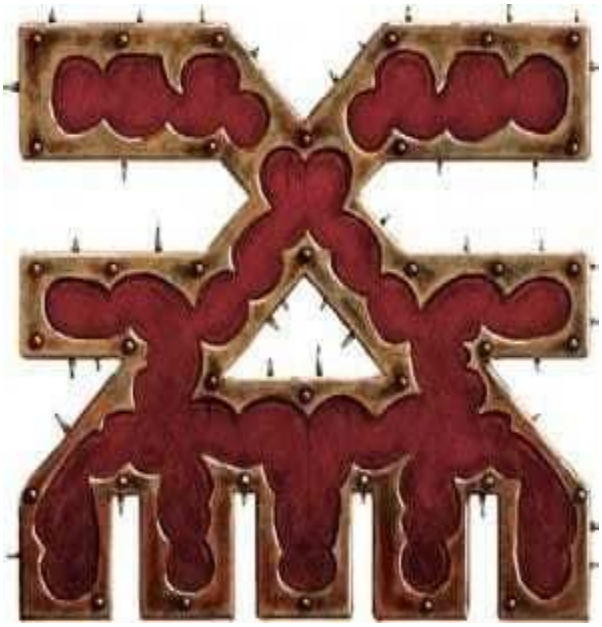
Your choice of patron shapes your warband's culture, tactics, and very appearance. Some become zealous murder-cults, others sorcerous cabals, others still shambling hordes of filth, or depraved masques of excess. Chaos is bountiful, but always hungry. Choose one

If you arrive at this supplement from a Jump that made you part of one of the Traitor Legions—the World Eaters, Thousand Sons, Death Guard, or Emperor's Children—then your warband's allegiance is automatically bound to the same patron as your Legion's origin. The Dark Gods are possessive, after all, and they do not tolerate apostasy lightly.

## Khorne [World Eaters must choose this Alignment]

To walk the path of Khorne is to abandon all pretense of subtlety and embrace the purity of slaughter. To serve the Blood God is to live only for the clash of steel, the spray of gore, and the moment when an enemy's skull cracks beneath your weapon. For your warband, worship of Khorne means a culture utterly consumed by violence—dueling amongst themselves to test their strength, bellowing war cries that shake the hearts of lesser men, and charging into the fray without hesitation. Sorcery is despised, for magic is seen as cowardice and trickery, unworthy of true warriors. Instead, your warriors glory in the raw strength of their bodies, their fury, and the blessings of their god.

In return for such blood-soaked devotion, Khorne's gifts are both terrible and magnificent. The blessings of the Blood God sear themselves into flesh and soul, shaping your warband into living engines of destruction. Pain becomes meaningless, wounds that would cripple others are fought through with unholy vigor, and every kill feeds the insatiable fire of their rage. With each battle, each offering of blood, your warband grows stronger, more unrelenting, and more terrifying to face. They are not merely soldiers—they are predators driven by divine wrath, howling beasts in power armor whose only prayer is the roar of battle.



## Tzeentch [Thousand Sons must choose this Alignment]

To swear yourself to Tzeentch, the Great Conspirator, is to step into an endless labyrinth of shifting truths, half-seen destinies, and secrets that burn like fire in the mind. For your warband, this devotion means a life forever steeped in sorcery, mutation, and ambition. They will become manipulators, tricksters, and wielders of power so alien it bends reality itself, reshaping flesh and fire alike to their will. Where other warbands rely on brute strength, yours will twist the battlefield with eldritch storms, psychic assaults, and carefully orchestrated betrayals.

Tzeentch rewards his servants with knowledge and sorcerous might beyond mortal comprehension, gifts that shimmer with both promise and peril. His blessings may grant visions of possible futures, an instinctive understanding of how to turn a foe's strength against them, or arcane mastery that reduces armies to dust with a thought.

Your warband will come to embody this constant flux, mutating as readily as their strategies shift. Loyalty, under Tzeentch's gaze, is never simple. Lies can be truth, betrayal can be devotion, and even the most cunning plan may itself be part of a greater scheme beyond your understanding. Serving the Architect of Fate is to walk willingly into a game you cannot win, but one where even losing may serve his design. For those who crave knowledge, sorcery, and the thrill of outmaneuvering all who stand against them, there is no god greater.



## Nurgle [Death Guard must choose this Alignment]

To give yourself to Nurgle, the Grandfather of Plagues, is to surrender the fear of death and find solace in the certainty of decay.To worship him is to accept that all things must wither, but that from rot comes renewal. For your warband, devotion to the Plague Father means becoming the embodiment of endurance and inevitability.

Nurgle's blessings bestow grotesque resilience. Wounds fester but never close, yet the flesh still fights on. Disease riddles the body, but instead of weakness it grants vigor, pain dulled into nothingness, fear replaced by a morbid cheer. Warriors of Nurgle are a hideous sight—bloated, rotting, covered in weeping sores and buzzing clouds of flies—but their spirits are unshaken, filled with infectious laughter and a grim sort of joy. Where they walk, contagion follows: plagues that choke cities, fevers that melt armies, and despair that seeps into the hearts of even the bravest foes.

Yet, to serve Nurgle is not merely to destroy. His gifts carry with them a philosophy: that suffering is part of life, and that life and death are not enemies but partners in an eternal cycle. In this way, his followers are not only warriors, but gardeners of corruption—sowing pestilence so that new, twisted life might bloom in the ruin. In embracing Nurgle, your warband will find a terrible freedom, no longer bound by the terror of mortality. Instead, they become the reapers of a plague-born harvest, spreading both despair and the Plague Father's strange, unsettling joy wherever they go..



## Slaanesh [Emperor's Children must choose this Alignment]

To devote yourself to Slaanesh, the Prince of Pleasure, is to cast aside restraint and surrender utterly to the pursuit of sensation. Where Khorne demands blood and Nurgle offers decay, Slaanesh whispers promises of beauty, ecstasy, and fulfillment beyond imagination. For your warband, this devotion means every act—whether in battle, feasting, or revelry—is transformed into an art form. Combat is not simply a necessity, but the ultimate performance, a dance of blades and screams where every strike is savored and every drop of blood is another note in a symphony of excess.

The blessings of Slaanesh are intoxicating. His touch sharpens reflexes to superhuman speed, heightens senses until every detail is overwhelming, and fills the body with endless energy that blurs the line between agony and bliss. Your warriors may move with impossible grace, their strikes as beautiful as they are lethal, or radiate an aura of unnatural allure that bends others to their will. Yet, every gift comes with a hunger. Each sensation, no matter how divine, fades too quickly, replaced with the aching need for more. Pain and pleasure become indistinguishable, and in the endless search for perfection, followers of Slaanesh risk losing themselves entirely to their desires.

But that is the essence of Slaanesh's power—never to be satisfied, only to be driven further into extremes that others cannot even comprehend. For your warband, this means lives lived in a state of perpetual exhilaration, whether on the battlefield or in the warped halls of their debauched strongholds. They will inspire terror, envy, and fascination in equal measure, for to behold them is to see beauty and horror interwoven into something irresistible.



## Chaos Undivided

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

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



# Warband Gifts Of Chaos:

Here you will decide what dark blessings and infernal boons your warband will receive, for no servant of the Ruinous Powers marches to war without the touch of their patron. These gifts of Chaos can take many forms—hell-forged relics of impossible design, mutations that twist flesh into living weapons, supernatural abilities that defy the natural order, or blessings that mark your warriors as chosen of their god. Each gift binds your warband ever closer to the power that sustains them, shaping their identity and their fate. However, these gifts are not freely given, for they are tied to the god you serve, locked to their domain of influence and reflective of their nature. Only those who walk the path of Chaos Undivided may claim gifts from any of the gods, weaving together a tapestry of powers to suit their will. Also each warband will receive one  discount per tier of Gifts Of Chaos except Chaos Undivided they receive 2.

## Khorne

**Mark of Khorne [Free/Khorne Only]**
To bear the Mark of Khorne is to be consumed by the Blood God's eternal rage, transformed into a living weapon of slaughter. Those branded with the Skull Rune feel fear and restraint burned away, their strength and ferocity magnified beyond mortal limits. Khornate warriors scorn ranged weapons, instead hurling themselves into close combat with axes, blades, or their own fists, every strike an offering to the throne of skulls. The mark, often seared into flesh or carved into bone, radiates Khorne's fury, driving its bearer to fight without pause until nothing is left alive before them.

**Khornate Chainaxe [Free / Khorne Only]**
Your warband is armed with brutal chainaxes, heavy and savage weapons whose roaring teeth can rip through armor, flesh, and even the toughest of materials with terrifying ease. More than mere tools of war, these axes are symbols of devotion, each swing an offering of blood to the Blood God.

**Collars of Khorne [100 Favor]**
Your warband is granted spiked iron collars inscribed with the burning runes of Khorne, each said to be forged in the weapon foundries at the base of his Brass Throne. These collars radiate the raw hatred of the Blood God, shielding their wearers and gain resistance from all forms of psychic assault. Sorcery and

witchcraft simply burn to ash against the will of Khorne, leaving only the purity of physical combat.

**Face of Khorne [100 Favor]**
Your warband is marked by the terrifying visage of the Blood God, their faces warped into the very embodiment of slaughter. Eyes glow with the crimson fire of Khorne's bone-forges, and black smoke bellows from their nostrils like funeral pyres, making them living icons of dread.

**Purity of Aggression [100 Favor]**
Your warband is granted Khorne's purity of purpose, their minds scoured of all weakness and emotion save for unrelenting hatred and the thirst for blood. To them, no foe is too mighty or too wretched to escape their wrath, and that hatred is always returned in kind

**Praise of Khorne [200 Favor]**
Your warband has earned the rare praise of Khorne himself, and his approval manifests in the battlefield as unnatural resilience. Their armor, blessed by his favor, more often turns aside blades, bolts, and shells, as if the Blood God wills that they live long enough to spill more blood in his name.

**Berserker Glaive [200 Favor]**
For every five Chaos Space Marines sworn to Khorne in your warband, one is armed with a Berserker Glaive, a cursed weapon containing the bound essence of a maddened Bloodthirster. The bearer must battle the glaive's will constantly, lest they lose themselves to its insatiable bloodlust. In return, the weapon grants immense protection and power in combat, though its fury is indiscriminate, sometimes turning upon ally as easily as foe.

**Banner of Rage [200 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines of Khorne in your army that Fallows Khorne, a Banner of Rage rises above them, stitched with cursed sigils and infused with the souls of the Blood God's most frenzied worshippers. These banners radiate a psychic storm of fury, searing into the minds of all nearby and driving them into greater madness. Under their sway, your warband's appetite for blood and slaughter becomes limitless, their violence reaching heights even they could not have imagined.

**Talisman of Burning Blood [400 Favor]**
For every twenty Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one may wield the Talisman of Burning Blood, a relic that allows its bearer to temper or unleash the berserk frenzy of their brethren. With it, the bearer can hold their warriors' rage in check for crucial moments, channeling it with precision—or unleash it in a tidal wave of uncontrollable violence. In either case, the talisman ensures that the warband fights ever at the peak of Khorne's favor, their fury a weapon shaped to devastating effect.

**Hand of Khorne [400 Favor]**
For every five Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one is blessed with the Hand of Khorne, a grotesque mutation where a hand swells into a massive claw of iron-hard flesh and bone. Its nails stretch into jagged blades, capable of tearing through ceramite, steel, and flesh with ease. This hand becomes a divine instrument of Khorne's will, driving its bearer to slaughter without pause until all living souls before them are extinguished.

**Bloodfeeders [400 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one may wield a Bloodfeeder, a daemon weapon possessed by a raging Bloodletter of Khorne. These weapons are embodiments of unending bloodlust, their bound spirits forever howling for slaughter. Though ferociously powerful, they are unpredictable, striking with terrifying strength but sometimes lashing out even at their wielder, for daemonic weapons of Khorne care nothing for loyalty—only the endless harvest of blood.

**Juggernauts [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
One quarter of your Chaos Space Marines are granted the rare and terrifying gift of riding Juggernauts of Khorne, massive daemonic steeds forged of living brass and iron, their veins pumping molten blood. Favored champions tame these monstrous war-beasts, which thunder across the battlefield with unstoppable momentum, trampling enemies beneath their blazing hooves. To ride a Juggernaut is to be marked as one of Khorne's chosen, a warrior bound inseparably to destruction incarnate.

**Blessing of the Blood God [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
Khorne's greatest warbands may be granted this rare and terrifying gift, rendering the entire host utterly immune to the effects of enemy psychic attacks. Witchfire, curses, and sorceries of all kinds are snuffed out like embers before a gale, for the Blood God despises sorcery above all. With this blessing, your warriors march unhindered through the spells of their enemies, their only focus the slaughter to come.

**Great Axe of Khorne [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
Within your warband, eight of your champions are gifted with the Great Axe of Khorne, a daemon weapon steeped in the bloodlust and essence of a Bloodthirster. These colossal axes roar with insatiable hunger, driving their wielders into greater and greater feats of carnage. Every swing carries the potential to carve through scores of foes, as the weapon thrums with daemonic fury, often unleashing far more strikes than any mortal weapon could achieve.



## Tzeentch

**Mark of Tzeentch [Free / Tzeentch Only]**
The Mark of Tzeentch is a twisting brand of sorcerous fire, seared upon those who dedicate themselves to the Great Conspirator. Its bearer is forever altered, their flesh shifting with subtle mutations and their mind overflowing with raw arcane potential. Those blessed with the mark gain an affinity for psychic powers, their thoughts burning with unnatural clarity as whispers of forbidden knowledge echo in their soul.

**Changing of the Ways [Free / Tzeentch Only]**
Exposure to the raw will of Tzeentch warps the flesh and mind of his followers beyond recognition, for change is the only constant. Those bearing this mark find their bodies and souls in a perpetual state of flux—each day, a random mutation, boon, or curse manifests upon them. One day, they may sprout wings of shimmering flame; the next, their skin might harden into crystalline scales, or their voice might weave compulsions into the minds of mortals.

**Bedlam Staves [100 Favor]**
Your warband now wields the dreaded Bedlam Staves, arcane weapons whose origins trace back to the Thousand Sons during the Horus Heresy. Each staff hums with the psychic remnants of countless sorcerers who have borne it before, their whispers echoing through the Warp. When these staves strike, they do not simply wound flesh—they tear away thoughts, silencing the target's mind in a haze of confusion and leaving them helpless for precious moments

**Breath Fire [100 Favor]**
Every three warriors within your warband are gifted with the ability to unleash the writhing, sorcerous flames of Tzeentch from their very lungs. These are no ordinary fires—each gout of flame writhes with a will of its own, dancing and twisting in unnatural hues of azure, violet, and sickly green. Flesh melts, metal warps, and even the spirit is seared as the warp-born fire clings to its victims, burning long after the initial blast.

**Face of a Horror [100 Favor]**
Half of your warband is warped so that their heads resemble the twisted visages of Tzeentch's Lesser Daemons. Some bear the grotesque, toothy grin of a Pink Horror, their faces stretched into an eternal manic smile, while others take on the snarling, hate-filled frown of a Blue Horror. This Face makes easier for your warband to concentrate on bending the warp to their whims.

**Massive Intellect [200 Favor]**
Exposure to the raw will of Tzeentch greatly expands the minds of your warband, flooding them with fragments of the Changer of Ways' endless schemes. The gifted now possess heightened intellect and uncanny foresight, able to perceive patterns, secrets, and manipulations that mortals could never comprehend. This expanded consciousness makes them skilled in strategy, deception, and sorcery, though such enlightenment comes with the danger of madness, as their thoughts are forever entangled with Tzeentch's labyrinthine designs.

**Blasted Standard [200 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one may bear a Blasted Standard—an ever-shifting banner whose design mutates throughout battle, writhing with the impossible colors and sigils of Tzeentch. The standard itself hums with warped energy, storing raw Warp power that lashes out in bursts whenever enemies draw near. To foes it is both a beacon of dread and a weapon of sorcery, while to your warband it is a rallying point infused with the ever-changing favor of the Changer of Ways.

**Hand of Tzeentch [200 Favor]**
For every five members of your warband, one is granted the Hand of Tzeentch, their flesh twisting until one hand mutates into a massive claw resembling that of a Horror of Tzeentch. This warped appendage crackles with sorcerous energy, its talons tearing through both armor and reality itself.

**Flaming Arm [400 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one is blessed—or cursed—with the Flaming Arm of a Flamer of Tzeentch. The bearer's limb mutates into a writhing, otherworldly appendage of living fire, its surface flickering like molten glass and Warp-flame. With but a thought, the gifted can unleash gouts of sorcerous fire, project streams of warpfire that twist reality as they burn, or ignite the very air around their foes.

**Deathscreamers [400 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one is granted a Daemon weapon possessed by a Horror of Tzeentch. These dreaded weapons, known as Deathscreamers, howl with the shrieking voices of bound daemons and spew forth blasts of warpfire as easily as they carve through flesh. To wield one is to grasp at the very essence of change and madness, as the daemon within constantly whispers, mocks, and tempts its bearer with promises of greater power.

**Destiny of Tzeentch [400 Favor]**
For every five Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one is blessed with the uncanny ability to foresee the actions of their enemies. Guided by the ever-shifting will of Tzeentch, these warriors are granted fleeting glimpses of possible futures, allowing them to anticipate blows before they fall and strike with supernatural speed. In battle, their movements seem almost preordained, as if every parry, dodge, and counter was written in the threads of fate itself. Such gifts make them terrifying opponents, for fighting them is like struggling against inevitability—the foe's failure has already been decided long before the blade is drawn.

**Ecstatic Duplication [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
Every member of your warband carries within them a fragment of Tzeentch's endless mutability. Upon death, there is a 25% chance that the fallen warrior's body will twist, warp, and split apart in a violent eruption of sorcerous energy, giving birth to two smaller Chaos Space Marines roughly four feet tall. These uncanny duplicates retain the memories, skills, and fanaticism of their progenitor, though their forms are unstable, mutating further as the warp's influence

continues to gnaw at them. To enemies, the sight is both horrifying and demoralizing—every “victory” only risks spawning more foes.

**Discs of Tzeentch [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
One quarter of your Chaos Space Marines are granted the rare and dreadful gift of riding Discs of Tzeentch—daemonic entities that soar upon the etheric winds of the Warp. These whirling, bladed abominations can be bound (never truly tamed) and serve as steeds, carrying their riders across the battlefield in a blur of sorcerous energy and shrieking metal.

**Exalted Sorcerer [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
Nine of your champions ascend into the ranks of Exalted Sorcerers, becoming living conduits of Tzeentch’s endless schemes. Among the most powerful spellcasters in your warband, these sorcerers command devastating warp-born magics, unravel fate with a thought, and twist reality to suit their whims. Cloaked in shifting auras of sorcery and bound to ever-changing destinies, they serve as both generals and prophets—feared by foe and follower alike.



## Nurgle

**Mark Of Nurgle [Free/Nurgle Only]**
The Mark of Nurgle is given to Nurgle's greatest followers and they become a living host to the powers of death and decay. Those with the Mark become bloated with pestilence, their rotting flesh makes them near immune to pain and extremely difficult to kill.

**Nurgle's Cloud of Flies [Free/Nurgle Only]**
Your warband is forever shrouded in a thick, writhing cloud of corpulent flies, a living veil of pestilence gifted by Grandfather Nurgle. These vile insects crawl across armor and weapons, swarm through the air, and drown out the battlefield in a constant droning buzz. Any enemy foolish enough to engage your warriors in close combat finds their strikes thrown off by the endless distractions, their vision blurred, their mouths and eyes assaulted by the crawling tide.

**Biting Tongue [100 Favor]**
Your warband’s warriors sprout grotesque, swollen tongues that grow long, thick, and cylindrical, each ending in a gaping maw lined with jagged, gnashing teeth. Much like the obscene tongues of the Great Unclean Ones, these writhing appendages lash out in combat to clamp, tear, and devour, adding a horrifying new weapon to your arsenal. Enemies struck by these monstrous tongues find themselves ripped apart or dragged helplessly toward the waiting blades and claws of Nurgle’s chosen.

**Corpulent Immensity [100 Favor]**
Your warband’s frames swell into bloated hulks of festering flesh, their bodies distended with pus, rot, and sloughing skin that oozes corruption from every pore. Despite their grotesque appearance and the constant seep of foul fluids, these warriors are blessed with unnatural vigor and crushing strength, their swollen muscles hidden beneath layers of putrid fat.

**Face of Beast [100 Favor]**
Your warband’s heads warp into the hideous likeness of a Beast of Nurgle, their faces distorting into slavering maws surrounded by writhing, slime-dripping tentacles. These appendages lash out to seize and paralyze foes, leaving them helpless before being torn apart or dragged into the crushing embrace of Nurgle’s chosen.

**Blight Grenades [200 Favor]**
Your warband gains foul blight grenades, each one crafted from the rotting, miniaturized heads of Nurgle's enemies, preserved and swollen with his favorite plagues. When hurled, they burst apart in a shower of pus, rot, and despair, filling the air with choking fumes and infectious filth. The stench alone can shatter morale, while the writhing swarm of disease within spreads panic and confusion, leaving enemies broken in both body and spirit.

**Trail of Slime [200 Favor]**
Your warband's warriors ooze with Papa Nurgle's gifts, leaving behind a thick, glistening trail of mucous-like slime wherever they walk. This vile secretion clings to armor, seeps into soil, and coats every surface in a layer of corruption. Any foe unfortunate enough to touch or tread upon it risks contracting any of Nurgle's many disease.

**Plague Banner [200 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your army a vile standard stitched from rotting hides and dripping with corruption, the Plague Banner flaps in a foul, pestilent wind that never ceases. Its very presence spreads despair, for woven into its diseased fabric is a powerful curse. This blighted aura seeps outward, sapping the strength and vitality of any foe who dares approach, withering their flesh and draining their life essence. To your followers, it is both a symbol of Nurgle's eternal bounty and a beacon of decay to rally behind, while to your enemies it is the promise of a slow, festering death.

**Nurgle's Rot [400 Favor]**
Your warband becomes the chosen carriers of one of Nurgle's most beloved creations—the dreaded Nurgle's Rot. This plague manifests as a choking miasma of pestilence that clings to the flesh, worming its way into every pore and vein. Victims soon sprout bubbling blisters, seeping boils, and foul-smelling welts that rupture with disease. The suffering is swift, merciless, and so agonizing that many beg for release—and in their desperation, some turn willingly to Nurgle's "embrace" just to end their torment.

**Plaguebringers [400 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one may be chosen to bear a Plaguebringer—a daemon weapon swollen with disease and bound with the essence of a Plaguebearer. These wretched blades drip with filth, their edges corroded and jagged, yet empowered with the eternal vitality of Nurgle's children. Each strike spreads both rot and despair, as the daemon within howls with glee at every infection it spawns.

**Venom Sting [400 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one is granted a festering Venom Sting, a warped growth or grafted appendage dripping with lethal toxins. This stinger can extend with frightening speed, delivering a poisonous strike so virulent that even the mightiest of champions may collapse from a mere scratch. The venom within is no simple poison—it is a concentrated essence of Nurgle's gifts, a brew of rot and corruption so strong it can melt flesh, blacken bone, and rot armor from the inside out.

**Rotfly Riders [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
One quarter of your Chaos Space Marines are granted the rare and terrible honor of riding Rotflies—massive daemon-insects birthed from Nurgle's garden. These bloated monstrosities are armored in chitinous plates slick with slime, their wings beating with a sickening drone that heralds despair.

The riders merge with their mounts in symbiotic corruption, forming a nauseating cavalry that spreads pestilence wherever they pass. Their mere presence sickens the air, clouds the battlefield with swarms of biting flies, and drowns out enemy courage with the ceaseless droning buzz of decay.

**Nurgling Infestation [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
For every 100 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, a small swarm of Nurglings manifests to accompany them, spawned from the seeping pustules and rotting flesh of their champions. These tiny daemon-kin scuttle, hop, and squabble at the feet of their masters, feasting eagerly on the diseased flakes of skin and pus that slough off their hosts.

Despite their grotesque size and playful cruelty, Nurglings are deceptively dangerous in close combat, swarming over enemies in giggling hordes, biting, scratching, and clawing with infectious glee. Their presence spreads pestilence wherever they gather, and their infectious laughter echoes mockingly across the battlefield. To carry a Nurgling infestation is both a mark of favor and a living curse, for the daemon-spawn never stop multiplying…

**Pandemic Staves [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
Within your warband, seven chosen warriors are granted these dread staves—foul relics infused with the rotting power of the Warp. Each Pandemic Staff is a vessel of Nurgle's vilest plagues, carrying countless strains of contagion from the Immaterium into realspace. The wielders, their psyker abilities awakened or twisted into new forms, can unleash clouds of infection and waves of disease with every swing or chant, drowning enemy ranks in pestilence. These staves are more than weapons; they are fonts of endless decay, spreading blight and despair wherever they are raised, ensuring that no foe escapes without tasting Papa Nurgle's rancid "blessings."



## Slaanesh

**Mark of Slaanesh [Free/Slaanesh Only]**
The Mark of Slaanesh drives its bearer to fulfill the Dark Prince's eternal hunger for sensation and perfection. Those who carry it move with supernatural grace and speed, their reflexes sharpened to impossible levels. They fight with heightened dexterity and fluid finesse, whether wielding blades or ranged weapons, striking with a beauty and precision that is both mesmerizing and lethal. To face such a warrior is to face a living embodiment of deadly elegance, each motion a dance of exquisite slaughter.

**Combat Drugs [Free/Slaanesh Only]**
Your warband has a regular supply of combat drugs, chemical concoctions of horrific origin, often produced through the suffering or death of human victims. Though considered abhorrent by most, these stimulants are a staple of Slaaneshi warbands, heightening every sensation and allowing warriors to savor battle in ecstasy. Combat drugs grant bursts of speed, strength, and endurance, but at the cost of physical and mental strain—an expense the devotees of the Dark Prince eagerly embrace for the thrill of combat.

**Hermaphrodite [100 Favor]**
The warband is blessed to take on the fluid, alien beauty of Slaanesh, becoming neither wholly male nor female but something in between. Bearing traits of both genders yet transcending them, the gifted assume forms that are disturbingly alluring yet ultimately sexless. All distinctions of gender become meaningless, and your warband is no longer hindered by any restrictions or powers tied to it, embodying the perfect unity of desire and form.

**Doom Siren Pistol [100 Favor]**
Every warrior in the warband now wields a Doom Siren pistol, a compact sonic weapon that unleashes devastating blasts of sound. These weapons tear through enemy infantry with ease, shattering bodies and minds alike with waves of excruciating resonance. To hear their shriek is to be undone, body and soul.

**Aura of Acquiescence [100 Favor]**
Your warband  can now morph their features into the divine visage of Slaanesh, overwhelming the will of nearby foes. The weak-minded are more likely to obey the bearer's commands or throw themselves into ruin. This obedience only works while they are near the user of this aura.

**Allure of Slaanesh [200 Favor]**
Your followers may now sing in battle, their voices rising in unearthly harmony to form a siren's song that worms its way into the hearts of their enemies. This melody erodes morale, drawing foes ever closer even as it weakens their resolve, until they can no longer resist the embrace of the Dark Prince's chosen.

**Face of Slaanesh [200 Favor]**
For every five Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one is gifted with a visage infused with a fraction of Slaanesh's divine beauty. Any who gaze upon this face risk becoming enthralled, their will shattered and replaced with eternal servitude. Those who fall are permanently enslaved, their souls chained to the bearer's allure.

**Lash of Despair [200 Favor]**
Your entire warband is armed with the Lash of Despair, a weapon that strikes with impossible speed and grace. Each swing creates a sonic boom that can slice through even ceramite armor, reducing hardened warriors to shredded ruin. It is as much a performance as it is a weapon, each strike a symphony of destruction.

**Blissgivers [400 Favor]**
For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one is armed with a Blissgiver—an exquisite daemon weapon bound with the essence of a Daemonette. Each strike carries not only physical pain but also an overwhelming surge of warped ecstasy, dragging victims into a rapturous haze as their bodies fail them.

**Needle of Desire [400 Favor]**
Every warrior in your warband now produces a potent venom that induces delirium, paralysis, or instant collapse upon entering an enemy's bloodstream. The toxin can be harvested from glands hidden in their heads and applied to weapons, making each cut and thrust a delivery of Slaanesh's cruel intoxication.

**Rapturous Standard [400 Favor]**
Your warband bears banners infused with the promise of forbidden delights, their presence filling enemies' minds with invasive visions of depravity and indulgence. As these thoughts consume them, discipline shatters and foes crumble before the ecstatic will of the Dark Prince's chosen.

**Mark of Excess [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
Within your warband, six elite champions are chosen to bear the Mark of Excess, a supreme blessing of Slaanesh that pushes their speed, reflexes, and grace to superhuman extremes. Their movements blur beyond comprehension, each strike landing with the deadly precision and fluidity of a Keeper of Secrets. On the battlefield, these warriors become living avatars of excess—unstoppable whirlwinds of speed and lethality, embodying the insatiable hunger of the Dark Prince in its purest form

**Sonic Blaster [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
Your entire warband is now armed with the infamous Slaaneshi sonic blaster, a weapon that unleashes devastating waves of sound capable of shredding infantry and war machines alike. Each blast resonates with unbearable frequencies, rupturing organs, cracking armor, and leaving enemies writhing in agony before the next wave crashes upon them. These weapons are not only instruments of destruction but also conduits of ecstasy, filling their wielders with euphoric rapture as they unleash devastation in the Dark Prince's name.

**Steeds of Slaanesh [600 Favor / Forbidden for Chaos Undivided]**
One quarter of your Chaos Space Marines have been granted the honor of riding the swift and elegant Steeds of Slaanesh—daemonic creatures born of sin and sensation. These otherworldly mounts are swift beyond belief, darting across the battlefield with impossible speed, their serpentine bodies coiling and striking with lethal grace. To ride such a beast is both a blessing and a burden, for the bond between rider and daemon becomes a union of shared desire, frenzy, and exquisite cruelty. Upon these steeds, your champions of the Dark Prince become avatars of terror and ecstasy, thundering across the battlefield in a blur of beauty and bloodshed.



## Chaos Undivided

**Mark of Chaos Undivided [Free / Chaos Undivided]**
The Mark of Chaos Undivided is the sacred glyph of those who reject the squabbles of singular devotion and instead pledge themselves to all four of the Ruinous Powers. The bearer is bound to the primal truth of Chaos itself, their soul a beacon of shifting loyalties and blasphemous harmony.

Through this mark, your warband gains the abilities of all four Chaos Marks—Khorne's rage, Nurgle's endurance, Tzeentch's sorcery, and Slaanesh's excess. However, the gifts are diminished, each only one-quarter as potent as they would be in the service of a single Dark God. Even so, the versatility and sheer unpredictability of Chaos Undivided makes such warbands dangerously adaptable, feared by both Imperial foes and rival cults alike.

**Unity in Chaos [Free / Chaos Undivided]**
Unlike the zealots of the singular Dark Gods—who spit and claw at one another as much as they do the Imperium—the followers of Chaos Undivided embrace the totality of the Ruinous Powers. Their devotion is not to a single patron, but to Chaos itself.

Because of this, your warband can work seamlessly with any other warband, no matter which god they serve. Be it the frenzied berserkers of Khorne, the pestilent legions of Nurgle, the decadent hosts of Slaanesh, or the scheming cabals of Tzeentch, your warriors fight alongside them with an ease that borders on unnatural. For in Undivided devotion, there is no rivalry—only the shared truth of eternal corruption.

# Gene Seed:

Here we shall design the geneseed of your warband. Of course, your geneseed will always bestow the standard abilities and organs that all Space Marines possess, ensuring your warriors retain the full might and resilience of the Adeptus Astartes. However, unlike the rigid and sterile gene-craft of the Imperium, your warband's geneseed does not stop there. It carries within it the seeds of corruption and the blessings of the Dark Gods, granting not only the baseline powers of a Space Marine but also the unique, forbidden gifts that define your warband. ***Note Jumpers that come from established legions still gain access to this section as mutations between warbands of the same legion is not uncommon. Also all mutations will be adapted so the power armour of the Chaos space marines can still be worn without any trouble.***

**Astartes Biology [Free]**
Your warband's geneseed retains the full suite of organs and enhancements that define the Adeptus Astartes. Every warrior is born of the standard 19 implants of the Firstborn: black carapace, secondary heart, multi-lung, Larraman's organ, and so forth.

They gain all the baseline enhancements of Space Marines: superhuman strength, reflexes, endurance, toxin resistance, and rapid healing. Their lives are vastly prolonged, their bodies are resilient beyond mortal comprehension, and their minds are sharpened into weapons of war.

This foundation serves as the bedrock of your warband's transhuman warriors. But unlike loyalist Astartes, your geneseed is not bound by Imperial dogma or purity. It is open to modification, corruption, and "blessings" from the Dark Gods..

**Viable Geneseed [Free]**
Unlike the corrupted and unstable genetic stock found in most Chaos warbands, your geneseed remains strangely pure and unnervingly viable. Even when your warriors are swollen with mutations, twisted by the warp, or reshaped beyond recognition, the gene-seed harvested from their fallen bodies remains intact and fully capable of creating more Chaos Space Marines. This ensures your warband can perpetuate itself indefinitely, unshackled from the decay and degradation that often curses the legions of the damned.

**Acid Excretion [50 Favor]**
A mutation within your warband's geneseed warps the flesh of your Astartes, causing their bodies to sweat out a foul, virulent ichor. From the pores of their skin—most notably the palms of their hands and forearms—seeps a green, caustic liquid that reeks of corruption. This acid is potent enough to eat through organic tissue, corrode metals, and rot away most manufactured materials.

Any armor, clothing, or equipment not inherently warp-touched or blessed soon melts and sloughs away, leaving your warriors bare save for daemonic gifts and wargear strong enough to resist their own excretions. Weapons and relics infused with the powers of Chaos remain unharmed, as do daemonic armaments and warpforged items, for the ichor recognizes the gifts of the Dark Gods as kin.

**Head Crest [50 Favor]**
A strange growth emerges from the skull of your warriors, forming a new head crest. These crests can take a variety of forms: bony spines, vibrant feathers, fleshy wattles, or even reptilian frills, each one unique and grotesque. Beyond its unsettling appearance, the head crest enhances the warrior's physicality, making headbutts and charges far more powerful and devastating.

**Mane of Hair [50 Favor]**
Your warband grows a massive mane of hair, flowing and thick much like that of a lion or horse. This natural crest serves as both a symbol of power and a form of protection, cushioning blows and deflecting attacks that might otherwise strike the head. The sheer volume and density of the mane make wearing a helmet impractical, but its defensive qualities often surpass conventional armor, offering both intimidation and resilience.

**Additional Eye [50 Favor]**
This mutation within your warband's geneseed manifests as a third eye opening in the center of the forehead. Unlike the crude growths of lesser mutants, this eye is clear, functional, and brimming with unnatural perception. It grants your Astartes heightened depth awareness and an uncanny ability to track movement, making them deadlier marksmen whether with bolter, plasma gun, or long-range sniper fire.

Beyond simple accuracy, the third eye also enhances awareness in close combat, allowing warriors to anticipate strikes from unexpected angles and track foes with almost preternatural focus.

**Claws [50 Favor]**
This mutation twists and warps the hands of your warriors, reshaping their fingers into long, curved, and razor-sharp claws. Flesh hardens into keratin-like talons, while the joints stretch unnaturally, giving the bearers the ability to rend armor, tear through flesh, and scale obstacles with ease.

**Prehensile Tail [50 Favor]**
A long, flexible tail sprouts from the base of your spine, granting your warriors a third limb capable of remarkable dexterity. This tail can grasp objects, wield weapons, or manipulate the environment, providing unparalleled versatility in both combat and utility. Whether swinging a blade, holding a shield, or lifting heavy debris, the prehensile tail enhances the warband's adaptability, allowing them to perform tasks that ordinary Space Marines cannot.

**Cater Legs [50 Favor]**
This mutation in the geneseed reshapes the warrior's legs into those resembling a great beast's, most often akin to a deer or goat. The limbs bend in unnatural angles, ending in hardened hooves that strike the ground with thundering force. Though grotesque in form, they grant the bearer far greater speed and agility than a standard Astartes.

With these mutated legs, your warriors can sprint at terrifying velocity, leap across terrain with inhuman ease, and outmaneuver foes that would normally expect to outpace even a Space Marine. The sound of clattering hooves echoing across the battlefield becomes a herald of dread, for these swift predators close the gap in seconds, crashing into the enemy line with unstoppable momentum.

**Extra Body Parts [50 Favor Each]**
This mutation allows your warriors to grow additional body parts—arms, legs, eyes, or other twisted appendages granted in this section—granting them unnatural versatility and terrifying appearance. These extra limbs or organs can serve a variety of purposes: extra arms may wield additional weapons, tentacles can grapple or strike, and extra eyes provide heightened perception or nightmarish intimidation. This mutations can be bought multiple times

**Beweaponed Extremities [100 Favor]**
This mutation in the geneseed warps one of your warriors' arms into a grotesque natural weapon, a jagged spur of sharpened bone and twisted flesh. The limb becomes more blade than arm, honed into a living weapon capable of slicing through armor and tearing apart flesh with horrific ease.

Those so blessed no longer need forged blades, for their own bodies are now instruments of slaughter. The weaponized limb strikes with unnatural speed and ferocity, often dripping with ichor or grinding with the rasp of exposed bone against metal.

**Electrical Touch [100 Favor]**
This mutation causes raw electricity to surge and spark across the bearer's skin which they can control with ease. Every touch becomes a potential jolt of lethal energy, capable of shocking enemies and disrupting machinery alike. The arcs of lightning dance unpredictably across their body, making close combat a perilous endeavor for anyone who dares strike them.

Beyond offense, the electrical aura provides a constant, unsettling visual warning, the crackle of power announcing the presence of a Chaos-warped warrior.

**Illusion of Normalcy [100 Favor]**
This gift cloaks the true nature of your warband's mutations with a powerful magical shroud, making even the most grotesque alterations appear completely normal to the untrained eye. Flesh, bone, extra limbs, and warp-infused features are hidden, allowing your warriors to move among ordinary humans or infiltrate enemy ranks without immediately revealing their Chaos-tainted forms.

**Resilient [100 Favor]**
Your warband is infused with unholy constitution and vitality, granting each member enhanced toughness and an uncanny resistance to injury. Blows that would fell ordinary warriors barely slow them, and their bodies endure pain and strain far beyond mortal limits. This gift not only improves physical durability but also bolsters their presence on the battlefield, making them seem almost unstoppable to friend and foe alike.

**Evil Eye [100 Favor]**
This mutation warps one of your warrior's eyes into a void-black orb, radiating pure, concentrated malevolence. The bearer can fix this gaze on any living creature within 8 yards, and those without sufficient willpower feel their strength, courage, and resolve waver under the oppressive scrutiny. The penalty manifests as diminished physical and mental capabilities, weakening the target's effectiveness in combat, strategy, or resistance to fear.

The effects of the Evil Eye are permanent for each victim, and once a target has been struck by its influence, they are immune to it thereafter.

**Iron Hard Skin [100 Favor]**
Small metallic growths erupt through the skin of your warriors, fusing with their flesh to form a tough, scale-like armor. This natural plating significantly enhances durability, allowing them to shrug off blows that would maim ordinary space marines in power armour. Each movement carries the weight and resilience of living metal, turning your warband into a walking bastion of protection, their bodies both weapon and shield in the service of Chaos.

**Flaming Skull Face [200 Favor]**
Around 35% of your warband bears this horrifying mutation. The flesh of their face sloughs away, leaving only a naked, grinning skull. Moments later, the exposed bone erupts in hellish flames, casting a malevolent light across the battlefield. The fire does not harm the bearer but adds a terrifying new weapon: the flaming skull itself can detach and fly at the will of the user and can be used to strike at foes, searing flesh, scorching armor, and spreading panic wherever it is unleashed. Also they are immune to be decapitated and if the head is desyed it will regenerate with ease.

**Growth [200 Favor]**
This mutation causes your warband to be far larger than normal Chaos Space Marines, with their size roughly twice that of a standard warrior. The sheer scale of these giants makes them formidable on the battlefield, able to wield massive weapons, shrug off attacks that would fell ordinary soldiers, and dominate both morale and physical space. Their towering presence inspires awe among allies and terror in the hearts of enemies, turning every engagement into a spectacle of overwhelming might.

**Elastic Limbs [200 Favor]**
This mutation transforms your warband's arms into long, ropey, and unnaturally elastic limbs. They can stretch far beyond normal human limits, allowing the bearer to strike from unexpected angles, reach distant objects, or grapple multiple foes at once. However, mundane armor fails to keep pace with the stretching flesh and offers little to no protection when extended. Chaos-forged armor, by contrast, molds seamlessly to these warped limbs, maintaining its defensive properties and enhancing the unnatural versatility of the mutation.

**Regeneration [200 Favor]**
Your warband gains the unnatural ability to heal at an accelerated rate, knitting wounds and repairing damage far faster than ordinary flesh. Cuts, bruises, and broken bones close in moments, allowing your warriors to remain in combat far longer than mortal enemies could endure. This gift, however, has its limits: it cannot reverse death, and once a warrior has truly perished, even the Dark Gods cannot restore them.

**Invisibility [200 Favor]**
This mutation grants your warband the eerie ability to render their bodies nearly transparent, at times appearing smoky or insubstantial. Enemies struggle to track their movements, attacks become unpredictable, and the warriors can slip through defenses with ghostly grace. While not entirely untouchable, their ethereal form allows them to move unseen, evade strikes, and ambush foes with devastating precision.

**Hulking Brute [200 Favor]**
This mutation enhances the strength of your warband to approximately 1.8 times that of a normal Chaos Space Marine. Each warrior becomes a towering force of muscle and fury, capable of smashing through armor, bending weapons, and overwhelming foes with sheer physical power. Their blows hit with devastating force, making them living battering rams on the battlefield.Beyond raw strength, the hulking frame inspires fear in enemies, as these warriors loom over the battlefield like unstoppable juggernauts**.**

**Blood Substitution [300 Favor]**
Now, 10% of your warband bears this horrifying mutation. After a few shuddering minutes, the warriors begin to feel a strange, roiling heat within their veins, as if their very blood were boiling. In truth, all traces of normal blood have been purged from their bodies, replaced by a far more “interesting” substance at the whim of the Dark Gods. The replacement turns every wound into a weapon, allowing your warriors to harm or terrify anyone foolish enough to strike them.

You may choose one of the following transformations for each afflicted warrior: their veins flow with acid, spraying attackers with corrosive liquid; a torrent of centipedes, ants, or beetles bursts from their wounds; a jolt of electricity arcs through anyone who strikes them; fire erupts in lances from their injuries; swarms of leeches, maggots, or bloody worms pour from the breach; molten metal gushes like liquid flame; mud, a thick ochre sludge, oozes from the body; a thin stream of protoplasm drips, turning the slain into a sentient, writhing mess; their blood is toxic, sickening or poisoning those who come into contact with it; or thick, black tar wells from the injury, gumming up weapons and armor alike.

**Burning Body [300 Favor]**
Now, 10% of your warband is afflicted with this blazing mutation. Flames erupt spontaneously from their bodies, engulfing them in tongues of living fire. The heat does not harm the afflicted, but any mundane armor, weapons, or equipment they carry is instantly consumed by the inferno. The flames illuminate the battlefield, casting a hellish glow equal to that of a roaring campfire, and make these warriors unmistakable beacons of terror and destruction.

Beyond mere illumination, the fire provides a constant, smoldering aura that sears flesh and scorches armor upon contact, turning close combat into a deadly affair for anyone foolish enough to engage.

**Metal Body [300 Favor]**
Your warband undergoes a transformation, their flesh and bones fusing into an incredible, living alloy of gold, silver, or steel. This metallic form grants near-impervious defense against any element , rendering them immune to these elements,The reflective, gleaming surface not only deflects blows but radiates an aura of awe and menace, signaling the presence of beings forged by the Dark Gods themselves.

**Crystalline Body [300 Favor]**
Now, 25% of your warband bears this mutation. Their flesh, blood, bones, and sinew transform into a single, unyielding body of living crystal. This crystalline form grants extraordinary durability, making them far more resistant to blades, bullets, and other physical attacks. Light refracts through their bodies in unsettling patterns, creating a dazzling and alien appearance that unnerves foes and reflects the corrupting beauty of Chaos itself.

Despite their hardened form, these warriors retain their speed and agility, moving with a jerky, almost unnatural grace, like shards of glass sliding across the battlefield.

**Mer-Creature [300 Favor]**
Your warband now bears the terrifying gift of full aquatic adaptation. Their legs can transform into a scaly, fish-like tail, granting them the fluid grace and power of a predator beneath the waves and back to being two legged individuals. In addition, gills and lungs allow them to breathe underwater and on land, though their lungs become temporarily unusable while submerged, and they can only remain out of water for a limited time before suffocating.

This mutation makes your warriors equally deadly in both aquatic and terrestrial environments, turning rivers, lakes, and oceans into hunting grounds while still allowing them to march onto land when necessary. Their movements are swift and predatory underwater, giving them an advantage in ambushes, underwater combat, or riverine assaults.

**Centauroid [300 Favor]**
Your warband undergoes a striking transformation, their lower bodies replaced by the trunk and legs of another creature. While the original creature may have been small, the mutation scales the form to the size of a horse, granting your warriors tremendous speed, stability, and power in their movements. This new form makes them formidable in both charge and melee combat, able to trample foes, cover ground rapidly, and wield weapons with devastating momentum.

The centauroid mutation combines the cunning and dexterity of your upper body with the raw strength and endurance of their new lower half

# Warbands Psyker Potential[Forbidden For Khorne]:

Here you must decide whether your warband will include psykers within its hierarchy, shaping the arcane potential and strategic versatility of your forces. Psykers can wield devastating powers drawn from the Warp, from psychic blasts and manipulations of reality to protective wards and premonitions of enemy movements. Their presence adds a layer of unpredictability and immense power to your warband, though at the risk of attracting the attention of the Dark Gods or the Imperium's psychic hunters.

It should be noted that warbands devoted to Khorne are forbidden from including psykers, as the Blood God despises sorcery and views the warp as a distraction from the purity of martial combat.

## Psyker Integration

Now comes the choice of how deeply your warband embraces the raw power of the Warp. Will your ranks thrum with the whispers of sorcery, or will psykers remain rare, carefully hidden jewels among the warriors of Chaos? The number of psykers within your warband determines not only the scale of psychic devastation you can unleash but also the risk you draw upon yourselves. The more psykers you field, the stronger your link to the Warp—and the more likely it is that daemonic entities, rival sorcerers, or the baleful gaze of the Emperor's Inquisition will take notice.

**None [Free]**
Your warband contains no psykers whatsoever. They rely purely on martial might, daemonic blessings, or sheer numbers rather than the fickle and perilous powers of the Warp. While this denies you the versatility of sorcery, it also means your warriors are spared the dangers of daemonic possession, catastrophic miscasts, or the suspicion and infighting that psykers so often bring

**Few [200 Favor]**
Within your warband, psykers are rare but still present, with roughly one psyker for every twenty Chaos Space Marines. These individuals act as seers, sorcerers, or conduits of the Warp, supporting the warband with powers of foresight, fire, or corruption. While not numerous enough to dominate the warband's culture, their influence is still respected—and often feared.

**Common [400 Favor / Free for Tzeentch]**
In your warband, psykers are a frequent presence, with one appearing for every five Chaos Space Marines. Such a concentration of Warp-touched individuals makes your force both feared and unstable, for their combined powers can rend reality itself. They bolster the warband with devastating sorcery, summonings, and manipulations of fate, but their prevalence also ensures that the influence of the Warp is inescapable. For followers of Tzeentch, this level of psychic saturation comes naturally and requires no additional cost, as the Changer of Ways delights in filling his servants' ranks with gifted sorcerers.

**All [600 Favor / Discounted for Tzeentch]**
In your warband, every single Chaos Space Marine is a psyker. The Warp burns within each warrior, their very presence a storm of sorcery and raw psychic might. Such a force is rare and terrifying, for even the weakest of your brethren can twist reality with a thought or hurl baleful energies upon the foe. Together, the warband becomes a living tempest of the Warp, overwhelming enemies not only with bolter and blade but also with unrelenting psychic onslaught.

## Psyker Power Level

Here we will determine the average psychic might coursing through your warband. Not all psykers are created equal—some barely flicker candles with their minds, while others can boil the brains of entire battalions. By selecting a power level, you set the baseline strength of your warband's sorcerous core. Individual champions, sorcerer-lords, or favored of the Gods may of course exceed this rank, but the following determines what "average" looks like across your psykers.

**Iota [Free]**
Your warband's average psyker grade is Iota. At this level (and through the lower bands of Eta to Iota), your psykers are fledgling warp-users who have only just begun to manifest their extrasensory powers. They are fully aware of their connection to the Warp and can manipulate it to alter their environment, though their control remains shaky and requires effort. Their abilities are minor—simple telepathy, brief flashes of telekinesis, or flickers of warp-light—but still dangerous when combined in numbers. While no individual Iota psyker poses a significant

threat to hardened foes, the presence of even a few within a warband marks it as touched by the immaterium, and their potential for growth ensures they remain both a weapon and a liability.

**Zeta [100 Favor]**
Your warband's psykers of Zeta grade are no longer novices fumbling with the Warp, but fully realized conduits of its raw energy. They can manifest powers with little effort, their abilities flowing with a natural confidence that sets them apart from lesser witches. Such psykers are dangerous in their own right, capable of turning the tide of battle through psychic firepower, divination, or sheer force of will. However, their potency comes with peril—should a Warp entity seize their minds, the devastation would be catastrophic. In the Imperium, psykers of this caliber would be highly prized, sanctioned, and molded into tools like Primaris Psykers or even Space Marine Librarians. In your warband, they are unbound by such restrictions, their strength free to serve the whims of the Dark Gods, making them both invaluable champions and terrifying liabilities.

**Delta [200 Favor]**
Your warband's psykers of Delta grade are among the rarest and most terrifying of mortal beings, their gifts emerging in perhaps one out of a billion births across the galaxy. They wield powers on a scale that can devastate entire armies or reshape reality itself, their presence a beacon in the Warp that draws both awe and dread. To the Imperium, such psykers are considered both priceless assets and existential threats—capable of rising to the rank of mighty Inquisitors, legendary Primaris Psykers, or the most potent Space Marine Librarians. In your warband, however, these gifted psykers are unfettered by Imperial chains, their powers left to burn as brightly and dangerously as the Dark Gods desire. They are champions, prophets, and living weapons, but their strength also makes them prime targets for daemonic possession, ensuring their very existence is as perilous as it is powerful.

**Alpha Plus [400 Favor / Free for Tzeentch]**
The Alpha Plus grade psykers of your warband are walking cataclysms, their minds so attuned to the Warp that reality itself seems to shudder in their presence. These are the first of the “plus” scale psykers—beings whose raw psychic strength eclipses even the most gifted Librarians or sanctioned psykers of the Imperium. Their constant immersion in the currents of the Immaterium often leaves them unstable, plagued by paranoia, mania, or full-blown madness, for few mortal minds can endure such power unscarred. In battle, their unleashed might can annihilate entire regiments, topple cities, or unmake worlds, while their very existence draws daemons and warp entities like moths to a flame. To the Imperium, they are existential threats to Humanity; to your warband, they are both terrible weapons and dangerous liabilities, revered and feared in equal measure. Should one fall to possession or lose control, the devastation could consume not only your enemies but your warband itself.

**Beta Plus [600 Favor/ Disocunted for Tzeentch]**
The Beta Plus grade represents the pinnacle of psychic might that a Human can reach while still maintaining even a shred of stability—though such stability is fragile and fleeting at best. Psykers of this grade channel Warp energies with a potency that dwarfs nearly all others, rivaling the most exalted Librarians, Inquisitors, or Primaris Psykers the Imperium has ever produced. Yet with such terrifying ability comes inevitable decay, for the mortal mind was never built to endure the torrent of raw, unfiltered Immaterium. Madness gnaws at their sanity, warping their perceptions, and many inevitably spiral into instability or possession. Within the Imperium, a Beta Plus is almost never tolerated—merely identified and executed before their power can spiral into catastrophe. But in your warband, these living weapons are embraced, unleashed as avatars of destruction who can bend battlefields to their will. Still, every commander knows the risk: their power may just as easily devour allies as it does enemies.

# Warband Population:

Here is where you decide the initial size of your warband, a choice that will shape its stability, strength, and long-term survival. The number you begin with not only determines how formidable your warband will be in the early days, but also how easily it can recover from losses. Thanks to the resources, dark rituals, and genetic manipulation at your disposal, your warband will always replenish itself back to this chosen baseline within a year, no matter how many are slain. However, should you desire to expand beyond this set population, doing so will demand far greater resources, sacrifices, and dark bargains.

**Warband Size [Free]**
Your warband numbers roughly one hundred Chaos Space Marines, a modest but formidable force by the standards of the Long War. This size allows your warband to remain highly mobile, adaptable, and fiercely loyal—each warrior a hardened veteran of countless campaigns.

**Company Size [200 Favor]**
Your warband now stands as a force of roughly one thousand Chaos Space Marines, rivaling the might of an Imperial Astartes company. Such a host is a terrifying sight to behold—an army of corrupted demi-gods, each a master of war and slaughter. With this many warriors under your command, your warband can wage full-scale planetary assaults, crush loyalist strongholds, or carve entire sectors into your domain.

**Small Legion [400 Favor]**
Your warband now swells to the terrifying size of a Small Legion, numbering roughly ten thousand Chaos Space Marines—a force worthy of ancient legend. Comparable to the might of a Traitor Legion during the Horus Heresy, your warband's presence alone can darken the stars and drown entire worlds in blood and flame. At this scale, your power transcends that of a mere warlord.

**Legion Size [600 Favor]**
Your warband has grown vast beyond reckoning—a true Legion, numbering nearly 100,000 Chaos Space Marines under your banner. No longer a mere warband or company, your force rivals the mighty hosts of the Horus Heresy, its might echoing the days when the Legions of old brought entire star systems to ruin.

# Warbands Battle Composition:

Here you will decide the composition and combat style of your warband's forces—shaping the way they fight, conquer, and spread their dark creed across the stars. Each warband's army is a reflection of its patron god, ideology, and battlefield philosophy. You may choose to form a warband of berserk close-combat warriors, a disciplined gunline of corrupted marksmen, or a horde of daemonic monstrosities spilling from the Warp itself.

Units that are aligned with a specific Chaos God may only be fielded by warbands bearing the same divine mark—followers of Khorne, for example, can muster Berzerker, but will never call upon sorcerous forces. Followers of Tzeentch command sorcerers, Rubric Marines, and daemonfire, weaving fate and flames into war. Followers of Nurgle march forth as plagues made flesh, unkillable and rotting yet unstoppable. Followers of Slaanesh rely on impossible speed, sonic weaponry, and cruel precision.

However, Chaos Undivided warbands enjoy a unique advantage—they can recruit units from any Chaos God, merging diverse tactics into a unified, blasphemous host. Such warbands can combine the raw fury of Khorne with the sorcery of Tzeentch, the resilience of Nurgle, and the speed of Slaanesh. This also works of reverse as all units of chaos undivided can have their marks change and still be part of those mono and Undivided  warbands.

## Chaos Undivided

### Subleaders

**Chaos Campione  [Free]**
Within your warband, for every hundred Chaos Space Marines, there stands one Chaos Campione — a mighty war-leader who commands his portion of the host with ruthless authority and unholy zeal. These Campiones serve as your lieutenants and war-captains, ensuring that your vast warband remains organized, disciplined (in the Chaos sense of the word), and ready for war without you having to personally oversee every squad.

**Dark Apostles [100 favor]**
Within your warband, for every hundred Chaos Space Marines, there is a Dark Apostle — a twisted reflection of the loyalist Chaplains once found among the Legions of the False Emperor. These unholy preachers are masters of corruption and zeal, their words dripping with blasphemous fervor and promises of damnation wrapped in glory. In battle, they serve as dark orators and spiritual anchors, chanting infernal litanies that fill your warriors with renewed strength, hatred, and devotion to the Dark Gods.

Their presence turns a warband from a mob of killers into a congregation of fanatics. Through their profane sermons, they can rouse their brothers to feats of terrifying courage and cruelty, blessing bolters, blades, and daemon weapons alike with their foul rites. Beyond the battlefield, Dark Apostles are invaluable for spreading your warband's influence across the stars—they are skilled manipulators and corrupters of mortals, turning entire cults, worlds, or planetary militias into willing servants of Chaos.

**Master of Executions [100 Favor]**
For every two hundred Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one may rise as a Master of Executions, a deadly arbiter of slaughter and ritualized violence. These champions are specialists in hunting and eliminating enemy leaders, offering their kills to the Dark Gods  in dark ceremonies that feed their insatiable hunger for death. Through arcane rituals and Warp attunement, a Master of Executions can sense the souls of their foes, often sacrificing one of their own eyes to heighten this supernatural perception. Even amid the chaos of the fiercest battlefield, they can single out their prey with deadly precision. Within the warband, Masters of Execution are also tasked with enforcing loyalty and punishing dissent, frequently settling disputes through gladiatorial combat or ritual duels. In combat, they favor the brutal Axes of Dismemberment, and their armor bears a grisly array of skulls and bones, trophies of their relentless campaigns and evidence of their mastery over death.

**Warpsmith [100 Favor]**
For every ten machines within your warband, a Warpsmith becomes an essential presence, serving as both master craftsman and battlefield technician. These dark echoes of the loyalist Techmarines command Daemonic Soul Forges, churning out Daemon Engines to serve your warband's destructive needs. Unlike their loyalist counterparts, Warpsmiths do not worship technology—they seek to bend it, merge it with daemonical power, and surpass the limitations of mortal invention. Obsessed and driven, they view humanity's frailty as a constraint to be overcome through the fusion of the arcane, mechanical, and organic.

On the battlefield, Warpsmiths are unmatched repair technicians, capable of keeping your engines of war operational even under the heaviest fire. They are masters of siegecraft, turning fortifications into death traps and ensuring that your warband's machines strike with relentless efficiency. Beyond mere maintenance, Warpsmiths delight in corrupting enemy machinery, turning the tools of your foes into instruments of Chaos. Armed to match their intellect and skill, Warpsmiths carry a mix of flamers, meltaguns, bolt pistols, power weapons, and bionics, ready to unleash destruction while preserving and enhancing your warband's infernal arsen

**Sorcerer [100 Favor / Free for Tzeentch / Requires Psyker Integration above None]**
For every 100 Chaos Space Marines in your warband who are psykers, one may be a Sorcerer, the Chaos counterpart to a loyalist Space Marine Librarian. These individuals maintain order among your warriors while wielding the raw energies of the Warp. Most Sorcerers are granted gifts by their patron god, amplifying their psychic abilities, though this often fuels their hubris and obsession with personal power. Driven by visions—sometimes unattainable—they relentlessly pursue greater knowledge, mental fortitude, and innovative ways to manipulate the Warp.

Sorcerers can call upon an array of Chaos Psychic Powers, and some of the most powerful among them may wield Force Weapons. Many Sorcerers enter daemonic pacts, exchanging service or payment for a portion of a Daemon's power, enabling them to channel devastating psychic might. The greatest of these sorcerers often maintain dozens of pacts, raising their abilities to near-godlike levels—but each boon carries a cost, exacted by the daemons they

consort with. Their pursuit of power, combined with their arcane mastery, makes Sorcerers both indispensable and dangerously unpredictable within your warband.

**Master Of Possession [200 Favor/Require Sorceress]**
For  every five sorcerers in your warband, one may ascend as a Master of Possession, a sinister and cunning Chaos Sorcerer adept in the forbidden arts of daemonic manipulation. These dark practitioners excel at binding daemons into hosts of living flesh, controlling the Warp with precision so that neither mortal nor daemon is overwhelmed by chaotic power. They employ a vast arsenal of spells to empower their daemonic allies and corrupt the enemy, acting as the spiritual and arcane leaders of warbands steeped in daemonkind. Masters of Possession meticulously trap daemons within rune-carved binding stones etched with True Names, or summon entire legions of daemonic forces to the battlefield as needed.

Through painstaking study and barter, they discover the True Names of daemons to command them more effectively, often coordinating with Warpsmiths to industrialize the creation of Daemon Engines. Beyond their command over daemonic entities, Masters of Possession are formidable psykers themselves, channeling the raw energies of the Warp to devastate foes and ensure that their warband strikes with both arcane precision and unrelenting fury.

**Lord Discordant on Helstalker [200 Favor/Require Warpsmith]**
For every ten Warpsmiths in your warband, one may ascend to the rank of Lord Discordant, the ultimate Chaos champion of machinery. These fearsome figures are masters of arcane technomancy, able to bend Daemon Engines to their will and corrupt any machine within earshot. Through profane litanies, a Lord Discordant can short-circuit enemy servos, disable augurs, cause actuators to fail, and torment Machine Spirits, all while enhancing the destructive powers of their own engines. Should the situation demand it, the Lord Discordant wields a massive Impaler Chainglaive and writhing Mecha-tendrils, striking with terrifying precision.

Mounted atop a Helstalker Daemon Engine, these champions become walking nightmares of metal and sorcery. The Helstalker uses Magma Cutters to rend pinned vehicles and injects scrapcode and daemonic dataphages directly into their systems.

As it devours the Motive Force of its mechanical prey, the Helstalker grows in both size and power, while the Lord Discordant siphons off the tortured machine's energy. This harvested power can reinvigorate allied Daemon Engines or be unleashed as beams to infect nearby vehicles, extending the warband's control over the battlefield. Even after the initial clash, a Lord Discordant prowls the battlefield, harvesting the remnants of Motive Force from wreckage, experimenting endlessly on captured Machine Spirits, twisting them into new, horrific configurations for future use.

**Astartes Daemon Prince [400 Favor]**
For every 1,000 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, one may ascend to become a Daemon Prince, pledging their eternal service directly to you. In the case of a Chaos Undivided warband, each Daemon Prince must be devoted to a single god, as true Daemon Princes of Undivided are exceedingly rare exception.

Daemon Princes are former mortal Champions of Chaos who have been elevated to immortal daemonhood by the will of the Chaos Gods. They take on vast, terrifying forms, often hulking in stature and adorned with mutations such as wings, horns, and unnatural appendages. Beyond their monstrous physiques, Daemon Princes wield supernatural powers reflective of their patron god's dominion, making them forces of destruction and awe on the battlefield. Despite their transformation, they retain the ambition, cunning, and ruthless drive that earned them their ascension.

The presence of these exalted beings within your warband significantly strengthens the resolve of your warriors and fellow champions, inspiring loyalty, ferocity, and fearlessness. Mortals and Chaos Space Marines alike are emboldened by their leaders' divine empowerment, knowing they follow someone who has transcended mortality and commands the very essence of Chaos.

## Infantry

**Legionaries [Free]**
The Legionaries form the indomitable backbone of your warband — the iron core upon which all your conquests are built. By default, your entire warband is primarily composed of these Chaos Space Marines. Though they may lack the rigid discipline of their Imperial counterparts, they are far more dangerous, driven by hatred, freedom, and the gifts of the Dark Gods.

Legionaries are unmatched generalists within any Chaos force, able to adapt to any battlefield role. They can form the ranks of brutal melee chargers, disciplined ranged combatants, or even warp-tainted psykers, provided your warband has the necessary equipment and blessings to shape them accordingly. Their armor is often adorned with blasphemous runes, spikes, and trophies, symbolizing the countless souls they've claimed in the name of Chaos.

**Chaos Spawn [Free]**
Within your warband, approximately ten percent of your number has fallen to the wretched fate of becoming Chaos Spawn — the ultimate punishment for those who sought too much power, too quickly. Once proud Chaos Marines or champions of great promise, these creatures are now mindless abominations, their bodies warped beyond recognition by uncontrolled Warp energy. Limbs stretch into impossible forms, mouths multiply across their flesh, and their sanity is long since devoured by the whispers of the Warp.

Despite their degradation, Chaos Spawn are far from useless. Some warbands drive them into battle as living weapons, unleashing them to tear through the enemy with unpredictable ferocity.

**Raptors [100 Favor]**
Roughly 10% of your warband's strength is composed of Raptors — the predatory shock troops of the Dark Gods, masters of terror and sudden death from above.

Each Raptor wears a heavily modified suit of power armour, its jump pack adorned with arched intakes and infernal thrusters. These ancient and blasphemous relics are more than just tools — they are symbols of pride and status, proof of superiority among Chaos ranks. Amplifiers and vox-casters within

the armour emit horrific screeches and daemonic wails as the Raptors descend, breaking enemy morale moments before the slaughter begins.

Armed with bolt pistols, chainswords, flamers, or meltaguns, Raptors specialize in ambushes and surgical strikes, preying on isolated squads, exposed commanders, and retreating forces. They are the embodiment of predation and cruelty — always hunting the weak, reveling in fear, and competing with one another for the most spectacular kills. Also this units gives the option of your subleader to equip Jumpacks.

**Warp Talons [100 Favor]**
Around ten percent of your warband's warriors are Warp Talons — those once-mortal Astartes who have been utterly consumed by the Immaterium. Their flesh and armour have fused into a single, daemonic shell, forever screaming with the echo of the Warp that birthed them. Now they are predatory horrors driven by instinct and bloodlust, their jump packs leaving contrails of raw Warp energy as they tear through the veil between worlds. When they appear, it is often already too late: foes are bisected before they can even raise a weapon. Their signature Lightning Claws shimmer with warp-light, slicing effortlessly through ceramite, steel, and flesh alike.

Unlike their Raptor kin, Warp Talons are utterly beyond reason or command. They no longer speak, plan, or scheme. They cannot be bargained with or even fully understood. Instead, a Chaos Lord or Warpsmith "releases" them upon the enemy like a pack of hunting daemons. A trinket of their target — a strand of hair, a scrap of cloth, a drop of blood — is enough to give them their scent. From there, they track their quarry across dimensions, guided by the emotional resonance of fear and hate in the Warp.

**Havocs [100 Favor]**
Around ten percent of your warband's strength consists of Havocs — Chaos Space Marines who have embraced the art of devastation through overwhelming firepower. These warriors are the heavy support backbone of your forces, wielding the most destructive weapons the Dark Mechanicum can forge or corrupt: autocannons, lascannons, missile launchers, reaper chaincannons, and other tools of annihilation that roar with daemonic fury.

**Possessed [200 Favor]**
Roughly ten percent of your warband's strength is composed of Possessed Marines — unholy fusions of Chaos Space Marine and Daemon. These beings are no longer entirely mortal, their flesh and soul intertwined with entities from the Warp in a blasphemous symbiosis.

They no longer bear the discipline or restraint of normal warriors. Instead, they fight like wild beasts, guided by both instinct and the hunger of their daemonic symbiont. Their forms vary grotesquely: some are wreathed in flame, others sprout barbed tendrils, chitinous limbs, or scaled wings that glimmer with unnatural color. Their claws and talons are extensions of the daemon's essence itself — weapons sharp enough to rend ceramite and tear through tanks as though they were parchment.

In battle, Possessed Marines are terrifying shock troops, charging headlong into enemy lines with primal roars and unrestrained ferocity. Their attacks are accompanied by the stink of brimstone, the flicker of hellfire, and the laughter of the Warp itself. To fight alongside them is to stand beside creatures forever on the edge of damnation — living proof of Chaos' ultimate promise and its most horrific cost.

**Chosen [200 Favor]**
Roughly five percent of your warband's strength is composed of Chosen — the elite among Chaos Space Marines, veterans of countless millennia of warfare and unholy crusades. These warriors have fought through the Long War since the Heresy itself or have risen through the ranks by sheer carnage and cunning, earning the personal favor of the Dark Gods.

Chosen are living embodiments of Chaos' martial perfection.  Each one bears weapons of terrifying craftsmanship: daemon-forged blades, combi-weapons spewing warp-tainted bolts, or relic arms once wielded by champions of the Corpse-Emperor. They carry themselves with cold confidence, utterly convinced of their superiority both to mortals and to their less-favored brethren.

On the battlefield, Chosen act as the spearhead of destruction, leading assaults into the most fortified enemy positions or striking deep into enemy lines through

infiltration and ambush. Their tactical awareness and savage precision allow them to outmaneuver even seasoned Imperial commanders.

**Chaos Terminator Squad [200 Favor]**
Roughly five percent of your warband's warriors are Chaos Terminators — the ancient and elite core of your army, encased in massive, baroque suits of Tactical Dreadnought Armour warped and reforged by the powers of the Warp, its ceramite plates etched with unholy runes and alive with daemonic whispers. Over centuries of corruption, their suits have become extensions of their bodies — fused to flesh and spirit alike by dark rituals. Within these walking fortresses dwell warriors who have survived countless wars, their skill in combat matched only by their utter contempt for weakness.

On the battlefield, Chaos Terminators are the perfect embodiment of attrition and terror. They can teleport into the heart of enemy formations in bursts of sickly warp-light, emerging wreathed in the stench of ozone and daemonfire to unleash torrents of bolter shells, plasma bursts, and crackling power weapon strikes. Also this units gives the option of your subleader to equip Terminator armour.

**Obliterators [200 Favor]**
Roughly five percent of your warband's strength consists of the dreaded Obliterators — once Chaos Space Marines, now horrifying fusions of flesh, armour, and daemon-forged metal. These abominations are the result of infection by the Obliterator Virus, a heretical creation of the Dark Mechanicum designed to merge the biological and mechanical into one blasphemous entity. Their bodies are vast and grotesque amalgams of living ceramite and pulsating organic matter, their very forms warping to generate weapons of apocalyptic destruction.

Each Obliterator carries within them an entire armoury's worth of death-dealing armaments, capable of manifesting a lascannon, multi-melta, plasma cannon, twin-linked plasma gun, twin-linked meltagun, twin-linked flamer, or even forming their limbs into power fists capable of crushing tanks. Their cursed flesh also spawns the ammunition their weapons require, often accompanied by screams of pain and ecstatic devotion to the Ruinous Powers.

## Machines

**Chaos Rhino [Free]**

For every ten Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you are granted a Chaos Rhino, the backbone transport vehicle of the Heretic Astartes. Once proud servants of the Imperium, these Rhinos have long since been corrupted by the Warp, their hulls warped and scarred from ten millennia of unholy service. The Chaos Rhino remains a rugged and dependable transport, its design a testament to the durability of Imperial technology—though now clad in blasphemous sigils and adorned with the trophies of slaughtered foes.

Each one a relic of betrayal and desecration. Their plating is covered in spikes, chains, and jagged metal, bearing the runes of the Dark Gods and dripping with gore both fresh and ancient. Some are decorated with the flayed hides of fallen loyalists, while others are daubed with chaotic glyphs painted in blood.

**Chaos Bikers [100 Favor]**

For every three Legionaries or Chosen Marines within your warband, you gain access to a Chaos Bike — a daemonically corrupted assault vehicle that turns its rider into a blur of roaring engines, black smoke, and murderous intent. Originally designed for reconnaissance and rapid assaults, these infernal machines now serve as extensions of their riders' wrath, their machine spirits long since twisted into snarling Warp-bound entities.

Your Chaos Bikers are infamous even among the ranks of the damned. They are predators of the battlefield, chasing down fleeing foes not merely to kill, but to revel in their terror. Their laughter mingles with the thunder of their engines as they drive their victims to exhaustion before cutting them down, leaving behind a trail of shredded corpses and burning ground. Their mounts, once simple mechanical steeds, now bear spikes, jagged blades, and wicked horns, designed to tear through flesh as the bikers roar past.

Also this units gives the option of your subleader to equip chaos bikes armour.

**Chaos Predator [100 Favor]**
For every 20 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you gain a Chaos Predator, a hulking daemon-forged battle tank that once served the Imperium but now bears the unholy marks of the Dark Gods. Built upon the venerable Rhino chassis, the Predator is a symbol of raw, corrupted firepower — a machine that roars with hatred and belches destruction upon all who stand before your warband.

There are two major configurations of these infernal war machines — the Predator Destructor, bristling with autocannons and heavy bolters, designed to shred infantry and light vehicles in a storm of blazing shells; and the Predator Annihilator, armed with twin-linked lascannons capable of burning through even the thickest armour with contemptuous ease. You may decide how many of each variation your warband fields, for each is a manifestation of your strategy and favor in the eyes of the gods.

Unlike their Loyalist counterparts, these Predators are alive — in the most horrifying sense of the word. Their hulls groan with daemonic whispers, their machine spirits long since possessed by Warp entities that revel in slaughter.

**Chaos Vindicator [100 Favor]**
For every 20 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you gain a Chaos Vindicator, a brutal daemon-forged siege tank designed for one purpose — to reduce anything in its path to smouldering ruin. Once a proud engine of the Imperium's wars of conquest, the Vindicator's sanctified hull has long since been defiled by the powers of Chaos, its once-pure machine spirit now replaced with the wrathful hunger of a bound daemon.

Armed with the devastating Demolisher Cannon, this siege tank embodies the philosophy of overwhelming, merciless destruction. The cannon fires rocket-assisted siege shells, each one a sanctified mockery of Imperial munitions, now reblessed with the Litanies of Desolation — prayers to the Dark Gods that turn each shot into a miniature apocalypse. When fired, these shells detonate with cataclysmic force, reducing bastions to dust and vaporising entire squads in a single thunderous blast.

The weapon is fed by a daemonically-possessed loading system, its crane-like limbs chittering and clanking as they feed the hungry cannon. Each Vindicator

carries 16 shells within its corrupted hull, plus one in the breach and one loaded upon its mechanical ramp — and the daemon within always hungers for more. The hydro-compressive recoil rams groan like tortured souls as each blast reverberates through its hull, shaking the ground like the laughter of the Dark Gods themselves.

**Chaos Land Raider [200 Favor]**
For every 20 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you gain a Chaos Land Raider, a monumental war engine that serves as both a transport and a weapon of divine annihilation. Once forged in the sacred forges of Mars and revered as a holy relic of the Omnissiah, these ancient machines have long since fallen to the embrace of the Warp. What were once pure, machine-spirited sanctums of Imperial might have become living cathedrals of blasphemy, their circuitry infused with the essence of daemons and the whispers of the Dark Gods.

The Chaos Land Raider is a fortress on treads, its hull a monstrous hybrid of adamantine ceramite and warped flesh, constantly reshaping under the influence of the Warp. It carries the most elite warriors of your warband — Terminators, Chosen, or Daemonically-enhanced champions — delivering them into the heart of battle through fire and ruin. Its sealed structure allows it to operate anywhere: from the vacuum of space to the crushing depths of toxic oceans, dragging the howling faithful into combat no matter the terrain.

Armed with twin-linked Godhammer Lascannons on each flank and a Firefury Heavy Bolter mounted on its hull, the Land Raider's firepower is nothing short of obscene. The lascannons can vaporize battle tanks or melt through fortress walls, their beams scorching the air with the sound of a god's wrath. The bolter, gyro-stabilized and daemonically augmented, roars in frenzied bursts, spraying molten tracer shells that explode into witchfire upon impact. A Storm Bolter may crown the vehicle's hull, its rounds infused with hexed munitions that scream as they fly.

**Venomcrawler [100 Favour]**
For every 20 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you gain a Venomcrawler — a shrieking, spider-like Daemon Engine that scuttles across the battlefield as both predator and forge-beast. To the untrained eye, it may seem a mere machine — but those who have seen one up close know the truth: the Venomcrawler is alive, and it hungers.

These towering horrors are the unholy union of forged steel, warp-tainted sinew, and bound daemonic entities, birthed screaming from the flesh forges of the Warp. Constructed under the supervision of Warpsmiths or Masters of Possession, each Venomcrawler is bound with parasitic Warp entities that feast upon the souls of daemons and mortals alike. The ritual that binds them is both creation and torment — as the screaming essence of lesser daemons is welded into the machine's carapace, the Venomcrawler's body swells and twists, forming grotesque reservoirs of empyric energy beneath its plating.

On the battlefield, a Venomcrawler is a predator without mercy. It moves with hideous speed on spindly, blade-tipped legs, its Excruciator Cannons screaming warp-infused projectiles that burn through armour and flesh alike. The creature's fanged maw drips with molten warp-fluid, and when it grows close enough, it devours the dying — sucking their souls into its internal furnaces to recharge its weapons or heal its wounds. The air itself becomes thin and sickly around it, the veil between reality and the Warp weakening as its presence distorts the Materium.

**Helbrute [200 Favour]**
Roughly 1% of your warband's population has become Helbrutes — a fate that can only be described as worse than death. These towering monstrosities are what happens when the noble concept of a Dreadnought — once a vessel of honour and remembrance — is twisted and defiled by the will of the Dark Gods.

Each Helbrute houses what was once a Chaos Space Marine, broken and mangled beyond natural recovery. Rather than granting them mercy, their warband "saves" them — by entombing them within a sarcophagus of daemon-infused iron and writhing cables, sealing their ruined flesh into an unholy engine of destruction. Flesh melds to metal, bone merges with armour, and neurons fuse into data-cords that burrow deep into their corrupted cores. The

result is a creature of pure hate, sustained by agony and the whispers of the Warp.

Their armaments are as varied as their madness — A Power Fist capable of crushing tanks like tin, often grafted with a Combi-Bolter or Heavy Flamer.
A Power Scourge that lashes out with writhing, daemonic tendrils.Or the dreaded Helbrute Hammer, a weapon so heavy it shakes the ground with every strike.

Their ranged options are just as diverse — Multi-meltas, twin-linked Heavy Bolters, Plasma Cannons, Missile Launchers, even twin-linked Lascannons. Many bear multiple weapons at once, fused to their warped frames like tumorous growths. Choose any 2 weapons for each hellbrute in your warband.

**Maulerfiend [200 Favour]**
For every 30 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you gain a Maulerfiend — a towering, daemonic engine of carnage that embodies rage given form and flesh given steel. Where the Forgefiend is a long-range reaper, the Maulerfiend is a predator of the frontlines, a monstrous war-beast that lives for the crunch of bone, the screech of tearing metal, and the thunder of collapsing walls.

A Maulerfiend is the product of a horrific ritual in which a Warp entity of pure hatred is bound into a hulking mechanical body. This daemon’s essence is chained within a sarcophagus of iron, ceramite, and brass — every bolt inscribed with oaths of dominance, every piston thrumming with dark runes that keep the daemon enslaved. But “enslaved” is a loose word. The truth is that the daemon wants this. It delights in its new form — in the power to crush, to hunt, to destroy — and it revels in the slaughter its masters command.

Physically, a Maulerfiend resembles a grotesque fusion between a predatory beast and a siege engine. It gallops and lurches on piston-driven limbs, its body a mass of churning gears and muscle-cables slick with unholy oil. From its shoulders extend Lasher Tendrils, serpentine metal whips tipped with barbed claws and hooked blades that lash out to drag prey into its waiting fists. Each of its massive Power Fists — really more like claws the size of a battle tank — can punch through adamantium plating, rending open fortifications and crushing vehicles as though they were made of wet parchment.

**Forgefiend [200 Favour]**
For every 30 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you gain a Forgefiend — a monstrous Daemon Engine of living artillery, a brutal hybrid of infernal machine and bound Warp entity. While its twin, the Maulerfiend, charges into melee to rend and crush, the Forgefiend is the hammer of long-range annihilation, a walking fortress of fire and fury that rains destruction across the battlefield.

From its spine and carapace rise great soul-furnaces, their chimneys belching smoke and spectral fire. Within these furnaces, the faces of the Forgefiend's victims can be seen — stretched, screaming visages of the devoured, eternally burning as both torment and sustenance for the daemon trapped within. Each shot it fires is a scream, every blast a death echo of those consumed by its hunger.

Its armaments are devastating beyond measure. The Forgefiend can be equipped with Hades Autocannons, massive rotary guns that roar like the laughter of daemons as they hurl streams of warp-infused shells through tanks, fortifications, and flesh alike. Each impact blooms into a hellish explosion of dark flame, tearing apart even ceramite plate.

Alternatively, the Forgefiend may bear Ectoplasma Cannons, weapons so unholy that they spew condensed Warp matter — molten, shrieking ectoplasm that eats through reality itself. Each discharge leaves behind rents in the veil, momentary tears through which the faces of the damned can be glimpsed, clawing and writhing as if begging for release. The Imperium calls these weapons Cerberites, though few who encounter their fire live to catalogue the term.

**Ferrum Infernus Chaos Dreadnought [200 Favour]**
Around 1% of your warband's population has been interred in Ferrum Infernus Chaos Dreadnoughts. Loosely similar in appearance to the loyalist Castraferrum Pattern, these are those Dreadnoughts of chaos that have not yet mutated so severely as to have become Helbrutes. Of course, that doesn't mean that being interred into the Dreadnought sarcophagus is an honor for the damned souls trapped inside; any Heretic Astartes not fortunate enough to have died in battle, but too injured to recover, will be sealed into the sarcophagus, stuffed with eldritch life support technologies and mental interfaces to allow the Chaos Space Marine in question to pilot their new walking tomb. Far from the reverence which

the Imperial Astartes hold this process, the servants of the Dark Gods fear it as they do little else, for it is to be trapped with nothing but solitude and a form of madness that even the followers of the Chaos Gods do not seek to embrace. When not in battle, Chaos Dreadnoughts are chained up to prevent them from going on murderous rampages on their own kin, and often have their sarcophagus extracted from the machine to leave them completely helpless with nothing but their madness for company. But at least they're not a Helbrute.

The Ferrum Infernus can wield a great variety of different weapons on the "arms" of their chassis, meaning that few Chaos Dreadnoughts bear the same armaments. They can be fitted with any two of the following; Multi-Meltas, a Twin-Linked Autocannon, a Twin-Linked Lascannon, a Twin-Linked Heavy Bolter, a Plasma Cannon, a Dreadnought Missile Launcher, a Heavy Flamer, a Dreadnought Close Combat Weapon with built-in twin-linked Bolter, a Power Scourge, a Chaos Chainfist, or a Thunderhammer. But although they have a broader variety of armaments, they lack a certain Warp-borne resilience such as is seen in actual Helbrutes.

If you would like an even crazier Dreadnought, you may make this a Berserker Dreadnought such as those used by the World Eaters for free. Such Dreadnoughts are always equipped with at least one melee weapon, although this is usually actually a pair of Chainfists.

**Chaos Contemptor Dreadnought [300 Favour]**
Only half of a percent of the population of your warband (rounded up) becomes the Chaos Contemptor Dreadnought… but that is enough. After all, not all of the Dreadnoughts used by Chaos are feared as sources of madness, nor do they become traps of failure and lunacy and isolation for their inhabitants. There are no Dreadnoughts of Chaos so revered as the Chaos Contemptor—modified far beyond its Loyalist equivalent with the arcane technologies of Chaos and the Dark Mechanicum. These elite Dreadnought are reserved for individuals who hold favor in the eyes of the Dark Gods no lesser than the mighty Chaos Lords, and this exalted nature and the favour of the Chaos Gods ensures that those interred within retain their capacity for thought and reason without falling to wailing madness.

Being greater in the eyes of the gods, the Chaos Contemptor can be dedicated to one of the factions of Chaos. If dedicated to Khorne, it can be consumed by a rage like unto a Khornate Berzerker, increasing the speed of its movement and attacks when in close combat. If dedicated to Slaanesh, it receives specialized sonic weaponry that mimics the effects of grenades to ensure ranged superiority. If dedicated to Nurgle, it is marked by decay and pestilence that turns the rotting metallic carcass ludicrously resistant to any form of external damage. If dedicated to Tzeentch, the effectiveness of its Bolter and Flamer weapons is vastly increased, be in it damage or accuracy. And should one dedicate a Chaos Contemptor to Chaos Undivided, they will find that the machine is moderately improved in every fashion, functioning as a greater instrument of death and destruction without the specialized abilities of any specific Chaos God.

Chaos Contemptors have even more versatile weaponry due to the more arcane technology they operate by, and so can select any two of the following weapons; a Twin-Linked Heavy Bolter, a Dreadnought Close Combat Weapon with an inbuilt Twin-Linked Bolter, a Multi-Melta, a Twin-Linked Heavy Flamer, a Twin-Linked Autocannon, a Plasma Cannon, a Twin-Linked Lascannon, the infamous Butcher Cannon, a Heavy Conversion Beamer, or a Chainfist with an inbuilt Twin-Linked Bolter. Furthermore, any item with an inbuilt Twin-Linked Bolter can have that Bolter replaced with a Heavy Flamer, Plasma Blaster, or a Soul Burner that you'd normally expect to see on a Decimator. In addition to these, it also possesses the eldritch energies of a Hellfire Reactor and has Smoke Launchers for battlefield control.

If you have at least the “Few” category of Psyker Integration, you may make this an Osiron Pattern Contemptor Dreadnought—created by the Thousand Sons, but shared with all other legions at the Council of Nikaea—which has the Osiron device that is capable of preserving the psychic powers of those who were interred within the Contemptor, ensuring the Chaos Lord within is also a psyker, able to bring their powers to bear despite being contained within the Contemptor’s sarcophagus.

**Mhara Gal Tainted Dreadnought [-300 Favour]**
Half of a percent (rounded up) of your warband has become examples of the daemonic Mhara Gal Tainted Dreadnought. Created from the fusion of a nearly-dead possessed Traitor Astartes with a shattered Contemptor Dreadnought chassis, living being and machine merged together by unholy practices and Warp-borne corruption to become a living engine of war and hatred. They loosely resemble a Chaos Contemptor Dreadnought, but with clear organic influences, most pronounced of which would be the great jagged teeth that emerge from it in too many places to make it appear to be an even greater monstrosity in the eyes of those who have not yet embraced the Dark Gods.

Its weapons are simpler than those of most Chaos Dreadnoughts, as they are typically only equipped with a Warpfire Plasma Cannon and a Tainted Power Claw. However, the power of the Warp imbued into it and the daemon that possessed the once-independent Chaos Space Marine have allowed it to start breaking the bonds of reality, such as to walk through obstacles as though they weren’t even there, and also serve to amplify the daemonic abilities of the Warp entity sealed within the Dreadnought.

**Hellforged Leviathan Dreadnought [-300 Favour]**
Although they only make up half of a percent (rounded up) of your warband, the Hellforged Leviathan Dreadnought’s potent destructive power has now been introduced into your forces. The only reason that the Leviathan does not supplant the Contemptor as the greatest Dreadnought available to the forces of Chaos is because they don’t exist in great enough numbers to really be said to be a part of the forces of the Chaos Space Marines as a whole.

They were created with hybridized technologies that date back into the dim past of humanity, and stand far taller than even other Dreadnoughts. Designed for siege warfare, it has an Atomantic Reactor to use weapons far beyond what ordinary Dreadnoughts could handle, but the pressure of the Leviathan-pattern's power was enough to drive even loyalist Astartes to madness—with the additional corruptive powers of Chaos, any Heretic Astartes trapped within is immediately sentenced to the most horrific insanity imaginable.

The weaponry of a Hellforged Leviathan includes two of the following (although it has lesser weapons across its body such as torso-mounted Heavy Flamers): Meltagun, Hellflamer, Soulburner Ribaudkin, Grav Flux Bombard, Butcher Cannon Array, Hellforged Siege Claw, or the Hellforged Siege Drill. But these corrupted weapons aren't the only tools it has; the very act of stealing life from the living infuses the machine with reinvigorating energy and starts to repair damage the hellish machine has suffered in battle.

**Defiler [300 Favour]**
For every 50 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, you gain a Defiler — a towering Daemon Engine of war, forged from the unholy marriage of steel, sorcery, and suffering. The Defiler is the beating heart of Chaos's armored might, a walking cathedral of carnage that thunders across battlefields on six daemon-driven limbs, its form a grotesque parody of both tank and beast.

A Defiler towers over men and even most tanks, its six mechanical legs pounding the earth with each step like the tolling of a funeral drum. It moves with horrifying speed and agility for something so massive, climbing over rubble and wreckage as if it were nothing. Its main body is a turreted bastion of doom, bristling with weapons both mortal and daemonic.

At its heart lies the Battle Cannon — an immense artillery weapon capable of obliterating entire squads or fortifications in a single thunderous blast. The shells it fires are not mere munitions, but runes of hatred wrought from cursed metals, exploding with Warp-tainted shrapnel that melts through ceramite and bone alike. The Defiler's Reaper Autocannon shreds infantry and light armor with streams of roaring, daemon-guided fire, while a Havoc Launcher atop its carapace rains chaos upon the enemy lines in a storm of screaming projectiles.

Yet these are only the standard armaments. The nature of Chaos invites variation and mutation. Some Defilers bear twin-linked Heavy Bolters or Lascannons, others mount Heavy Flamers that spew daemonic fire — a burning soul-storm that devours flesh, steel, and spirit alike. Still others replace their claws with massive Power Scourges or daemonically-charged blades, giving them the strength to tear through battle tanks as if they were paper.

**Heldrake [300 Favour]**
For every 100 Chaos Space Marines in your warband, a Heldrake takes to the skies in your name — a daemon-infused predator of metal and flame, shrieking through the upper atmosphere like a living curse. These winged abominations are the twisted offspring of the Warp and lost Imperial aviation, once proud strike craft of the Adeptus Astartes, now perverted beyond recognition by the Dark Gods' touch.

Before the main assault, Heldrakes are always the first to strike. They descend from orbit, ripping through the void and atmosphere alike with trails of warp-fire and broken gravity. Sometimes they cling to the hulls of Chaos warships, feeding parasitically upon their energy reserves through flesh-tubes and daemon cables, or nesting in the shadowed hollows of the vessels like a swarm of nightmarish bats. When the invasion begins, they detach, plunging toward the battlefield below — the heralds of Chaos's wrath.

Once in the air, they hunt with terrifying precision. Heldrakes dive from impossible altitudes, their bodies twisting and shrieking through clouds as they pounce upon enemy aircraft and drop-ships. Their talons pierce adamantium, tearing engines apart like prey, while their mechanical jaws bite through fuselages, dragging burning wrecks into the ground below.

For ranged devastation, the Heldrake wields either a Hades Autocannon — a daemon-wrapped rotary cannon that spews cursed shells guided by hateful intent — or the dreaded Baleflamer, a furnace-throat that belches Warpfire hot enough to melt ceramite and souls alike. When unleashed upon infantry or fortifications, the Baleflamer transforms the battlefield into an inferno of living flame, where even the ashes whisper blasphemies.

# Khorne

## Subleaders

**Slaughterbound [100 Favour / Free for Khorne]**
For every 1000 Khorne Berzerkers or Eightbound in your warband, you gain one Slaughterbound. If your warband is dedicated to Khorne, you receive these champions for free — manifestations of carnage so absolute that even the Blood God himself takes notice.

Each one has achieved the unthinkable: the defeat and binding of a Bloodthirster, a Greater Daemon of Khorne, within their very soul. This act is not one of sorcery, but of sheer, primal dominance — a duel of flesh, fury, and faith where the mortal proves himself more savage than the god's own creation.

On the battlefield, a Slaughterbound is a cataclysm given shape. Gates shatter before their blows, enemy champions are reduced to pulp beneath their claws, and even tanks melt from the heat of their fury. The bound Bloodthirster's wrath pours through them, turning their every strike into an explosion of Warp-tainted force. The ground trembles beneath their charge, and their roars drown out the clash of entire armies. And also this leader invigorates every Khorne marked individuals on your side.

## Infantry

**Khorne Berzerkers [100 Favour / Free for Khorne]**
If your warband bears the mark of Khorne, then all your Legionaries, Chosen, Raptors, Warp Talons, and Chaos Bikers are replaced by Khorne Berzerkers at no additional cost — while retaining any unique abilities or equipment they possessed before their transformation. Their devotion, their wrath, and their very souls are remade in blood.

For those who serve Chaos Undivided, only 10% of your Legionaries are transformed into Berzerkers, the result of dark imitation — a ritualized psycho-surgery inspired by the ancient Butcher's Nails.

On the battlefield, Khorne Berzerkers are a crimson tide of insanity. They charge faster than any sane warrior would dare, howling through gunfire and explosions, chainaxes screaming as they hack through everything before them. To see them

fight is to witness a storm of gore and ruin — and to hear them is to feel the blood in your veins begin to boil.

**Eightbound [200 Favour]**
Around 5% of your army are Eightbound. If your warband already contains Possessed, and you follow Khorne, then your warband may undergo the sacred transformation — every Possessed within it can be converted into Eightbound, their mortal shells reforged into instruments of pure rage. The original 5% from this boon will instead ascend into Exalted Eightbound, those who have utterly mastered the eight daemons within and become something far more terrible.

Eightbound are born from the most vicious of Khorne Berzerkers, warriors already half-consumed by their Butcher's Nails and their god's hunger. When their rage outgrows mortal limits, they are bound in iron sarcophagi called Eightcages, machines of torment and transcendence. Inside these cruel prisons, needles pierce their flesh, and cursed probes interface directly with their Nails, opening their minds to the Warp. There, the ritual begins — eight daemons are hurled at the warrior's soul, each seeking to devour and dominate him.

The result is monstrous. Eightbound stride across the battlefield like living engines of damnation, their armor bursting with veins of molten brass and Warp-fire. Their movements are wild and predatory, a blur of violence so pure that it seems impossible for any mortal to match. Their voices are an unholy chorus — part human bellow, part daemonic roar, as if the eight imprisoned horrors scream alongside their master with every swing.

Those rare warriors who master their inner daemons entirely become Exalted Eightbound — beings no longer merely possessed, but perfectly fused with their infernal passengers. In them, man and daemon have achieved a horrific equilibrium. They are silent compared to their lesser kin, for their fury burns inward, refined and absolute. Their power is terrifying to behold — where Eightbound are storms, Exalted Eightbound are blades of divine precision, cutting through foes and reality itself with the authority of Khorne's chosen.

## Machines

### Khorne Lord of Skulls [300 Favour]

For every 100 Khorne-marked warriors in your warband, you gain one Khorne Lord of Skulls — a towering abomination of brass, blood, and bound rage. These war engines are the ultimate manifestation of Khorne's unrelenting fury, forged in the daemon-forges of hellish dimensions where molten metal flows like blood and every hammer strike is a prayer of murder. Each Lord of Skulls houses the imprisoned essence of a Bloodthirster, its wrath caged within a mountain of daemon-infused ceramite and grinding gears. The boiling ichor that powers the machine is drawn from the blood of murderers and traitors, forever feeding its furnace with sin and hatred.

Upon the battlefield, a Lord of Skulls is less a machine and more an apocalyptic event. It strides forward on piston-driven legs that crush tanks like insects, its engines roaring with the screams of the damned. In one hand it wields the Great Cleaver of Khorne, a weapon so vast it can bisect Titans, while its other arm mounts either a Hades Gatling Gun or Skullhurler, turning enemy ranks into mangled pulp. From its chest belch streams of molten ichor and warp-fire through Daemongore or Gorestorm Cannons, each blast a sermon of destruction in Khorne's name. The air around it burns with the heat of its fury, and its every step leaves a cratered trail of fire and ruin.

Even amongst daemons, these monstrosities are objects of worship and terror. Lesser daemons flock around them, chanting in ecstasy as they pile skulls upon its hull during battle, offering tribute to the imprisoned Bloodthirster within.

## Tzeentch [Requires Psyker Integration above None]

### Subleaders

**Aspiring Sorcerer [100 Favour / Free for Tzeentch]**

For every five Rubric Marines in your warband, one is elevated to the rank of Aspiring Sorcerer — a lesser yet formidable practitioner of the arcane arts. These individuals are not full Sorcerers, but stand only a step below them, serving as both commanders and caretakers of the Rubricae under their control. It is through their will and psychic strength that the Rubric Marines move and fight, their empty shells animated by the Aspiring Sorcerer's mastery over the Warp. Without such guidance, the Rubricae would be nothing more than dust-filled armor, inert and silent.

Aspiring Sorcerers act as both battle leaders and arcane engineers, responsible not only for commanding their thralls in war but also for rebuilding shattered Rubric Marines through complex rites of restoration. These rituals blend sorcery and craftsmanship, invoking Tzeentch's ever-changing power to rebind scattered dust and mend cracked armor. Though they lack the full power of a true Sorcerer, their minds burn with ambition, forever seeking to rise higher in their patron's favor. Many see their Rubricae as both a weapon and a stepping stone — tools to demonstrate their growing mastery of the Warp.

If your warband follows Tzeentch, these Aspiring Sorcerers are gained freely, as the Changer of Ways blesses his followers with no shortage of eager acolytes. Each one is a vessel of potential, their souls writhing with barely-contained Warp energy, and their eyes ever fixed upon the promise of transcendence.

**Infernal Master [100 Favour / Free for Tzeentch]**

For every 10 Aspiring Sorcerers in your warband, one ascends to the rank of Infernal Master — a warlock who binds and bargains with Tutelaries, daemonic entities that serve as both familiars and conduits of Tzeentch's power. Through complex rituals and whispered bargains, these Sorcerers forge Infernal Pacts, binding the daemons to their will in exchange for services both sinister and miraculous.

The Infernal Masters wield their pacts like living spells. Their Tutelaries can be commanded to unleash deadly sorceries, cloud the minds of enemies, or empower allies with the blessings of the Changer of Ways. Some Tutelaries act as advisors, whispering truths and lies in equal measure, while others manifest as blazing spirits of wrath, tearing through reality itself to serve their master's will. On the battlefield, an Infernal Master stands surrounded by shimmering warp-flames and echoing laughter, their daemonic companions weaving through the air like ghostly serpents of fate.

If your warband is aligned with Tzeentch, these Infernal Masters are granted freely, as they embody the Great Architect's endless pursuit of knowledge through manipulation, exchange, and deceit.

**Exalted Sorcerer [200 Favour / Free for Tzeentch]**
For every 10 Aspiring Sorcerers and 5 Sorcerers within your warband, one among them ascends to become an Exalted Sorcerer — a master of sorcery whose power is limited only by the fragility of their own mind. These individuals have delved deeper into the forbidden psychic arts than any mortal should, bending reality to their will and twisting the immaterium into living instruments of destruction. As the speel they used can destroy enemy armies in mere seconds.

Exalted Sorcerers stand as warlords of the Thousand Sons, commanding both mortal and daemon alike in pursuit of the Changer of Ways' unknowable designs.

If your warband is aligned with Tzeentch, you gain these Exalted Sorcerers for free, as the Great Conspirator rewards those who further his labyrinthine schemes. Also each Exalted Sorcerer in your warband is the master of a dread Silver Tower of Tzeentch, a floating fortress of crystalline corridors, shifting stairways, and impossible geometry. Within these towers, they conduct experiments that could rewrite fate itself, forging weapons and spells that reshape worlds in their image.

## Infantry

### Rubric Marines [100 Favour / Free for Tzeentch]

If your warband bears the Mark of Tzeentch, then all your Legionaries, Chosen, Raptors,Terminators, Warp Talons, and Chaos Bikers are transformed into Rubric Marines at no additional cost — though they retain any unique traits or wargear they possessed before their metamorphosis. For those who serve Chaos Undivided, only 10% of your Legionaries are transformed into Rubric Marines.

These soulless warriors march without fear, fatigue, or emotion — perfect soldiers animated by sorcery and sustained by the will of their masters. Under the command of an Aspiring Sorcerer, their Inferno Bolters burn not only flesh but souls, their ammunition infused with warp-fire that scours both body and spirit. Without a guiding sorcerer, however, Rubric Marines become motionless, inert statues — waiting silently in their dusty armour until the call to war stirs the echo of memory and the bindings of magic force them once again into motion.

When destroyed, the hollow shells of Rubric Marines burst apart, releasing the shimmering dust of their imprisoned essence into the air. Only the most powerful sorcerers — those daring enough to challenge the arcane rituals of Ahriman himself — can rebind that essence into its armour, reawakening the fallen warrior. Such rituals are perilous beyond measure; a single misplaced syllable or misaligned rune can unmake the caster’s mind or summon far worse.

### Mutalith Vortex Beast [200 Favour]

Around 10% of your Chaos Spawn are transformed into the Mutalith Vortex Beasts, towering abominations of ever-changing flesh and madness. These creatures are living conduits of the Warp, their bodies warped beyond recognition and crowned with a swirling vortex of raw daemonic energy that howls with the voices of a thousand damned souls. To command such a monstrosity is to flirt with annihilation, for the Mutalith’s mere presence distorts reality and spreads mutation like wildfire. Even the most devoted servants of Chaos risk their sanity when marching beside one, as the energies that sustain it seep into the air and twist flesh, mind, and soul alike.

On the battlefield, the Mutalith Vortex Beast is a living catastrophe. Its colossal frame pulses with uncontrollable warp tides, muscles tearing and reforming as it lashes out with claws and tendrils strong enough to shatter tanks. Around it swirls a psychic maelstrom of mutation — foes dissolve into grotesque shapes, allies

weep blood as their armour melts into their flesh, and the ground itself ripples like liquid glass. Even in death, the Mutalith refuses to die quietly — its leaking warp energy surges outward in one final explosion of chaos, warping reality itself in a last, mocking gesture to Tzeentch's ever-changing design.

## Machines

**Sekhetar Robots [200 Favour]**
For every 25 Tzeentch-marked warriors in your warband, you gain a Sekhetar Robot — towering, rune-wreathed automatons born from the fusion of daemonology, sorcery, and heretekal engineering. Developed as an evolution of the Castellax-Achea Battle Automata once used by the Thousand Sons during the Great Crusade, the Sekhetar embody the cold intellect of machines fused with the capricious essence of Tzeentchian sorcery. Their design takes inspiration from the ancient Prosperine Tutelaries, the spectral spirits that once guided the Legion's scholars, and their every surface glows with shifting runes of misdirection, illusion, and foresight. Each Sekhetar is woven with prophetic enchantments that allow it to foresee attacks, intercept blows, and defend its master with frightening precision — an eerie echo of prescience bound in iron.

In battle, the Sekhetar move like silent executioners through the fog of war. From unseen vantage points, they unleash devastating volleys of Hellfyre Missiles, Pyreflux Meltaguns, and Warpflamers that burn with blue sorcery instead of fire. Some stride forward to tear apart enemies with Power Claws glowing like molten glass. When accompanying their masters on raids of forbidden archives or ancient temples, they act as bodyguards and sentinels, slumbering for centuries if necessary, ever watchful and ready to awaken the moment their creators' secrets are threatened. To see one move is to witness the impossible geometry of Tzeentch's will — cold metal given life by madness, prophecy, and the promise of eternal change.

## Nurgle

### Subleaders

**If your warband is Nurgle focus, you may select two sub-leaders that each cost 100 Favour, and one that costs 200 Favour, to be included freely within your warband.**

**Biologus Putrifiers [100 Favour]**
For every 20 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one will ascend (or perhaps rot) into a Biologus Putrifier — plague-artisans whose fascination with disease borders on divine obsession. These foul alchemists of decay bear a grotesque mutation: lidless occulobes, cyst-like eyes that fester beneath their flesh and allow them to perceive the crawling progress of infection even through armour and bone.ir deadliness, Putrifiers are often targeted on sight by the enemy.

Armed with vile alchemical tools, the Biologus Putrifiers stride into combat surrounded by a haze of noxious fumes and buzzing flies. Their primary instrument of “research” is the Injector Pistol, a weapon that delivers virulent compounds directly into the flesh of their victims, causing bodies to bloat, burst, or liquefy in seconds. Yet even this is not the end of their work — for once a subject has met a suitably agonizing demise, the Putrifier will strike again, draining the clotted remains for later study or rebrewing into new, experimental toxins.

**Malignant Plaguecaster [100 Favour / Requires Psyker Integration above None]**
For every 10 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one may become a Malignant Plaguecaster — a sorcerer whose every breath carries the stench and sickness of the Garden of Nurgle itself. These are the bloated prophets of pestilence, their souls long since bartered away in exchange for the Plague God’s festering “gifts.”

At the height of battle, these psykers retch forth gales of pestilent energy, unleashing clouds so vile that lungs decay, armor peels, and weapons dissolve into rusted ruin. A single exhalation from a Plaguecaster can lay waste to entire squads, their victims collapsing in heaps of rancid meat while their spirits are dragged screaming into the Warp. The air around them quivers with the whispers

of Nurgle's daemons, urging them to spread new sicknesses, new torments, new "miracles of decay."

**Noxious Blightbringer [100 Favour]**
For every 10 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one may be uplifted into a Noxious Blightbringer, a dread herald of decay whose tolling bells announce the coming of despair itself. These wretched champions stride ahead of the main Death Guard host, their rusted armor clanging and their plague bells tolling in hideous disharmony, spreading the music of rot far and wide.

Each Blightbringer carries a Cursed Plague Bell, forged in the cauldrons of Nurgle's Garden and infused with the essence of entropy. When it tolls, its discordant peal resonates through the flesh, the mind, and the very soul of all who hear it. The sound is both a weapon and a sermon — waves of decay ripple outward, sapping courage, unraveling order, and filling the hearts of the living with an all-consuming dread.

**Foul Blightspawn [100 Favour]**
For every 20 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one is reborn as a Foul Blightspawn — deranged devotees who revel in the spectacle of decay and the slow, agonizing deaths of their foes. These plague-bloated monstrosities emerge from the ranks of Plague Marines whose fascination with suffering transcends even the usual grotesqueries of Nurgle's followers. Their very souls curdle with malice and amusement, and their bodies soon follow: eyes dissolve into black sludge that drips from empty sockets, their vision replaced by a warped perception of the immaterium's pestilent hues. Their lips twist into grotesque, puckered maws, and their bloated flesh seeps an odor so vile that even their fellow Plague Marines recoil from the stench.

Each Foul Blightspawn carries the dread Plague Sprayer, a weapon that belches forth a caustic tide of rot, filth, and liquefying corruption. The weapon's internal tanks churn with alchemical horrors—slime thick with incubating plagues, bile from the Great Unclean Ones' cauldrons, and distilled rot siphoned from the corpses of daemons.

**Plague Surgeons [100 Favour]**
For every 10 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one may fester and ascend into the rank of Plague Surgeon — the grotesque healers of the Death Guard, and the custodians of Grandfather Nurgle's most beloved afflictions.

Unlike mortal medics, these loathsome physicians do not heal the body — they cultivate the disease. Their care is not for flesh, but for infection. They stride across the battlefield draped in soiled aprons and buzzing with flies, their rusted instruments glistening with ichor and warp-fluid. Each Plague Surgeon tends to his brothers like a proud gardener nurturing his garden of rot, ensuring every infection within the Death Guard grows strong and beautifully virulent.

Their own bodies are living laboratories — nurseries for parasites, breeding grounds for warp-borne plagues, and repositories of pestilence.

**Tallymen [100 Favour]**
For every 10 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one rises to become a Tallyman — Nurgle's sacred accountants, record-keepers of rot, and chanters of the Sevenfold Path.

These pious zealots march to war draped in mouldering scrolls and parchment robes, their armour etched with endless lists of names, numbers, and blessings. Upon their shoulders, they bear massive vox-speakers that boom with guttural chants — the eternal litany of counting. "One... two... three... four... five... six... seven..." The sound of their monotonous drone echoes across the battlefield like the tolling of funeral bells.

Each Tallyman is both priest and quartermaster — a metaphysical scribe who meticulously records every act of decay. They count each bolt shell fired, each wound inflicted, each death rattle heard. They even count the flies that circle above the corpses, always striving toward the sacred number: seven. Every completion of a sevenfold tally is a prayer, a supplication to Grandfather Nurgle himself, and with each utterance, the Plague God's blessings swell across the ranks.

**Lord of Contagion [200 Favour]**
For every 20 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one may rise — or perhaps bloat — into a Lord of Contagion, an unstoppable embodiment of pestilence and relentless advance.

Encased within Cataphractii Terminator Armour, they stride through battle like rusted juggernauts, shrugging off gunfire as if it were rain on mold. Each wields either a Plaguereaper Power Axe or a Manreaper Scythe, relics of decay that cleave through armor and bone alike — spreading disease with every swing.

A Lord of Contagion leads from the front, their presence turning the battlefield into a choking mire of rot and despair. Their very aura spreads invisible clouds of corruption, eating through flesh, metal, and courage alike. To serve under one is to march beside death itself — and to find joy in its embrace.

**Lord of Poxes [200 Favour]**
For every 20 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one may swell into a Lord of Poxes, a walking stormfront of pestilence and despair. These bloated lords are living engines of infection, their every breath birthing clouds of rot that roll across the battlefield like a foul tide.

Within their corrupted lungs fester countless viral strains — spores, bile, and incubating fluids stewing in blasphemous harmony. The Miasmic Turbines mounted upon their backs churn this vile mixture into a thick, toxic fog, belching it forth to shroud the advance of their warband. Within this haze, enemies choke, armor corrodes, and flesh sloughs from bone as unseen contagions eat through all that lives.

In battle, they wield a Great Plague Blade, dripping with toxins and crawling with flies, alongside a Plasma Pistol that bubbles with unstable, infectious energy.

**Lord of Virulence [200 Favour]**
For every 20 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, one may ascend — or rather fester — into a Lord of Virulence, those putrid tacticians who embody the foul marriage of artillery and infection.

Their role is to amplify the Death Guard's contagion through ceaseless fire, saturating the enemy with toxic munitions and clouds of noxious filth. To achieve this, they march at the forefront of the advance — directing artillery strikes from the very heart of the carnage, heedless of danger. Their presence is marked by the booming roar of corrupted weapons and the wet hiss of bursting plague shells.

From their mutilated Cataphractii Terminator Armour, tubes and vents spill forth in obscene abundance, belching gouts of corrosive gas and plague ichor. These reeking clouds don't just mark their position — they guide the barrage of plagueburst mortars and daemon engines behind them, ensuring every shell lands in a storm of putrescent precision.

## Infantry

**Plague Marines [100 Favour / Free for Nurgle]**
If your warband bears the Mark of Nurgle, then all your Legionaries, Chosen, Raptors, Warp Talons, and Chaos Bikers are replaced by Plague Marines at no additional cost — their armour and weapons reshaped by rot and devotion, yet retaining any unique abilities or equipment they possessed before succumbing to Nurgle's embrace. . For those who serve Chaos Undivided, only 10% of your Legionaries are transformed into Plague Marines

Within their corpulent and disgusting armour, Plague Marines' bodies are swollen with disease, their flesh turned to festering blubber and their organs sloshing with rancid pus. Their armour is pitted and rusted, alive with wriggling worms and crawling flies, yet somehow indestructible — an unholy fusion of metal and meat. Every step they take squelches, every breath oozes. The stench of decay that follows them is enough to make mortal soldiers vomit or faint long before a bolter is raised.

Despite their grotesque state, Plague Marines are terrifyingly resilient opponents. Their nerves are dulled or entirely rotted away, making them immune to pain and utterly relentless in battle. They march implacably through storms of fire and shrapnel, their laughter thick and wet as they shrug off wounds that would annihilate lesser warriors.

**Blightlord Terminators [200 Favour / Free for Nurgle]**
If your warband bears the Mark of Nurgle, then all your Terminators become Blightlord Terminators at no extra cost. Otherwise, 10% of your Terminators are transformed into these bloated champions of decay.

Encased within mutated Cataphractii war plate, Blightlord Terminators are the embodiment of unstoppable rot — hulking, diseased juggernauts who advance through storms of fire as if wading through mist. Their armour is a fusion of metal and flesh, its corroded plating sealed by slime and bile, its joints oozing with filth that heals as fast as it rusts. To kill one is to drown in plague; to wound one is to invite infection.

Armed with Combi-weapons, Plague Spewers, and Blight Launchers, Blightlords unleash barrages of corrosive shells and disease-soaked flames, turning infantry into liquefied sludge and melting vehicles into bubbling ruin. When they close in, their Flails of Corruption, Bubotic Axes, and Baleswords strike with ponderous inevitability, each blow spreading a thousand infections. Their advance is as relentless as time, their laughter as wet and gurgling as the swamps of Nurgle's garden.

**Deathshroud Terminators [200 Favour / Free for Nurgle]**
For every 20 Blightlord Terminators in your warband, one elite warrior is transformed into a Deathshroud Terminator — the silent, scythe-bearing sentinels of Nurgle's most favoured lords.

Clad in barrel-chested, artificed Terminator armour, Deathshroud are as much symbols of dread as they are warriors. Their armour exudes choking fumes of alchemical death, and their every step leaves a trail of decay. Within their hulking frames lie bodies swollen with disease and devotion, their voices muffled beneath corroded masks that hiss with noxious vapours. They never stand idle nor stray far from their master — for they are bodyguards and executioners both, sworn to

remain within forty-nine paces of those they protect, until death claims either guardian or ward.

Armed with the Manreaper scythe and Alchem Caster, each Deathshroud is a walking plague engine. The sweep of a Manreaper can slice through armour, flesh, and soul alike, while the Alchem Caster spews virulent toxins that corrode even ceramite and melt bone. To the enemy, they seem like statues come alive — statues that cough poison and reap souls.

## Machines

**Foetid Bloat-drone [200 Favour]**
For every 20 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, a Foetid Bloat-drone joins the ranks — buzzing harbingers of decay that hover above the battlefield like bloated flies of war.

Each Bloat-drone is a fusion of daemon, machine, and rotting flesh, created when the spirits of Plaguebearers are bound into corrupted attack crafts. Their rusted carapaces ooze filth and ichor, and the roar of their engines is a phlegmy, droning wail that heralds pestilence and despair. The stench of decay trails behind them, thick enough to wilt vegetation and corrode metal.

Armed with Plaguespitters, Fleshmowers, or Heavy Blight Launchers, these abominable engines sweep through enemy lines, vomiting torrents of diseased slime that dissolve armour and flesh alike. The Bloat-drone's warped propulsors allow it to glide eerily through gunfire, closing in on its prey before tearing them apart in clouds of toxic gore. Even when shattered, they do not truly die — the daemon within simply laughs, bubbling up through the wreckage to spread more rot.

**Myphitic Blight-haulers [200 Favour]**
For every 20 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, a Myphitic Blight-hauler rumbles forth to join your ranks — daemon engines that embody the grotesque union of corrosion, machinery, and festering flesh.

Each Blight-hauler resembles a mutated crawler, its treads churning through muck and ichor as it advances in a haze of pestilent fumes. Its corroded hull is pocked with sores and boils, while chains and tubes pulse with rancid fluids that

drip like diseased tears. Despite their ghastly appearance, Blight-haulers are invaluable to the Death Guard — mobile siege engines and walking bulwarks, they protect their allies as they unleash devastating firepower.

Armed with multi-meltas, missile launchers, and Bile-spurters, these engines of decay vomit corrosive bile and molten filth upon their foes.

**Plagueburst Crawler [300 Favour]**
For every 100 Nurgle-marked warriors in your warband, a Plagueburst Crawler rumbles forth, a hulking fortress of pestilence and corruption.

These massive daemonic artillery engines are bristling with Plague Cannons and Heavy Blight Launchers, capable of tearing apart fortifications and annihilating enemy ranks with clouds of noxious miasma. The very hull of the Crawler is corroded and swollen, as if the diseases it carries have seeped into its armor, making it a living conduit of Nurgle's malevolent power. Its tracks crush everything beneath with relentless weight, leaving behind a trail of plague-soaked ruin.

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# Slaanesh

## Subleaders

**Lord Exultant [100 Favour / Free for Slaanesh]**
For every 10 Slaanesh-marked warriors in your warband, you gain a Lord Exultant, the living embodiment of excess, speed, and sadistic pleasure.

These champions of Slaanesh are agile, merciless, and exquisitely honed instruments of pain. Cloaked in flowing, ornate armor and adorned with barbs, whips, and serrated blades, a Lord Exultant moves with impossible grace, striking with both beauty and lethality. Their very presence inspires a frenzied ecstasy in allies, amplifying the speed, reflexes, and ferocity of nearby Slaanesh warriors.

In battle, they pursue perfection in slaughter, finding art in the agony of foes. Every swing, slash, and thrust is an elegant display of chaos and excess, leaving carnage that is as spectacular as it is horrifying. Lords Exultant are often seen leading duels against elite opponents, their laughter ringing out as the dance of death unfolds.

**Lord Kokophonist [100 Favour / Free for Slaanesh]**
For every 10 Slaanesh-marked warriors in your warband, you gain a Lord Kokophonist, a master of sensory torment and auditory excess.

These daemonic virtuosos channel the essence of Slaanesh through sound, turning cacophony into a weapon. Their instruments—whether twisted horns, screaming strings, or shrieking vocal cords—emit sonic blasts that disorient, terrify, and physically harm their enemies. Allies nearby are invigorated by the maddening rhythm, their speed and aggression heightened in a wave of euphoric fury.

On the battlefield, the Lord Kokophonist orchestrates a symphony of chaos, directing the tempo of combat and amplifying the horrors of Slaanesh’s warriors.

## Infantry

### Infractors [100 Favour / Free for Slaanesh]

If your warband bears the Mark of Slaanesh, all your Legionaries, Chosen, Raptors, Warp Talons,Terminator and Chaos Bikers who specialize in melee combat are transformed into Infractors at no additional cost. Their armour and weapons are reshaped by devotion to Slaanesh, yet they retain any unique abilities or equipment they possessed before their transformation. For Chaos Undivided warbands, only 10% of Legionaries undergo this change.

Infractors are close-combat specialists—drug-fueled, thrill-seeking killers who live for the extreme sensations of battle. Their focus is on violent, bloody, and wanton engagement, often disregarding objectives in favor of killing for the sheer pleasure of it. Swift and arrogant, they perceive enemy positions as a personal challenge, pushing deep into hostile territory to hunt and destroy.

These warriors rarely fight as part of a cohesive combined-arms force. Infractors expect allies to keep pace with their rapid assaults and often violently oppose any attempts to restrain or redirect their brutal momentum. Their presence on the battlefield is a whirlwind of carnage, leaving enemies decimated and terrified in their wake.

### Tormentors [100 Favour / Free for Slaanesh]

If your warband bears the Mark of Slaanesh, all your Legionaries, Chosen, Raptors, Terminators, Havocs, and Chaos Bikers who specialize in ranged combat are transformed into Tormentors at no additional cost. Their armour and weapons are reshaped by devotion to Slaanesh, yet they retain any unique abilities or equipment they possessed before their transformation. For Chaos Undivided warbands, only 10% of Legionaries undergo this change.

Tormentors echo the Tactical Squads of the original Emperor’s Children Legion. Clad in corrupted armour and wielding highly ornamented bolters, they specialize in ranged combat, unlike their Infractor cousins who revel in close-quarters slaughter. Tormentors see themselves as embodying the ideal of a true Space Marine—free from the stagnant dogma of the loyalists—but in reality, they are egomaniacal, self-serving reavers.

Known for their inflated sense of self-importance, Tormentors judge strategies and battleplans solely by how they highlight their own prowess. Squads frequently assign themselves “special missions” in the midst of combat, inventing tactical objectives to showcase their twisted skills according to their own whims and warped logic.

**Flawless Blade [200 Favour]**
Around 10% of your Infractors ascend to become Flawless Blades. Each carries a personalized masterwork weapon, known as a Blissblade, honed to lethal perfection over countless battles. To a Flawless Blade, their weapon is a paragon of perfection, and they deride economical strikes or merciful executions, preferring instead to dismember and torment their foes in gory, extravagant displays. All that matters is the spectacle of their superiority—showcasing skill not only to allies but also to the daemons of the Warp and to Slaanesh themselves.

Flawless Blades actively seek the patronage of daemons and delight in wresting favor from their peers, turning every engagement into a contest of prowess and excess. They are known to parade contempt for their enemies, deliberately exposing themselves to danger as a form of mockery. So confident in their abilities, they wear exotic and unique armor that leaves portions of their bodies unprotected, valuing style and statement over caution.

## Machines

**Sonic Dreadnought [200 Favour]**
Equipped with powerful sound-based weaponry, you will find that these dreadnoughts now make up nearly 1% of your warband. Designed to fit the framework of the Ferrum Infernus Chaos Dreadnought, these machines of terror are no less feared—both by their enemies and their allies—than the Chaos Dreadnought is. For their enemies, they are equipped with terrible implements that create devastating sonic attacks, cruel beyond reckoning as the malice of the Warp is imbued into the very destructive tones produced by these machines. Dirge Casters, Doom Sirens, and Twin-Linked Blastmasters define their weaponry, turning them into a horrific force on the battlefield that even well-defended enemies are rarely equipped to oppose.

For their allies, they represent what the Emperor's Children Legion most fears—the loss of the pleasures of the flesh, for those who are bound into the Sonic Dreadnought's sarcophagus will never again be free of it to experience the world as they once did, a fate far worse than death to those who have so deeply indulged themselves in the hedonism of Slaanesh.

# Drawbacks

**+0 Supplement:**
This supplement offers you the opportunity to wield a Warband of Chaos Space Marine , but nothing comes without sacrifice. To unlock this dark boon, you must fulfill one ominous conditions.
You must seize control of the the world that you use this supplement on question—bending every gang, syndicate, cartel, and black-market ring to your Will forged in madness, and dripping with the raw power of the Gods.

**+200 Favour Exchange:**
By spending 100 CP from your jumpchain, you may gain 200 Favour to be used within this supplement. This transaction is one-way only. Favour obtained in this way cannot be converted back into CP under any circumstance. This option exists solely for those willing to sacrifice long-term power elsewhere for immediate gain among the legions of the damned.