

Warhammer 40,000: Necrons

Jumpchain CYOA

SB Edition

Version 1.0

By – Necron_Lord, with help from Lord Stratera, SJ-Chan, Ganti, Silvan Eldar, Blackshadow, etc.

Introduction

Before the Imperium of Mankind that has ruled the galaxy for the past ten thousand years, before the Dark Age of Technology that preceded it, before the Eldar themselves rose from the muck to claim their ascendancy, there was one power.

The Necrons were already ancient when Mankind was trying to figure out how the whole 'walking' thing worked, and their technology was capable of feats other species would struggle to achieve with psychic power. It was the War in Heaven, fought between the Necrontyr and the Old Ones, that shaped the very face of the galaxy, and even millions of years later the ramifications of that primordial conflict have set in stone the fate of countless species and empires. You are now a member of the glorious Necron people. Shall you bring about their rise from the ashes, or consign them to the dustbin of history?

Either way, take these **1000 Cryptek Points.** You'll need them.

Age and Gender

You are a Necron, that means you are rather old. Roll 1d8+20, then add that sum by about 60,000,000. The vast majority of this age will have been spent “sleeping”, waiting for the proper time to rise up once again. Pick your gender freely.

Time of Awakening

Roll 1d8 or pay 50 CP to decide.

1. The Age of Strife: Ah, the time following the collapse of the empires of humanity and the Eldar. A period of unprecedented anarchy in the galaxy. This may be your chance to truly make it big in the universe, or fall under the uncontrollable chaos.

2. The Great Crusade: Oh dear, this is not a fun time to wake up in. The Imperium of Mankind has risen from the ashes of Terra and Mars, led by the Emperor of Mankind and his Primarchs. They aim to ensure the dominance of Mankind in the galaxy that is the birthright of the Necrons. Act quickly or be crushed beneath the tide.

3. The Horus Heresy: Woe to the Emperor, his grand vision undone by mere familial strife. One half of the Imperium turns against the other in the name of Chaos, and humanity bleeds from wounds it may never recover from. The edifice is cracked, one good kick may be enough to send the whole structure crashing down. But that may be what Chaos wants.

4. The Time of Scouring: The Imperium has won; Horus lies dead and the Traitor Legions have fled Terra with their tails between their legs. The Imperium, led by Roboute Guilliman, is all too willing to hunt them down and excise every last stain of heresy from the crippled Imperium. This marks a profound recovery on the part of humanity, but perhaps it is too distracted with Chaos to care about mere machines…

5. The War of the Beast: Bah, the Orks are a mere shadow of the Old Ones’ fungoid weapons! But it seems they are crawling ever so slowly back to their former “glory.” The Imperium, once content to lay about and play petty politics in the absence of the traitors, has been smashed by the Beast and his cataclysmic WAAAGH!!! Be wary, for the Orks will be just as willing to have your head as those of the humans.

6. The Age of Apostasy: As if the Horus Heresy wasn’t bad enough, the Imperium decides to rip itself asunder once more! Goge Vandire rules the Imperium with almost as much power as the Emperor himself, coupled with the mind of an utter lunatic. Apostate

Cardinals claim entire fiefdoms for themselves as humanity's foes laugh with glee. The Necrons have another chance to rise, and humanity can do little to stop them.

7. The Time of Waning: Primitive human scholars consider this the beginning of the end times. Abaddon marshals his forces for a 13th go at Cadia, the Tyranids come in even greater numbers, and the Necron Dynasties have for the most part risen once more. It may indeed be that this saga has entered its final act. Will the Warp overtake reality itself? Will the Hive Mind feast on the Milky Way before moving onto its next target? Will the Imperium escape from its rut and claim its golden age once more? Or will the Necrons finally claim their destiny?

8. Consider yourself fortunate, and choose freely.

Origins

Each of these origins can count as a drop-in option.

Nemesor: Nemesors are Overlords who bear the authority to lead their dynasty's forces into battle. They are the greatest military minds of the Necron race, undoubtably an asset in a galaxy in which there is only war.

Cryptek: The Necrons are one of the few races in the galaxy with absolutely no psychic potential, due to their current metallic state of being. This is not the weakness it may seem to be, as the technology of this ancient race is beyond any other in the galaxy, and you are its master.

Triarch Praetorian: The Silent King is the overall master of the Necrons, and even Phaerons are meant to bow to his will. However, the history of the Necrontyr was one of constant intercene strife, and it seems that the transference into metal shells hasn't done much to dull the constant struggle for power. How fortunate, then, that the Silent King has his ever-trusted Praetorians to ensure the nobility heeds his commands. You are one of these enforcers, ensuring the loyalty of the race through authority, intrigue, and violence if necessary.

C'tan Shard (800CP): Take heed, for you are one of the Star Gods who ensured the damnation of the Necrons in the first place. Your power was once capable of destroying entire solar systems, and even in your weakened state you are a force to be reckoned with.

Take Mandatory Drawback Gotta Catch Em All for no CP.

Perks

The 100 CP perks are free for their respective origins. Everything else is discounted.

Call me Mr. Necron (Free): One thing you have to admit about the Necrons is, the names are pretty damned cool. Trazyn the Infinite, Imotekh the Stormlord… there's a *panache* to them. Now you get your own Necron name, complete with epithet. You may insist everyone use it whenever they address you or refer to you in the future, and people will do so regardless of what it may exactly be. If you ever get tired of it, you can select a new name and epithet and people will start referring to you by that instead.

Your name also invokes an emotion of your choice in people, such as awe or fear.

Necron Physiology (Free): The Necrodermis shell that serves as your body may be regarded as a curse by many, but it is not without its upsides. Perhaps the most obvious benefit is that you do not age. Your once pathetic lifespan is now immeasurable. Just as it resists the ravages of time, it is remarkably resilient against damage. Your immaculately constructed shell can take damage comparable to the Artificer Armor of an Astartes, and what few wounds you sustain will be regenerated by Living Metal.

Taming the Untamable (600 CP): The warp is a chaotic, disturbing thing, anathema to the cold order of your technology. It's a constant struggle, but one which you can now win. Whenever faced with things 'against the natural order', like the warp, psyker powers or magic, you find yourself virtually impervious to their powers. Daemons fall before you, warp storms fail to affect your ships, and Psychic assaults break at your mind's shields.

Nothing less than an Alpha level psyker can affect you, and their efforts are barely noticeable. This covers you to the same extent for all other sorceries and magics, including those in future jumps. You can tune this effect to let any sorceries you want affecting you through.

Nemesor

Martial Skill (100CP): In this galaxy, it is commonly expected for an army's commander to join their forces on the front lines, personally engaging their foes in combat. And it would be obscene for a Nemesor to be outdone in this matter by the lesser races. Your skill in both long-ranged and hand-to-hand combat is on par with the champions of the other armies, able to duel Chapter Masters on an even footing even as your legions clash with the enemy.

Job Security (200CP): Nemesor Zahndrekh is an utter madman, still operating under the delusion that he is not only still an organic Necrontyr, but his minions and enemies are as well. Still, his competence ensures that Sautekh retains his services. You have the same talent, being able to act as eccentrically as you please so long as you get results. In addition, you may forgo certain courtesies in battle so long as it is won. An honorable foe can be solved with a Deathmark just as effectively as a pitched battle.

Vargard's Spirit (400CP): While most of your Necron minions will be non-sapient and fully dedicated to following every last order, there are still several Necrons below you who retain their free will. The Lycheguards, Deathmarks, and Vassal Lords can prove far less pliable than the average Warrior. Now you need not worry about any form of betrayal, as your minions are loyal to the point of death and beyond. They will never betray you through their own will, and hacking, brainwashing, or outright possession are off the cards as well. Do note that this does not protect you if you force them into a position to defend themselves.

Genius of Zahndrekh (600CP): The Nemesors are the mightiest commanders of the Necron forces, capable of waging campaigns with such genius that mortal commanders would drive themselves to the point of madness trying to comprehend it. This genius is now yours. Your mastery of tactics, strategy, and logistics can only be compared to such luminaries as Zahndrekh and the human General Creed. You will be able to run rings around all but the greatest military minds without them even comprehending what is going on.

Cryptek

Power of Lip (100CP): Orikan the Diviner is famous for two things; his unmatched knowledge of astrology and his tendency to be an insufferable genius to any Necrons who acquire his services. Alas, his skills at prognostication are enough to make the varied Overlords and Phaerons tolerate the constant insubordination they must put up with. You now enjoy the same benefits. So long as you prove your worth, you will be allowed to get away with behavior that wouldn't be tolerated by anyone else.

Divination of the Stars (200CP): The primitive astrologers of the mortal races have claimed to be able to predict the future through the composition of the celestial sphere for thousands of years. Unlike them, you actually can. Though this is by no means foolproof, dedicated study of the stars allows you to predict the future reliably. Do note that the more specific the prediction, the more unreliable it will be. "Which world will the enemy force attack?" has a much greater chance of success than "Which specific spot will each specific general attack?".

Knife of the Illuminor (400CP): Just because your people are now composed of metal does not mean that the flesh of mortals holds no use to you. You must have spent a few centuries studying at the foot of Illuminor Szeras, for your understanding of biology is as impressive as it is terrifying. On top of already intimately knowing humans, Eldar, Orks, and Tau down to the last blood vessel, you can now easily gain similar knowledge of any other organic being through dissection. I shudder to imagine what a Cryptek would do with such knowledge.

Wisdom of the Ancients (600CP): Necron technology is beyond all contenders, comparable to the greatest sorceries of the organics. To change the molecular composition of objects with specific soundwaves, spread madness through the enemy ranks with swirling mists, and manipulate time itself are but a few examples. True heights reach into unbelievable levels, things that violate all laws of nature and logic.

It would take a truly brilliant mind to master all this technology, to understand and improve it. A mind such as yours, for example. You have the skills and raw intelligence needed to unravel the greatest, most advanced technologies of your ilk. Not only can you perfectly build and repair Necron technology, you can also adapt it to all sorts of purposes, come up with new tech on a similar level, and even improve the technology. This talent carries over to all forms of technology in future jumps too.

Triarch Praetorian

Bringer of Civilization (100CP): As the vast majority of the Necrons passed the eons in a deep slumber, you and the other Triarch Praetorians had a different task. You traveled the cosmos, bringing thousands of primitive species the light of true Necron culture. It seems that you have a particular talent for this now. You have gained a particular skill at modifying the cultures of more technologically primitive species into line with your own values. If they are on the same scale as the Imperium of Man or the Eldar, this will not have much effect beyond letting you shift their priorities around somewhat. But for those who have not even left their homeworld, you can redefine their entire way of life.

Voice of the Triarchs (200CP): The Triarch Praetorians might serve in the armies of Overlords and Nemesors, but they are by no means their *servants*. The Praetorians serve only the Triarchy and the Silent King, and they hold some power over even Phaerons. When you come at the behest of a greater power, even your nominal superiors will grudgingly accept your authority.

Play the Game (400 CP): The politics of the Necron Dynasties are as vicious as they are petty. However, as the voice of the Silent King you must dig down into the muck. Fortunately you are quite skilled at it. You are such a master of court intrigue that the most devious Imperial nobles would take notes, your schemes not even being noticed until their victims cannot escape.

Discipline of the Court (600CP): The Command Protocols might ensure no one takes action against the Phaerons of each respective dynasty, but that does not mean Necron politics are anything but vicious. The various Lords and Crypteks constantly scheme to advance their own station, at the expense of their rivals. Such inefficiency is counterintuitive to the Silent King's goals, and you will not stand for it. You have overbearing authority in the form of the mighty one you represent, and the interpersonal skills to make use of it. You can get to the root of strife and discord of all sorts, and come up with solutions that, if they don't please all sides, leave them all as little disgruntled as possible. If it's not at all possible for a conflict to be resolved in this way, you can nonetheless force a ceasefire by exerting your power, personal, political, social or otherwise. While both are inviolable so long as you're around to enforce them, the latter obviously has far lesser staying power than the former in your absence. But you can expect it to last a good while, all the same.

C’tan Shard

Harvest of Souls (100CP): It was the hunger of the C’tan that brought about the devastation of the War in Heaven, inspiring the Star Gods to strip the Necrontyr of their pathetic flesh so as to both feast upon their souls and forge them anew in living metal. Now, you too feel that same unholy hunger in the depths of your being. It will take you only a modicum of effort to strip a mortal soul from its body, and none at all for you to snatch up and devour the free-floating souls of the recently deceased. Unfortunately you are a being meant to feast upon the very stars themselves, and consuming a lone soul will only offer you momentary respite from the gnawing hunger at your core, and a near unnoticeable degree of growth in your power over the Materium. It is only when you feast upon the souls of many thousands of mortals, millions even, that your hunger is truly sated and your power heightened forevermore. But remember this, for whether you devour armies, cities, or whole planetary populations, sooner or later the hunger will return. The hunger dissipates after the end of this jump.

Words of the Deceiver (200CP): Chegorach and Tzeentch are indeed manipulative, this is true. But they can only claim to be peers of the Deceiver, the C’tan who convinced the Necrontyr to forsake their organic bodies and embrace the machine. Now this being’s charisma is yours. You will be able to convince a Khornate Berzerker to try pacifism, a Slaneeshi Daemonette to embrace chastity, and a Priest of the Imperial Cult to carry around an eight-pointed star for luck. I shudder at the possibilities.

Way of the Void Dragon (400CP): Technology is but one facet of the Materium, but you are its master. The Void Dragon’s grasp of technology was the very inspiration of the Adeptus Mechanicus, and you retain a similar level of skill. Imperial Guardsmen will flee in terror as their tanks turn against them, the once loyal drones of the Tau will gun down their owners without hesitation, and you will laugh all the while.

Master of the Materium (600CP): To you, the Chaos Gods and their Daemonic hosts are not a force to be feared. They are competition, and you will not allow the spawn of the Warp to take your food away from you. With effort, you can exert reality where it is most fragile. A flick of the wrist will strip a Psyker of their strength. A few years, Daemons will be banished to the Warp. A few centuries, Warp Storms will shrink. A few thousand years, they’ll disappear.

Items

Nemesor

Staff of Light (100CP): The badge of office of Necron Nobility, this weapon does not follow the same principles as the baseline Gauss Weaponry of the Necrons. Instead, it absorbs energy from thin air to release in the form of bolts of lightning. A devastating weapon at range, and the fractal edged blade on the tip makes it a nightmare to face in close combat as well. Let none doubt your authority with this weapon.

Catacomb Command Barge (200CP): A Nemesor you may be, but you are still a noble of the esteemed Necron race. You should not have to bother with trawling through the muck like some sort of *peasant*. With this vehicle, you need never worry about such a thing. This armored, repulsor-driven skimmer has a massive carrier-wave generator capable of instantly transmitting your orders to your entire army.

Monolith (400CP): A glorious war machine by any measure. A Necron Monolith is a gargantuan behemoth of death and destruction, each blast of its Particle Whip leaving mayhem in its wake. Additionally, it comes with a complementary batch of Necron Warriors, prepared to disembark the craft to mop up whatever was lucky enough to survive the carnage.

Cryptek

Tools of the Trade (100CP): Crypteks routinely dedicate themselves to specific disciplines of what lesser minds would refer to as “techno-sorcery,” and their tools reflect this. The Psychomancers utilize their Abyssal Staves to emit a swirling mist, trapping those poor fools who are caught in a state of madness. Plasmancers use their Eldritch Lances to launch bolts of light that cause the very air itself to scream in agony. Chronomancers wield Aeonstaves to trap their foes in a bubble of slowed time. The Tremorstaves of the Geomancers create shockwaves that scatter entire enemy formations. Finally, the Voltaic Staff of an Ethermancer has command over the very force of lightning itself. Crypteks are able to choose one for free, and purchase any other that catches their fancy.

Primordial Schematics (200CP): The human world of Cadia was able to stymie the advance of Chaos largely due to the efforts of Necron technology. The mysterious pylons of Cadia acted to reinforce the materium even on the verge of the Eye of Terror. During the Thirteenth Black Crusade, the Archmagos Belisarius Cawl was even able to use them to shrink the largest Warp Storm in the galaxy. The designs behind this priceless technology are now within your possession. Outside of this setting, pylons designed according to the specifications of these schematics will disrupt interdimensional portals and incursions with some fine-tuning.

Biotransference Protocols (400CP): Behold, the designs that were meant to secure the salvation of the Necrontyr, and instead cost them their souls. These schematics contain two things of note: the first is the Necrodermis shells of the Necrons and their constructs, from the lowliest Warriors and Scarabs to the greatest Tomb Sentinels. Secondly, they teach the method of biotransference itself, transitioning an organic mind into a body of metal. Will you use these designs to create a robotic army to put the Men of Iron to shame? Or will you use them to secure immortality?

Triarch Praetorian

Rod of Covenant (100CP): While your title alone should bring unruly Phaerons in line with the vision of the Silent King, the Wars of Secession prove that the Necrons have routinely been difficult in regards to subordination. This weapon is thus a valuable tool of your profession. A blast from this device will reduce even a Necron to a smoldering pool of metal, to say nothing of the clouds of flaming ash that organics become when struck by it. Additionally, the energy field it generates allows it to serve as an effective power weapon should you be forced into melee combat.

Triarch Stalker (200CP): According to the ancient laws of the Necrontyr, the agents of the Silent King are to utilize multi-legged war constructs instead of the anti-gravity vehicles favored by the nobility. Contrary to expectations, this isn't much of a downgrade. A dedicated anti-tank hunter, it utilizes a heat ray for long-range engagements. For those foolish enough to get close, the vehicle's Quantum Shielding, slicing limbs and devastating weaponry teach them the error of their ways.

Command Protocols (400CP): The Silent King destroyed these before leaving the galaxy, viewing himself as unworthy of ruling the race he failed so utterly. Luckily, it seems he did not manage to destroy them all, so that you may better enforce his will. The protocols in your possession do not allow you to dominate Necrons, but do prevent them from targeting you in any manner. A Phaeron himself would be unable to lift his hand to strike you, no matter how much he desires otherwise. In future settings, artificial intelligences of all sorts are unable to harm you.

C’tan Shard

Divine Shell (100CP): The shells of the common Necron Warriors are but scrap metal compared to the resplendent armor of the Overlords and Phaerons. However, it is your armor that is the greatest of them all. Infantry-scale weapons might as well be slingshots for all the damage they inflict upon your divine form, and it would take a Baneblade to so much as irk you.

Packed Lunch (200CP): The hunger of a C’tan is the greatest weakness of those who would call themselves Star Gods, slaves to their gluttony before they ever became slaves to the Necrons. With this, you need never fear starvation. Within this arcane device is an entire race, trapped with no chance of escape. Their souls could be generously described as adequate, but they will ensure you do not starve for your time here.

Tesseract Labyrinth (400CP): The C’tan may share their imprisonment at the hands of those they once called slaves, but the orgy of cannibalism that brought them to that stage of vulnerability proves that they hardly consider each other friends. This device serves as further evidence of that fact, containing a C’tan shard slaved to your will. Will you use the shard trapped within to annihilate those who dare oppose you, or will you crack open the Labyrinth to once more snack on the most delicious of morsels?

Companions

Lychguard (400CP) (Discount Nemesor and Triarch Praetorian): The Lychguards of the Necrons are some of the most dedicated and incorruptible bodyguards in the galaxy. They are not merely defenders, but also emissaries and lieutenants of their charges. As Vargard Obyron said, “Only the deathless can truly comprehend the burden of unfailing loyalty.” And this bodyguard will prove those words in their service to you.

Canoptek Spyder (400CP) (Discount Cryptek): Not all troops in the Necron arsenal were once Necrontyr. The Canoptek constructs bear the distinction of being entirely robotic in nature. One of the most important of these constructs is the Canoptek Spyder, meant to oversee Necron tombs while its inhabitants sleep. To aid in this purpose, the Canoptek Spyders are able to manufacture swarms of Canoptek Scarabs and direct them towards intruders, ripping them to shreds before they even have a chance to scream. Additionally, they are capable of repairing Necrons who are damaged beyond even Necrodermis’ ability to repair.

Pariah (400CP) (Discount C’tan): How is this possible? These beings were consigned to non-existence ages ago! Nonetheless, one of the Necron Pariahs is now in your service. Once a human with the unfortunate distinction of bearing the Pariah Gene, it has been converted into a loyal servitor and vessel for your ambitions. Normal organics will react in fear and terror in its wake, and Psykers and Daemons will suffer extreme agony like none they have ever felt before.

Drawbacks

The Wayback Machine (0CP): Instead of the grim darkness of the 41st Millenium your jump will take place 60 million years ago during the War in Heaven. This era is dangerous beyond reckoning, an age where gods themselves were created and used as mere weapons against forces who destroyed stars. However, there is likewise great potential in this era. The bloodshed from the War in Heaven would give rise to three of the four Great Gods of Chaos, setting in motion one of the greatest forces of suffering in the Milky Way Galaxy. Perhaps you may avert this fate, and create a far brighter future.

Needs More Grease (+100CP): The Necrodermis shells of the Necrons are made of one of the most advanced alloys in galactic history. Logically, they shouldn't be squeaking. Unfortunately, yours are. Every movement you make will create an unbearable squeaking sound. Hope you're willing to stand a decade of this inanity.

The Long Vigil (+100CP): Regardless of when you start, your stay in the Warhammer universe will only end in 999.M41. Whether your departure is among the carnage of Abaddon's Thirteenth Black Crusade, a parade commemorating the success of the Great Crusade, or monuments to the glories of the restored Necron Empire is up to you, I suppose.

Zahndrekh Syndrome (+200CP): They say ignorance is bliss, but this is not exactly a pleasant experience. It seems you have forgotten not only your previous life, but you are also under the delusion that you are still organic. Trying to manage in Warhammer 40k without being capable of identifying your metallic body may prove trying, but hopefully you have a Vargard Obyron on hand to keep you on the level.

Endless Hunger (+200CP): The bad news is that you have been infected with a prototype of the Flayer Virus. The good news is that it isn't as bad as the Flayer Virus itself. You are faced with a endless desire for blood and meat, one that you can never satisfy. Hey, at least it won't drive you mad.

Illumination of Szeras (+400CP): Illuminor Szeras is perhaps one of the greatest scientific minds of the Necron race. It was he who designed the Biotransference Protocols, and Phaerons put up with his insufferable demands for test subjects to utilize his skills. Szeras sees his current form as but a single step on the road to godhood, and he finds your unique properties of special interest to him. If you do not want to end up on an operating table being vivisected by a mad scientist who responds to screams of agony by turning down the volume and has a significant portion of the Necron nobility indebted to him, I suggest you tread carefully.

Magpies of Mars (+400CP): The Adeptus Mechanicus technically has a ban on Xenos Technology, and it's usually strictly enforced. However, Tech-Priests just can't seem to help

themselves around Necron tech, largely understandably given its sheer might. However, *you* are currently a sample of Necron technology, and limited knowledge of your true nature has ensured that the Adeptus Mechanicus will be after you. Expect Skitarii to hunt you down with the intention to put you on the dissection table.

Dawn of Eldar (+600CP): The Eldar have long been enemies of the Necrons, since the Old Ones utilized them as auxiliaries to fight in the War in Heaven. The only being more hated is She Who Thirsts herself. And now, enough Farseers have seen you in their visions to mark you down as a Necron of note. As such, they will be constantly sending war parties to hunt and put you down before the dark fate they have foreseen comes to pass.

Enemy Without (+600CP): The Ordos Xenos of the Inquisition is dedicated towards hunting down all alien threats to the Imperium of Mankind. These “alien-hunters” comprise some of the most intelligent, skilled, and ruthless individuals humanity has to offer. And they have just marked you down as their number one priority. They will come at you with all the resources they have to offer, from personal acolytes all the way to the Deathwatch itself. And if you think that showing up in the Great Scouring or earlier will save you from their wrath, assume that the Ordos Xenos has recovered some samples of the technology of the Ordos Chronos.

The Infinite Gallery (+800CP): The galaxy holds many wonders just ripe for the taking, but a multidimensional adventurer with astonishing powers? That would be the prize of ten thousand lifetimes! Unfortunately for you, Trazyn the Infinite agrees. You are now his top priority for collection, and he will stop at nothing to ensure a disturbingly lifelike statue of you rests in the galleries of Solemnace forever.

Gotta Catch Em All (Free and exclusive to C’tan Shards): You are powerful indeed, but that does not mean you are invincible. The C’tan once ruled the Necrons as their gods, before being shattered into countless pieces and reduced to mere weapons of war. You may be free for the moment, but do note that any Overlord or Phaeron would consider you a glorious prize for their war machine. Given the opportunity, they will trap you in a Tesseract Labyrinth and harness your power for their own interests. If you are ever trapped in one, you have ten years to escape before it is counted as a loss and you are sent back home.

Choices

Go Home: The dark future of the 41st Millenium might have been a little much for you. You return home with everything you have gathered so far.

Stay: ...You actually like it here? Odd, and I don't exactly intend to ask *why*. Regardless, your affairs back home have been put into order. Enjoy your time in Warhammer.

Continue: This isn't enough for you. Continue forth, scion of the Necrons. A multiverse awaits!

Notes

This Jump is intended specifically for SB's drive and *only* SB's drive. If someone tries to start shit by claiming I'm trying to steal someone's claim, they're trolling.

Thanks to Ganti and Silvan Eldar for pitching a few ideas my way, SJ-Chan and Lord Statera for convincing me to give this a shot, and thanks to everyone who helped make my first jump passable.

To do: Add Scenarios.