Warhammer 40K: Chaos Space Marines: Power Up Supplement 0.1

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Introduction:

Here is a list of potential upgrades that you as a warrior of chaos might want. Some sections don't have any cost to unlock; for those sections, you will need to buy the appropriate perks in the main document to unlock.

As an extension to the Warhammer 40K: Chaos Space Marines jump, additional points spent here must be draw from the base jump.

Chaos Mutations[Free]:

Here you will gain the option of receiving gifts from the chaos gods themselves; you will receive one mutation for free and any other mutations will cost you 50cp.

Extra Arm
You grow an additional limb—fully functional and muscular—that can wield another weapon or shield, giving you an edge in melee combat.This can be bought multiple times to gain extra limbs.

Unholy Resilience
Your body becomes unnaturally tough, your flesh like armor. Gain resistance to one thing below, pain, toxins, disease, and minor Warp feedback.This can be bought multiple times to gain extra resistance.

Eyes of the Warp
Your eyes become unnatural, capable of seeing through walls and perceiving Warp entities and psychic energies clearly.

Clawed Limbs
Your hands or feet morph into razor-sharp claws capable of shredding armor. They count as natural melee weapons.

Fleshmetal Growths
Parts of your body become living metal, fusing organic and machine. Gain natural armor and resistance to fire or kinetic force.

Scent of Blood
You can track enemies by scent alone, even through solid obstacles. This mutation is particularly favored by Khorne.

Prehensile Tail
A long, muscular tail sprouts from your spine. It can be used to trip, strike, or wield weapons.

Winged Mutation
You grow leathery bat-like wings (or feathered, if blessed by Tzeentch). Gain flight and terrifying presence.

Chameleon Hide
Your skin changes color to match your surroundings, granting near invisibility when still or moving slowly.

Barbed Carapace
Spikes and barbs emerge from your skin and armor. Enemies who strike you in melee risk injuring themselves.

Voice of Many
Your voice echoes with hundreds of whispers, sometimes revealing prophetic knowledge or overwhelming the minds of mortals.

Blood Magnet
Your body draws in spilled blood, empowering your strikes and healing you slightly for every enemy slain nearby.

Bone Spikes
Jagged bone protrusions erupt from your body, making grappling you dangerous and providing additional weapons in close combat.

Warp-Infused Muscles
Your muscles swell with chaotic power, increasing your physical might to monstrous levels. You can hurl tanks or tear through ceramite.

Third Eye
A third eye opens on your forehead, granting you Warp-sight, danger sense, and immunity to illusions.

Beastial Howl
You emit a deafening, supernatural roar that demoralizes enemies and disrupts concentration—especially effective against psykers.

Chaos Brand
You bear a glowing rune of your patron god on your chest or head, passively empowering nearby allies and weakening enemies.

Acidic Blood
When you're wounded, your blood sprays out in caustic arcs that melt through armor and flesh alike. Some call this “Nurgle’s Kiss.”

Extra Mouth
A toothy maw opens somewhere else on your body (stomach, shoulder, palm), capable of biting enemies or even speaking dark tongues on its own.

Warp-Crowned Skull
A constant halo of faintly visible Warp fire surrounds your head. It instills awe or fear in mortals and grants you resistance to mind-altering effects.

Daemon Tongue
Your tongue becomes elongated and barbed—or even prehensile. It can grasp, grapple, or spit Warp venom with deadly precision.

Gaze of Chaos
Your eyes shine with unholy light. Enemies who meet your gaze must resist fear or madness. Particularly potent against mortals.

Scorpion Tail
A long, venomous tail sprouts from your lower back, capable of impaling enemies or delivering paralytic stings.

Warp Echo
Your presence leaves afterimages in the Warp, confusing psykers and making you harder to target with mental or sorcerous effects.

Soul-Marked
Your soul is marked by a Dark God. While this makes you more visible in the Warp, it also protects you from being controlled or possessed by other entities.

Iron Hide
Your skin turns into a metallic, armor-like surface—like burnished steel, black iron, or glimmering obsidian—resisting blades and bullets alike.

Elongated Limbs
Your arms or legs extend slightly, giving you a longer reach in melee and better agility—though it's not immediately obvious.

Warp Infusion
All your attacks now cause additional Warp-based damage, especially effective against daemons, psykers, or ethereal beings.

Warp-Breath
You can exhale gouts of Warp flame(Khorne/Tzeetch), corrosive gas(Nurgle), or sonic wails(Slaanesh) depending on your allegiance—usable a few times per battle.

Spine Flayer
Sharp tendrils sprout from your back and whip at nearby enemies automatically, defending you from those who get too close.

Cyber Modification Section:

In the endless battle against your enemies , the ravages of war inevitably take their toll on the flesh. But through the art of Cyber Augmentation, a warrior can transcend the limitations of their organic body, becoming stronger, faster, and more resilient. These enhancements allow the body to be improved and repaired, with new cybernetic components that push the user beyond the capabilities of even the most hardened soldiers.

Cyber augmentations can be tailored to suit a variety of combat roles, from direct combat to tactical warfare, and the level of augmentation depends on the skill and resources available. Whether replacing a lost limb with a powerful mechanical counterpart or enhancing the brain with data-processing capabilities, these augmentations turn you into a living weapon.

You will receive +500CP to use in this section only. Soulforged Pack or Iron Warriors origins receive another 500CP here for free. For Soulforged Pack and Iron Warriors origins they receive 700 Cp instead here.

Bionic Senses [50CP Each]
In the 40th millennium , advanced technology allows for the replacement and augmentation of sensory organs, making bionic senses an invaluable asset for those whose natural abilities have been lost or require enhancement. These bionics can replace eyes, ears, noses, and even the sensations of touch and taste. Furthermore, more sophisticated versions can lead to heightened sensory perception, such as synaesthesia—where one sense can trigger an experience in another. Some Bionic senses can be upgraded which will be added in the list below.

Bionic Eyes
Basic: Bionic eyes extend the wearer’s vision into multiple spectrums, allowing them to see heat signatures, electromagnetic energies, and other forms of invisible radiation. This is invaluable for tracking heat sources, detecting cloaked enemies, or navigating through environments where natural vision is impaired.

Flash Resistance[50CP]: Augmented eyes are built to resist blinding effects, making the user immune to flashbangs, glare, and other bright light sources that would incapacitate an ordinary individual.

Integrated Targeting Systems[100CP]: Bionic eyes can include advanced targeters, providing real-time rangefinding, auto-aim calibration, and lock-on features for ranged weapons. This makes the wearer a deadly marksman, with precision shooting far beyond the capability of normal human sight.

Digi-Weapons Integration*[100CP]*: For high-ranking individuals, bionic eyes may be further enhanced with built-in digi-weapons—miniature lasers or projectile weapons embedded within the augmentation, allowing the user to fire small, hidden attacks without the need for external weapons.

Bionic Hearing
Basic: Bionic hearing vastly improves the range and clarity of the user's auditory perception. With this enhancement, the user can hear subtle sounds like the breathing of hidden enemies, the beating of hearts through walls, or distant footsteps. This heightened awareness makes the user especially effective in tracking, ambushes, and detecting threats in any environment.

***Frequency Tuning[50CP]*:** Bionic hearing can be adjusted to pick up specific sound frequencies, allowing the user to isolate particular noises even in a chaotic battlefield. This can be used for eavesdropping on enemy communications, detecting ultrasonic signals, or even avoiding auditory traps.

Bionic Smell
Basic: The user's sense of smell is augmented to detect a wide range of scents, including chemical compounds, explosives, and the presence of toxins. This makes the user proficient in identifying environmental dangers, tracking individuals by scent alone, and detecting threats that would otherwise go unnoticed.

Airborne Analyzers [50CP]: Advanced bionic smell enhancements include built-in analyzers that allow the user to interpret the chemical composition of smells, providing data on environmental hazards or identifying specific substances present in the air, like gas leaks or biological weapons.

Bionic Implants [Varied]
The following bionic implants are tailored to their needs in the eternal war against the dark forces, each designed to improve the combat capabilities, survivability, and psychic prowess of a chaos space marine.

Bionic Prosthetics [50 CP Each]
Bionic prosthetics in the world of the Dark Mechanicus are revered for their ability to turn the human body into a powerful tool, surpassing the limits of flesh with superior technology. Below are some examples of advanced bionic implants and prosthetics tailored for a Chaos Spacemarine :

Bionic Arm
A bionic arm is a common replacement, but high-quality versions offer far more. These can increase strength to near-Astartes levels, with synthetic muscles enhancing force without sacrificing dexterity or the sense of touch. Astartes utilizing these can wield heavy weapons more effectively or even engage in melee with increased physical power.

Bionic Legs
Fully integrated bionic legs replace or augment natural limbs with enhanced versions. High-quality legs allow chaos space marines to move faster, jump higher, and even climb or sprint with superhuman speed, ideal for both battlefield mobility and close combat. The Alatus-Pattern Jump Pack mentioned below is often integrated into such systems.

Bionic Respiratory System
Bionic lungs are designed to filter toxins and provide enhanced oxygen efficiency, crucial for survival in toxic or vacuum environments. Astartes respiratory systems can go beyond this, providing oxygen on-demand in hostile conditions for extended operations.

Bionic Heart
A bionic heart is encased in durable ceramite, providing added protection against physical trauma or even energy-based attacks. High-grade bionic hearts may come with built-in toxiphages to neutralize poisons and drugs, allowing for continuous operation in biohazardous environments.

High-Quality Bionics [50 CP Each]
Upgrading one of your implants to high-quality increases efficiency in every aspect. Limbs become stronger and faster without loss of sensitivity, organs process oxygen or toxins more efficiently, and senses expand beyond human limits, incorporating augmetic enhancements like ultraviolet or infrared vision.You can buy this for each ***Bionic Prosthetics*** you have.

Integrated Blade [50 CP Each]
This implant allows a chaos space marine to conceal a melee weapon, such as a power sword or force weapon, inside their bionic limb. These can remain hidden until needed, unfolding seamlessly for instant use, making them perfect for unexpected close-quarters combat situations. You can buy thisby this for each ***Bionic Prosthetics*** you have, and limited to arms and legs..

Weapon Hardpoint [50CP Each]
A Chaos space marine must carry a wide array of specialized weaponry to combat the slaves of the corpse emperor, but even they are limited by the number of weapons they can physically wield. Weapon hardpoints allow the Astartes to attach weapons to their shoulders, back, wrists, or hips, freeing up their hands for other tasks or additional combat tools. For every 50CP you gained 2 hardpoints.

Automated Hardpoints [50CP]
These hardpoints can be further enhanced with automatic targeting systems, enabling the weapons to fire independently at nearby enemies while the chaos space marine focuses on other actions. These systems can be controlled via the chaos space marine neural link for precision targeting.

Skinplants [100CP]
Advanced skinplants, using crystal technology, are often incorporated into a chaos space marine armor for both practical and aesthetic purposes. These implants, integrated into the skin, can provide displays of holy runes and symbols of the Emperor’s protection, giving the warrior both a psychological edge and utility.

Cranial Armor [100CP]
This augmentation replaces much of the skull with reinforced plasteel and gel padding, protecting the brain from concussive impacts and other injuries. Essential for front-line fighters who face massive physical blows, this implant provides critical protection from both melee and ranged damage.

Toxiphage [100CP]
This implant provides complete immunity to toxins, poisons, and dangerous drugs. It neutralizes any harmful substance before it can take effect, targeting anything from combat drugs to deadly neurotoxins. Invaluable when dealing with Nurgle's creations or other daemonic entities that rely on poison and disease as weapons

Locator Matrix [100CP]
With micro-cogitators implanted at the base of the skull, the Locator Matrix provides a constant awareness of the chaos space marine's precise location relative to planetary poles and battlefield coordinates.

Psi-Booster [200CP/requires Psyker perk]
For the chaos space marine, whose psychic abilities are their greatest weapon against youryoue enemies, the Psi-Booster amplifies the power of their mind. Installed deep within the brain, this implant boosts psychic energy, increasing the user's precision, control, and raw power.

Ferric Lure [200CP]
Utilizing advanced electromagnetic systems, this implant grants the chaos space marine control over magnetic fields. With concentration, they can attract, repel, or manipulate metal objects in their environment.

Autosanguine [200CP]
Ancient micro-technology flows as a metallic liquid through the Astartes' bloodstream, repairing minor injuries and accelerating recovery. This implant works constantly, ensuring that wounds close faster, toxins are filtered out more efficiently, and the chaos space marine remains in the fight for longer.

Cerebral Implants [200CP]
These implants can augment the brain's capacity or replace damaged parts, providing not just restoration but superior functionality.These implants can improve strategic thinking, reaction times, and multitasking in combat scenarios. However, they come with the risk of personality shifts or mental instability if improperly calibrated. For a chaos space marine, cerebral implants may be used to further enhance psychic prowess or increase battle awareness.

Maglev Coils [200CP]
Maglev coils, embedded in an Astartes' body, enable limited flight or levitation. chaos space marine can soar above the battlefield, engaging enemies from above or positioning themselves strategically. The coils also provide a powerful advantage during orbital insertions or hazardous descents.

Skeletal Reinforcement [300CP]
Ceramite-sheathed bones reinforce the Astartes' skeleton, making them nearly indestructible. This augmentation allows them to withstand immense physical trauma and continue fighting, ensuring that their bodies can handle the rigors of extended combat and powerful enemies.

Synthetic Muscles [300CP]
Synthetic muscle fibers increase strength dramatically, allowing a chaos space marine to lift and carry even the heaviest of weapons or throw enemies with ease. The flakweave-enhanced muscles also resist damage, keeping the traitor operational even in the fiercest engagements.

Psyker [Psyker Only/Forbidden for Khorne]:

Here, you will gain access to forbidden powers that channel the raw, unfiltered essence of the Warp, reshaping the laws of reality at your whim. These abilities bolster your body, mind, and aura with strength beyond mortal ken—but beware, each breath you take may attract the gaze of something very, very hungry.

If you bear the Mark of Tzeentch, the Architect of Fate grants you +300 CP to spend on these abilities. If you are part of the Thousand Sons, the Changer's favor empowers you with +600 CP to use here.

Psyker Potential

Your psychic potential will determine your worth and abilities on the battlefield. The source of your psychic power comes from the warp, the same chaotic realm that spawns your gods gifts, and you are trained to wield this power in service to yourself and your goals.

Epsilon – Embers of Madness [Free]
Your mind is barely ajar to the Immaterium, like a cracked mirror catching flashes of a deeper world. At this level, you can conjure small yet wickedly cruel powers—acid-tinged ice shards, screeching daemonfire bolts, and stinging arcs of warp lightning. These powers don't tear apart reality (yet), but they burn, blind, and torment enemies. You're little more than a flickering candle—but even that can start a wildfire.

Delta – Gaze of the Daemon [100 CP]
You now wield enough Warp power to draw attention—from mortal and daemon alike. You can slip your soul into the Sea of Souls for astral projection, gaze into possible futures, or sense threats through the screams of time. Tzeentch would approve of your meddling. This level is where you begin to hear whispers from the beyond—and, worse, they sometimes whisper back. The warp begins to trust you... or maybe it's toying with you.

Beta – Flesh of Flame, Will of Storms [200 CP / Free for Thousand Sons]
You are no longer a mere sorcerer—you are a force of sorcerous destruction. You can shatter battlefields with warp-charged thunderstorms, ignite entire squads with cascades of mutating fire, or wrap reality around your fist to crush tanks like paper. Your aura pulses with psychic tension; walls crack, machines scream, and mortals kneel or burn in your presence. At this level, your presence on the battlefield is not merely noticed—it is dreaded.

Alpha – Voice of the Warp Itself [400 CP/discounted for Demon Prince]
Congratulations. You are now the walking apocalypse. You can unleash warp storms that consume entire regions, open gates to the Empyrean, and tear down the veil between dimensions with a glare. Entire daemon hosts, mutant tides, or cosmic anomalies may erupt in your wake.
Your mind is a cathedral of paradox—brilliant, cracked, and infinite. You are feared by Inquisitors, respected by daemons, and watched closely by the Chaos Gods themselves. The only question is... how long can you hold on to your soul?

Psyker Disciplines

As a Psyker, your soul is a splinter of potential adrift in the infinite insanity of the Warp. Each psyker is attuned to unique disciplines—branches of sorcery, heretical lore, or esoteric chaos-tainted traditions. These disciplines shape your psychic growth, granting access to powerful spells and abilities that twist the laws of reality to your whims.

Upon embracing the path of the Warp, you gain one specialization for free. This specialization represents your natural affinity or the twisted blessings of a Chaos God. It grants you easier access to powers in its domain and a discount on all abilities and spells related to it.

If you wish to delve into additional disciplines, you may do so for 200 CP each. Chaos rewards the bold and the greedy. With more disciplines, you gain versatility and adaptability, weaving together sorceries into a symphony of annihilation and madness. If you have either **Arc Sorcerer, Exalted Sorcerer, or Chosen of Tzeentch** perk that you will receive a discount to two disciplines, if you have two you gain 4 Disciplines discounted if you have all 3 you gain discount to all disciplines. All disciplines that are discounted their spells are also discounted. And you gained an extra free spell for each perk above per discipline

Obscuration Discipline

200 CP per spell. One free if you buy the discipline
Those who have purchased the Obscuration Discipline gain 1 spell for free.

The sorcerers and shadowmancers of Chaos do not veil their allies to protect them—they do it to torment their enemies, to twist perception, fracture morale, and let paranoia rot their minds from the inside. Obscuration magic is favored by the Alpha Legion, Night Lords, and Thousand Sons, as well as any cultists who revel in deceit, stealth, and hallucination-fueled warfare.

Shrouding Delirium
You summon a miasma of nightmare fog that seeps into the thoughts of all who gaze upon your forces. Allies flicker in and out of focus, appearing as daemons, walking corpses, or terrifying mirrored versions of the enemy. Victims struggle to tell illusion from reality, slashing at their own allies or flinching from phantoms.

Soul Flay
You grant your allies vision not of light, but of souls. Every enemy becomes a flickering flame of fear, doubt, or guilt, visible even behind walls. Even daemons can be tracked through the Immaterium. Those whose souls burn with guilt or self-loathing are exposed like wounds in the dark.

Mind Spoil
Rather than politely ask for information, you rip it straight from a target's thoughts—violently. Their secrets, their memories, their passwords—yours now. The victim is left drooling or screaming, unable to recall their own name, let alone any strategy.

Hallucinogenic Revelation
Why kill the body when you can shatter the mind? You awaken nightmares, fears, and guilt deep within your enemies, creating phantasmagoric horrors that only they can see. Some weep at the sight of lost loved ones. Others flee from monstrous illusions… or worse, obey them.

Curse of the Crawling Shade

You hurl a cursed bolt into a foe's mind, and their shadow tears itself free. It wraps around their limbs like a beast on a leash, yanking them to the floor or holding them in place. Other shadows slither outward, hungry for new hosts. Mechanically: Immobilizes enemies, disrupts formations, and can even spread like a plague of shadow-possession if left unchecked.



Storm Wardens Discipline

200 CP per spell. One free if you buy the discipline
Those who possess the Storm Wardens Discipline gain 1 spell for free.
This brutal psychic discipline is beloved by renegade psykers, Daemon Engines, and those who see war as cleansing fire. It is not subtle. It is not elegant. It is obliteration at its most intimate and theatrical. Spells from this school are built for mass destruction, area denial, and crushing enemies beneath waves of Warp-charged wrath.

Avatar of Ash
You summon forth a burning figure forged from the vengeful fury of betrayed oaths and psychic rage. It takes the form of a smoldering wraith wreathed in screams and fire, charging forward and incinerating everything in its wake—flesh, steel, spirit, everything.

Doomward Bulwark
You raise a dome of raw Warp energy. This barrier flashes with coruscating energy, disintegrating incoming projectiles, toxic gas, or environmental hazards. Those who enter it—enemy or ally—feel the weight of madness press upon them.

Fleshiron Vow
You encase your arm in a chitinous Warp-carapace, covered in hex-runes and gnashing mouths. It can block blows, shatter weapons, or crush a tank's hull—but you lose control of the limb. It writhes, hungers, and lashes out unless kept in check.

Hex of the Machine-Spirit
You channel your psychic hatred into nearby machines. Leman Russ tanks seize and burn from the inside. Servo-skulls scream as their lenses shatter. Even sacred cogitators weep black oil. The machine spirits are devoured.

Warpwrath Ascension
You draw the full attention of the Warp and let it reshape you. Bones strengthen. Veins burn with lightning. Flesh howls. You move like a storm given form, your strikes sundering ceramite and splitting the ground beneath your foes.

Cognitae Discipline

200 CP per spell. One free if you buy the discipline
This discipline is the corrupted core of ancient Librarius training—infused with daemonic truths, void-broken insights, and a mastery of unshackled potential. A user of the Cognitae path becomes both a living library and a weaponized soul, gaining enhanced potential to unravel minds, unmake defenses, or imprint forbidden knowledge into reality itself. In future worlds, users of this school also find themselves unnaturally adept at learning high-tier spells of any arcane nature—like their thoughts are pre-tuned to forbidden frequencies.

Bolt of Ruin
Your gauntlet sparks with writhing Warp lightning, crackling with raw, soul-hungering energy. When unleashed, it arcs with malicious precision toward your foes, overloading armor, searing nerves, and reducing targets to twitching, broken husks. Especially effective against heavily armored enemies and tech-based defenses. Can leave terrain scorched or “tainted.”

Fortress of the Mind's Eye
You conjure an inner bastion of will. Around you, a shimmering storm of thought manifests, disrupting enemy spells, reflecting mind-affecting effects, and bolstering allies' mental resistance. The air becomes heavy with echoing chants no mortal tongue should speak. Passively protects from mind control, possession, and fear-based effects. When empowered, can create a full-body force field.

Warpblessed Ascendance
You choose yourself—or a willing ally—and channel raw, violent cognition into the body, enhancing it beyond reason. Reflexes become impossibly precise, strength surges to tank-crushing levels, and pain becomes irrelevant. But the cost is flickering sanity and temporary soul-burn.
Turns a target into a melee juggernaut for a limited time. Leaves behind minor Warp scars or mutations.

Scourge the Thoughtcage
A spell of pure psychic dominance, this power lashes into the mind of a target, psychic or not. Against enemy sorcerers, it severs their connection to the Warp, rendering them mute and powerless. Against mortals, it's a soul-rending scream that leaves only foam and blood behind. Can nullify a psyker for several hours. Against non-psykers, inflicts mental trauma, paralysis, or death.

Zone of Unmaking
You declare a nullification of all that should exist. Within your gaze, protective enchantments, holy blessings, arcane barriers—even high-tech shielding—begin to unravel and disintegrate, exposing the core of your enemies to raw consequence. Removes all forms of magical and technological defense in a radius. Does not differentiate friend from foe.



Geokinesis Discipline – Voice of the Shattered Core

Each spell costs 200 CP, one is free if you purchase the discipline.
This corrupted psychic school binds the caster to the rage of dying worlds and the screaming core of reality, allowing them to weaponize land, magma, tremors, and dimensional fissures. In future worlds, this path makes mastering earth-based, terrain-shaping, elemental, or gravity spells far easier and faster.

Chasm of Screams
The caster splits the ground with a clapping of their daemonic gauntlets. A gaping rift erupts beneath their foes, revealing not just lava—but a churning pit of molten madness, where gravity screams and daemons claw from below. Victims fall in and are never seen again, unless their bones show up elsewhere.

Blood of the Black Earth
The sorcerer channels the life-veins of the planet, but it’s no gentle pulse—it's a dark, volcanic surge that floods allies with unholy vigor. Bones crack back into place, wounds seal with glowing magma-like scars, and some recipients feel far too alive.

Ashen Scar
With a muttered curse, the psyker scorches the ground into screaming magma plains. Fire and brimstone burst in violent gouts, turning terrain into a lethal inferno. Corpses become smoldering charcoal. The air becomes lava-scented death.

The Wound Beneath
One stomp—and the planet screams. The resulting quake destabilizes structures, flips tanks, and sends enemies flailing. Those not crushed are left off-balance and wide open.

Veilslide
The caster bends space and matter, allowing an ally to shift into a warped, tectonic frequency, making them partially phase-touched. They drift through walls, pop out of cover unexpectedly, and leave behind flickering distortions.

Collapse the Spire
Target a structure, raise your hand—and watch it implode. Warp energies bind the fault lines and crack it from the inside, reducing buildings to rubble and leaving survivors dazed, burning, or very flat.

Worldbreak Hex
The ultimate Geokinesis horror: You tear part of the world itself from its anchor and levitate entire landmasses, flinging them, shifting them, or remolding the battlefield mid-combat. Allies, enemies, and buildings go for a ride.



Fulmination Discipline

200 CP per spell. One free if you buy the discipline.
Once the clean, radiant spark of knowledge and control… now warped and fused with the madness of the Warp. This is not mere electricity—this is sentient lightning, rage-bound storms, malicious plasma demons shrieking in every surge. The caster doesn't just throw lightning—they call storms that remember being gods. In future worlds, this specialization speeds up all forms of electric, magnetism, lightning, machine disruption, and teleportation magic.

Electrosurge
You channel lightning not as a tool, but as a screaming entity. It coils through your flesh, burning glyphs into your skin, then lashes out at enemies, burning out eyes, boiling blood, and cooking bone. Victims often twitch for hours… if they survive. Ranged multi-target attack. Especially effective on mortals and light infantry.

Doomshield Coil
You manifest a crackling dome of black lightning and ghostly sparks. Projectiles bend away or melt mid-air. Melee strikes get met with a shriek and a zap that can blast enemies back or vaporize their weapons. The shield feeds on aggression—hit it, and it hits back. Grants significant defense; rebounds damage when struck.

Techbane Pulse
The psyker growls out a sequence of anti-machine blasphemies, then unleashes a pulse of hate-powered electromagnetic disruption. Enemy vehicles lurch, weapons jam, drones fall from the sky, and machine spirits scream. Shuts down or hinders nearby tech. May attract roaming machine-daemons.

Living Arc
You glare with eyes full of stormfire and spit words too fast for humans to hear. Lightning erupts—not wild, but alive—jumping from enemy to enemy like a cackling predator. It loops unpredictably, sometimes even doubling back for seconds. Chain lightning that adapts mid-battle. Very good against hordes.

Daemonfists of the Storm
Your hands become claws of raw lightning. Each punch is an explosive kinetic burst, and the arcs that leap off you burn glyphs of madness into armor and skin. You become a walking battery of divine punishment. Boosts melee and causes shockwaves on impact.

Magneto-Damnation
You twist magnetic fields and warp flows to levitate your allies against their will or not. The air crackles as you move them like pawns—sometimes violently, sometimes gracefully. Their armor shivers with barely-contained energy. Battlefield repositioning. May damage tech-heavy units if overused.

Thunderveil Step
A burst of warp-tainted lightning seizes you and a chosen ally, swapping your positions with a thunderous crack that rips the sound barrier. The air tastes of ozone and blood. Enemies are caught utterly off guard, and sometimes your shadow lags behind, whispering. Instant teleport swap. Causes momentary stun/confusion in enemies nearby.



Whispers in the Warp

Each spell costs 200 CP. Gain 1 free if you bought this discipline.
To delve into Telepathy is to stretch one's mind across the veil, touching and infecting the thoughts of others. You become not just a reader of minds, but a corrupter of them. Your words don't echo in ears—they etch themselves onto synapses, threading whispers of betrayal, dread, or glory into thoughts like worms in fruit. In future worlds, mastering this branch makes all mental influence, illusion, detection, and domination magic easier to learn and faster to perform.

Warp-Echo Transmission
No longer a sterile pulse of thought. Your messages now ride screaming echoes through the Warp, laced with nightmare imagery and symbols that bend perception. You can send visions, commands, or raw emotional blasts across star systems—often leaving lesser minds disturbed. Long-distance psychic communication. Can slip through even guarded minds—at a cost.

Fracture Command
Your voice becomes irresistible, echoing directly inside the enemy's mind. For a moment, they forget who they are and obey. Stumble, flinch, hesitate—maybe stab a friend. The command is brief but biting, and it leaves behind a phantom echo of shame. Brief single-action control. Mental backlash may haunt them after.

Black Benediction
Your presence floods friendly minds with false clarity and rapturous certainty. Pain becomes distant. Fear becomes laughable. Doubt melts like wax. It's not hope—they're just too brain-scrambled to question anything. Strong buff for morale, pain resistance, and focus. Best on cultists or unstable allies.

Warp-Tether
A link across time, space, and sanity. Your mind latches onto others and drags itself into their thoughts—whether they want you there or not. It bypasses vox, signal jamming, even death (briefly). Long-range psychic communication with layered redundancy. May carry residual warp influence.

Soul-Rip Interrogation
You peel apart their mind like rotting parchment. Truths spill out—memories, lies, trauma, secrets. Whether they scream aloud or their body slumps dead after, you will know what they knew. Psychic info extraction. Causes trauma. May leave psychic aftershock in area.

The All-Seeing Mind
Your third eye opens. You feel souls like candles, flickering and stinking of intent. Who is asleep, who is lying, who just started panicking—you know. Even those trying to hide behind walls or in other dimensions twitch in your perception. Area scan for sentient life. Can sense lies, fear, or mental tampering.



Technomancy Discipline [Free for Soulforged Pack]

Each spell costs 200 CP ,1 free with purchase of this Discipline.
Technomancy is a unique psychic discipline that bridges the boundary between man, machine, and the Warp. By accessing the mysterious machine-spirits that power the Imperium's advanced technology, the psyker can command, repair, or destroy them with terrifying precision. It allows a psyker to become both engineer and executioner—reviving holy war engines, reinforcing armor, and rendering enemy vehicles little more than smoldering wreckage.

Blessing of the Machine
The psyker channels reverence and power into a war machine, awakening the slumbering machine-spirit within. For a short duration, the affected vehicle or heavy weapon platform gains heightened responsiveness, rate of fire, or movement speed—fighting with almost preternatural ferocity. Even ancient relics or battlefield wrecks can be temporarily reanimated to defend the faithful.

Machine Curse
With a single gaze and focused will, the psyker identifies and targets a war machine's vulnerable components. This targeted burst of psychic interference wreaks havoc on engines, cogitators, and weapon systems, causing malfunctions, overloads, or outright system collapse. Enemy vehicles lurch, stutter, or catch fire, making them easy prey.

Reforge
Through communion with the Warp and invocation of sacred code-canticles, the psyker repairs battle damage in real time. Armor plates re-seal, servos realign, and systems reboot. A single friendly vehicle or war engine is restored to partial operational status—its machine-spirit calmed, its fury reignited.

Warpmetal Armour
The psyker summons a layer of shimmering metallic warp-energy that clads allied units or vehicles. This protective shell greatly enhances durability, turning aside lasfire, bolter rounds, and melee strikes. While active, the armor flickers like liquid metal and hums with power, making even infantry into walking bastions.

Fury of Mars
Invoking the wrath of the Omnissiah, the psyker sends out an invisible psychic shockwave that scours impure or corrupted machines. Enemy technology sputters and fails as circuits burn out and mechanical limbs seize. Chaos-tainted or xenos tech is especially vulnerable. However, vehicles or constructs blessed by the Machine God remain untouched.

Machine Flense
A violent psychic assault targets an enemy machine's structural integrity. Bolts and panels rip free, armor peels back, and exposed servos explode. As the vehicle collapses in on itself, the psyker hurls the torn shards as a lethal psychic barrage toward nearby foes—weaponizing the corpse of the machine itself.



Dark Hereticus Discipline

Each spell costs 200 CP and 1 free with purchase of this Discipline
The most infamous and widely used Chaos psychic discipline, Dark Hereticus focuses on pain, mutation, corruption, and wrathful ruin. Every spell within this school is a tool of domination and death. The souls of those slain by these powers are immediately devoured by the Chaos Gods, screaming into the warp as fuel for the great dark engines of war.

Infernal Gaze
The psyker's eyes burn with the fury of the Warp, and unholy energy pours forth in focused beams that melt flesh, bone, and even ceramite. The gaze itself seems to reach into the victim's soul and tear it apart, leaving behind only smoke, ash, and terror. Those caught in its stare die not just physically—but spiritually.

Prescience
Time bends and sways under the psyker's influence. With a mere whisper to the warp, the psyker imbues an ally with unerring clarity. Strikes become impossibly accurate, bullets find their mark through smoke and shadow, and blades seem guided by fate itself. This vision is not granted—it is taken from possible futures and forced into being.

Diabolic Strength
Raw Chaos energy floods the body of a chosen warrior, swelling muscle, warping sinew, and driving primal power through every nerve. The blessed individual roars with daemonic rage and rips through armor and stone alike, becoming a vessel of unstoppable destruction for a few terrifying moments.

Death Hex
The psyker unravels wards and blessings with a snarl, shattering protections as if they were glass. Divine shielding, ancient artifacts, and sacred defenses all sputter and fail under the hex. No prayers will save the marked now—every wound will bite deep, every blade will drink freely.

Gift of Chaos
The air shudders and screams as the psyker releases a pulse of mutagenic energy, warping reality around a foe. The closest victim is torn apart, their body grotesquely reshaped into a nightmare of claws, horns, and blind rage. Worse still, this madness spills out in a wave, infecting nearby enemies with flashes of instability and torment. The battlefield twists with Chaos's blessing.

Warptime
The psyker seizes the threads of reality and yanks—violently accelerating time for an ally. The chosen unit blurs forward, impossibly fast, almost as if skipping moments entirely. They vanish from one location and reappear ahead, catching enemies unprepared, outpaced, and overwhelmed. Even time bows before the warp's will.



Discipline of Change [Free for those Marked of Tzeentch]

Each spell costs 200 CP ,1 free with purchase of this Discipline.
The Discipline of Change is a kaleidoscopic wellspring of unstable energy, forbidden foresight, and impossible geometry. These powers do not merely kill or shield—they unravel the logic of the world itself. Psykers that channel Tzeentch's will may rewrite time, mutate matter, or infect minds with riddles too vast to comprehend. They are not just sorcerers. They are liars of reality, speaking truths so warped they become magic.

Tzeentch's Firestorm
The skies themselves split open into a storm of shrieking, multicolored flame. Every bolt of fire that strikes the earth leaves not ash, but gibbering mutations, writhing flesh, or screeching horrors born mid-scream. The storm doesn't just burn—it rewrites what it touches.

Glamour of Tzeentch
Reality twists like a funhouse mirror. The enemies of the Great Sorcerer suddenly see illusions dancing where soldiers stood. Their bolts curve away from targets that never existed. Nothing is where it seems. And everything laughs.

Doombolt
A lance of pure Warp energy rips through the air, its trail humming with impossible equations. Those struck are not merely harmed—they become other things. Bones stretch, eyes multiply, and limbs scream in new voices. Only Tzeentch knows what you'll be by the end.

Temporal Manipulation
Why wait for wounds to heal when one can cheat time? The psyker speaks the word, and the flesh of an ally stitches back together in a flash. Time unwinds, then tightens into a knot of restored vitality. Yesterday's injuries vanish like lies exposed.

Weaver of Fates
Threads of future and past spool around the psyker's hand, woven into a glimmering shield of foreseen possibilities. Foes swing and miss where warriors are already not standing. Bullets curve from paths that no longer exist. Tzeentch's chosen are defended by their destiny.

Baleful Devolution
With a pulse of changing energy, proud enemies begin to simplify. Skin sloughs into fur. Armor cracks into hooves. Once-coherent thoughts dissolve into instinctual squealing. This is not death. This is demotion—from man to beast, from beast to meat.

Cacodaemonic Curse
The psyker grins, and invisible daemons swarm the barrels and chambers of enemy guns. Every shot they fire carries a shriek, every recoil a curse. The weapons jam, misfire, or refuse to obey. The foe doesn't just lose strength—they lose trust in their own tools.

Pyric Flux
The air itself glows around the psyker like a forge of hate and revelation. Allied flamers flicker blue, then violet, then something else entirely. The fire spreads faster, hits harder, hungers deeper. It is not heat—it is Warp made flame.

Perplex
Perception fractures. Distances double back. The target tries to fire at a distant enemy only to find their scopes are full of kaleidoscopic nonsense. Fire arcs into fog, bullets vanish into the wrong dimension, and targets… were never there. Or maybe you never were.

Contagion Discipline [Free for those Marked of Nurgle]

Each spell costs 200 CP ,1 free with purchase of this Discipline
The Contagion Discipline is a bloated, mucous-dripping school of psychic sorcery known only to those who have been touched by Nurgle, the Plague God. These powers seep into reality like a spreading rot, infecting everything with disease, entropy, and a perverse vitality. Psykers of this path are not mere casters—they are vectors of divine pestilence, coughing out miracles with every wheeze.

Miasma of Pestilence
As the psyker drones out a bubbling, phlegm-laced chant, a dense fog of rot flies and corpse-stink envelops their allies. Eyes weep pus. Machines clog. Enemies find their blows deflected by clouds of disease. It is not concealment—it is the refusal of death.

Gift of Contagion
A thick, reeking fog coils through the enemy ranks. Though it smells of decay, it feels like a blessing. Bones weaken, strength fades, and muscles cramp as Nurgle's "gifts" take root. If the psyker's favor is strong, even the will to strike begins to rot away.

Plague Wind
The psyker unhinges their jaw and spews a wind of pure infection, its scent alone strong enough to kill a small animal. The sickly gale tears through foes, infecting them from the inside out. Some fall coughing and bleeding. Others burst open like overripe fruit. There is no safety from the wind.

Putrescent Vitality
The psyker channels Nurgle's nurturing hand, inflating their allies with raw putrefaction. Veins bulge, flesh thickens, and their forms bloat with unnatural vigor. Pain is gone—replaced by the soothing embrace of necrotic resistance and maggot-born might.

Curse of the Leper
This whispered curse strikes at the very soul of vitality. Those afflicted find themselves rotting alive, their bodies unraveling even without a wound. The touch of this psychic rot ignores armor and shields alike—it simply unmakes.

Gift of Plagues
The psyker reaches deep into the Warp and pulls forth a wave of fecund corruption. It surges into an ally, magnifying the aura of infection they carry. The air thickens, paint peels, and enemies begin to gag just from being nearby. The Plague spreads... and spreads…



Pleasure Discipline [Free for those Marked of Slaanesh]

Each spell costs 200 CP ,1 free with purchase of this Discipline
The Pleasure Discipline is a spellcraft of exquisitely refined sadism, temptation, and emotional manipulation. Those who wield it do not simply cast spells—they perform them, dancing on the edge of pain and bliss. These psychic incantations unravel the minds, flesh, and senses of their victims, leaving them twitching with want, confusion, or despair... and always craving more.

Lash of Slaanesh
A snaking tongue of warp-born energy lashes from the caster's brow like a whip of pure sensation. Its kiss is sharp, stinging, and subtly addictive—even as it saps the strength of the foe's limbs. To be struck is to feel a fragment of the Dark Prince's affection... and their cruelty.

Pavane of Slaanesh
With a haunting, beautiful tune that should not exist in this reality, the psyker forces their enemies into a grotesque, involuntary dance. Their bodies twist and convulse, bones cracking in unnatural ways as they sway to the rhythm of madness. The melody lingers even after the body breaks.

Hysterical Frenzy
Like a tidal wave of raw emotion, the psyker floods their target with sensations too intense to endure. Screaming in pleasure, agony, or some maddened mixture of both, the victims tear at their own skin and each other—desperate for release from the unrelenting storm of feeling.

Soulslice Shards
A flick of the wrist releases a swarm of razor-thin, translucent shards—each honed to flense not flesh, but soul. The target's thoughts become tangled, and in their confusion they lose the ability to coordinate, command, or even comprehend authority.

Phantasmagoria
The battlefield becomes a waking dream as the caster weaves living illusions from the raw subconscious. Seductive horrors and beautiful monsters flit through reality, bewildering enemies and turning their instincts against them. Retreat is the only escape—but even that has been accounted for.

Born of Damnation
With a loving caress of the Warp, the caster opens a small wound in reality. From it pours Slaanesh’s boundless energy—raw, intoxicating, and ravenous. It feeds the caster's power, whispering temptations of greater excess to come.

Paths of the Dark Prince
The caster glides toward the enemy in a ballet of lilac smoke and perfumed Warp-light. Each step leaves shimmering footprints in the air, as though the very laws of gravity are enraptured by their beauty. Their charge is not just swift—it is divinely choreographed.

Progeny of Damnation
With an ecstatic cry, the caster tears open a glorious, writhing portal, inviting Slaanesh’s essence to pour into chosen allies. As they move, their mere proximity incites paralysis in the enemy—preventing even the attempt to retreat from their terrifying, beautiful advance.

Slothful Stupor
A yawning void opens within the soul of the target—an ennui so profound it borders on death. Their movements slow to a crawl, their instincts dulled by overwhelming apathy. Even the threat of annihilation cannot stir them to meaningful action. They simply do not care.

Malefic Discipline[Free for Chaos Undivided]

Each spell costs 200 CP and 1 free with purchase of this Discipline.
Unlike the brutal psychic assaults of Dark Hereticus, the Malefic Discipline is a subtler, more corruptive path—used by Daemonkin, Warpsmiths, and corrupted Sorcerers to rot enemy resolve, warp the battlefield, and twist flesh into something more pleasing to the Chaos Gods. These powers are not flashy—they are insidious, infectious, and completely irreversible.

Warp Marked
The psyker sears a target's soul with an invisible rune of damnation. This curse cannot be cleansed. All nearby daemonic beings—flesh-warped horrors and soul-bound engines alike—feel its pull and descend upon the marked like carrion birds. The warp itself seems to hunger for their essence, guiding every blow with uncanny precision.

Pact of Flesh
With a word and a bloodied gesture, the psyker tears a sliver of soulstuff from the warp and stitches it into a wounded ally. Wounds vanish, flesh reforms—and in some cases, fallen warriors rise again, puppeted by daemon spirits or sheer warp-borne spite. This is not healing. This is resurrection through corruption.

Cursed Earth
The ground itself bubbles and blackens as the psyker becomes a walking conduit of damnation. Cracks split the earth, spilling eerie, whispering light. Daemonic entities nearby grow stronger, harder to kill, and more eager to lash out. Enemies foolish enough to charge find the very dirt beneath them screaming and pulling them under.

Possession
The psyker's will tears into an enemy's mind, ejecting the soul like a hunted thing. A waiting daemon lunges into the now-empty husk, using it for a final, violent frenzy of bloodshed before the host's body burns out and crumples. Possession is never clean, never subtle—and never leaves the victim intact.

Infernal Power
The psyker whispers promises of slaughter to the beasts inside his allies—the daemons fused into their flesh or bound into their machines. These promises

ignite. Blows that should've glanced off suddenly tear through armor. Blood flows freely, as the daemon spirits surge with unspeakable glee.

Mutated Invigoration
Twisting gestures and a shrieked incantation bring forth the blessings of change. Claws extend. Armor fuses to skin. Bones harden and muscles pulse with unnatural strength. The changes are not stable—but they are powerful. And should the warp favor the caster... the transformation becomes complete.



Prayers Of The Dark Gods [200CP]:

You have ascended beyond mere follower or zealot—you are now a mouthpiece of the Dark Gods themselves. Whether you scream your devotion in tongues of madness, whisper forbidden verses carved in your own flesh, or sing the heretical hymns that make the Warp shudderthese are divine invocations, sacred blasphemies delivered by blood, flame, and faith. So long as you chant these prayers, perform the rites, and offer the proper tribute, the gods will hear you—and in their favor, you and your allies shall be rewarded. Also if you buy multiple prayers you can combine them into one prayer as long as they are part of the same god origin.

If your origin is from either the ***Cult of the Damned or the Word Bearers***, you receive this section for free. If you are part of both, the blessings swell beyond reason, and you receive an additional +400 CP to spend on this section.
Each prayer is tied to a specific god, and you will receive discounts based on your alignment.

If you are Chaos Undivided, you may buy from any god but instead you will receive one discount for each price tier .

Khorne

Wrathful Entreaty [200CP]

You can channel pure rage into yourself or others. By drawing blood, you grant a target the ability to operate at their peak destructive efficiency—instincts sharpen, violence becomes poetry, and every blow lands with murderous grace. While active, the target gains enhanced reflexes, ignores hesitation, and may attack with overwhelming fury. Once per scene, this can be used to momentarily access three distinct forms of combat focus simultaneously—precision, speed, and brute force.

Omen Of Potency [200CP]
By reciting the correct phrases, you call the Warp into your body, supercharging your strength. Your attacks become monstrously fast and your weapons cleave deeper. For a short time, your melee strikes can tear through protection like paper, and you can attack in flurries that leave foes staggered. Activate once per combat or per intense task to become a brutal, warp-empowered wrecking ball.

Bloodbind [400CP]
You can provoke overwhelming aggression in others with a whisper of temptation and hate. Once every few hours, you may force a nearby enemy (or even a group) to recklessly charge toward you, ignoring common sense or tactics. They won't stop until they reach melee range. Can be used strategically to bait enemies into traps or pull them away from civilians. Strong-willed or disciplined foes may resist, but the pull is still palpable.

Bronzed Flesh [400CP]
Your skin has hardened from battle, devotion, and infernal power. You permanently gain a boost to any defense-based trait (resistance to harm, durability, etc.). In high-magic or high-tech settings, your body mimics advanced armor or enchantment without being restricted by actual gear.

Killer Instinct [600CP]
You gain the ability to initiate combat with explosive speed. Once per day, you may instantly teleport you and your allies to close the distance between yourself and your enemy or simply surged with unnatural speed. Ideal for those who hate waiting for their turn or like sucker-punching people with an axe.this teleport ignore any rubble, or any form of Hiding.

Meteor Shower [600CP]
You gain the ability to summon meteors. Once per day, you may summon a meteor on a chosen caster within sight. Their spells become becon for the meteor , and their spells are more likely to backfire, and they suffer pain or backlash from failure.

Tzeentch

Benediction Of Darkness [200CP]

You can cloak those nearby in an eerie veil of shadow and misdirection. Allies close to you gain a supernatural form of camouflage that makes ranged attacks against them far more difficult. You always know how to move to block line of sight, how to bend shadows, or seem just one step out of sync with perception. Light Cover is effectively active around you wherever you go.

Illusory Supplication [200CP]

The warp wraps your allies in mirage-like clones and false images. While the effect lasts, enemies will find it unnervingly hard to land melee blows—some strikes phase through illusions, others glance off after targeting the wrong double. Any weak attack will automatically miss.

Mutating Invocation [400CP]

An aura of warped resilience radiates from you. Those standing near you may occasionally resist injury or affliction, as their forms shift, mutate, and regenerate subtly in response to harm. This is not true immortality, but it is strange, Tzeentchian protection: wounds may close, skin may harden, or biology may reroute.

Bladed Maelstrom [400 CP]

You may call upon an ethereal storm of invisible, razor-thin blades once per day. This ability affects one target or group within visual range. If they are a crowd, they immediately suffer sharp, intangible pain that counts as minor physical damage. More importantly, this mental and physical torment slows them drastically reducing any movement for the next nine minutes. They feel as though they’re moving through a swirling hurricane of blades only they can see.

Capering Imps [600 CP]
You may summon a swarm of gleeful, malevolent daemonic imps once per day. These little monsters leap and scratch at a target enemy within 24 meters, disrupting their formations and sowing panic. While affected, the enemy loses access to defensive perks or bonuses and cannot target any enemy with spells, or weapons that is not right in front of them . They'll be too busy batting away giggling horrors with paperclips for fingers.

Malefic Maelstrom [600 CP]
Once per day, you may invoke a temporary storm of mutagenic madness upon one allied group,squad or army. For the nine minutes, all of their ranged attacks increase in strength due to reality-bending magicks, daemon-possessed bullets, or just raw magical entropy you choose. The power of their attacks now is double than before as the weapons cackle when fired.



Nurgle

Feculent Beseechment [200CP]
Your invocation causes those around you to bloat with unhealthy but effective endurance. Targets feel heavier, more resistant to pain, and harder to move or harm. This adds supernatural toughness, dulling pain, shrugging off infections, and boosting their durability. Great for front-liners, bodyguards, or... marathon runners who don't mind being a bit squishy.

Litany Of Despair [200CP]
You may utter words that emotionally disarm your enemies, seeding them with fear, doubt, or strange yearning. Once every 7 minutes, you may whisper a phrase (or even mutter it from a distance), and if your foe is vulnerable or off-guard, they may be mentally staggered. This can block their attempt to act, or delay their will to fight. It's a dark charisma—weaponized suggestion backed by the gods.

Magnificent Buboes [400 CP]
You can inflict a hideous and debilitating infection upon a single enemy leader or strong opponent once per day. The victim becomes covered in painful boils that hinder their accuracy and makes them cast any spells twice as difficult, suffering for the next seven hours Not only are they weakened, but their dignity takes a serious hit.

Cloying Quagmire [400 CP]
You may turn the ground beneath the battlefield once a day into a swamp, that halves the movement speed and reduce the effectiveness of sprinting or charging for the next 7 hours for enemy units. Watching them squirm helplessly? Priceless.

Rancid Visitations [600 CP]
You now continuously release a wave of pure pestilence upon a group of enemies within 7 meters. they take damage the longer they stay near you, their flesh blackening and organs liquefying. Survivors are left horrifically scarred and weaker than before.

Plague Squall [600 CP]

Once per day, you may call down a rain of pestilence over a battlefield area. And every enemy unit there will be afflicted by one random disease on each individual. These diseases can be as mild as the common cold to one of the grandfather's special plagues. The clouds stink of rot and despair—Nurgle approves.



Slaanesh

Blissful Devotion [200CP]

You or your allies can enter a trance of supernatural momentum. While under the effects of this prayer, moving at full speed does not prevent immediate reaction or action. You can sprint into combat, through gunfire, or leap into motion from a resting state without delay. Useful in chaotic, movement-heavy scenarios where swift action is paramount—your charge never falters.

Warp-Sight Plea [200CP]

You can ask the gods for vision—and in response, they guide your aim. You gain a limited form of supernatural accuracy: you can shoot or throw projectiles with nearly perfect intuition, bypassing cover, illusion, or concealment. Once invoked, you may once per casing retry missed shots or see your enemies even if they try to hide. Useful for sharpshooters, spellcasters, or “I know where you’re hiding” moments.

Hunter Supreme [400 CP]

Now When you and your allies charge , enemies within 3 meters are too terrified or disoriented , leaving them vulnerable. Additionally, your melee weapons grow deadlier as your strikes are more likely hitting critical weak points as your bloodlust peaks at the moment of impact. You corner, you crush, and you revel in the ecstatic high of the hunt.

Strongest Alone [400 CP]

When you fight without allies nearby—more than 6 meters away from any friendlies—your power surges in solitary perfection. You gain power accuracy and speed that makes every strike deadlier. Without others to distract or diminish you, your sheer skill and pride burn brightest, turning you into a whirlwind of lethal grace.

Monarch of Lies [600 CP]
Your chants are now capable of manipulating enemies with whispered secrets and unnerving truths. Whenever an enemy within 6 meters tries to issue orders or receive them their orders are sabotaged, failing completely while in its place lies and nonsense are heard. You warp the flow of battle, unraveling your foes' plans with a smile and a soft word.

Strength of Godhood [600 CP]
Your overwhelming confidence in your godhood has fed directly into your allies. As you sing the hymns of the dark princess, this self-affirmation amplifies your allies' might: as now their melee weapons gain extra damage but also double their reaction enough that they can attack twice as much as before. Each command is not just an order—it's a declaration of your supremacy, fueling you to strike with godlike force



Exalted [200CP/Free Chaos Lords]:

You have reached a level above your fellow Chaos Space Marines, but still stand below that of a Chaos Lord. Because of this, the god you are aligned with has opened up new abilities for you based on your allegiance. These abilities not only affect you but also extend their influence to allies who share the same allegiance. Each exalted ability functions differently, following the whims and nature of the god you worship. Those with the mark of Chaos undivided can buy any ability below but they receive no freebies in this section. And you can only gain one ability per tier.

If you are part of the World Eaters, Thousand Sons, Death Guard, or Emperor's Children legion, you receive 500 CP to be used in this section.

The Blood Tithe

Khorne, in recognition of your exalted status, now grants you rewards for the skulls and heads that you and your allies collect in his name. Because of this, whenever you kill 80 enemy grunts, a heroic character, or a vehicle on the battlefield,you gain one **Tide Point [TP],** you and your allies may empower your Blood Tithe to unlock additional abilities depending on the number of unit points you have gained. If you have Kill Counter perk, your current TP number will also be display.

Once points have been spent, they are consumed; if you wish to gain another Tithe ability, you must accumulate and pay the appropriate point cost again. You gain one Blood Tithe ability for free; any additional abilities must be purchased using CP.these effects will last only in one battlefield.

Piteful Nullification [Free]
You and your allies gain an unnatural resistance to damage caused by hostile energies, toxins, or extreme conditions. Your body becomes a vessel of stubborn rage, shrugging off wounds that would kill a mortal ten times over. Mortal injuries—burns, acid, bullets, even psychic torment—are slowed, cauterized by the hate burning in your veins. You feel the pain, oh yes, but you refuse to die from it. This ability cost 2 TP to activate.

Rage-Fuelled Invigoration [100CP]
Your entire force becomes a tide of unstoppable berserkers. Fatigue is forgotten, wounds ignored, and fear is burned away in the furnace of Khorne's wrath. You sprint faster, hit harder, and smash into enemies with the force of an avalanche. The world itself seems to tremble under the thunder of your charge, and no barricade or line of defense can hold against the blood-drenched storm.This ability cost 3 TP to activate.

Warp Blades [200CP]
Every weapon you and your allies wield becomes a daemon-forged nightmare, edges shimmering with unnatural hunger. Steel splits through metal, bone, and ceramite as if they were paper. Even the strongest armor feels like flesh beneath your blows. With each kill, the blades grow hungrier, leaving trails of warp-tainted fire and screams echoing long after the bodies have fallen. This ability cost 4 TP to activate.

Savage Guidance [200CP]
Your allies eyes glow with the predatory focus of the Blood God, and your allies share in this murderous clarity. You no longer miss. Every blow lands where it hurts the most—arteries, throats, and hearts—splattering gore across the battlefield. Those who survive your onslaught are left crippled, screaming, and begging for a death that will not come quickly. This ability cost 4 TP to activate.

Martial Excellence [400CP]
Khorne whispers into your mind, guiding every movement of your blade. Each strike is perfect, every swing cuts true, and your enemies are torn apart faster than they can react. Even your wildest slashes create patterns of death, a ballet of gore where you carve through dozens with impossible precision. To face you in close combat is to be annihilated, body and soul, by flawless slaughter. This ability cost 5 TP to activate.

Wrathful Devotion [400CP]
Khorne's favor shields you and your warriors with the sheer will to keep killing. Even when flesh tears and bones snap, they stand back up, drenched in blood yet unbroken. They are a relentless slaughter-beast, shrugging off injuries that

should cripple them, driven only by the need to keep butchering until no one remains alive to oppose you. This ability cost 5 TP to activate.

Reborn in Blood [600CP]
Even death cannot stop your allies. When thier bodys is torn apart, Khorne drags their soul screaming back into the world, stitching flesh tlogether with veins of molten rage. They rise again in a storm of gore and fire, stronger and more terrifying than before. The enemy watches in despair as the monster they thought destroyed returns to slaughter them all over again. This ability cost 5 TP to activate each to revive one unit. Also one unit cant be revived more than once per barrel and cant be used on you.

Desperation to Slay [600CP]
Nothing can slow your allies down —not walls, not exhaustion, not even time itself. Your warriors can launch into battle from impossible distances, vaulting over obstacles and charging with supernatural speed. Even when others would stop to breathe, you keep moving, eager to carve open the next skull. The enemy has nowhere to run, for you will always reach them. This ability cost 5 TP to activate each time for one unit.



Cabbalistic Rituals

Favoured by the fickle god Tzeentch, you now exist as more than mortal, more than sorcerer—you are a vessel through which the Changer of Ways writes his designs into the flesh of reality itself. The writhing energies of the empyrean cling to your form like a living mantle, every step echoing with whispers of futures yet to come and lies yet to be told. To you, magic is no longer a tool; it is the lifeblood in your veins, the breath in your lungs, the pulse of your very soul.

Through your exalted status, you have been granted the use of Cabalistic Rituals—dark rites that twist the warp into weapons and shields beyond mortal comprehension. These rites empower not only your own sorcery, but also the psychic invocations of those who follow your path. Every time you or your allies cast a spell, you may choose to enhance its effects with a single ritual, reshaping its power into something far more catastrophic. However, the capricious will of Tzeentch demands balance in chaos.These rituals only function for every nine spells successfully cast under your command. Each spell may be enhanced by only one ritual. No ritual can be chosen more than once per nine minutes.

Imbued Manifestation [Free]
Through your chanting, the warp thickens around you like a living fog, every word dripping with power. When you unleash a spell, its reach swells unnaturally—flames leap across impossible gaps, tendrils of magic coil across vast distances, and even those who thought themselves safe behind walls find themselves screaming as sorcery devours them. The air hums with the aftertaste of raw witchfire, leaving bystanders trembling and blind.

Malevolent Charge [100CP]
The magic you call upon doesn't end with the initial strike or effect . Instead, it lingers, boiling and mutating within the wounds it inflicts or the targets of your spells. Victims burst into flames, their flesh crawling with abominable growths, screaming as their bodies warp in unnatural agony. Even those who survive the initial assault find their forms dissolving into shrieking horrors, their souls consumed as offerings to Tzeentch's ever-changing hunger.

Kindred Sorcerers [200CP]
For a fleeting moment, every sorcerer around you becomes one voice, one will, one perfect instrument of the Changer of Ways. Your spells now cost nothing to cast. The warp roars in approval, and those who witness the rite feel their sanity peeling away under the sound of your synchronised incantation.

Warp Sight [200CP]
The eyes of your brothers merge into your own, forming a collective gaze that pierces all barriers. You see through walls, across battlefields, and even into the twisting minds of your enemies. No hiding place is safe; every movement is laid bare, every secret exposed. Because of this your spell now will conjure anywhere that you and your allies can see..

Pact from Beyond [400CP]
You strike a bargain with something lurking just beyond the veil—a creature older than suns, with a voice like a thousand lies. Its laughter claws at your bones as it grants you the strength to cast a spell flawlessly. This increases the potency of your spell by 9X normally

Cabbalistic Focus [400CP]
Dozens of voices chant as one, their words twisting the air until it splits like glass. Your spell swells into an unstoppable tidal wave of warp energy that no force can deny as now the spell you cays ignores any form of invulnerability or disruptions. Wards shatter, counter-magic burns away, and those who would resist you are drowned in futility. The world itself bends under the ritual's weight, leaving a scorched scar where reality once stood firm.

Psychic Maelstrom [600CP]
You bend time into a loop of endless suffering, trapping your enemies in a single instant of despair. They experience the same searing pain, the same bone-crushing loss, over and over, their screams overlapping until they become a symphony of madness. This loop causes your spell to activate 9 x in row during that loop. .

Wrath of the Immaterium [600CP]

The warp roars in full fury, its daemonic tides surging into your body like molten fire. Your spell erupts with impossible force, reality screaming as it twists to your will. As now a portal to the immaterium and a horde of demons flood out. The ground burns black, the sky cracks open, and those who stand against you are erased by the sheer weight of Tzeentch's favor, their last sight a kaleidoscope of horrors beyond comprehension.The number of power of the demons summoned depends on how powerful the spell was used in the ritual. And these daemons won't be loyal to you or your allies so be careful.



Deadly Pathogens

Favoured by Grandfather Nurgle, you and those who bear his mark are walking testaments to his boundless generosity. Your flesh swells with virulent gifts, your veins flow with pestilent ichors, and the air around you hangs thick with spores of despair. Where you walk, life blackens, rots, and crumbles to ruin; yet to you and your allies, the same corruption feels like a warm embrace, shielding and empowering you amidst the decay.

Through Nurgle's blessings, you now hold dominion over his hand-crafted pathogens, each a grotesque masterpiece of disease and suffering. These infections do not spread at random—they spread with purpose, chosen and directed by your will as his favored child.

You may choose one pathogen to spread at a time, and your allies who bear the Mark of Nurgle may each do the same, ensuring the battlefield becomes a symphony of plagues, each more horrid than the last. Each pathogen can be changed only once per day, for even Nurgle's blessings must be savored, not squandered.

Thus, wherever your forces march, pestilence follows. The soil turns to sludge, lungs fill with phlegm, and flesh sloughs from bone. But to you, the rot is not an ending—it is the sweetest renewal, a gift of life eternal through decay.

Skullsquirm Blight[Free]
Victims of this plague suffer relentless hallucinations as microscopic worms infest their brains. The parasites gnaw at neurons and flood the victim's senses with static, making even the simplest tasks a torment of confusion. Those afflicted can barely aim or focus, striking wildly as their own mind betrays them.

Rattlejoint Ague [100CP]
A fever that shakes the bones to pieces! The infected writhe with uncontrollable tremors, their joints crack and grind until they shatter under their own weight. Even raising a weapon or shielding themselves becomes an agony as their own bodies betray them—every bone brittle and ready to snap like dry twigs.

Explosive Outbreak [200CP]
A sickness that blooms like a corpse flower—violently and suddenly. Those infected erupt into clouds of fetid gore, splashing nearby enemies with infectious fluids. The rapid spread leaves squads choking on their comrades' remains as the plague leaps joyfully from one victim to the next.

Corrosive Filth [200CP]
This pathogen chews through machinery like maggots through meat. Tanks dissolve, walkers collapse as their joints liquefy, and even the proudest war machines become heaps of rust and sludge. The air smells of burnt oil and rotting metal where this filth spreads.

Befouling Runoff [400CP]
When this sludge spills, it rots the very earth. Trenches collapse into stinking swamps, cover crumbles into disease-ridden sludge, and even breathing the air nearby makes lungs bleed. Enemies have no shelter; the land itself turns against them under Nurgle's joyous influence.

Scabrous Soulrot[400CP]
This plague devours the soul before the flesh, leaving victims hollow shells of despair. Their vitality drains, their will shatters, and every movement feels like dragging a corpse through mud. Their connection to others wanes as leadership and purpose rot away, leaving only a husk that stumbles slowly toward its doom.

Nurgle's Rot [600CP]
The most dreaded of all Grandfather's gifts, Nurgle's Rot is not merely a disease but a slow, mocking embrace of death itself. Victims initially suffer fever and weakness, but soon their flesh balloons with sores, their skin sloughs away, and their organs liquefy under a tide of corruption. The stench of decay clings to them as flies swarm to feast upon their rotting form. Yet the true horror lies not in the body, but in the soul—each step toward death strips away fragments of their humanity until only despair remains. When death finally takes them, their soul is shackled to Nurgle's will, twisted into a Plaguebearer to serve in his eternal, joyous garden of rot. No cure exists, for it is not an illness—it is a calling.

Zombie Plague [600CP]

This strain of Nurgle's design is a nightmare of endless propagation, a pestilence that robs its victims of both life and dignity. Those infected endure agony as their flesh necrotizes, their veins pumping black pus until their hearts cease to beat. Yet death is no release—moments after their collapse, the body jerks upright, animated by Nurgle's will. The new Poxwalker is a shambling, drooling parody of its former self, driven only to spread the infection and drag more souls into Grandfather's embrace. Each bite, each scratch, each caress of its corrupted fluids carries the plague onward, swelling the ranks of the undead with every encounter. The plague's spread is relentless, a tide of filth and hunger that swallows worlds whole.



Combat Elixir

Favoured by Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Excess and Perfection, you and your decadent kin have been gifted with the forbidden knowledge of alchemical indulgence. Twisting mortal chemistry with warp-touched artistry, you can now craft exquisite elixirs that blur the line between stimulant and sacrament. These are no mere tonics—each draught is a euphoric blend of volatile toxins, daemonic ichor, and sensory-overloading compounds meant to push the flesh beyond its limits. Only those truly devoted to the Cult of Sensation can survive their use without being torn apart by the overwhelming feedback of pleasure and pain. When consumed, these elixirs infuse the body with ecstatic power and the mind with predatory focus, allowing Slaanesh's warriors to perform superhuman feats of violence with divine elegance; these elixirs last around 6 minutes after consumption. Also each elixir can only be consumed once per hour.

Anfrak Silk[Free]
Brewed from the whispering glands of alien beasts and laced with a shimmering extract of warp-infused xeno-matter, Anfrak Silk is a stimulant that floods the nervous system with impossible speed. Muscles coil and release like whips, and the drinker's perception of time dilates into a slow, delicious haze. Those who imbibe it move with supernatural grace, slipping through enemy lines as if dancing through a performance only they can hear.

Xylocil [100CP]
Distilled from forbidden biomatter harvested from long-forgotten xeniform horrors, Xylocil binds itself to the user's muscles, rewriting them with strands of daemonic strength. The drinker feels the intoxicating rush of raw power coursing through their veins, a burning need to crush, rip, and dominate. Those who survive the overdose speak of the sensation as rapturous agony—a state they long to feel again, no matter the cost.

Shivversplit [200CP]
A chilling concoction infused with the essence of distilled fear, Shivversplit courses through the body like liquid frost. It causes the flesh to harden, the bones to calcify into iron-like pillars, and nerves to numb into a perfect state of apathy toward pain. Under its influence, the warrior's body becomes unnaturally resistant to harm, shrugging off blows that would cripple a lesser being. At the same time, the elixir feeds on the terror of nearby foes, radiating an aura of dread that seems to thicken the very air. The stronger the fear, the more resilient the drinker becomes.

Heliotrophos [200CP]
Brewed from alien ichor and the distilled essence of creatures that move faster than thought,Time itself seems to falter around them; their enemies move sluggishly, as if mired in a dream by those who drink this. Any melee attacks will always give them the supernatural ability to strike first, always first. Every step becomes a blur, every motion a dance of anticipation and execution.

Cerebresec [400CP]
Crafted from the liquefied agony of tormented souls, Cerebresec awakens a terrible clarity within the user. With every sip, their mind sharpens into a predatory tool, capable of seizing every opportunity with surgical precision. Under its influence, the bearer's tactical brilliance blooms to an almost supernatural degree—each order delivered with uncanny timing, each maneuver perfectly placed to twist the knife in their enemy's plans.

Thrynicine [400CP]
This vile serum is brewed from hatred itself, steeped in the bitterness of betrayal and the venom of false hope. Once injected, the user's blood becomes molten fury, every wound they suffer feeding the inferno inside. When they strike, their blows burn with mystic fire so intense that even the lightest touch spreads death like wildfire. With every injury, their attacks become more vicious, inflicting wounds that fester with unnatural power.

Salviqine Tears [600CP]
Distilled from the psychic residue of fear itself, Salviqine Tears turn the air around the user into a suffocating haze of dread. The mere presence of the drinker is enough to shatter morale; courage crumbles, discipline falters, and even the bravest warriors tremble as despair gnaws at their hearts. Under its aura, the weak break and run, their minds unraveling under the weight of their own terror. To those who wield this elixir, battle becomes a symphony of panic, each scream and broken retreat a note in their song of triumph.

Sanctus Vi [600CP]
Forged from the blood of traitors and the wailing essence of the damned, Sanctus Vi is a liquid shield of divine blasphemy. When consumed, it binds the user's soul to a shimmering veil of impossible resilience, an armor not of steel but of pure heretical will. Blows that would fell a titan glance away like pebbles against a fortress wall. The user walks through storms of gunfire and oceans of blades untouched, wrapped in the mockery of protection only Slaanesh could craft—a barrier as beautiful as it is impenetrable. This lasts for 12 seconds.

