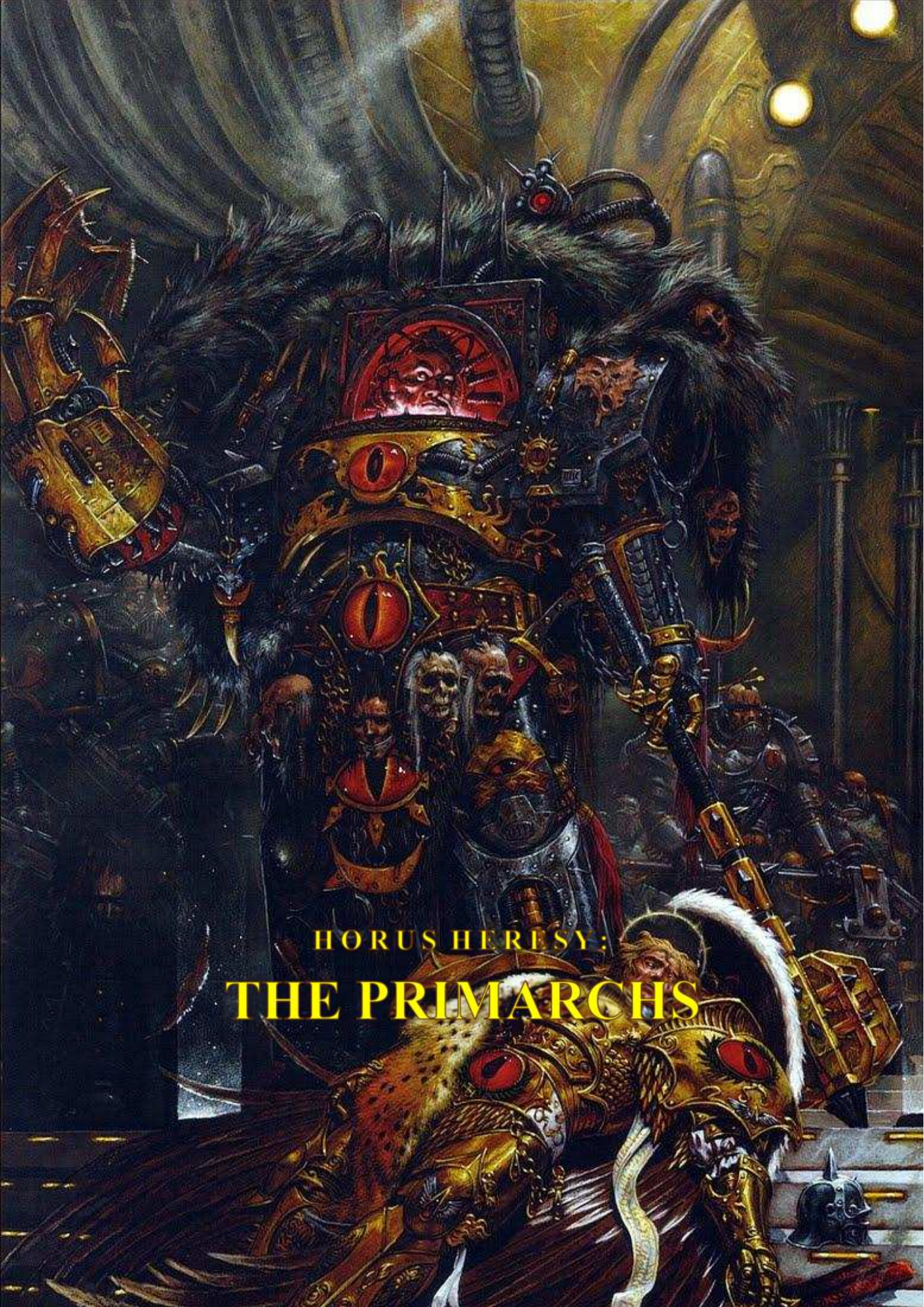


HORUS HERESY:

THE PRIMARCHS

It is a time of legend.

The galaxy is in flames. The Emperor's glorious vision for humanity is in ruins.
His favoured son, Horus, has turned from his father's light and embraced Chaos.
His armies, the mighty and redoubtable Space Marines, are locked in a brutal civil war.
Once, these ultimate warriors fought side by side as brothers, protecting the galaxy and bringing mankind back into the Emperor's light. Now they are divided.

Some remain loyal to the Emperor, whilst others have sided with the Warmaster.
Pre-eminent amongst them, the leaders of their thousands- strong Legions are the Primarchs.
Magnificent, superhuman beings, they are the crowning achievement of the Emperor's genetic science.
Thrust into battle against one another, victory is uncertain for either side.

Worlds are burning. At Isstvan V, Horus dealt a vicious blow and three loyal Legions were all but destroyed. War was begun, a conflict that will engulf all mankind in fire. Treachery and betrayal have usurped honour and nobility. Assassins lurk in every shadow. Armies are gathering. All must choose a side or die.

Horus musters his armada, Terra itself the object of his wrath. Seated upon the Golden Throne, the Emperor waits for his wayward son to return. But his true enemy is Chaos, a primordial force that seeks to enslave mankind to its capricious whims.

The screams of the innocent and the pleas of the righteous resound to the cruel laughter of Dark Gods.
Suffering and damnation await all should the Emperor fail and the war be lost.

The age of knowledge and enlightenment has ended.
The Age of Darkness has begun.

It is 006.M31. Prospero is a burned-out husk. Magnus and the remnants of the Thousand Sons have escaped into the Warp. The Sons of Horus, World Eaters, Death Guard and Emperor’s Children legions have purged their ranks of closet loyalists at Istvaan III, yet the desperate loyalists inflicted disproportionate casualties on the Traitors in return. Only time will tell if this early stumble is prophetic. The Horus Heresy has begun.

Agonized at the betrayal of His most favourite son, the Emperor of Man has ordered the forces of the Iron Hands, Salamanders, Raven Guard, Night Lords, Iron Warriors, Word Bearers and Alpha Legion to hunt down the traitors immediately. Unbeknownst to the loyalists, four more Legions and their Primarchs have in secret thrown their lot in with Horus and are waiting to strike. The Battle of Istvaan V is about to begin.

You will enter this time of endings as one of the Primarchs, one of the Emperor’s sons and in command of a powerful Space Marine Legion of your own. You will enter in any location of your choosing in the Imperium, perhaps organising your homeworld, perhaps joining the loyalists or traitors in the imminent Battle of Istvaan V. You receive 1000 Crusade Points to build yourself here.

Origins:

As all known Primarchs are male, you may switch to the male gender or remain as you were for free. If you're not a man, we'll work something out.

The Warrior: Battle calls, and you answer. Your role was one of the simplest; the Emperor needed his generals and warriors to expand the Great Crusade. You are likely both, for a Primarch combines a body capable of crushing all but the mightiest of Orks single-handedly with a mind of almost unparalleled acuity. Few are the foes a Primarch cannot hope to crush in single combat and cutting off the head of an army is a time-honoured way to resolve a battle fast.

The Scholar: It is easy to forget that the Great Crusade was also an attempt at a great cultural and intellectual renaissance for mankind. Of course, some Primarchs fell into this more than others, leaving their worlds a hub of intellectual and artistic pursuits. While these could end in disaster from the machinations of Chaos as a mind left too open let sinister forces fill it, surely *you* won't fall into their trap, won't you?

The Administrator: Many human empires have risen and fallen apart within the lifetime of one man. Any army can take a world but forming an effective administration that keeps it is another thing. Some Primarchs were particularly good at the latter, forming a functional interstellar civilisation that would endure long past their departure from the galaxy.

The Builder: Great works of craft were where some Primarchs found their passion. Many would leave relics sought after for ten thousand years after they passed. Though not all would get to exercise this skill, much to their disappointment, even those left their own relics lasting ten thousand more years.

Unconventional Specialist: Some Primarchs would be designed for less honourable things. Specialists in psychological warfare, secret policemen, and intelligence gathering abounded in the works of those Primarchs. This is where you come in, your role decided before your awakening to do the dirty, secret deeds the Imperium needed to keep running.

Allegiance:

On an important note, you should think very carefully about your allegiance. There is no room for fence-sitters here and now; picking up perks from the opposite side may draw unwanted attention.

Loyalist: Choosing to remain loyal was, in its own way, the simpler option, and potentially the more rational one. Most likely, you simply didn't have enough reason to turn on Him, like some of your brothers, or wished to protect the victories of the Great Crusade from a bloody civil war a-brewing. After all, the Emperor has to be hiding things from you for the right reasons.

Traitor: Few of the Traitors truly saw themselves as traitors even as they warred against their father and Emperor. For many, they held deep grudges against Him and the Imperium as a whole and saw Horus as the lesser evil, or even the most qualified to rule. For all their faults, the Primarchs were generally loyal until they felt betrayed by their own father, perhaps after being utterly neglected, or being forced to watch their friends die, or facing utter humiliation at His hands. The simple fact was that many of them held legitimate reasons to hate the Emperor; and besides, none of them truly understood how dangerous Chaos is. Even Magnus, the most knowledgeable about the Sea of Souls, grossly underestimated how insidious and cunning the Warp-entities he treated with were.

General Perks:

Body of the Primarch:

You may discount a single perk of each tier (100, 200, 400, 600, and 800). Discounted 100 CP perks are free instead.

Primarch Physiology (free): All the Emperor's sons have been forged out of both physical matter and pure psychic force. In some, this manifests as incredible psychic talents, in others more esoteric gifts, but all have some things in common. You are to Astartes what Astartes are to children, standing head and shoulders over your fellows and obviously superior in every measurable way. You can hurl around Terminator armoured Astartes like they were children or punch straight through their plating, move far faster than even Astartes sight can follow, and even briefly lift a small Titan under your own power. A breathing apparatus is largely useless for Primarchs, for excepting a few chemical weapons and hellish worlds, a Primarch can breathe just fine in nearly any environment and even fight for hours without air amid the void of space. Not only that, you possess a fairly quick regeneration ability; you will heal from bruises in mere seconds and fully recover cuts down to the bone in minutes for a regular cut to hours for having the flesh entirely stripped off. But it is already extremely difficult to actually wound a Primarch, who is capable of surviving shots from tank cannons, bathing in molten rock, and being shot through the eye with sniper rounds. The average Primarch is also notably extremely resistant to psychic powers – capable of largely shrugging off all but attacks from extremely rare, extremely powerful psykers, though you may lower your resistance if you wish to be easier to affect with psychic powers such as healing and buffs from your allies.

Primarch Mentality (free): Your mind is every bit as honed as your body. Your towering intellect would be considered genius among the greatest of men, though naturally inferior to the Emperor Himself. At the least, you have perfect eidetic memory (though there are ways to *make* you forget) and can memorise vast quantities of information far faster than any living human has or ever will. Furthermore, all Primarchs seem remarkably resistant to Chaos corruption and possession; short of directly clutching a Daemon weapon, being wounded by a specific weapon meant to corrupt you personally, or willingly letting the power of Chaos into you, you do not fear the gradual insanity and corruption into darkness lesser men might face. A Primarch naturally has the kind of towering willpower to resist Chaos in general, even the Ruinous Powers must put some serious effort and elaborate plans into luring one over to their side.

Psychic Abilities (free): You are, even before any other purchases, a very strong psyker. However, your powers most likely manifest as latent abilities you have no particular influence over, and many Primarchs showed an… *aversion* to psychic powers that further limited their ability to develop them. If you were to deliberately apply yourself, learn to unlock your psychic potential and learn to safely use it, you could easily become an Alpha psyker at the very least. This is your raw potential and barring any other purchases in jump will begin entirely latent and untapped by yourself though it remains entirely possible you can awaken your gifts and reclaim your birthright as a mighty psychic demigod. Constant exposure to the Warp or the gifts of the Dark Gods may even empower you further…

Visage of the Demigod (free/-100): Every Primarch was a different, individually crafted work of art, yet some of them had traits that were obviously non-human in origin. At the base level, you may add any particular purely cosmetic trait you wish to add that is within vaguely plausible human limits (scaled up to Primarch size of course). The upgraded version gives you physical abilities no human

could normally have, such as great wings that can somehow hold you aloft even when wearing Terminator armour and fully equipped for battle, or maybe unnaturally sharp senses from canid DNA spliced into you, or perhaps even the ability to appear differently to different people; your allies seeing you as a comforting demigod while to your enemies you seem to be a terrifying demon. This may be purchased multiple times to add in multiple traits. No matter which level you purchase, fabulous hairstyles are strongly encouraged though non-compulsory.

Mysterious Skills (-100): Some Primarchs had more odd traits than others. You have some unusual but likely rather situational, advantage that they do not possess. This may include but is not limited to being able to pull of preternatural tricks with thrown knives that seem to defy physics or being able to shrug off ridiculous extremes of heat even amongst your brothers, rending you near immune to incendiary weaponry.

One of Many (-100): You don't look all that different from a regular Space Marine. You're only a bit taller than the average one and have no obvious traits that would set you apart from any other Space Marine. This does not affect your exceptional Primarch physiology, despite your smaller stature. Any member of your Legion could probably pass as you, with a bit of surgical effort, doubly so because your specific gene-seed seems to produce larger specimens that stand at your height. This has advantages all of its own; getting body doubles will be trivial for you, you will easily give the impression of being everywhere and nowhere at once. Furthermore, you are extremely capable of disguising yourself as a smaller creature like a normal person, despite the physical improbability of such a thing.

Divided Attention (-100): You can split your concentration between as many different subjects as you wish, even focusing on hundreds of different subjects at once. To micromanage the entire mobilization of your whole Legion is an easy task for you. This inherently would make you a highly gifted bureaucrat, as with your ability to split your attention you could work on vast stacks of paperwork all at once.

Incorruptible (-200): Fear not the temptations and threats of the Ruinous Powers. You are simply completely incorruptible. The Ruinous Powers could turn their entire attention on you, and you would never fall. To be raised on a borderline Daemon world would not affect you in any way either, as the taint of Chaos will simply fail to latch on to you. There is no price that could buy you out, no hidden secrets that would turn you away from the light. You are simply too pure for the power of Chaos to find any purchase upon your soul. No matter how much the Dark Gods rage, the only way they could possibly bring you over to their side is of your own free will, for neither trickery nor force will make you turn.

Combat Reflexes (-200): Your defensive reflexes are unnaturally sharp, fast enough that a normal Primarch would be completely incapable of following you which is already a feat among transhuman demigods. As if you have a natural instinct for danger and reacting to it before anyone else could. This would grant you an inherent ability to be exceptionally skilled at parrying attacks and defending yourself in general.

Mind Like A Fortress (-200): You can read the minds of everyone around you while easily, reflexively, hiding your own thoughts. To Daemons, and psychic sight in general, you are effectively invisible, and cannot have your mind read, all the while you know exactly the true thoughts of everyone else around you and can use this to read exactly what they are going to do, such as how they plan to fight in combat. How do you fight someone who knows your every move?

Wraith-Slip (-200): You have the ability to metaphorically meld with the shadows themselves. You can, at will, vanish from the mind's eyes of people. You don't turn invisible, and non-sentient beings like machines will still notice you, but others will have a curious sort of ignorance about you. It is as if they simply fail to notice you, even when you walk past them or stand right in front of them. If you were to trigger this when someone was already aware of you, to them it would be like you simply vanished.

Charismatic Leadership (-400): Everything about you oozes raw, natural charisma. Even without actively trying. Those who work for you will near-unanimously follow you into any danger and any darkness. You could befriend nearly anyone you wish, nudge those on the fence about the Heresy into one camp or the other, which is exceptionally useful at turning swaths of humans over on to your side to bulk out your armies, and even rapidly converting entire worlds over to your chosen faith. As a side benefit, you appear physically flawless and as beautiful as possible in any form you take, so much that any normal mortal would be simply awed into silence in your presence.

Preternatural Resilience (-400): You are insanely difficult to kill, even by Primarch standards. A point-blank shot from a super-heavy tank will do no more than mildly injure you, as will standing directly in front of an absolute hail of gunship fire. Even reducing you to a pulpy mass of tendon, charred flesh and bone is more of an inconvenience as long as your brain survives; you will be able to eventually heal from even that. You could even happily breathe air so poisoned and corrosive as to be equivalent to Phosphex every day of your life without ill effects.

Genius (-400): You would stand among the smartest of Primarchs, by raw intelligence alone. You are capable of constructing accurate mental simulations for every scenario you could reasonable predict, enabling you to come up with incredibly elaborate and sophisticated plans. You are also capable of accurately judging your own limits, which is rarer than it sounds. Your mighty intellect also has combat applications, you can rapidly adapt to any enemy you face by studying and analysing their style in seconds far faster than even the Astartes could. In this way, you can spot flaws in their moves or perhaps see new vulnerabilities you could exploit.

Brute Force (-600): Even by Primarch standards you are strong. Your brothers may be capable of lifting the foot of a Titan trying to stomp them flat, wrestle a dragon into lava, and throw a spear from a planet's surface on to its moon, but your strength grossly outstrips them all. Lifting weights in the hundreds of tonnes is an easy feat for you that you could maintain for hours with little strain. You are so strong, in fact, that even sparring with your brothers is dangerous; fighting with all your strength is very likely to cause serious injuries on the already robust Primarch constitution, so you should probably stick to pulling your punches in any practice duel. You can swing around weapons so large and heavy even your brothers would struggle to use them in combat and hit so hard you can cause earthquakes that swallow up armies at once that you can direct only at your enemies. You could relatively easily shatter statues made of wraithbone that can survive sustained heavy ordinance fire and throw around heavy tanks like they were toys. A gravitational beam capable of tearing apart the planet you are standing on will match your strength. You will overpower all else.

Dark Visions (-600): You can see visions of the future. Most of them will be occasional warnings, triggered only in unusual situations or coming to you in prophetic dreams, but in times of great need such as battle it will become a torrent of detailed visions enabling you to see every move your enemy will make and the entire battle plan of their armies. You may tread through hails of bolter shells, dodging or parrying every single one easily. If you must hide, it will warn you any time you may be spotted. If you must escape, it will show you which routes are closed, and which ones are open. Not

only this, but you will also receive warnings when your chosen path will lead to your death and be shown how to avoid it. Though be warned that these visions are not always reliable. A rare few visions will be false, though you have had more than enough practice to generally know when a vision is misleading, and if you were to duel someone who is similarly blessed with precognitive abilities you are more likely to end up in a stalemate. Also, that which is truly random, such as constantly randomised passwords and codes, will not be revealed to you. Finally, there are some things that you cannot survive even with ample warning, or worse, you may find the only way to survive a vision you have seen is to violate your most deeply held beliefs. Can you accept that price?

Perfection (-600): There is a little bit more of the Emperor in you than your brothers. It would be safe to say you have a little bit of everything good about Him. You are a natural duellist, a natural thinker, see occasional visions of the future in dreams, and are naturally the most beautiful of them all. You may not be the very best in any one area, but your breadth would easily make you the strongest overall were you to apply yourself intelligently. It would not be unfair to say that you are the closest Primarch to perfection.

Perpetual (-800): You are now a Perpetual, a kind of immortal regenerator who is very difficult to put down permanently. You can regenerate from any mundane injury, from being torn to bloody shreds to atomization. Your healing is extremely fast – if you were decapitated and the head thrown off a cliff you can reasonably expect to grow a new body by the time you hit the ground – and it will grow faster the more you grow accustomed to it and are able to focus on healing. Only a few weapons, psychic powers and abilities could truly kill a Perpetual, especially a Perpetual Primarch, outside those you can reasonable assume that you will simply rapidly regenerate back to full health no matter how serious or fatal your wounds are. Do note however that this does not inherently protect you against mental degradation stemming from repeated deaths and resurrections, and even a Primarch can go a little crazy from dying over and over again.

Arch-Sorcerer (-800): Within all Primarchs is an essential psychic power over the Immaterium. For most, this would "simply" be an inherent gift over the Warp equivalent to some of the mightiest mortals in existence. In your case, your psychic potential is well beyond what humanity could reach. None, save Magnus, can equal you in raw power over the Immaterium, and only the Emperor and the Ruinous Powers surpass you. If the Emperor of Man is a psychic god, you are a demigod. Your raw psychic power cannot be quantified into the Alpha-Omega psyker rating scale; it simply breaks any attempt at quantification. At this level of psychic power, there is very little you cannot do; you could shatter Titans, cloak moons away from all prying eyes with the Warp, scry on or project a psychic incarnation of yourself on planets at the other end of the galaxy through the Great Ocean, even power the Astronomicon all on your own without suffering the same fate as poor Malcador. Entire armies of lesser beings will fall before you against lesser shows of your psychic might. You can even draw these psychic energies into yourself to turn yourself into a titanic creature, on par with the most fearsome engines of war to exist within this galaxy.

Origin Perks:

All perks are discounted to the appropriate origin. Discounted 100 CP perks are free instead.

The Warrior:

Three-Dimensional Warfare (-100): Simply using your feet to get anywhere is such an old-fashioned way to travel. You are highly adept at using the air to your advantage, from flying over a gunline and striking the vulnerable rear to leading a mass drop of an army down right where it would hurt the most. By the way, did you know how much a Primarch in full battle regalia *hurts* slamming into you? Breaking a formation apart just from your mass slamming into their lines and scattering your foes like matchsticks is entirely possible, enabling you to kill before you even start using your weapons on the likely stunned or disoriented survivors.

Unmatched Rider (-100): Sometimes what is more important is how fast you get somewhere. Nobody can ride a jetbike or any other mount quite like you can. You could ride, or hover, or fly, rings around any opponent. You can easily coax the most speed out of near-anything you ride and remain in complete control the whole time; you effectively have no risk of crashing no matter what dangerous terrain you try to fly through nor how dangerous a manoeuvre you try to pull off. Getting shot out of the sky is still possible so don't throw all caution to the wind now.

Disabling Strikes (-200): You are highly skilled at a fighting style that relies on striking people in ways that cripple them further in combat. The greatest danger of fighting you in combat is that over time your enemies will rack up more and more debilitating injuries, eventually enabling you to claim victory as they find themselves unable to keep fighting back, their very ability to resist you too degraded to offer more than token resistance.

Challenge! (-200): You have a particular skill at finding the leadership of an enemy force and getting them to agree to a mano-a-mano duel even in the heat of battle. As long as your side plays fair (no support or anything from outside to turn the favours in your side), their side is likely to leave you two alone until one of you falls, unless you're dealing with a particularly dishonourable or treacherous foe (fortunately rare in these times, as man and Astartes alike generally strongly respect an honourable duel). Moreso, you can leap from challenge to challenge with ease, going straight from cutting down one commander to engaging in a solo duel with another, until the other side either runs out of leaders. It is, of course, extremely demoralising when the best warrior and beloved leader of a unit is struck down with ease by a seemingly invulnerable demigod. Not to mention that were you to encounter a fellow Primarch or similar titan of battle, it is a much better to tie them down in a duel than let them run riot among your lines (<u>especially</u> if you're the better duellist).

Sublime Swordsman (-400): When a ten foot plus titan of warfare chooses to devote himself to mastering the blade, the results are mastery beyond human excellence. You have achieved as close to flawless perfection as any man, Marine, or Primarch can ever achieve in the art of melee combat. You could out-duel nearly any of your brothers from a purely technical perspective. You might not be the largest or strongest, but you are obviously the most skilled with the blade and more than capable of out-duelling practically anything else that exists in the galaxy.

Lead from the Front (-400): While each Primarch is more than mentally suited to commanding an entire battle from the rear, this is something of a waste of a superhuman body – not to mention the elite pride of the legion that accompanies the Primarch into battle. Fortunately, for you there will be

no hard choice between effective leadership and effective fighting, for you are equally as skilled commanding armies from a war room far from the frontlines as you are being directly present on the front. This is a great benefit, as the mere presence of a Primarch can turn entire battles on their own, as they and the finest hand-picked warriors of the Legion are more than capable of cutting a bloody swath straight through armies of lesser beings, not to mention that they are more than capable of hacking apart the leadership of said armies with ease.

Red Angel (-600): One of the only ways to stand a chance at putting down a rampaging Primarch is to throw whole hordes of warriors at them, in the faint hope that it would grind them down over time, render them exhausted and eventually enable a fatal blow. Against the Primarch Angron, and now you too, this tactic is far, far more dubious. You see, for you, every kill you make in a single battle only warms you up and enables you to kill faster, *better*. Lesser beings might tire from tearing apart hundreds of men apart on your own; for you, it shall simply ensure you can kill the next hundred in half the time. Though you might show the cosmetic effects of exertion, such as heavy breathing and profuse sweating, you won't slow down or be truly exhausted at all. You can even potentially slay any of your brothers, as long as you inflict enough carnage beforehand to guarantee they'd collapse under a flurry of incarnate violence. All Primarchs are worth an army all of their own, but you are the purest expression of this. Your weapons will fail you long, long before your body does.
Note that this ability only works for the duration of the battle; after its completion this perk will reset and next battle you will start from the base all over again. All built-up exhaustion you were putting off in battle may hit you like a truck afterwards as well.

Warmaster (-600): Even among your brothers, your strategic and tactical grasp holds few equals. There is no form of warfare, from guerrilla engagements to massive operations, you have not already studied to an extremely competent degree. You probably were once a serious contender for the position of Warmaster, and your legion likely scored among the hotly contested honour of conquering most worlds during the Great Crusade, for your military genius would easily allow such a thing. Though others among your brothers may outshine you in individual fields of warfare you have few equals in sheer breadth of knowledge.

The Scholar:

Tutelaries (-100): You can summon, or possibly create, the rare generally non-malevolent Warp spirit and call on it for advice. Despite what an incredibly bad idea this sounds like to anyone remotely familiar with the nature of the Warp, they will actually be genuinely helpful and fairly non-malicious, although when you are under threat, they are likely to slip their leash and cause chaos, taking savage glee in tearing apart anyone who might wish to harm you. There is a minor risk that their inherently non-human mentality may cause unforeseen issues with you despite their genuine willingness to help; feeding too much psychic power into a psyker causing their death for instance. They are unlikely to hurt you specifically (due to your own Primarch physiology rendering most lesser creatures of the Warp to be a distraction at best) but you should probably warn anyone you teach to conjure tutelaries ahead of time that their idea of help may not always be helpful. You may teach this to any psychically capable person which will enable them to conjure up their own tutelaries for assistance.

Warrior and Scholar (-100): You are a learned man, one equally at home on the battlefield as studying works of literature and philosophy. You will find no difficulty in balancing the intellectual pursuits as well as the martial ones, allowing yourself to expand your knowledge and recollect vast works of both culture and history while also honing your body into a deadly weapon of war.

Eye of the King (-200): Your psychic vision has been trained so much you can see anything around you in a full 360-degree arc, no matter whether they wish to hide or not. While you still can't see anything specifically shielded by or against psychic sight, with your incredible skill with psychic vision you will find yourself able to see them by seeing where you can't, in essence spotting them by looking for gaps in your psychic vision. Even invisibility won't save them from your mighty psychic power.

Teacher of Dreadful Truths (-200): What is the point of knowing if you cannot pass on your knowledge? Sadly, mortals often can hardly stand learning the dark truths of the cosmos. They tend to react very badly to discovering The Truth about Chaos, the Warp, or any of the other myriad horrors of the 31st millennium. Fortunately, you are at least skilled at adapting your knowledge for mortal minds and teaching them everything you know without causing them to go horribly insane, lose the will to live, and other unfortunately typical results of learning too much forbidden secrets. Perhaps under your guidance you could create a world where knowledge of the dangers of the Warp are widespread, yet civilians know better than to mess with them?

Seeker of the Forbidden (-400): There is no end to dreadful truths and secret knowledge here. Some of it is merely disturbing, others dangerous to body and soul. Merely possessing forbidden knowledge will not harm you, nor will seeking it bring you censure. Using it, another matter altogether.

Marketplace of Ideas (-400): Perhaps you may trade secret favours away, perhaps you may be asked to sacrifice parts of your very body to them in exchange. Indeed, most entities you'll meet will seem to be especially eager to give *far* more favourable deals to you than they'd normally give anyone. Almost as if they're trying to bring you over to their side. Perhaps some may even seek you out directly to offer wisdom you need at a price. But you should still beware that extremely treacherous and deceptive entities are not safe to bargain with, and you still probably shouldn't make deals with entities you know nothing about.

Demigod Tutored by God (-600): You were tutored by the Emperor Himself during your formative years on using your psychic powers, enabling you to use your natural psychic powers with not only great natural talent but practiced ease. You have fully mastered your natural psychic potential; you are so skilled and experienced in the ways of the Immaterium that you can use it with minimal risk even as you bring to bear forces mortals could only dream of harnessing and you have refined your natural psychic abilities that you have learnt to draw upon it so efficiently. Be warned that there are entities in the Immaterium that even the greatest Primarch cannot hope to triumph over; be careful that you do not bite off more than you can chew.

Grand Plan (-600): Within the mind of each and every Primarch lies a towering intellect above and beyond all but the greatest savants of mankind. For as deadly as a ten-foot demigod is, his transhuman intellect can make him far more dangerous. You could come up with a plan with ramifications ten thousand years from now and keep it on course too.

The Administrator:

The Son Emulates the Father (-100): It would be little good if you trained a promising Aspirant only to have him reject everything you stand for, wouldn't it? It is good news that you can shape someone's mind through training too. Those you train will resemble you, in personality and outlook, and grow to love you for it. You may choose if this is paternal love or something… else. Forbidden love between Astartes and Primarch has been implied and accused plenty enough times.

The Human Perspective (-100): Many of your brothers were adopted into conditions that, to put it bluntly, were utterly shit. You must have been adopted into a loving family, because you managed one of the rarest childhoods of all; you managed to keep in touch with your humanity. Whether you were raised by a loving adopted family or perhaps through sheer dumb luck, you are at least ensured to never lose touch with your human side no matter how distant you grow from mankind. You will forever understand and empathise with the little man no matter how great you grow. Yet at once, this attachment and empathy with the individual man will not blind you from seeing the bigger picture, and you will still be able to understand the necessity of sacrifices for the greater good no matter how much you personally dislike it.

Logistician (-200): Logistics… an area even the relatively young Imperium of Man struggles with. For though the situation is *vastly* better than it would become ten thousand years from now, the logistical side to warfare will become a crucial one. You are experienced with logistics in general, from supplying an interstellar empire to raising entire armies at once. Barring exceptional disasters, you can be assured the reinforcements and supplies your side needs will get where they're needed. All warfare is logistics, after all.

Regal Bearing (-200): All Primarchs can carry themselves with the bearing of demigods, but even among your brothers you are a prodigy at it. You can carry yourself in such a noble and dignified way you simply ooze authority; men will practically never disobey your wishes, Astartes from other Legions may yet fall in line and even Custodes will give you fair hearing when they otherwise would simply ignore you. As if they almost instinctively recognise your authority…

Comprehensive Scientific Knowledge (-400): Within your head is every single theoretical and applied scientific theory available to Mankind during the 31st Milennium – this does not include forgotten sciences dating from the Dark Age of Technology nor the Emperor's knowledge. Perhaps if all else were lost and humanity must rebuild from scratch you could uplift them into a spacefaring civilisation again.

Probabilistic Measuring (-400): There is almost an art to calculations, and your scientific mind has taken it to an extreme. You can reduce anything that can be reduced to numbers down to numbers, from predicted casualty ratios, reinforcement ratios, morale, ships and troops needed to take a world from limited information, time taken to break a siege and ways to shave off hours at the cost of more casualties or ways to reduce casualties at the cost of lengthening the siege. Obviously, this perk is incredibly useful with Logistician, as you can extremely accurately calculate equipment and reinforcement needs for an entire campaign at once.

Praetorian of Terra (-600): You can build the finest fortifications and greatest cities the Imperium may ever know and are so familiar with them you can build them in record time, creating great structures that would take other architects centuries in mere years. A world you truly devote to defending will be utterly impenetrable… as much as any world may be anyway. At the very least, you can make a fortification network that alone would make Cadia of ten thousand years from now look undefended in comparison. From massive orbital fortresses protecting a world like a shell and use incredibly sophisticated near-AI to fight enemy ships without risking a single life, to a mathematically perfect fortress that offers neither cover nor shelter to any attacker. Any enemy would be incredibly foolish to give you enough time to dig in and prepare defences. Furthermore, with knowledge of how to build fortresses comes knowledge of how to knock them down; you are as good at launching sieges as you are preparing for them. You may additionally construct or dismantle orbital plates in record

time, vast structures similar to Hive Cities orbiting their patron world, though these are extremely difficult to defend as opposed to orbital fortresses.

Lawmaker (-600): It is easy for a demigod armed with a hundred thousand transhuman supermen warriors to carve out his own empire. Far more difficult is it to turn a series of conquests into a functioning state. Yet that is what any burgeoning conqueror *must* do if he does not wish to see all that he has fought for slip away. Fortunately, you are among the greatest examples of the lawmaker and statesman to ever exist: Any political system you have a hand in building will last ten thousand years or more, so robust will the foundation be that even millennia of utter mismanagement will not completely undo it. And when you are to consciously rule over a society, you can easily transform it into a shining utopia of wealth and power, such that a mere five hundred worlds run by you directly will become one of the largest power blocs within an empire of a million worlds. For now, you can be assured that you know how to integrate conquered territories so effectively into your new empire your worlds will not try to revolt against you.

The Builder:

Arts and Craft (-100): You can craft works of beauty, weave any incredibly intricate designs, coatings of gold, without affecting its usability at all. With this perk you can shift up all the aesthetics of something. Of course, you are also a highly skilled painter, sculptor and artist in general on top of this; only the greatest of mortal artists could hope to match or even exceed any art you pour yourself into.

Eternal Edifice (-100): Nothing you build will surrender to the passage of time; bury it for ten thousand years and it will work just as well as on the day it was forged. Imperial technology was built to last, as yours will be too.

Redundant Mechanisms (-200): It is an unfortunate yet common result of warfare that one's finest wargear and vehicles is likely to break under the stress of combat. Fortunately, you are far, far better at engineering all your gear and vehicles with specifically redundant mechanisms that will enable them to continue to work surprisingly well even after taking battle damage. The comfortable redundancies you engineer will not affect the operation of the weapon or vehicle either, merely enable them to shrug off a surprising amount of punishment or even be brought back online faster. Despite the name, this also applies to any cybernetics you craft, as well as any biological organisms you design.

Lessons of the Laer (-200): You were able to study the secretive gene-crafting and biological manipulations of the Laer, a mysterious xenos who had such mastery over genetics and flesh-crafting they could biologically engineer each member of their species to be optimised for one role in life from birth. Curiously, this knowledge meshes extremely well with the gene-seed implantation of the Astartes, and you could easily take this knowledge to craft new organs, broaden your potential initiate pool, or reduce rejection rates.

Tiny Tools (-400): You have the ability to miniaturise technology to such an extreme that it would seem that no living human could hand-craft at that scale, let alone a ten-foot tall one. Intricate clockwork on a scale that can scarcely be seen by your own eyes is possible for you. You can somehow use tools on a scale that measure mere microns in diameter; thinner than a single strand of human hair with nothing more than your bare eyes and natural dexterity.

Perfection from Pain (-400): Pain only sharpens your senses, lets you think more rational, even lets you meditate better. In combat, the pain of any injuries you suffer will make you a better fighter, outside of combat pain will allow you to think and focus better, making you more intelligent and wise the more you injure yourself.

Master Crafting (-600): You are a master of one specific, and likely rather broad, form of science or craftsmanship, such as machines or biology. Maybe the Emperor of Mankind Himself has shared his memories and knowledge with you. You could easily create fantastic devices that will have the Mechanicus scratching their heads for millennia over replicating. Should you choose to make your purchase cover an even broader school of science you will find it is proportionately diluted and choosing an even more specific school will ensure you are. This perk may be taken multiple times for multiple subjects. Both the first and subsequent purchases are, naturally, discounted for Builder origins.

Perpetual Motion Machines (-600): Once the holy grail of scientists of Old Terra, now a reality in your hands. You know how to create machinery that runs indefinitely powered by a perpetual motion machine that can be scaled up or down from less than the size of a fingernail to the vast heart of a voidship. These engines will produce a steady amount of power forever, needing no refuelling nor recharging. You can pass this knowledge on to others, though it is unlikely any being with less mechanical skills than the greatest artisans of Mars or the Primarchs themselves could ever truly replicate this; far more likely they would create an engine with such miniature flaws that it would ever-so-slowly lose power over the years.

Unconventional Specialist

Transhuman Dread (-100): Everyone, even the allegedly fearless Astartes, feels a sense of dread when an angry Primarch comes barrelling down to them. There is simply no way that any being could be so large, so strong, so fast and so flexible all at once, but there it is. Humans feel a similar, though lesser, version when fighting Astartes, but against a Primarch the dose is vastly stronger. Their mind refuses to believe that which they see, and it fills them with fear. By taking this perk you have somewhat stronger control over inflicting this dread upon others and may lower it or even remove it altogether if you wish to pretend to be a common Astartes or human, or otherwise choose to selectively affect certain people.

A Talent for Murder (-100): You are extremely good at killing from the shadows. Strike swiftly and hide the body. Or turn it into a gruesome centrepiece of a bloody art project. That's always an option.

Aleph Null (-200): Somehow, records of you seem to just… vanish. When you enter a setting, you do so without any existing records of your existence. When you do anything at all, people may remember it but any attempts at recording your deeds will end in catastrophic failure. Unexplained fires destroying paperwork. Documents mysterious sealed beyond all prying eyes. Almost as if someone powerful was deliberately erasing all evidence of your existence. This perk may be toggled on and off, if anonymity no longer appeals to you.

Illustrative Overkill (-200): Sometimes you do not wish to simply crush an enemy into the dirt but kill him so brutally few would dare think of challenging you again. This is where this skill comes in handy; the knowledge of how to make someone's death even in the height of a challenge such a painful, messy affair it is far, far more demoralizing than simply cutting him down. Why kill dozens when destroying one could have the same effect?

Blood of the Hydra (-400): You've figured out how to infuse your very own blood with some of your own Primarch nature. By sharing it with your gene-sons, you can temporarily turn one of them into you, sharing in your Primarch abilities and even flashes of your memories. Even psychic sight of the Librarians and the practiced eyes of the Apothecaries will be fooled; for all intents and purposes they have simply become you. Makes for great body doubles.

Hidden Agenda (-400): Denial of information is a useful tool. If your enemies know nothing about you, they won't know how to deal with you one bit. For this purpose, you excel at denying any attempts to pump you for information, read your motives, or even scan your mind for truth. You can even hide your true goals from your own twin brother, who knows more about you than anyone else in the world. Unreadable to mundane and supernatural powers.

King of Terrors (-600): You are a master at demoralisation and terrifying your enemies in general. You know every form of torture a Primarch could pull off, every way to direct an army to maximise the destruction of enemy morale, and how to cultivate dread in general. Furthermore, having honed this skill to perfection, you will find that all but the most inhumanly fearless opponents will choose to flee rather than face you in battle. Entire planets would rather surrender at once than deal with your personal attention, even armies of brutal and battle-loving xenos will almost certainly choose to flee over facing you. Excessively not-scary deeds that become widely known may break this effect; if you wish to keep this perk up, you'll need to avoid becoming known for benevolence.

Alone in the Dark (-600): You are already the stealthiest of all your brothers, and as your ability to move and kill unseen improves, so too will your ability to lead men in stealth missions. Just with this perk alone you could hide entire fleets in the lightless void, able to deftly hide from all but the most intensive searches and plan ambushes. Friend and foe alike will likely never know where you are unless you actively want to be found. Attempts to spot your ships or target your men will almost certainly turn up nothing at all even as you fire everything you have. For some, not even knowing where you are is a source of incredible dread on its own.

Allegiance Perks:

All perks are discounted to the appropriate allegiance. Discounted 100 CP perks are free instead.

Loyalists:

Reeking of Corruption (-100): You can sense the taint of corruption on someone. Maybe it manifests as a smell, or perhaps another sense that warns you when someone has been corrupted. You might have been able to do this your whole life, but only figured out you were sensing Chaos during the Heresy. Unfortunately, this doesn't come with any way to cleanse the corruption off them, so pre-emptively someone while they're still lucid is probably the kindest thing to do.

Above All Doubt (-100): The Emperor's very sons turned against Him. Such a thing was truly unthinkable up until the very moment it happened, even the suggestion His sons might fight against Him was borderline treasonous talk. But it happened, and now who can the loyalists trust if not His very sons? You, as it turns out. For you are beneath suspicion, even for those This perk will not, as an example, result in the Custodes treating you as one of their own, but will reasonably ensure they aren't keeping itchy trigger fingers around you.

Psychic Weapons (-200): You can infuse your weapons with your natural Primarch psychic abilities, turning even a mundane blade into a true force weapon. The aesthetics of how its powers manifest further are up to you, perhaps it may spew forth cleansing white flames, perhaps it may glow with unearthly fury, or some other obvious supernatural ability. A force weapon is imbued with the reality-defying properties of the Immaterium that allows it to carve apart even the hardest armour and harm Daemons with ease – who are normally highly resistant to mundane weapons. Ordinarily, you would need a carefully constructed psi-convector to focus psychic powers into a weapon, but you can somehow defy this and manifest the benefits of force weapons on any you pick up.

Hound of Terra (-200): You will have the absolute trust of your master even in a war where no others could be above suspicion, be entrusted with secrets and weapons none of your brothers would be allowed near. In this jump, it will likely be the Emperor who holds you in such esteem, in future jumps any similar superior will qualify. This comes with the caveat that as the most trusted servant, you will certainly be called upon for the most important missions your master has to offer, although perhaps this is another bonus? Obviously, this will break if they discover any actual treachery from you but otherwise you can rest assured you are trusted above all others.

Defiant unto Death (-400): In the Age of Darkness, there are many fates that would make death seem like a kindness, the merest promise of which would test the bravery of the most stalwart men. But you are not a mere man, are you? You have been gifted with the willpower to endure any pain, reject any dark temptations and even face your death with valour. At the very least, those who might seek to break your will through torture or promises of dark futures to come shall find you unbowed until your very last breath.

Beacon of Hope (-400): Many of your brothers inspire their own Astartes – for it is only natural that their sons refuse to shame themselves in front of their father – but you bring this inspiration to all who choose to fight alongside you. As long as you yet live, you will inspire everyone with your presence. No allied soldier will find it in their heart to flee the field of battle while you stand tall inspiring them, not even in Terra's darkest hour. They will fight as hard as they are able to their very last breath. You will be the light in the darkness all draw comfort from.

Hunter of Daemons (-600): You have become a sort of warp-creature, not Daemonic, but not remotely human either. You can change your shape at will to anything you can imagine from a Titan-scale angel, a swarm of ravens with teeth and claws that can turn Power Armour to ribbons, and even a tide of solid-black liquid that absorbs mundane strikes into it as it flows over its victims and twists them into shattered lumps of flesh. You may shapeshift between as many forms as you wish whose total mass is not more than five times your Primarch forms' and whose appearances are up to you, but all share common characteristics. For one, you are totally specialised in the destruction of all that which is unclean and tainted – even a Daemon Primarch would have no choice but to flee you, all else being equal. For another, despite being a Warp-creature you are definitely not a Daemon, and thus immune to all wards and weapons that work specifically on Daemons.

Howl of Reckoning (-600): Your natural psychic ability has been fine-tuned to let you emit extremely anti-psychic powers. You can emit a psychic howl, or perhaps other such noise, that simply banishes Daemons back to the Warp, undoes psychic phenomena and harms the psykers. Only the very greatest psykers would be completely unaffected by this power, all others will suffer pain and possible death. As a side effect, you are even more resistant and difficult to affect with psychic powers than your brothers; even Magnus himself would have difficulty smiting you with his psychic power. This applies to both direct effects such as summoning up psychic lightning and indirect effects such as turning the water around you to acid or telekinetically throwing large rocks at you.
As earlier, you may choose to lower your resistance should you wish to make it easier to affect you with psychic powers.

Traitors

No Slave to Darkness (-100): You can be sure your mind will not be hollowed out, stripped of its own free will by the dark powers you serve. You will remain you even as the blessings of the Dark Gods pile up and lesser beings will be turned into nothing more than an appendage of their patron. Perhaps even joining Chaos to fatally undermine it…

War Trophies (-100): Chaos has a very distinctive style, doesn't it? All these mounted skulls, flayed skins and all that. You too can work in such gruesome trophies of your conquests into your weapons, armour and clothing without compromising its effectiveness, comfort or utility at all. Bear your devotion to the Dark Gods high, so all can see.

Black Art of Sorcery (-200): Chaos Sorcery is independent from psychic powers, for though it draws upon the Warp it does not rely upon the users' psychic powers but instead relies upon arcane rituals and debased sacrifices or bargains with entities in the Warp to perform the same function. Though of course this is not a "safe" path as dealing with Daemons is never safe. You may continue to teach people these arts, and indeed it will continue to function the same even in other settings.

Devotion (-200, requires Traitor): Many of the Traitors did not initially choose to serve the powers of Chaos. Many initially believed they could flirt with Chaos and remain unscathed, use it as a tool perhaps without sacrificing their soul, or others simply tried to avoid any association with Chaos even as they fought beside the corrupted and damned. You, however, knew better. You made the conscious choice to serve and you have been rewarded for this. You may pick one and only one of these.

- **Undivided: Bearer of the Word:** Your devotion to all four of the Chaos Gods has given you the ability to maintain polytheism among gods who would prefer to be the sole object of worship without antagonising any of them. Not only that, but you are able to keep some

semblance of unity amongst a fractious bunch such as the forces of Chaos. Lead the Black Crusade you always knew you wanted.

- **Khorne: Rage of the Blood God:** You are the angriest motherfucker on the block. You have a seemingly infinite wellspring of rage, being capable of anger all day, every day. Moreover, getting angry will not hamper your own combat abilities at all, you will be as good a fighter in the grip of mad berserker fury as if you were totally calm, composed, and completely focused. Anger will only make you stronger as you lash out with surprisingly focused fury.
- **Tzeentch: Mutable Terrain:** Where you fight, the very terrain near you shifts and shudders, embodying some of the roiling chaos of the God of Change. Standing on the very ground itself is incredibly treacherous, as for some reason it seems to spitefully aim to cripple and harm anyone who would seek to harm you or your followers, or at the very least throw them off balance and keep them from approaching you.
- **Nurgle: Resilience of the Plaguefather:** Your durability is boosted to inhuman- er, in-Primarch levels, by the loving caress of Grandfather Nurgle. Your festering bulk belies a disgustingly resilient form that is capable of simply ignoring wounds even a Primarch would struggle to deal with. You simply have no vital organs and only massive damage to your body would stand a chance at putting you down.
- **Slaanesh: Pursuit of Perfection:** The mercurial Prince of Pleasure is the god of all things in excess, including the drive to perfect yourself. You too know always have the drive to improve yourself. If improving yourself is possible, removing any imperfections you see, growing greater at any skill, you will never lack for motivation and drive to do so. This will reap massive dividends in time if you were to focus on, for instance, perfecting your swordplay, or your artistic genius.

Singer of the Songs (-400): For you, the Immaterium is like a song, and you are its composer. You can hear the songs and tides of the Warp, hearing patterns where others might only see formless chaos. You know how to manipulate the Warp on a grand, even galactic scale. None are quite as familiar with the intricacies as you are, for you are in tune with the Warp in ways that even mortals who willingly sacrifice their sanity could not accomplish. You know how to conjure up a Ruinstorm, something akin to a Warp Storm but on a largely galactic scale. Daemons will easily materialise in reality and linger unlike normal for Daemons. Warp travel will be effectively shut down for all Loyalists within the Ruinstorm, though of course Traitors will have no difficulty navigating the Ruinstorm. You could even tune the song to a ritual to trigger the ascension of a person, including your brothers, into a Daemon Prince. Do note that most uses of the Warp to accomplish anything on an interplanetary scale will likely involve planets worth of sacrifices to accomplish. But fortunately, there is no shortage of civilians here. Should you wish, you can tune into the whims and desires of the Chaos Gods, seeing the futures they will present to you and following their goals ever closer, though of course *trusting the Chaos Gods with your future* isn't exactly the best plan.

Damned in Secret (-400): You would hardly wish to out yourself as a – witting or not – servant of the Ruinous Powers in any situation where that could be fatal, now would you? You can hide the corruption on your soul, even hiding your allegiance to one of the Dark Gods from even those who could ordinarily sniff it out, such as the Emperor of Man or the psychic sight of other potent psykers. You could be a mole in the ranks of your brothers or maybe hide the things you did for the greater good. Perhaps it would be wise to pretend that eye you traded away was simply lost.

Dark Fortune (-600): Chaos has appointed you in its Fates and the power of the Dark Gods is twisting destiny to ensure you will stay alive. You are blessed with unusual luck to avoid dying. Shots

that would have *just* got you will miss. A would-be fatal blow may stop just short of slaying you, leaving you incapacitated and gasping for life. This does not prevent someone from coming in to finish the job nor anything that would be impossible to survive no matter how much fate twists in your favour.

A Bad Influence (-600): Of course, raw charisma can only get you so far. Like it or not, swaying people to the side that runs off human sacrifice, corruption, insanity, and the certainty of damnation is never going to be an easy task. You, at least, can do it surprisingly well, from sowing the seeds of doubt to cultivating it into a betrayal of all they once stood for. Even creating cults behind a façade, such as "warrior lodges" that induct people into worship of the Ruinous Powers. And if you were to run across someone who simply cannot be persuaded to joining your side, you are very good at finding… other ways to sway them, like ensuring they'd be kept on death's doorstep and reliant on the healing of those very same cults to recover.

Apotheosis (-800, requires the same patron as Devotion if chosen): You've ascended to the rank of Daemon Primarch, shedding what remained of your humanity in the process. Of course, while the gulf between a Daemon Prince and a Chaos Space Marine is vast, the difference is definitely narrower for a Daemon Primarch and normal Primarch. Still, you get a few benefits out of it. Firstly, all Daemons come from a realm where reality melts like wax; as a result, you can imbue your blows with this, largely bypassing any hardness or physical armour as even the strongest protections find themselves dissolving against the power of the Immaterium. Secondly, as a Daemon Primarch you have been blessed with some form of flight, likely wings that you can summon and dismiss at will, and the rest of your form is highly variable. You are permitted to design your own form, from a larger and more daemonic version of yourself to a four-armed man-serpent. Thirdly, if you will it, anywhere you reside for any great period of time – such as a ship or your house – will take on distinctly daemonic traits. Walls become flesh, water turns into various questionable substances, and most importantly the whole thing seems *alive* and extremely hostile to intruders. Finally, as a Daemon, you are nigh-impossible to permanently kill. Your flesh is more like Warpstuff and tearing it apart is of little concern to you. Even if you are "slain", you will instead be banished back to the Warp unless destroyed by specific anti-Daemon weapons, where you will remain until someone is able to summon you or you find a way out on your own (such as through warpspace/realspace overlaps like the Eye of Terror). The exact nature of further gifts depends on your patron god. Note that you will <u>not</u> lose your free will or become little more than an appendage by purchasing your Daemon Prince ascension here.

- **Chaos Undivided:** As a prince of Chaos Undivided you have the most mutable form of them all. Changing your size, changing your shape, are all possible for you. Respec your combat abilities by growing or losing limbs, merge with your technology to turn into the ultimate Obliterator, the walking arsenal to end all arsenals.
- **Khorne:** Blood anchors you to this realm, even more than normal for Daemons. Bloodshed will anchor you to the material realm, in effect healing you, revitalizing you and allowing you to continue your rampage further. It does not even need to be blood shed by you personally, merely being shed near you will have the same effect. The blood must flow.
- **Tzeentch:** The warp holds no perils for those sworn to the God of Sorcery. Not only can you channel the powers of the Immaterium totally risk-free, you are exceptionally skilled at undoing the psychic powers of anyone foolish enough to try using them. This also protects your allies, for instance should you choose to tear open the veil between the Materium and Immaterium causing all who gaze upon the rift to drop dead, you will not accidentally destroy your own forces too.

- **Nurgle:** Your mere presence is death. You are surrounded by such a potent aura of decay only the most superhuman warriors could stand before you. You are a host of plagues, each one equivalent to the deadliest diseases from Grandfather Nurgle's garden. Even if your enemies can survive standing near you, a difficult prospect even for the transhuman Astartes, the innumerable filth and sickness that billows around like a foul mist will eat away at their vitality, making them an easy kill for you.
- **Slaanesh:** From Slaanesh you gain such an otherworldly grace and beauty. Your every act seems flawless and perfect, hypnotising beings who do not possess incredible strength of will to simply sit and watch as you artfully disembowel your way through their lines.

Items:

You receive 500 bonus CP to spend in this section only. Used, lost, or destroyed items respawn weekly.

Arms and Armour:

General Upgrades: These upgrades may be purchased for any armour, ranged weapon or melee weapon.

- **Master Crafted (free/-100);** The free level makes it a masterfully crafted design, a piece of machinery that could stand with the finest examples of a Legion's artifice. Armour is custom fitted just for you; weapons are designed to sit perfectly in your hands. Instead, it may be upgraded to be crafted by some of the finest artisans in existence; the Primarch Vulkan, the Fabricator-General of Mars, the Emperor of Man, or perhaps even yourself if you are built towards craftsmanship. Such an item is as close to perfection as (in)humanly possible from the tiniest details on upwards.
- **Import (free):** You may pick any weapon or armour from outside this jump to bring in and combine with any purchases you pick here as long as it is an appropriate purchase (a suit of armour to an armour purchase, for instance), applying the benefits that you purchase to it as well.
- **Combination (-50):** It is extremely common for a Primarch to have some sort of combi-weapon or weapons built into their armour. With this pick you may combine any two or more weapons or armour (whether purchased here or from outside the document) into a singular whole. Upgrades purchased for one will apply to all within reason.
- **Loyal (-50):** Not unknown among archaeotech weaponry, and occasionally weapons powered by Daemons though they tend to be actively malicious, is the ability to detect its user by some means and only serve the one it was designed to obey, in this case you. If anyone else is foolish enough to attempt to use it, it will turn on them and harm them in some fashion, typically by twisting around in their hands to strike them.

Armour:

Primarch Armour: The average Primarch (if there can be such a thing) wears armour that is similar to Power Armour scaled up to Primarch size. You are free to customise the aesthetics and strongly encouraged to, as no two Primarchs (except Alpharius/Omegon) wore similar armour. The following upgrades may be purchased for it:

- **Protection (+200/free/-50):** For +200 CP, your armour is as protective as Power Armour. The free level offers total bodily protection equivalent to Artificer armour, capable of shrugging off shots that would penetrate even Power armour, while the 50 CP level offers protection equivalent to that of Terminator armour, nigh invulnerable to most forms of attack at the small cost of being larger and bulkier than ever, barring further purchases here.
- **Conversion Field Generator (free, -100):** Your armour has a Conversion Field generator in it, which projects a moderately powerful personal-scale forcefield that converts kinetic energy into largely harmless flashes of light – this can blind an enemy foolish enough to try to strike you. Alternatively, you can have it contain a forcefield with a similar protection level as a

Conversion Field, in case you wish for a different function. For 100 CP, you can have your forcefield extend out to allies nearby yourself, granting them the same protection you share.

- **Bonus Suit (-50):** Perhaps you might wish to design yourself an exceptionally thick suit of armour for use in leading from the front under any battle conditions, while also owning a lighter armour designed to enable greater mobility. By purchasing this you gain an additional suit of armour and may apply any armour upgrades you purchase here to one or both of them.
- **Jump Pack (-50):** A jump pack is little more than a couple of turbines or jets powerful enough to lift a fully armoured Astartes off the ground that is attached to their back. Your armour has either an integral jump pack in it or a detachable one you may put on when you need to launch yourself over great distances. Should you lack the ability to fly you can use this to launch yourself all over the place, which offers excellent tactical mobility highly prized by Primarch and Astartes alike. Or, potentially, use it to brake during a high-altitude combat drop and land on the ground with your legs intact.
- **Lightweight (-50):** Yours is exceptionally light and flexible without compromising protection one iota. You can move around if it wasn't there moreso than normal, and even if it's as large and protective as Primarch-sized Terminator armour you will find it feels as light as air upon your skin.
- **Chem-proofed (-50):** Chemical and radiological weapons remain in widespread use, though the Legions usually detest such horrific and destructive warfare. With this purchase you have much less to fear from them, for your armour has been made nigh-impregnable to poison, radiological and chemical weapons in general, including the dreaded Phosphex.
- **Heatproofed (-50):** Your armour is exceptionally good at dispersing heat from incendiary, plasma and other such thermal weapons. Such weapons are known for their efficacy in burning straight through even the toughest suits of armour, yet now you have little reason to fear them.
- **Psy-Proofed (-100):** Perhaps through impregnating with wards against the supernatural, making it from anti-psychic materials of uncertain origin, or perhaps even more esoteric methods, your armour has been made extra resilient against non-physical attacks, such as psychic fire or even attempts to attack your mind.
- **Empyreal Construction (-100):** Your armour has been made, in part or in whole, out of Warpstuff and therefore acts in ways that cannot be exactly replicated by armour constrained by the Materium. Attacks that come from matter, as opposed to psychic attacks, will struggle to penetrate armour that does not wholly obey the laws of reality. You can reinforce this armour with your own psychic power to make it even more protective, as well as simply banish it into nothingness when it is not needed or summon it when it is. This makes putting it on much faster, and yet somehow it remains in existence in the presence of anti-psychic powers.
- **Assistant Servo-Mechanisms (-100):** Your armour holds a backpack, or something similar, containing an array of weaponry. With this purchase, you can effectively mount any human scale ranged weapons into your armour and fire them while your hands are already occupied, perhaps repairing damaged machinery or beating someone's head in with a great big hammer. Note that you may fire any number of mounted weapons at a time.
- **Command Centre (-100):** Your armour has an extensive array of communications devices and even a controller to be able to personally command mechanical troops while on the battlefield. With this armour you will be constantly fed a supply of information about what your troops are up to, letting you potentially micromanage your entire campaign directly from the front lines. This includes a nuncio-vox, both a beacon and communications device that

makes teleportation and orbital landing mishaps near yourself near-impossible as well as letting you give direct feedback to artillery units to greatly improve their targeting accuracy. It also includes a cognis-signum, an advanced device consisting of an array of sensory devices, telemetry arrays, and other cogitator-assisted communications devices that both greatly improve your ability to command even in the thick of a whirling melee and makes it easier to spot hidden soldiers.

- **Stealth Modifications (-100):** Your armour has been impregnated with Cameleoline, a refractive chemical substance that shifts colours to blend into the immediate area. This makes it surprisingly difficult to both spot you and accurately target you, which is probably exactly what you want.
- **Jamming (-100):** Your armour has automated systems that jam enemy communications and sensors. This will allow you a frightening level of stealth and mobility without any hostile eyes on your location. Furthermore, enemy teleport homers simply do not work around you, and attempts to bring in rapid reinforcements are extremely likely to result in… accidents.
- **Exothermic Field Generator (-100):** Your armour has a field that saps the kinetic and thermal energy from everything around you. It is effective against most weapons but extremely so against laser and plasma weaponry, functioning akin to a highly sophisticated forcefield.
- **Auric Armour (-150):** Your armour is fashioned from the same auric-adamantium alloy as the Emperor's Himself. This makes its construction material even more durable and resistant to damage than adamantium or ceramite, as well as giving it a snazzy natural golden colour, though you of course may choose any other colour to give it instead if for some reason you don't want a bitchin gold pimp armour.

Arms:

General Upgrades: These upgrades may be applied to any weapon in this section.

- **Lightweight (free):** Your weapon is merely sized closer to what a Space Marine would be comfortable wielding; you could wield a ranged weapon as a pistol or enable you to easily wield two melee weapons at once – though if an Astartes were to wield it for them it would be a full-sized weapon.
- **Bulky (-50, free with Brute Force):** Your weapon is so large, or perhaps just so heavy, that most of your brother Primarchs would have difficult wielding it; it is at very least the size of a fully-grown Astartes and weighs so much a lesser being than a Primarch would be nigh-incapable of simply lifting it, let alone using it as a weapon. If it's a melee weapon it will hit vastly harder from the increased height and momentum behind it, and if it's a ranged weapon you can expect it to spit out larger, grossly more destructive firepower.
- **Empyreal Construction (-50):** Your weapon has been made in part or in whole out of Warpstuff. You can banish it into nothingness when it is not needed or summon it when it is with a gesture, and curiously it is not unmade in the presence of anti-psykers either.
- **Dual (-50):** Two weapons are often better than one. After all, two guns means double the shooting and two knives means double the stabbing. With this, you can have two copies of the same weapon. Both weapons will have all upgrades you purchased, though you are permitted to only apply upgrades to one or the other.
- **Digital (-100, Not Melee):** Your weapon is incredibly tiny without sacrificing killing potential – small enough to fit into a ring, goggle or similar small device, yet remains easy to

use and losing none of its killing power. This is a classic way to have a small emergency weapon, or perhaps work a tiny gun into a melee weapon.

Melee Weapon (free): You have a melee weapon that may be anything from a knife, a spear, a hammer, a sword, or anything like that. By default, your weapon is so large and heavy that even a Space Marine would struggle to wield it, though of course you will likely find it easy to use. The following upgrades may be purchased for it:

- **Throwable (-50/-150):** Your weapon is particularly well balanced and designed to make it easy to throw. For an extra 100 CP, 150 total, you have a full brace of identical weapons so you may throw a bunch of them in rapid succession. All weapons carry all upgrades purchased here.
- **Shapeshifting (-50):** You can change a melee weapon into any kind of melee weapon you can imagine with a thought. Why choose a spear or a sword when you could have a spear that turns into a sword?
- **Chain (-50):** Chain weapons use whirling, rotating, monomolecular teeth to provide cutting power. They are a fusion of the principles of a chainsaw and a bladed weapon. Despite being known to lose teeth in the stress of combat, generally when used to parry other chain weapons, they produce some of the most horrific and devastating injuries when used against exposed flesh.
- **Shock (-50):** More primitive than power weapons but often found in maces and hammers, Shock weapons contain a small energy generator that enables the weapon to unleash a jolt of powerful electricity on contact. Shock weapons are known to enable nonlethally subduing their victim or frying them alive depending on the power they unleash.
- **Power (-100):** Power weapons are sheathed in a crackling field of energy that disrupts the molecular bonds of matter on contact; this enables a power weapon to in theory carve through even the very toughest armour possible, and on a Primarch scale is unlikely to ever meet any armour capable of resisting a solid blow.
- **Force (-100, free with Arch-Sorcerer):** Your weapon is a psycho-reactive Force weapon, designed to allow you to easily channel your (likely prodigious) psychic power into anything it strikes. Naturally, this means it is a more dangerous weapon the more potent your psychic powers are.
- **Fire Blade (-100):** Your weapon can generate incredible heat with ease. Enough to burn a hole straight through armoured ceramite and roast the unfortunate soldier alive within.
- **Moonsilver (-100):** Your weapon has the unusual property where it is at least twice as effective against Daemons, psykers and other beings tied to the Immaterium.
- **Graviton (-100):** Your weapon is constructed in a similar manner to the Grav-weapons of the Mechanicus, utilising gravitational technologies to significantly increase the force of impact it carries upon hit.
- **Daemon (Traitor only, -100):** Yours contains a powerful Daemon of Chaos. Being an intelligent weapon, it can move on its own, even in response to blows you hadn't noticed to protect you and strike down your foes. Unlike the one that possessed Fulgrim, this one is completely loyal to you and won't try to hijack your body or disobey your orders. But despite its loyalty, it is in every other regard a Daemon of Chaos formed into a blade. It is also naturally rather good at seeking out gaps in armour or the most vulnerable points in flesh.
- **Tears of Telesto (-200):** Your weapon can emit a blast of energy, torrent of incredible flames, or similar ranged blast, which can instantly vaporise all but the very greatest of creatures that

does not have your blood coursing in its veins, such as those descended directly from you or bearing your gene-seed.

- **Pale Blade (-200):** Your weapon shifts and flickers in and out of the material universe. It simply ignores any armour it touches, either phasing through it or tearing apart everything it touches at a molecular level. Flesh struck by it suffers ghastly bloodless wounds as flesh simply dissolves into oily smoke.
- **Fulgurite Blade (-200):** A terrible weapon formed of the Emperor's psychic lightning whittled down into a point, or perhaps into the end of a hammer. Its destructive ability is almost without par; when wielded by a Primarch, it is one of the only weapons capable of permanently killing even a Perpetual Primarch. Naturally, lesser creatures will likely die from a single cut.
- **Dionysian Blade (-300):** The Dionysian Spearn, also known as the Spear of Russ or Gungnir, was forged by the Emperor Himself during the Age of Strife. Now your weapon was forged in the same manner. It burns and shines with golden light with every strike against the corrupt and unclean that gives it the same devastating anti-Chaos qualities. It has the ability to enlighten people it hits, and even partially cleanse a corrupted Traitor Primarch, and though bringing one completely back from Chaos may require beating them to within an inch of their life, even a single strike will rend their soul apart and see them wracked with crippling doubts about their loyalties.

Bolter (free): The humble Bolter can be loaded up with ammunition for nearly any opponent. For this reason, it is a mainstay among the Legions and even some Primarchs, like Rogal Dorn, make use of the simple Bolter. Of course, a Bolter scaled up to Primarch size spits out shells that are much larger and deadlier, and capable of better armour penetration, than those available to the common Astartes, having more in common with their Heavy Bolters than their smaller cousins wielded by the Legiones Astartes.

- **Tandem (-50):** Also known as a combi-bolter, this is two bolters stuck together, the current technological precursor of what would later become the specialised design of the Storm Bolter in the aftermath of the Horus Heresy. Sticking two barrels side-by-side is a crude, yet remarkably effective way to double the Bolter's rate of fire.

Flamer (-50): The flamer is a weapon to project burning promethium over a distance. Vulkan of the Salamanders was known for favouring such weapons, although all Legions who expected close-range combat would use them.

- **Chem-Munitions (-50):** Favoured by Mortarion and the Death Guard, these weapons vomit forth a torrent of toxic sludge. It is almost as effective as phosphex in terms of pure destructiveness without its major downside; as phosphex is attracted to movement, putting it in a flamer is a generally terrible idea.

Sonic (-50): Sonic weapons use some form of destructive intense sounds or shockwaves to inflict serious harm. May take the physical appearance of a guitar or other musical instrument, as the Emperor's Children would soon wield en-masse. Rock on.

- **Shrieker (free):** Rather than being a wieldable weapon you may choose to have it mounted in your faceplace to allow you to amplify your voice many times over, letting you scream so much it would disorient anyone unfortunate enough to be nearby you.

Meltagun (-100): Melta-weapons use a concentrated beam that agitates sub-atomic particles to produce extreme temperatures, capable of vaporising even the heaviest armour with terrifying efficiency. As a result of their operation, they are very quiet weapons, aside from the noise of burning and vaporising metal they are almost completely silent to fire, and so find some use among stealth troops tasked to disable enemy vehicles. They are very common as specialist weapons, by virtue of their ease of construction and effectiveness against all armoured targets… as long as they get close enough. That is their biggest weakness; even the largest and heaviest melta-weapons have disappointingly short range and are typically most effective at under half of their maximum range. These weapons are generally extreme overkill against organic targets, though a Primarch is likely to shrug one off on account of their superhuman constitution.

Plasma Gun (-100): Firing superheated bolts of plasma, they are very much a take-all-comers weapon, capable of threatening heavy infantry and light infantry alike, as well as being capable of rapid-fire to handle groups of opponents. An ordinary man struck by a single bolt of plasma would be lucky to leave anything recognizable as human, more likely all that remains would be charred fragments and ash. Even Astartes clad in Terminator Armour must fear plasma bolts, for they are more than capable of burning holes through Tactical Dreadnought plating and frying the man inside. However, the major drawback is its *dangerously* unstable construction; overuse or supercharging plasma carries the risk of the weapon overheating and vaporising the user instead.

- **Phased-Plasma (-100):** Dating back from an era where plasma weaponry was far better understood, it is far more reliable than any plasma gun that can be produced in this Age of Darkness. This plasma gun simply does not overheat at all, no matter how much it is fired or overcharged, completely eliminating the major downside of plasma.
- **Soulfire Plasma (-100):** Soulfire Plasma burns with unearthly fury possibly derived from the Immaterium itself. Those rare few who are not instantly vaporized by the bolt of plasma find it lingering, attached to them and continually blazing away at their body until they too perish from its unnatural heat.

Archaeotech Pistol (-150): Something of a catchall for pistols using technology so advanced none alive today can manage to puzzle out how it works. It may fire laser beams, solid slugs, or more esoteric ammunition, but either way a single shot from this unassuming pistol is capable of vaporising a fully armoured Astartes. Perhaps if you managed to reverse-engineer it you could discover whatever forgotten knowledge from the Dark Age of Technology made such a compact weapon so deadly.

Graviton Gun (-150): Formerly a kind of tractor beam using forgotten technology before being militarized, these weapons unleash a "pulse" of projected gravity across a wide area, causing bones to shatter, armour plating to crack and even worse, leaving an area of distorted gravity in place for a while that becomes an invisible field of death that can tear apart anything foolish enough to enter.

- **Imploder (-50):** The simpler but oddly more lethal variant that will become far more common over the next ten thousand years, the Imploder concentrates the lethal gravitational waves into a single target, causing targets to implode under a collapsing gravitational field. This has the odd effect of being far more lethal the more armour the target is wearing; being crushed by the implosion of flak armour is vastly more survivable than being crushed by an imploding suit of Tactical Dreadnought Armour after all.

Conversion Beamer (-150): The Conversion Beamer is an esoteric gun that fires a beam (possibly of exotic or antimatter), that causes a subatomic implosion triggering the complete annihilation of its

target. It has extreme range, akin to dedicated artillery platforms, and the further the beam travels the more destructive it becomes at the terminal point. While the most fantastically lethal man-portable weapon available to the Legiones Astartes at long enough range, it has some fairly severe downsides. For one, at short ranges its destructive ability drops off sharply compared to at range, for another it does require the operator to stand perfectly still in the seconds it takes to fire, which can turn a hit into a miss against a mobile target, and finally the operation is so complex and advanced few outside of the Primarchs, heavily cybernetically-augmented Mechanicum or forbidden AI can hope to operate it effectively. Still, if you can master its downsides, the Conversion Beamer can and will annihilate infantry and heavy armour alike.

Volkite Gun (-150): This class of potent heat ray gun was once the standard-issue weapon of the Legiones Astartes, before the difficulty producing enough to fulfil demand resulted in its replacement with the Bolter and relegation to a specialist weapon, the Volkite still naturally sees plenty of use among the Primarchs who favour it. As weapons, they're largely superior to the Bolter, possessing both greatly improved killing power and its feared ability to deflagrate, whereby wounding someone with it is likely to cause secondary injuries to anyone around them as flesh and armour explodes in a violent jet of flames and charred tissue. As a result, they're horrifically effective against hordes of lightly armoured opponents, such as the Imperial Army or Orks. Its major downsides being that they generally lack range compared to the Bolter and they do not accept specialist ammunition like the Bolter. Still, for many the advantages are overwhelming compared to the downsides.

Allegiance Items:

Loyalists:

Talisman of Seven Hammers (-100): The Talisman of Seven Hammers will soon be crafted by Vulkan, briefly possessed by the Emperor's Spirit, to be set inside the Golden Throne and produce a trap for a final act of defiance to cripple Chaos and ensure that even should Terra fall, the Ruinous Powers shall not celebrate their victory. It takes the form of a simple talisman that produces psychic fire and is one of the few things that can *permanently* kill Daemons by taking in and magnifying psychic force fed into it. If you were to find a way to produce as much psychic power as the Golden Throne you could scour a whole planet clean of living and Neverborn alike, striking a grievous blow against Chaos. Unfortunately, it's consumed on use and incapable of directly targeting an enemy, making it effectively an anti-Daemon bomb.

The Labyrinth (-200): It is a constantly shifting maze of tunnels, bridges and automated systems built so complex even a Primarch would have difficulty puzzling it out. It will constantly change design in response to intruders, funnelling any attempt at invasion into automated guns and laser platforms capable of cracking open Custodian Armour. It can even internally change its gravity, forcing people to travel along the roof, walls or even be suspended in the air in artificial zero gravity. Of course, you know how to bypass the Labyrinth.

Aetos Dios (-400): After many attempts on the life of Rogal Dorn, he came up with this specialised Thunderhawk Gunship to carry him safely between battles. It is practically a flying Titan, carrying a Titan-grade Void Shield, enhanced armour protection, and a Turbo-Laser, making it near-impossible to shoot out of the sky and carrying punitive firepower, as well as a total transport space of thirty Astartes. It is extremely well-placed to carry you around safely.

Gene-Tech Vault (-600): This vault is the birthplace of the Primarchs in ages past. Its door may only be opened by the psychic signature of the Emperor (or yourself, and potentially anyone who can accurately mimic the Emperor's psychic signature though of course it gives no indication that is what is required). Though the original incubation chambers are cracked and broken, it contains records of the genetics of every Primarch. From this knowledge you could, in time and with study, recreate the creation of the Primarchs, the Custodes and the Astartes from the genetic legacy kept within. You could even use this knowledge to create some kind of gene-seed production line to mass-produce Astartes, or potentially perhaps even begin vat-growing legionaries en-masse.

Traitors:

The Book of Lorgar (-100): This forbidden tome is the original and purest revelations of Lorgar, the ones he only ever shared to his brother Primarchs, in such raw intensity that it lays out his entire philosophy and theology he had discovered untouched by any within his own ranks. There are few, if any, mortals who could read the whole revelations and still doubt the Primordial Truth of Chaos. For that is all he ever wanted, really, the Truth.

Anathame (-200): This blade, seemingly a flint sword with a golden hilt, is infused with the power of Nurgle and is far sharper and more resilient than its unassuming exterior would suggest. To speak the name of its target over the blade causes it to become targeted specifically towards that person, dripping all kinds of poisons and toxins tailored to their biology. It is even capable of laying low a Primarch, as some of the toxins it can produce will prevent the Primarch from healing themselves.

The Tormentor (-400): You possess an enormous Shadowsword tank that has been customised with Titan-scale Void Shields, enhanced armour protection, an even more powerful Volcano Cannon, command modifications to properly lead a Legion, and somehow enough space has been added to transport fifteen Astartes on top of that too. If a Shadowsword is not suitable for you, you can instead apply similar modifications to another Baneblade pattern, adding a Void Shield, command vehicle modifications, significantly enhanced main armament, and adding an extensive transport capacity.

Maugetar Stone (-600): This stone is an evil weapon from a forgotten age, acting similar to an anti-Soulstone. While Eldar Soulstones preserve souls, this one drains them. It can devour life and souls alike and turn the power within into your own. If you were to devour a chunk of the life of one of your own brothers, you will even amass enough energy to ascend to Daemonhood and render your brother permanently crippled to boot or use it for any other method you wish.

General Items:

You may discount a single item of each tier (100, 200, 400, and 600). Discounted 100 CP items are free instead.

Grenade Belt (free): A belt of grenades that contains a half dozen frag grenades. It may be upgraded with the following grenades and bombs:

- **Krak (free):** Krak grenades are similar to shaped charges. Primarchs rarely use them; they are more than capable of dealing similar damage to armoured vehicles with their bare hands and they are known to slice super-heavy tanks in half with a decent melee weapon. Still, if you want some you can take them here. Throwing them is always an option.

- **Blind (free):** Blind grenades produce smoke, infrared bafflers and chaff to disrupt sensors and even communications within the smoke. It makes for an excellent shroud to cover your exact location, prevent enemy soldiers from accurately pinpointing you, or just messing up his plans.
- **Shroud Bombs (-50):** Shroud bombs are defensive grenades that spew a dense shroud of smoke capable of near-perfectly foiling all forms of vision and sensors within the smoke. They are much more sophisticated than Blind grenades, and naturally somewhat rarer too.
- **Phosphex Bombs (-100):** Phosphex is a horrible incendiary weapon, so horrible even the Death Guard were loath to use it except under dire circumstances, and along with rad-weaponry was banned completely by the Salamanders. In its native form, it is an easily-combustible, incredibly corrosive and toxic gas that burns with an intense, bright light as it consumes all armour and flesh alike. It cannot be extinguished once lit by anything short of vacuum exposure. It is attracted to movement; those who try to flee from the deadly flames will find it stalking them, and for this reason it is occasionally called the "living flame". Not even rad weaponry can compare to how the byproducts of phosphex with pollute the environment so that nothing will ever naturally live there again.
- **Venom Spheres (-100):** Rumoured to be derived from xenos technology and *suspiciously similar* to Dark Eldar Splinter Weapons, these bombs contain crystalline toxic splinters that make them significantly more dangerous than regular frag grenades, both from the flying crystal splinters and the certainty of any injuries leading to poisoning.

Ornithopter (-50): A common form of transportation when a Primarch wants something more subtle or less hostile than an armed troop carrier. An ornithopter is capable of making brief void-trips (mostly between ships in orbit and planets). It's a whole Dune reference and looks like one too.

Cyber-Bio Adaptions (-100): When many of the Primarchs were recovered, they had founded bonds of friendship and (adopted) parentage. While many of these close kin were happy to accompany the Primarch on the Great Crusade, it was an unfortunate reality that some were simply too advanced in age to go through the process of turning a man into an Astartes. That's where this comes in, a combination therapy of bionics, drugs and special adaptive adjustments for Power Armour that can turn even a middle aged or older man into a warrior almost as effective in battle as a regular Space Marine, and importantly, can properly interface with Astartes armour.

Amulet of Mortality (-100): A simple and unassuming device, this amulet will conceal you as an ordinary person. Though psychic sight can defeat it, anyone else who looks at you will simply see someone the size and stature of a regular human being, instead of a towering demigod. It fools machine vision as well as normal vision too.

Pharos (-100): A psychic lighthouse of strange xenotech built from a mysterious material nobody quite understands, it allows a kind of Warp navigation without the Astronomicon. Rather than the Astronomicon pulsing out a "light" across the Warp, it illuminates a "beam" that points directly to someone's location, reading off conscious or subconscious desires. Overcharging it or exploring too deep within may draw the attention of creatures best left slumbering. You have been warned.

Sojutsu Pattern Voidbike (-100): The Sojutsu Pattern Voidbike is used by the White Scars legion, and superior to many voidbikes that came later on. Unlike others of its pattern, its powerful thrusters are capable of giving it true flight, unlike normal jetbikes that merely float. It is even capable of manoeuvring and fighting within the cold void of space, a trait that has resulted in the Imperium classifying it as an ultralight fighter rather than a jetbike.

Book of Jumper (-200/-300): You have a book, one that contains your entire knowledge about one specific topic, from anything from sorcery to warfare or the art of slaughter itself. It constantly shifts and expands every time your sum total knowledge of the topic similarly expands. For an additional 100 CP (50 CP if you used your floating discount on the Book of Jumper), you have a number of books, one for every topic you possess any knowledge of, that all shift and expand likewise as your knowledge about their subjects expand.

Arcane Portents (-200): The Arcane Portents are used by the Thousand Sons to minimise the risk of touching the Warp, as the legacy of the Flesh-Change looms heavily over each and every one of them. This one-use item will immediately stop you suffering a single bit of backlash or otherwise negative consequences from drawing on the Warp. You have five of them.

Necrodermis Hands (-200): Necrodermis, living metal with strange regenerative abilities, has bound itself to your hands. With this you need no hand protection to work in a forge and can even shape molten metal by hand. The dexterity and fine control over your project this offers makes it vastly easier to make finely crafted wonders of technology. As well as having the benefit of extremely durable, regenerating metal armour bonded to your hands in general – no need for gauntlets for you. Of course, getting punched by a Primarch with metal hands really hurts too; your unarmed attacks are even more devastating than your brothers' with this.

Personal Void Harness (-400): This device projects a personal-scale Void Shield, similar to that which protects Titans and Voidships from enemy fire, in a large radius around you. Though scaled down from the aforementioned versions, it provides enough protection to make you and a full squad of soldiers nigh impervious to anything short of repeated fire from dedicated anti-tank weaponry. Or Titan-grade armaments.

Teleportation Matrix (-400): The teleportation matrix is a device that can allow you to teleport anywhere in a distance roughly covering an entire world, including teleporting from orbit down to the battlefield, without any of the normal risks of teleportation, such as arriving vastly off-course. This device was popular among those Primarchs who wished to teleport into battle.

Heart of Iron (-400): According to legend, this piece of archaeotech was given to Ferrus Manus in a dream by a ghost. It can regenerate any injury at all, even those so severe that an Astartes would ordinarily be killed or interred in a Dreadnought sarcophagus and placing it inside a stasis field does nothing more than slow its healing down. However, it does so by painfully feeding upon the life force of anyone it is applied to, which naturally means it cannot heal those already dead.

Sangprimus Portum (-600): An ancient artifact said to predate the Imperium itself, it contains the genetic material harvested from of all twenty(-one/two) Primarchs used to create the original Space Marine Legions, naturally including yourself. This DNA is purer and more potent than any found in any existing Space Marines and can easily accept far more modifications and improvements. Perhaps you could use this to create a whole new breed of Astartes, better than the old in every way.

Dark Glass (-600): Within a hollow, planet-sized shell of reflective material lies an early prototype of the Imperial Webway Project. It contains a throne, similar to the Golden Throne on Terra, which any psychically gifted individual can seat themselves upon and open a door into the Webway. By studying this you can most likely understand how the miracle of the Imperial Webway was constructed, and perhaps even create your own Webway portals in future worlds without them.

Custom Stormbird (-600): Closer to a flying Titan than any of its smaller contemporaries, the Stormbird Gunship was designed to transport, depending on the variation, fifty to a hundred Astartes at once with room to spare. Or in theory, even a super-heavy tank. Not only that, it carries multiple Void Shields, making it largely impervious to anything short of Titan-killing weapons, as well as some of the most durable armour of the Great Crusade, bristling with four twin-linked Lascannons, three twin-linked Heavy Bolters, and six powerful Dreadstrike missiles. Naturally, several Primarchs customised their own Stormbirds to produce the finest assault craft in the entire Legion, and by taking this purchase you have as well. You may freely mix up the aesthetics of your Stormbird, even completely redesigning its shape.

Companions:

Not the Primarch After All (free): Would you rather take the place of a humble Astartes while your friend becomes your own father? Very well. One of your companions is the Primarch instead. They receive any purchases in this document and command over the Legion. You instead may freely take the place of any Astartes in your companion's Legion.

Companion (-100): For 100 CP you may choose to bring along one consenting person from here as a companion. They will respawn within a month should anything happen to them.

Imports (free): You may freely import any number of companions to be members of your Legion, gaining the skills and optionally background memories of people in their imported positions as necessary.

Twin (-300): You have a twin, possibly identical. Indeed, your twin is your equal in every way; they also have every purchase you took in this jump document (except for the Legion, which you co-lead). You have a mental link with your twin, being vaguely aware of their whereabouts and health at all times. You may instead choose to import a companion into this position.

Socks (-50): You have a cat who volunteered to come with you, a domestic animal from Terra known to be kept as pets as far into the future as the 41st millennium. She is a black cat with white paws, hence her name, severe jealousy towards other felines, no fear of strangers and a deep need for constant human attention. The downside is, her hearing is *very* sharp and *will* come running to your side if you rustle anything that might possibly be food. If anything happens to her, she will infallibly come back to annoy you again the next time you try to sleep or after a week, whichever comes sooner.



General Drawbacks:

Early Start (+0, incompatible with scenarios): If you wish to begin early and do not wish to take any scenarios, with this drawback you may opt to begin at any point up to the moment your pod crash landed on your world.

Eternal War (+0): You may stay longer than ten years, whether you wish to be here for eleven or ten thousand. Take as long as you need.

Primarch Replacement (+0): Rather than being one of the Lost, are you eyeing Horus' place, or perhaps Sanguinius'? With this drawback, you may replace any existing Primarch instead of being the 2nd or 11th.

In-Universe Propaganda (+0): With a subject as shrouded in myth and legend as the Horus Heresy, it is inevitable that many details would be contradictory even before the bias and writing ability of individual authors is taken under consideration. With this drawback, you can pick and choose which piece of contradictory information, sudden out-of-character moments, and terrible retcons are actually just in-universe propaganda. You are expressly permitted to use this to ignore any sudden new retcons inspired by any mommy issues, daddy issues, or childhood traumas among the writers for Black Library. Note that using this to nerf the Legiones Astartes down to 10,000 Marines will reduce your own the same amount, as will similar attempts to reduce the overall danger of the Heresy.

Honest (+100): You cannot tell a lie and are bad at anything involving deception in general. Honesty is an admirable virtue, though a terrible flaw in warfare as you will find it hard to deceive your foes about anything. On the bright side, it's unlikely your word will be doubted since your pathological honesty will be noticed fast.

Grudges (+100): One other Primarchs hates you. You and your whole legion. They will be gunning directly to cause as much pain and suffering against you as possible finally capped off with your death. You aren't *guaranteed* to have to fight them, but they will do their damnedest to ensure you are killed. Don't think taking a Primarch on the same side will save you either; there's plenty of room to have someone denounced and killed or assassinated even when you're supposedly allies. This may be taken multiple times, but Alpharius/Omegon counts as one Primarch

Humanity Magnified (+100): The Primarchs reflect mankind in their own way. As they are the greatest of man, so too are their virtues are exaggerated as much as their flaws. For you, all your character traits here will be similarly magnified and turned to an extreme. A kind heart will turn into one overflowing with compassion. A short temper will turn into brutally violent outbursts. A desire to perfect your skills will turn into an intolerance for any minor flaws. Consider <u>every</u> personality trait you have dialled up to max with this drawback.

Abrasive (+100): You need to work on your people skills. Because you don't have any. At all. Not even the slightest drip of charisma. You say exactly what's on your mind and you say it in the bluntest, most brusque way possible. Some people might appreciate your direct manner of speaking, others will get annoyed about what is essentially a brutally direct manner of speaking. Mostly the latter. Take with Honest if you want to spend your whole jump here being honest about everything in the worst possible way.

Galaxy's Best/Worst Dad (+100): Would you like an extra challenge? Perhaps the Emperor decided one of his sons really did need therapy after all. Perhaps Emps did some more inexplicable

superdickery that, predictably, ended in his son betraying him. One extra Primarch turns to the opposite side to the one you are on, either falling to Chaos or remaining loyal instead. This may be taken multiple times but Alpharius/Omegon counts as one Primarch.

Unfortunate Name (+100): Manass, Rowboat Girlyman, fans like to give embarrassing names to the Primarchs. Unfortunately, yours seems to have stuck in this universe as well. An embarrassing nickname (which you will absolutely hate) is all people can refer you to. It just rolls off the tongue more naturally than your real name.

Constantly Shown Up (+200): Ah, like Perturabo and Dorn, there is a Primarch who is, not to put a too fine point on it, better than you. Anything you can do, they can do better and will receive all the applause for it, while you get the cold shoulder. Even now, during the Heresy, they're on the opposite side and doing everything you do *better*. It's enough to drive a man to rage the likes of which Khorne might even notice. The only redeeming factor is that this only applies to in-jump purchases; they and their Legion do not share any out of context abilities you do. They are merely better than you at anything you buy here. And will rub it in your face over and over and over again, even if they didn't even mean to.

This Is Why You Were Purged (+200): Decades ago, you and one of your brothers did something utterly heinous. So horrible, so awful that the Primarchs together were unanimous that you needed to be eradicated and all memories of you destroyed. Only through the mercy of the Emperor and Malcador (mostly Malcador) are you still… existing today. Though your brothers have since had all memories of exactly what you did erased, even the Traitors would gladly see you annihilated if they ever learnt what it was you did and are unlikely to be able to restrain themselves from executing your sentence. You probably shouldn't remind anyone just what you did.

Night Haunter (+200): You have a second personality that's a very dark, homicidally insane version of yourself. Every so often, randomly but more commonly the more emotional stress you suffer, it takes over yourself and causes mayhem. Fortunately, you and your other self are relatively united in goals, but your alternate self has different methods (usually involving flaying, torture, and terrorising people in general). If you're *that* kind of jumper, for whom any crime against humanity or nature is an enjoyable pastime, your alternate personality is instead a kind and benevolent sort who wants only the best for everyone and is likely to spoil any atrocities you may be committing.

Prime-Jobber (+200): Good news: You're guaranteed to survive all duels with your brother Primarchs. Bad news: That's because every duel you have will end in a humiliating loss and getting dragged away to safety by someone else. Worse, you're completely unaware of this drawback and will confidently seek out your brothers on the battlefield, only to suffer yet another humiliating defeat and getting saved by someone more competent. This drawback only affects duels with fellow Primarchs, it does nothing for any battles with, for instance, Greater Daemons, the Emperor of Mankind, Knights, Titans, or swarms of Astartes or Custodes.

Cannot See The Other Shore (+200, incompatible with The Future is Fixed): Perhaps by the direct attention of the Chaos Gods, perhaps the Emperor, or perhaps through other effects of the Immaterium, you cannot rely on any attempts to divine the future or even use your out-of-universe knowledge about the Horus Heresy. Your attempts to find out how the Heresy will go simply fails you.

Manlet Marine (+200/+400): There must have been a serious error in your design, or was this all just as planned? In any case, you are noticeably shorter and weaker than the average Primarch, occupying about halfway between an Astartes and Primarch in stature and physical abilities – perhaps closer to

the average Adeptus Custodes than a true Primarch. For an additional +200 CP, you are as short and weak as a Space Marine.

Shattered (+300): Ah, this is a little unfortunate. See, somehow, you've been shattered into many, many pieces, with your powers, abilities and personality divided up among them. You, currently, are the largest "whole" piece of yourself, but you've suffered quite the loss in strength. You'll have to find and collect all the pieces of yourself – that have been scattered all across the galaxy – to restore yourself to full power. Fortunately, you do not *have* to, as you will not fail your chain or lose anything permanently by not gathering up all your shards, but it certainly will not help your chances of surviving the Heresy.

The Future is Fixed (+300, incompatible with Cannot See The Other Shore): You knew how this Heresy would end, didn't you? The Emperor crippled, Horus dead, Traitors fleeing the Imperium which would spend ten thousand more years stagnating and decaying into a crude parody of the Emperor's vision. You're so certain this is the future; you cannot be convinced the future can be changed. You will throw yourself into the future you *know* is set in stone, doing the best to ensure that future comes to pass while telling yourself you never had a choice. Perhaps some truly unexpected event will shake your belief that you are simply a puppet dancing on the strings of fate… or perhaps not.

No Brakes on the Bad End Train (+300, incompatible with Galaxy's Best/Worst Dad): No matter what you try, your time here will see the Chaos legions splinter into warbands, their Primarchs dead or no longer caring about the Materium, the Loyalist Legions forced into breaking up into chapters, the Imperium as politically crippled as its Emperor, and several Primarchs dying, the remainder stripped of their political authority. The Mechanicus will lose its brightest minds and all hope of progressing technologically while the Dark Mechanicum will delve further into insanity. You will suffer a pyrrhic victory at best, and at worst your name will be added to the ranks of those who were lost at the dawn of the Age of Darkness.

Daemon-Possessed (+600): Your body has been taken over by a Daemon of Chaos while you are confined to a painting. Your ability to influence the material world is extremely limited, though perhaps there is a way to trick the Daemon into switching places with you. If you don't get your body back, it will be treated as you choosing to stay instead of continuing your chain. The only silver lining is that you potentially have years to study and practice to find a way out. All the while the Daemon will be running around in your body doing typical Daemon things.

Butcher's Nails (+600): You have the Butcher's Nails stuck in your head; an ancient torture device repurposed into a tool of cruel gladiator slaveowners. You feel terrible pain every moment you are not angry or killing, they prevent you from exercising any of your psychic powers and drive you into a pain-driven rage if psychic powers are even used near you. Every emotion is dulled outside of battle and only when fighting are you allowed a drip of happiness. Only tremendous willpower will prevent you from slipping into a constant berserker, teamkilling rage. Worse, this torture-device slowly kills its bearer, and unless you can somehow find a cure to it or at least halt the creeping nervous degeneration you too will perish before the end of the decade as the Nails slowly tear apart your brain, hijack your muscles, and choke you in your own blood.

Your Legion:

Yours is either the 2rd or 11th Legion by default unless you take the drawback to replace a specific Primarch. You receive 1000 Legion Points to build your Legion and may transfer Crusade Points to your Legion at a 1:1 ratio. The Heresy was, in many ways, an attritional war ultimately won by the side that could pool the greater resources and burn the most valuable worlds of the other side; because of this your purchases here will not respawn until the start of a new jump. If you need to rebuild an army fast, your options are limited to what you can pull from your home system. They will respawn after your chain every ten years.

Note that as the father of the Legion, your Astartes will by default hold unquestioning loyalty to you unto death. It is a loyalty that goes even deeper than simple ideas, something in the very gene-seed of the Astartes will make them recognise you and instinctively obey you. Only complete and utter incompetence, regularly killing your own men, and deliberately abandoning them repeatedly combined might shake this; otherwise those who question your leadership will be nothing more than a tiny minority as a whole.

Homeworld:

Here is what your legion can ultimately call its own. Your homeworld may be any world the Imperium owns, including worlds already existing in canon, though it may not be within the Solar System or the homeworld of a different Legion unless you are replacing that Primarch. You combine any planetary upgrades into singular worlds (ie. create a world that is both a near-Forge World and a Hive World at once) as long as it makes coherent sense.

Planetary Aesthetics (free): You may customise the general aesthetic of a planet and its inhabitants within reason. Across the worlds of the Primarchs there's planets of everything, from bright and happy Space Romans and Space Egyptians, to worlds locked in permanent night where people scowl a lot.

World Imports (free): Already have some planets? With this you can merge any planets you own with your purchases here, importing a world to combine with any world you would otherwise receive.

Systems (free/-200/-400): Every Legion begins with at least one solar system to call their own. At the free level, this is just a single system with a population that is likely around the low billions. At 200 LP, this is 250 systems and a population in the trillions, a large amount but a drop in the Imperial pond. At the highest level, 400 LP, yours is the equal of the Realm of Ultramar; five hundred systems are yours with somewhere in the realm of five hundred inhabited worlds between them and a population that is likely well into the trillions of lives even without any further purchases here. Guilliman was able to turn Ultramar into a smaller Imperium when contact with Terra was severed by the Ruinstorm, and so could you. It is assumed that any such realm will, regardless of further purchases, possess at least enough agricultural and industrial production to keep itself self-sufficient.

Expanded Voidyards (-100): You have unusually large voidyards, potentially scattered around your system(s) or concentrated into one large location. The minor problem with this is that even a single battleship generally takes decades to produce, and some ships are known for taking lifetimes from laying down to launch. However, your realm is entirely self-sufficient in terms of ship production and can, for what it's worth.

Almost-Forge Worlds (-200): Your system, or systems, has worlds that would be qualified for the status of Forge Worlds if only they were not directly subordinate to you; such a close relationship outside the Mechanicus can prove fatal to any chances of an industrialised world being granted the full rights and privileges of a Forge World. Yet all the same, they possess the full manufacturing capabilities of an entire world given over to the pure industrial production the Cult Mechanicus is so famous for.

Hive Worlds (-100): Within the Imperium lies worlds so large that utterly vast city-hives that stretch from the ground to the upper atmosphere are required to house the entire population – numbers of up to five hundred billion in a single world are not unheard of though they are more commonly found at around a "mere" hundred billion souls and rarely dip below five billion souls per hive on the world. The number of Hive Worlds you possess depends on the size of your recruiting worlds; one for the first level, up to 50 for the second, and up to 125 for the third. This by necessity includes at least one, potentially several Agri-Worlds – worlds given over entirely to agriculture – per Hive World simply to feed the teeming masses. The major downside to Hive Worlds is that their own immense population to keep track of produces so much bureaucratic strain that it almost inevitably results in a vast lawless underhive where the lower class citizens including mutants and are relegated to, where justice largely only exists at the power of armed gangs and security forces rarely, if ever, tread. The harsh conditions of the underhive and the gangs there are known to produce excellent potential recruits for the Astartes and quite a lot of them too.

Animal Auxilia (-50): Your homeworld has a great quantity of large, savage animals that can even keep up with Astartes – and mercifully are capable of being trained to follow Marines into battle. Being able to throw your wolves against the enemy does help massage Astartes casualties down not to mention pad out your forces with large, ferocious monsters.

Pleasure Worlds (-50): Before the Emperor recovered the Primarchs, all but Angron had conquered their homeworld. Most of those left their worlds better than they'd found them in some way, through using their superhuman genius to rule with fairness and diligence beyond the capabilities of lesser men, whether perhaps by building great public works, showing great care for even the littlest man on their world, or just by terrorising the crime out of society. A couple managed to transform their worlds so comprehensively they could only be considered a paradise, even compared to what had come before. Your systems now share in this. Even seen through the Great Ocean, your world is a bright constellation where positive emotions dominate. This doesn't improve your Legion much, if at all, but maybe you want your worlds to be the closest thing to a utopia in the grim darkness of the far future.

Psychic Paradise (-100): Your world or worlds is a place where Psykers are not only roaming free without fear, but thoroughly accepted and well-educated on both the dangers of the Immaterium and the safe applications of their powers. Furthermore, your world has likely amassed a treasure trove of wisdom on the Immaterium – though unlikely to be of much use to a psyker as great as yourself, such knowledge is invaluable for mortals who wish to safely study the Great Ocean. Any psykers raised from here – including the Librarians of your Legion – are likely to be both highly skilled and unafraid to use their powers.

Death World (-100): Your world or worlds is home to fantastically lethal wildlife, possibly even warp-beasts. Your Marines are even more hardened fighters than normal out of necessity and particularly alert for danger, as one needs to be when nearly everything on the planet wants them dead.

Toxic World (-100): Your homeworld or primary recruiting world is, to put it bluntly, a world humans have no business trying to live on. Constant exposure to the toxic atmosphere of your homeworld from a young age has given your Legion a remarkable resistance to chemical and biological weapons, making them the prime candidates for exactly that kind of warfare.

Planetary Defence Forces (free/-100): The free level is close to "standard" for local forces; good against pirates and lightly armed rebels, possibly able to hold off the occasional xenos raid, but needing Legion support for anything more substantial. The upgraded level is closer to the Prospero Spireguard or the Ultramar Auxilia, capable of standing on their own against the elite of the Imperial Army and, while unlikely to hold off a full-scale attack from one of the Legiones Astartes, they will make for a highly competent supporting force against invasion. Not to mention that their presence guarantees that any force planning to take your world will have to bring a much more significant force of their own than they would otherwise need. They are also quite competent at constructing large-scale fortifications if needed.

Special Resources (-100): Your world/s have some extremely large deposits of minerals like Adamantium, or perhaps similar to the esoteric crystals used in the construction of Helfrost weapons. Regardless, your world/s also comes with the technology to extract and refine it into useable materials.

Daemon World (-300, requires Apotheosis): A Daemon World is what happens when the influence of the Immaterium becomes severe enough to pervade everything with the touch of the Warp. Physics and reality go out the window on a Daemon World, which are known to have constantly shifting environments, or even be alive and conscious. This world can be reshaped at-will by yourself and also by the collective unconsciousness of everyone living upon it into practically any form you can imagine. From worlds where the terrain is alive, where the entire planet is a living creature and more, it needs not obey any laws of physics nor reason. Of course this naturally makes them highly difficult to invade as well.

Fleet:

Fleet Logistics (free): You have enough support ships, transports, fuelling ships and other logistical vessels to transport your entire legion, keep it resupplied and combat-effective in the field. Most dreadfully, your fleet also has a supply of Cyclonic Torpedoes, Virus Bombs and Modalis-Class Atmospheric Missiles, each one of which capable of spelling doom to an entire world. Such weapons are not to be used lightly, as the planet thereon is rendered so totally uninhabitable it is near-impossible to terraform back to sustaining a biosphere. And be warned, even planet-killing weaponry is not guaranteed to wipe out armies of Astartes at once. Ships are largely crewed by mortals and servitors, with Astartes coming along as shock troops, boarding parties and counter-borders, and of course, planetary assaulters.

Fleet Assets (first free, then -50): Each purchase will give you 50 Battle Barges (capital ships handed over to the Legiones Astartes) comprising a mix of Battleships (not the Gloriana-class or other similarly super-battleships), Grand Cruisers, Battlecruisers, Heavy Cruisers and regular Cruisers. It also comes with 200 escort vessels which are a mixture of Light Cruisers and lighter ships. You are permitted to select any classes of vessel used during this time period for the fleet. Ships in excess of this number will not respawn but ones you have handed over to your Legion to be crewed by them will still come along with their crew as followers.

Fleet Imports (free): Already have your own ships? With this pick you can merge them with anything you purchase here by importing a ship to fulfil the role of another ship you'd otherwise receive.

Gloriana Class (first free, then -100): Every Legion gets one Gloriana-class battleship, a 20-26km long battleship bristling with guns. No two Glorianas are alike; each one was heavily customised by the Primarch who owned it and you may freely design it within reason. Few warships alone can hope to duel one; only the traitor-built Abyss-class battleships and a few space fortresses are larger or heavily armed than a Gloriana, and the only real way standard naval vessels could overwhelm one is through weight of numbers alone. Naturally you are permitted to customise its aesthetic and armament within reason.

Abyss-class Battleship (-200): These monstrous vessels eclipse even the Gloriana-class Battleships and rival the Phalanx in raw firepower. Its armour plating is so thick there are few naval weapons that could possibly penetrate it, as even battleship-sized lances and laser batteries would struggle to make a serious impact. They have highly destructive experimental weaponry, such as plasma lances and psionic mines, the rest of the Imperium has yet to acquire, and comes with an extra thousand Astartes at a minimum simply to staff the ship and oversee the teams of mortals who labor inside this city-sized super-battleship. You may alternatively create a different kind of "super battleship" with this that has similar characteristics to the Abyss-class. May be purchased multiple times for multiple vessels.

Phalanx (-200): You have your own spaceborn vessel loosely equivalent to the Phalanx, a massive spaceborn fortress dating from the Dark Age of Technology the size of a moon that can hold your entire legion and a not insignificant portion of its fleet assets as well. It is so well armed that on every conceivable angle of attack it bristles with more batteries and torpedo tubes than an entire standard battleship could muster. It is more than capable of Warp travel and can be used as a flagship or just put in orbit as a titanic battlestation large enough to hold its own ecosystem and atmosphere.

Master Voidsmen (-200): Your Legion excels at naval warfare. Both mortal crews and Astartes spend vast amounts of time constantly drilling for void battles, practicing gunnery drills, boarding actions, manoeuvres, communications and everything else your fleet officers can imagine. When it comes to boarding actions, both launching and repelling them, your Legion are among the finest at that craft as their extremely extensive training allows them to get a leg up even over other Astartes. You will find that in the arena of naval combat, your Legion will punch far above its own weight.

Armour:

Mark II "Crusade" (+200): The earliest model of Power Armour sent out to the Space Marine Legions. It earned its name from its design goal to outfit the early Astartes Legions of the Great Crusade with Power Armour. It shields the entire Space Marine in a thick layer of ceramite that contains life support facilities suitable for operation within the void of deep space or most toxic planetary environments. By the standards of modern (Mk. IV to VI) Power Armour, it is exceedingly primitive, although of course as Power Armour far from useless. Like all Power Armour, it is like a second skin to the wearer and seems barely there are all, allowing an Astartes to fight in a thick, bulky suit as if they were practically naked. Unfortunately, it is notoriously tedious to produce and repair, and for this reason as much as any other was already on its way out by the time the Horus Heresy erupted.

Mark III "Iron" (+100): Depending on the source, this model of Power Armour was either designed to deal with the cramped environments of boarding enemy ships or the campaigns against the Squats near the galactic core. Its legacy of being designed as a suit for fighting in close quarters and cramped tunnels is very obvious; it is very noisy, heavy, uncomfortable and nearly useless at stealth, but it has near-unrivalled frontal protection that exceeds any other currently existing mark of Power Armour. It has one job to do and it does it better than any other. Its greater protection and famous, highly distinctive appearance, plus the difficulty of ensuring better supply lines, ensured it remained in use throughout the whole Heresy and beyond, though somewhat obsoleted in its primary purpose by the development of Terminator armour that would be used in many roles previously relegated to the Mark III.

Mark IV "Maximus" (free): By the time of the Horus Heresy, the Marks II and III Power Armour was slowly being phased out by the more modern and sophisticated Mark IV Power Armour. It offers roughly the same protection as Crusade armour but manages to be even lighter and more mobile due to a significantly improved design. Not only this, it also contains more sophisticated sensors capable of more advanced feedback into the Astartes equipped in the suit. It is also much easier to repair than earlier marks, due to a general lack of interlocking plates and a more simplified, easier to produce and repair design.

Mark V "Heresy" (+100): As the Heresy wore on, continued supply disruptions forced the necessity of producing a far more modular, flexible armour pattern that could accept nearly any replacement parts scavenged from the battlefield. This resulted in the introduction of the Mark V pattern, which was designed from the ground up to be as flexible as possible in accepting replacement parts. Its most distinctive feature is its molecular bonding studs that were designed to hold the layers of plasteel and ceramite together.

Mark VI "Corvus" (free): The Mark VI would become iconic for its pronounced "beak" in the helmet, which contained a large number of additional sensors offering unparalleled tactical feedback for the bearer. Though it made compromises in armour protection – being only as protective as the Mark IV at very best, its lightweight, quiet design and constant feedback of invaluable tactical data from the sensors embedded in the suit ensured many would treasure this design, especially those Legions who relied upon stealth or manoeuvre warfare. Furthermore, it managed to be extremely light and stealthy for Power Armour, more so than any prior mark and the post-Heresy Mark VII too, which only further added to its appeal to those who approached warfare from a stealthy perspective. It became especially associated with the XIX Legion – the Raven Guard – as it meshed extremely well with that Legion's doctrine and the advantages were considered well worth the drawbacks to reduced protection. Try not to think about how the Mark VI technically predated the Mark V too hard.

Equipment:

Combat Load (free): Your Legion has a full supply of all the necessary tools of warfare making them equipped about average for a Legion. Further purchases from this section will build upon it.

Bolters (free): Your Legion has a substantial supply of Bolters and a small supply of the, unfortunately generally rare, specialised ammunition for Bolters too. All purchases of extra ammunition here grant your Legion enough of a supply to outfit all of its specialists and a good portion of its regular Marines with those specialist shells.

- **Asphyx Shells (-100):** Crafted from psycho-reactive toxins of unknown origins, these bolt rounds are capable of creating even more grievous and destructive wounds upon flesh, even by the standards of regular Bolter rounds.
- **Banestrike Rounds (-100):** Banestrike rounds are specialised anti-Astartes rounds that can crack even Power Armour with ease. The unfortunate downside of these rounds is that the higher pressures and greater mechanical stresses degrades the Bolter far faster than normal Bolter rounds and inevitably lead to shorter operating range, but it is clearly worth it against troops armoured enough that even regular Bolter rounds cannot reliably penetrate. That is to say, every Space Marine.
- **Molecular Acid Shells (-50):** Another little-understood science, these Heavy Bolter (and larger) rounds can grossly improve its ability to penetrate Power Armour and consume the flesh of anything inside it.
- **Shrapnel Bolts (-50):** Developed to improve the anti-personnel effects of Heavy Bolter rounds, Shrapnel Bolts replace its armour penetration capabilities with more explosives and a dense flechette cluster. They detonate on impact, unlike most Bolter rounds, and so can fill the air with flying metal fragments even easier than regular bolter rounds – convincing most things with sense to put their heads down and stay down.

Jump Packs (-100): Ordinarily, your Legion would have plenty of jump packs on its own to field a decent-sized complement of jump infantry. But, if this is not enough, you may take this option to grant you enough jump packs for every Marine in your Legion, in case you wished to get into rapid assault range fast. Your Legion is likely capable of a mass assault drop on a scale other Legions would struggle to rival. Descend from the heavens like a host of angels.

Volkite Weapons (-100/-300): Volkite weapons are like science fiction heat rays, able to under certain circumstances burn through even the thick layers of ceramite surrounding Power Armour, producing horrendous injuries far beyond the Bolter on organic material and with a unique ability to deflagrate – essentially multiplying injuries as even minor wounds blaze outwards. During the early days of the Great Crusade, every Space Marine was given a Volkite weapon, but as the wars drew on, the logistical challenges of procuring enough highly expensive and difficult to build weapons ultimately caused a switch to the easier to produce and ultimately more tactically flexible Bolter by the time of the Horus Heresy, with Volkite weapons relegated to rare specialist weapons. By purchasing this, however, your Legion has managed to produce or preserve an unusually great number of Volkite weaponry. At the first level, your Legion has managed to preserve – or acquire – a tremendous amount of Volkite weapons, even among other Legions. You could easily put multiple in every squad you possess. At the second level, your Legion almost resembles something from the early days of the Great Crusade, before the bolter supplanted the Volkite weapon.

Specialist Weapons (-100): Many legions became famous not simply for their Your legion has an unusually great supply of one kind of specialist weapon, more than enough to hand out to every single specialist weapon carrier and attach to every vehicle they possess. As a side benefit, your Legion is significantly more experienced in their proper usage than normal and are skilled at getting the most out of them. This may be purchased only once.

- **Plasma:** The versatility and power of plasma guns has ensured some Legions, like the Dark Angels, would use these weapons extensively. Few infantry can survive a direct hit from a plasma gun and light, even medium vehicles are at risk to concentrated plasma fire. However, they are infamous for overheating in combat and venting hot plasma all over the bearer, which is a very significant drawback despite the versatility and power of plasma guns.

- **Graviton Guns:** The arcane science behind graviton guns causes them to wreak havoc with armoured vehicles and create patches of terrain where gravity functions in bizarre and generally very dangerous ways. This is very efficient at preventing armoured thrusts or shock charges before they can even happen, opening up enemy forces to yet more punishing ranged fire.
- **Incendiaries:** Flamers and Meltas are a pair of extremely short-ranged weapons that spray out a gout of flames in the former and deadly heat rays able to reduce even a Terminator to ashes and blaze through all but the toughest armoured vehicles. This purchase optionally includes enough of the (in)famous inferno pistol for all your officers, an ultra-short-ranged melta pistol commonly associated with the Blood Angels., or the hand flamer, a flamer the size of a pistol. Legions that favour heat-based weapons are likely to prefer getting up close and personal to unleash hell.
- **RBC:** In most Legions, radiological, biological, and chemical weapons were restricted to select Legion Destroyer teams, who often existed as borderline outcasts and only called on when absolutely necessary. In part this was due to such weapons being somewhat infamous for being dangerous to friend and foe alike, in part because most Legions would draw a line at weapons with such horrific effects upon living creatures that also risked rendering a planet largely uninhabitable for generations after the battle had passed. Even the less "humanitarian" Primarchs tended to be wary of them precisely because deploying them could do severe long-term damage to a planet's biosphere and make integration into the nascent Imperium more difficult. Your Legion is one of those who consider the advantages of such horrific weapons too great to pass over and have spread it widely across your forces. This includes a plentiful supply of Phosphex, the crawling corrosive flames that seek out movement, the bio-phages that excel at reducing biological cover down to nothing and consuming the unarmoured, and toxic chem-munitions that greatly improve the deadliness of flamers, fragmentary grenades and missiles against the living.

Terminators (-200/-400): This is a tiered purchase. At the first level, your Legion must have been among the first slated to receive Terminator Armour because yours has among the most suits of any other Legion. Your Legion even has many advanced prototypes like the Gorgon and Tartaros patterns of Terminator Armour within its ranks. At the second level, your Legion managed to fulfil the plan to equip all Astartes with Terminator Armour, as unlike the other Legions your issuance was completed before the Heresy began. You may select which pattern is the dominant pattern of Terminator Armour within your Legion; others may exist as relatively limited issue for specialists.

- **Indomitus Pattern (free):** The most vanilla design of Terminator Armour, Indomitus was actually a relatively late pattern in development that would go on to be the most common pattern in the Imperium. Between both thick armour plating and field generators. Unique to it however, is a bevy of autosenses and other systems which does allow it far more tactical awareness than other suits of Terminator Armour.
- **Cataphractii Pattern (free):** The earliest design to go into mass production, and the most well protected, it has the very thickest armour out of any pattern and the most powerful shield generators, enabling the very finest in protection available to the Legiones Astartes. The major downside to this is that it is also the very slowest pattern. No Terminator Armour pattern is known for great speed, but even by their standards the Cataphractii pattern is sluggish.
- **Tartaros Pattern (free):** Managing to improve mobility without the loss of armour protection over the Indomitus Pattern, it manages to gain mobility almost completely on par

with regular Astartes Power Armour which makes it superior in the eyes of any unit that prizes mobility along with excellent protection.

- **Gorgon Pattern (-100):** A suit unique to the Iron Hands, and now your Legion, it replaces the refractor fields of the Indomitus Pattern with experimental conversion fields that offer enhanced protection and relatively little weight gain while also producing flashes so bright it can blind nearby foes. The downside of it is that the heat and toxins generated by the suit makes extensive cybernetic reworks for the body inside a necessity, although the Iron Hands themselves did not see this as much of a flaw (the flesh is weak, after all). On the battlefield, it is similar to Cataphractii Pattern armour in total protection with mobility comparable to Indomitus.

Speed Freaks (-50): Your Legion has extensively tinkered with both their naval and land craft to crank out the most possible speed and manoeuvrability; naturally they've been trained in handling these questionably sanctioned modified craft.

The Flesh is Weak (-100): Your Legion has an almost obsession with replacing its flawed biological parts with purer mechanical ones. Extensive cybernetic rework on your Marines offers many improvements over even the superhuman flesh of an Astartes, most notably that the extra metal in the bionic replacements often acts as a second layer of armour.

Lost Archaeotech (-200): Your Legion has a large supply of weapons whose design and functions have since been lost to time. Weapons that likely date back to the Old Night or even the Dark Age of Technology. These likely includes plasma weapons that don't overheat, weapons that run off the currents of the Warp to fire, stasis bombs, even arcane archaeotech weapons that threaten entire planets at a time. But also weapons so horrible that even the Emperor of Man does not wish to see them used.

Sheathed in Steel (-200): Your Legion loves tanks and transports. Not only do they have even more vehicles for its size than other Legions, near guaranteeing a preeminent place among armoured warfare enthusiasts, the vehicles of your Legion are all upgraded with extra-thick, extra-durable armour plating capable of resisting Melta weapons and punishing anti-tank fire. A major armoured offensive launched by your Legion is a thing to be feared.

Blessed Sons (requires Traitor, -100): Hell follows your Legion. Yours has been one of the first to willingly embrace Chaos. A significant portion of your Marines are the very earliest Possessed Marines, who share a body with a Daemon of Chaos, yet unlike the later examples they remain outwards normal outside of combat, only shifting into a horrifying man-Daemon monstrosity in combat. Outside, they remain as relatively lucid and rational as Astartes normally are.

General Legion Perks:

Aesthetics (free): Space Romans, Space Vikings, Space Vampires, Space Scots, Space Mongols, you are free to design the general aesthetics of your Legion, including both the design of their equipment and armour designs, as how the gene-seed affects their physical appearance within reason. This is purely cosmetic.

Marine Imports (free): Already have an army? With this pick you can merge them with your Astartes here, importing each soldier to gain the benefits of being one of your gene-sons.

Gene-Seed Traits (free/-100): This perk has two levels. For free, your Astartes receives lesser copies of the perks you have purchased in the Body of the Primarch section, such as an increased tendency towards psychic powers, unusual physical strength and durability, and similar advantages, though this will be lessened down to Astartes level. With the second tier of this perk, you may splice your biological traits, including inheritable perks and altforms, as you desire into your Legion. They will be passed down to every Astartes who receives your gene-seed. However, as the Space Marines are like diluted, weaker sons of the Primarchs, so too will your biological traits be similarly down to Astartes level upon inheritance. Your children may be durable, and regenerate quickly by Astartes standards, but they will not be unkillable. You may also change up the aesthetics of their forms by adding an altform you possess into your Astartes, though note that moving too far away from the human form is likely to result in getting purged; treat the Space Wolves as the furthest away from humanity you can feasibly get before you'll have to start getting creative with hiding your Legion's non-human traits. Additionally, be warned that too radical adjustments may require additional organs implanted into Astartes recruits which may lengthen the time it takes to turn a man into a Marine.

- **Exceptional Purity (-100):** Your Legion's gene-seed among the purest and most stable examples of gene-seed yet. You do not need to fear any mutations, even if your Legion were to be without its Primarch for ten thousand years.
- **Safe Implantation (-200):** Your gene-seed is incredibly willing to accept implantation into human bodies; what this means for you is that it is highly unlikely you'll ever run out of viable initiates, unless you were recruiting from a single world while also engaging in the most brutal attrition warfare of the Legions.

Legionary Culture (free): As the son strives to emulate the father, so too do Astartes emulate their Primarch. Non-physical perks you purchased elsewhere in this document will shape your Legion's culture; perhaps they will find themselves drawn to producing finer and finer artifacts of warfare fit to earn the praise of their gene-sire (freeing up Techmarines to focus on constructing specialist works as the Astartes can produce their own gear), perhaps they will dedicate themselves to honing their melee skills until they all become masterful swordsmen. You may, with effort, change this culture to something you desire more.

Marines (free/-100): For free, you have 50,000 Marines in your legion. Each 100 LP spent on top of this grants an extra 25,000 Marines. Note these are only Marines; other support troops or void assets, such as Serfs, are not counted here. A few hundred to a few thousand Marines at most would suffice to take over a normal world, yet during this great Heresy tens and even hundreds of thousands of Marines would clash together. Any Marines in excess of this number will not respawn though they may still come with you as followers.

Centralized Operations (free, incompatible with Decentralized Operation): Your legion is exceptionally skilled at mass warfare and major set-piece battles. The downside is its general inflexibility and difficulty adapting to unexpected circumstances, though this is only likely to be relevant when you delegate authority to your lessers or come up against a Primarch-level or beyond military genius.

Decentralized Operations (free, incompatible with Centralized Operation): Your legion is exceptionally skilled at small unit tactics, lone infiltration, sabotage and intelligence warfare. The downside is that it's unfortunately vulnerable to fragmenting if anything were to happen to you. Taking neither results in a middle of the road legion, that is has neither of the major advantages nor disadvantages of either leadership style.

Sisters of Silence (-100, requires Loyalist): You have a quantity of Sisters of Silence auxiliaries, up to a few hundred of them. Their ability to deaden psychic powers nearby and even make it possible to permanently destroy Daemons and other creatures of the Warp is invaluable in this Age of Darkness. Especially considering the psychic power of a *certain* Tratior.

Disciplined Fire (-100): Some Legions focused on making accurate, aimed shots to deal with the enemies of the Imperium. Your Legion is exceptionally accurate and deadly at a distance, able to pump out a punishing volume of exceptionally accurate fire. They are second to none at mid-long range.

Death Dealers (-100): Some Legions trained for combat at short range. Your Legion is highly skilled at short-mid range firepower, able to pump out a great deal of accurate aimed shots at anything close by. They likely go into battle expecting to close in, unleash a hail of devastating near-point-blank fire before mopping up the survivors in melee.

Exemplars of War (-100): Your Legion is exceptionally deadly at melee, able to easily outfight nearly any other Legion in close quarters combat in pure mastery of melee combat, except those Legions who have similarly specialised in melee. It likely produces some of the finest duellists among the Legiones Astartes.

Encarmine Fury (-100): Wrath is a useful tool. Rather than being technically skilled at melee combat, your legion is good at one thing; bodily tearing apart the enemy. They may not be the best swordsmen, but they can inflict extreme injuries, even by Astartes standards, on anything unfortunate enough to be on the receiving end of your Legion.

Angels of Salvation (-100): Your Legion is remarkably good at limiting civilian losses without majorly compromising its own effectiveness. Worlds they take will be extremely intact and little-damaged by the process, and (re)integration into the Imperium as a whole will be a relatively easy, bloodless process.

Black Rage (-100): Most Primarchs have a close spiritual and emotional connection to their Legion, but yours runs far deeper than that. When incapacitated or killed, your legion will be riddled by a sort of berserker rage that allows them to shrug off even the most grievous wounds and supercharges their effectiveness in melee, which is great because that's where they'll be going. Actually dying will cause an infection of the Black Rage, similar to the Blood Angels where at random Legionaries will suffer the delusion that they *are* you in your final moments, until you return.

Secret Service (-100): Your Legion is incredibly effective at secret operations; intelligence gathering, sabotage, surgically altering its members to resemble ordinary humans or even strange xenos and shielding their minds against psychic readings. Your legion might not be the best at a direct engagement, but they're nigh unrivalled at winning through dirty fighting.

Iron Discipline (-100): Your Legion rivals the most disciplined Legions at discipline. Obedient, steadfast, and nigh-unbreakable in combat are the virtues your Legion espouses. Only the most abnormally horrifying conditions of warfare is likely to make them break or run.

Blackshields (requires Loyalist, -100): Your legion has absorbed the remnants of the loyalists among the Traitor Legion. Though never more than a small fraction of your total force, you have their particular quirks amongst your ranks. You may choose which particular Traitor Legion(s) are represented amongst your force.

The Rewards of Treachery (requires Traitor, -100): Your Legion has a quantity of traitors from the Loyalist Legions mixed in with its force. Though never more than a small fraction of your total force, you have their particular quirks amongst your ranks. You may of course select which Loyalist Legions have found a new home among your ranks.

Legion-Specific Drawbacks:

These drawbacks give Legion Points instead of Crusade Points.

Flawed Gene-Seed (Varies): Your Legion's gene-seed has a major flaw; one or more organs are faulty or completely missing. You may take this multiple times to cover multiple failed organs. The effects for choosing each organ are as follows; note that not every Astartes organ can be flawed as the absence of certain organs would prevent the prospective Marine from ever achieving maturity. You may purchase this drawback up to three times; any further and it is almost guaranteed your Marines would never have proceeded past the Alpha stage in the first place.

- **Secondary Heart (+200):** The Secondary Heart is a second, backup heart implanted within the chest cavity to boost both blood flow and to ensure the Marine can survive having their primary heart destroyed. A flawed Secondary Heart is completely missing and gives no benefit.
- **Ossmodula (+300):** The Ossmodula is an organ that influences bone growth to produce the much larger, more protective, and vastly denser and tougher bones of an Astartes. A flawed Ossmodula will result in Marines with comparatively brittle bones and shorter stature.
- **Biscopea (+300):** The Biscopea releases hormones that encourage growth of muscles that produce the famous strength of the Astartes. A flawed Biscopea results in physically weak Marines.
- **Haemastamen (+200):** The Haemastamen increases the haemoglobin content of the blood and helps monitor the development of the Ossmodula and Biscopea. A flawed Haemastamen will result in less-oxygen bearing blood and a greater chance of flaws emerging among muscle and bone development among Astartes, likely requiring surgical or chemical correction.
- **Larraman's Organ (+200):** The Larraman's Organ releases Larraman's Cells, which travel to the site of any injury to rapidly patch up broken skin with a mass of fast-growing scar tissue. A flawed Larraman's Organ will cause a Marine to be vastly more vulnerable to exsanguination from minor injuries, by Astartes standards.
- **Catalepsean Node (+100):** The Catalepsean Node is a brain implant that influences their sleep cycle. A functioning Catalepsean Node enables an Astartes to cycle brain activity and function for extended periods of time without sleep. A flawed Catalepsean Node not only prevents the Astartes from gaining this benefit, it also entirely deprives them of REM sleep.
- **Preomnor (+100):** The Preomnor is effectively a decontamination chamber for the stomach, enabling Marines to consume blatantly toxic or completely indigestible matter with little risk. A flawed Preomnor offers no such benefits.
- **Omophagea (+100):** An organ attached to the spinal cord, the Omophagea allows Astartes to absorb the memories of anything by consuming its genetic material. While a flawed Omophagea still provides this benefit, it unfortunately also instils in Astartes strong cravings to consume the flesh of all fallen, friend and foe. Or, alternatively, it simply doesn't function at all, leaving the Astartes without a valuable source of intelligence on enemies.

- **Multi-Lung (+200):** The Multi-Lung is a third lung that enables an Astartes to breathe just fine in low-oxygen and toxic atmospheres, even extracting enough oxygen from water to survive. Naturally, a flawed Multi-Lung offers no such benefits.
- **Occulobe (+100):** The Occulobe is another brain implant that enables the eyes to become exceedingly sharp, able to see far better than a human under normal conditions and even see in extremely low-light environments. A flawed Occulobe has one of two downsides; either the Astartes sees only as well as a normal human, or they see the same as a regular Astartes but become highly sensitive to light, including from flash grenades.
- **Lyman's Ear (+100):** Replacing the Astartes' ears, the Lyman's Ear not only greatly sharpens their hearing but also renders them immune to dizziness and motion sickness. A flawed Lyman's Ear does the opposite, making Astartes even more vulnerable to dizziness and motion sickness.
- **Sus-an Membrane (+100):** A membrane attached to the brain, the Sus-an Membrane enables an Astartes to go into suspended animation when grievously injured. A flawed Sus-an Membrane is missing and will make it more difficult to recover grievously wounded Astartes.
- **Melanchromic Organ (+100):** This organ controls the amount of melanin in an Astartes skin. When exposed to high doses of radiation, it causes their skin to rapidly darken. A flawed Melanchromic Organ results in the Astartes' skin becoming as pale as an albino, offering no resistance at all to radiation.
- **Oolitic Kidney (+200):** The Oolitic Kidney is a specific organ that greatly enhances blood filtration to remove toxins and biological weapons in general (a common weapon in this age). A flawed Oolitic Kidney offers no such benefits; the Astartes has no particular resistance to poison.
- **Neuroglottis (+100):** The Neuroglottis is an implant around the tongue that gives an Astartes their vastly superior ability to taste, enough to even track people by taste alone. Naturally, a flawed Neuroglottis does not let the Astartes taste any better than a normal human.
- **Mucranoid (+100):** The Mucranoid allows an Astartes to secrete a waxy, mucus-like substance from their pores that seals their skin and enables them to survive in extreme heat, cold, and the vacuum of space. A flawed Mucranoid does not function.
- **Betcher's Gland (+100):** The Betcher's Glands are implanted around the lips and allow an Astartes to secrete saliva that is strongly acidic and poisonous, capable of even chewing through the hardest of metals with a bit of time. Spitting toxic acid is an oft-overlooked emergency weapon that can be fatal with good aim. Flawed Betcher's Glands do not provide this benefit.
- **Progenoids (+200):** The Progenoids are a pair of organs that store the gene-seed of the Astartes, which is recovered either from deceased Marines or after they are matured – five years for the first one and ten for the second. Flawed Progenoids are partially missing; only one at most can be extracted from an Astartes and this will grievously impact the availability of your Legion's gene-seed.

Female Space Marines (free/+100): Ah. A source of a great deal of controversy out-of-universe. By taking this drawback you switch the genders of your Astartes, resulting in only prepubescent girls able to bear the gene-seed and develop successfully into Marines. However, the Emperor did not wish to replace humanity with Astartes, only create warriors to protect them and so He ensured all Astartes were male – the same reason He ensured His Custodes and Astartes would be infertile. A Legion of female Astartes would be the source of no shortage of debate and possibly anything up to eradication and the destruction of records. For this reason, the drawback gives 100 LP if you are Loyalist and is

free if you are Traitors, who care little for the opinions of the Emperor. Fortunately, such a thing is relatively easy to hide as long as the armour stay on. Note: This only switches their gender, not anything else. Space Marines are still infertile, lack the desire for such acts, and are giant slabs of beefcake barring other unusual gene-seed traits and flaws.

Bitter Pride (+100): Your Legion refuses to take orders from any other and will inevitably insist upon commanding any mutual operation. This will cause no shortage of friction amongst other Legions because nobody likes that guy who always demands to be in charge and doesn't listen to anyone else's leadership.

Dark Secret (+200): Your Legion has a horrible, dark secret that would cause either the Imperium as a whole or the entire coalition of traitors to seek its destruction and censor all records that it ever existed. Perhaps mutation, perhaps secret treachery. You may not necessarily show this yourself, but you will be tarred with the same brush if it is ever revealed.

Dregs of Humanity (+200): Your Legion does not recruit from the best. In fact, it finds the absolute worst, people who are such irredeemable dregs of humanity they are barely contained criminals, sadists, cowards, and bullies in superhuman flesh. You'll have to work hard to change that.

Lost Stocks (+200): Your gene-seed has mysteriously gone missing; less than a few hundred are left, except those ones still in the bodies of your Astartes. You will soon find it much more difficult to replenish losses among your Astartes, and this could hardly have come at a worse possible time.

Eaters of Worlds (+200): Your Legion seems incapable of capturing a single world without extreme destruction of civilian infrastructure and lives. Even the most mundane pacification campaign will be accompanied by massive destruction, perhaps from unrestricted use of rad or chemical weapons, perhaps your Astartes are simply so bloodthirsty it is near-impossible to keep them from running riot in combat and slaughtering everything not one of theirs.

Flesh-Change (+300): Your Legion is cursed with frequent and uncontrolled mutations that will degenerate them into the mindless abominations that would later be known as Chaos Spawn. Fortunately, it generally only strikes the psychically active or in proximity to Warp, unfortunately such a disease is easily transmissible and so destructive your Legion is unlikely to ever rise above ten thousand men at any one time.

Shattered Legion (+300): Your legion is catastrophically understrength. Maybe yours was the fourth Loyalist legion at Istvaan V and is about to be mauled almost beyond recognition… or perhaps your attempted purge of loyalists backfired horrendously. Your legion has or is just about to be reduced to a mere few thousand and scattered far and wide. Merely gathering your Legion back into a cohesive force will be a major challenge, although perhaps they'd be more useful as a decentralized raiding force causing trouble for the other side's logistics?

Schism (+300): Your Legion, in the early days of the Heresy, has suffered a major split. Either a Loyalist or Traitor faction split off from the main en-masse and joined the other side to you, taking half your whole Legion with them. They are still out there, and you will soon find your brothers' guns turned upon you, taking all their advantages over to the opposite side.

Demanding Gene-Seed (+300): This is rather unfortunate. Your gene-seed is the particularly strict type, with an almost unacceptably high rate of failed applicants, who also invariably o die after being rejected. It is not that you have a shortage of gene-seed or promising recruits, it is that you find it

extremely difficult to turn them into actual Astartes. Perhaps your Legion is simply doomed to slowly wither away under chronic attrition.

Homeless (+300): Maybe your world has been lost to treason, maybe disaster, maybe you just got angry and razed it to the ground, you manchild with a temper tantrum. Either way the effects are the same; everything in the Homeworld section has been lost to your legion. No support base, no shelter, no industrial assistance outside of begging your allies, no easy source of replacements for any lost Astartes.

Retcons (+300): Black Library has, in their infinite wisdom, decided the current numbers of ~1 million Astartes on each side of the Heresy is too small, and has once again increased Legion numbers by a faction of five… for everyone else. Your Legion remains its former size. This is bad news as while it is unlikely to change the overall direction of the Horus Heresy, you're likely to be a much more minor player, unlikely to own numerical superiority in any major battle you fight. Hope you can be qualitatively superior enough to overcome a generalised 5:1 ratio!

Butcher's Nails (+600): Your Legion has the Butcher's Nails stuck in their heads. This has the unfortunate effect of turning most of them into barely restrained berserkers at the best of times. Forget minimising casualties, or really planning any strategy that doesn't involve running straight at the enemy and hacking them to bits. Nor can you expect any psychic powers on your side, as the nails cause violent reactions when psykers try to use their powers that often ends in the unfortunate psyker suffering some form of explosion that kills them and anyone unfortunate enough to be nearby. Worse, the nails cause bearers to suffer… violent instincts towards the source of nearby psychic phenomena and this has further decimated what Librarian corps you might once have possessed. The one bright side is, the original Butcher's Nails were archaeotech that is near-impossible to reproduce, and as a result the lesser copies your Legion has been given don't have the drawback of killing anyone who wears them for too long. Although, considering how often your Astartes will fall into the grip of blind berserker fury in battle, you aren't likely to gather much of a veteran corps anyway.

Scenarios:

All scenarios are incompatible with each other.

Loyalist: The Great Scouring

Do you wish to save the galaxy once and for all from the depredations of Chaos? Very well. Your victory conditions are simple, but by no means easy. First, the Emperor must survive the Heresy intact. Getting crippled and stuck on the Golden Throne will fail this condition. Secondly, the Traitors must be defeated, their Primarchs slain and their worlds reclaimed. They must not be allowed to return to menace the Imperium again. Thirdly, Chaos must be defeated in general; you must leave the galaxy in a state where Chaos cannot gain a foothold in the Materium.

Finally, the defeat of Chaos is important to the completion of the Emperor's Great Work; the ascendance of humanity to a psychic race freed from the threat of another collapse as the Eldar themselves suffered. For this, Chaos and the Warp must be removed from the equation. Repairing Magnus' Folly, the damage done to the Webway during Magnus' attempt to contact the Emperor, may be one way for this. Another, perhaps studying and even replicating the curious Necron pylons around the Eye of Terror. Whatever path you choose, with the final isolation of the Immaterium from the Materium, your duty here is done. As a reward, you will share in His abilities, His knowledge, and His psychic power, which will stack with any purchases you made earlier in this document.

Firstly, His form is your to share. You may make yourself exactly as tall as you wish, whether you desire to tower over every Primarch, or have the stature of a mortal man. In either form, you have strength and speed greater than your sons, as well as a greater mind than any of them. His abilities also include His nature as a Perpetual and ability to heal from near-anything short of something on the tier of injuries against your body and soul from another demigod empowered by four gods and then being forced to constantly strain your body and mind to the limit keeping everything from collapsing.

Secondly, His knowledge includes sciences lost to the Dark Age of Technology, ones that the Emperor Himself considers too dangerous to return. Not quite a comprehensive grasp of archaeotech, but far more than can be found outside the complete STC, the holy grail of knowledge of mankind at its peak.

Thirdly, His psychic strength is immeasurable. If the soul of a mortal psyker is a star in the night sky, yours is the Sun itself; bright enough to eclipse all others, burning so bright lesser psykers have some measure of camouflage in your presence. You can freeze time indefinitely while allowing yourself and any others you wish free movement, force an entire Legion of Astartes to kneel before you, power the entire Astronomicon reflexively while up and campaigning with your followers, collect the souls of your dead servants and unleash them as a great host, hold shut a second Eye of Terror forming even as the hordes of Chaos try to force it open, even erasing a Primarch empowered greatly by the Chaos Gods so utterly even the Ruinous Powers cannot bring him back. Your power bleeds into reality making you appear wreathed in golden radiance or a halo of sorts. You may always dim your glory and walk among the world as an ordinary man, as the Emperor did for ages before He took up the role of leading mankind, taking on a nigh-impenetrable guise of a mundane person that cannot be seen through outside powerful psykers. Your mere presence will send hordes of Daemons fleeing, to say nothing of what you can do to them. Even being surrounded by squads of anti-psychic Blanks will do nothing more than mildly dampen your powers. You are the Anathema now. The only other being that Chaos truly fears.

You also get a copy of His sword and armour too. The Emperor's Sword burns with psychic flames, killing all but the strongest Daemon with a single touch, and surely vaporising all but the greatest mortals, and destroying all those it slays so utterly not even the powers of Chaos can bring them back and even Daemons are forced into true death.

Traitors: The End Times

The Emperor must die, and the galaxy must burn. Tear down the veil between the Materium and Immaterium. Dissolve the galaxy back into the Warp. It matters not how you do it, only that it must be done. With the destruction of reality as we know it, the Ruinous Powers shall turn away, seeking other distractions. As your final reward, you shall swell in power and majesty beyond even the Daemon Princes and Greater Daemons until you can at last be considered a minor Chaos God of your own. You must pick an emotion which you are tied to within the Warp. Your powers as a Chaos God are tied to the raw emotions and thoughts that make up the Immaterium. As the ones relevant to you wax and wane, so will your powers. Should your emotion somehow totally vanish from the material realm, your powers will be starved and inevitably wither away to nothing, unless your emotion reappears. Note that this will not inherently kill you but may render you weak and vulnerable enough to die.

You can split your consciousness up, creating Daemons of yourself. They will be independent persons, and how strong they are will depend on how much of yourself you split off to create a Daemon. Creating even a single Greater Daemon would likely require a major investment of yourself into the new creature, but you can likely create legions of Lesser Daemons for the same cost. Their form, aesthetics, personality and abilities are up to you to choose, and you do not need to make them all alike either.

As the fifth of the Ruinous Powers, you should design a Mark. You may gift mortals with your Mark, etching it somewhere on their skin or even their very soul if you wish to be more subtle about it. Through this Mark, you will be able to more directly influence someone's body and mind; reshaping the form of a mortal to one more pleasing to the Ruinous Powers is very simple.

Additionally, those who serve you and bear your Mark somewhere on themselves can be hollowed out into extensions of your will, as quickly or as slowly as you require, though if they have any inherent resistance to corruption you will find them much harder to totally dominate. This may be as subtle or as blatant as you like, perhaps you wish them kept in the dark and unable to understand how much you are using them even unto death. Those who die bearing your Mark can be absorbed into yourself, powering yourself up a bit more each time, or you could capture their soul and bring them back to life.

There is one major disadvantage, however. You may be one of the masters of the Immaterium, but outside the Warp the powers you gain from being a Chaos God will be greatly reduced. Weakening the boundary between Materium and Immaterium will allow you to project more of your power. Furthermore, this will affect your Daemons (and anyone you raise to Daemonhood) far worse; reality itself rejects such creatures that cannot possibly exist. In the absence of something along the lines of a realspace/warpspace overlap, a body to possess, or regular human sacrifice, your Daemons will not last long in reality before being dragged back to the Immaterium. You may force a breach between realspace/warpspace, though absent any additional means of continuing it this will last only as long as you actively keep it open.

Completing this scenario naturally gives you a little corner of the Warp to call your own, as much of your abilities would not work in the absence of the Warp. If you wish, any worlds you purchased earlier in this document may be pulled in and turned into Daemon Worlds. In future jumps you may even cause people to be able to tap into this, turning them into psykers (and without sanctioning they are likely to be *highly* vulnerable to your Daemons).

The Golden (Blackened) Path

This scenario is additionally incompatible with the Galaxy's Best/Worst Dad, The Future is Fixed, and the No Brakes on the Bad End Train drawbacks.

It has often been opined that the Heresy was inevitable from the moment the Ruinous Powers spirited away the infant Primarchs and scattered them across the galaxy. With the chance to throw the sons of the Emperor upon whichever planet suited them and plant the seeds of corruption within them, it would be inevitable that at least one would turn away from the Emperor. It became only a matter of time, where the inhuman intelligences of both the Emperor and the Chaos Gods bent all their wills and plans into succeeding at a finely balanced strategy with the whole galaxy at stake. But what if an outsider were to upset this delicate balance? This is where you come in. As noted earlier, you will come in replacing one of the Primarchs, yet this time you will be inserted as an infant, at the moment your pod landed upon the world you selected earlier in this document. This would set you at a bare minimum more than two centuries before the onset of the Horus Heresy, and likely significantly longer. You can be assured that you will acquire everything you purchased in this document, either during your time on your homeworld or sometime after becoming the master of your Legion. How will depend on your own actions.

Of course, this scenario makes a few changes to the jump. Firstly, you'll stay here until you fail or finish it, regardless of how long it takes. To successfully complete this scenario, you must either prevent all your brothers from falling to Chaos or other foul corruption (if you selected Loyalist at the beginning of this document), or secretly corrupt every one of them in preparation for the Jumper Coup (if you selected Traitor at the beginning of this document). Ten traitor Primarchs and nine traitor Legions drove the galaxy into flames. If every Primarch were to turn traitor, even the Emperor could not hope to triumph. And of course, if Chaos could never get their claws into the hearts of the Sons of the Emperor, they would have no force in the Materium capable of challenging the nascent Imperium of Man. For the purpose of this scenario, no Primarch was truly irredeemable nor guaranteed to fall, not even Curze, Angron or the 2nd and 11th, whatever their crimes may have been.

Of course, you will also be the first among your brothers to be found, sometime after the Great Crusade begins in 800.M30. This will give you ample opportunity to influence the outcome of the Great Crusade, for good or ill, and how your brothers view the Imperium and the Emperor. For if you act fast, you can prevent the rifts between your brothers and your father from forming, and perhaps even ensure your brothers know the true enemy and reject it, or perhaps instead you can make sure you drive a wedge in between the Primarchs and the Emperor's vision for mankind.

Your reward is to take all your brothers and their legions along with you. In future jumps you may choose to import all your brothers into one slot (dividing up all purchases evenly among them). Their legions will run under the same rule as yours from the legion section. Hopefully they're more well-adjusted than what would happen without you.

You also receive one Primarch-sized recaf mug bearing the inscription "Galaxy's Best Son" if you stayed loyal and "Galaxy's Worst Son" if you did not.

Ending:

The time has come. Do you **stay here**, **return home**, or **continue**?

Notes:

By IGanon.

What each Primarch would have (note: As Black Library is *highly* inconsistent only purchases that are tied to the character in a major way are included here.):

- **Horus:** Perfection, Disabling Strikes, Warmaster, No Slave to Darkness (after Trisolian), Dark Fortune (possibly up until Trisolian),
- **Leman Russ:** Visage of the Demigod (Teeth), Above All Doubt, Howl of Reckoning
- **Ferrus Manus:** Eternal Edifice, Redundant Mechanisms, Master Crafting (Machinery)
- **Fulgrim:** Combat Reflexes, Sublime Swordsman, Arts and Craft, Devotion (Slaanesh), Apotheosis
- **Vulkan:** Brute Force, Perpetual, Arts and Craft, Master Crafting (Machinery), Perpetual Motion Machines, Defiant unto Death,
- **Rogal Dorn:** Praetorian of Terra, Perfection from Pain, Above All Doubt, Defiant unto Death
- **Roboute Guilliman:** Divided Attention, The Human Perspective, Logistician, Regal Bearing, Lawmaker

  Magnus the Red: Visage of the Demigod (Upgraded: Mutable Form), Arch-Sorcerer, Tutelaries, Eye of the King, Teacher of Dreadful Truths, Seeker of the Forbidden, Marketplace of Ideas, Demigod Tutored by God, Grand Plan, Damned in Secret
- **Sanguinius:** Visage of the Demigod (Upgraded: Wings), Incorruptible, Perfection, Three-Dimensional Warfare, Defiant unto Death, Beacon of Hope
- **Lion El'Jonson:** Sublime Swordsman, Warmaster
- **Perturabo:** Genius, Comprehensive Scientific Knowledge, Probabilistic Measuring, Perpetual Motion Machines, Apotheosis
- **Mortarion:** Preternatural Resilience, Devotion (Nurgle), Apotheosis
- **Lorgar:** Apotheosis, Black Art of Sorcery, Devotion (Undivided), Singer of Songs, A Bad Influence
- **Jaghatai Khan:** Three-Dimensional Warfare, Unmatched Rider, Warrior and Scholar, Psychic Weapons,
- **Konrad Curze:** Mind Like a Fortress, Dark Visions, Warrior of the Night, Transhuman Dread, A Talent for Murder, Illustrative Overkill, King of Terrors,
- **Angron:** Red Angel, Devotion (Khorne), Apotheosis
- **Corax:** Wraith-Slip, Reeking of Corruption, Hunter of Daemons, Alone in the Dark
- **Alpharius Omegon:** One of Many, Genius, Transhuman Dread, Aleph Null, Blood of the Hydra, Hidden Agenda, Alone in the Dark

What each Legion would have (see the note on the Primarch section):

- Dark Angels: Death World, Molecular Acid Shells, Volkite Weapons x1, Specialist Weapons (Plasma), Lost Archeotech, Exemplars of War
- Emperor’s Children: Exemplars of War
- Iron Warriors: Shrapnel Bolts, Iron Discipline

- White Scars: Speed Freaks
- Space Wolves: Animal Auxilia, Death World, Special Resources (helfrost)
- Imperial Fists: Phalanx, Master Voidsmen, Disciplined Fire
- Night Lords: Hive Worlds, Special Resources (adamantium), Gene-Seed Traits (Exceptional Purity)
- Blood Angels: Jump Packs, Angels of Salvation, Black Rage, Encarmine Fury
- Iron Hands: Planetary Defence Forces x2, Specialist Weapons (Graviton Guns), Terminators x1 (Gorgon Pattern), The Flesh is Weak, Sheathed in Steel, Gene-Seed Traits (Safe Implantation), Centralized Operations
- World Eaters: Encarmine Fury
- Ultramarines: Systems (x3), Almost-Forge Worlds, Pleasure Worlds, Planetary Defence Forces x2, Centralized Operations, Iron Discipline, Blackshields, Angels of Salvation
- Death Guard: Toxic World, Specialist Weapons (RBC), Iron Discipline
- Thousand Sons: Planetary Defence Forces x2, Pleasure Worlds, Psychic Paradise
- Sons of Horus: Banestrike Rounds, Death Dealers,
- Word Bearers: Abyss-Class Battleship x3, Blessed Sons
- Salamanders: Specialist Weapons (Incendiaries), Sheathed in Steel, Angels of Salvation
- Raven Guard: Hive Worlds, Mark VI Corvus, Decentralised Operations, Jump Packs
- Alpha Legion: Banestrike Rounds, Decentralized Operations, Secret Service, The Rewards of Treachery

Terminator Armour Force Fields: GW flops back and forth over whether Terminator Armour has them. Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. Sometimes the Crux Terminatus has a refractor field in it, sometimes they're just so damn tough it's effectively a force field shielding them. Cataphractii and Gorgon patterns are the only ones consistently stated to have force fields. Others do or don't depending on the writer.

Furious Abyss vs the Phalanx: Direct comparisons have been made between the two. If I personally had to guess, the Phalanx would be significantly better in its role as a spaceborne fortress and space station while the Abyss would function better as an actual starship accompanying fleets. Whatever other forgotten technologies lurk in the Phalanx *may* skew this harder towards the Phalanx, however.

Crafting perks: Yes, you can have them apply to crafting biological creatures. Make your crazy transhumanist servants, *Fabius*.

Daemon Prince vs Daemon Primarch: The difference doesn't matter until it does. Daemon Primarchs are Daemon Princes but Daemon Princes come of all kinds of power from basically a minor Chaos God to laughably inept. Daemon Primarchs are far more consistently a big threat whenever they show up unless the story is about the Grey Knights.

If you picked up any psychic powers here you can determine exactly how they manifest, including any disciplines you wish to master, whether you want to have a broad spread of powers of be focused on a few, very specific, disciplines.

As a general rule, your Astartes will manifest your traits as long as either: You could reasonably pass these traits on to your children in absence of a soul or any other metaphysical stuff impacting their body. You could reasonably grow an entire specialised organ, anything from an extra lump of cells to a full skin replacement, that can perform that task (because that's basically what the gene-seed implantation is). Or it is a non-biological trait has a specific biological origin that could hypothetically

be passed down (ie. genes that give you superpowers). In edge cases, fanwank, but probably default to "yes", biology in 40k plays fast and loose.

Scenario rewards (eg. The Great Scouring, The End Times) do stack with perks, fanwank how.

Post-Jump, your Primarch form becomes a regular altform. Perks continue to function as written.

Socks volunteered to get sent to 30k by being a constant source of interruptions when making this jump. She's your problem now. A cat is not fine too.

Did you warn Him about the Tyranids? I hope you did.