

Light of Terra Optional DLC -

The Heathen Trail

This jump is optional and can be taken at any point during part two of The Light of Terra - Land of the Sky Father.

With or without your powers, you will be hunted by something ancient and terrible.

Consider this a warning.

It begins with a signal. Weak and broken by transmission through the Warp, when it reaches one of the listening posts orbiting your world it is barely coherent, a string of electronic pops and hisses, the crackle of static reminding you of a wounded animal snarling in impotent fury. Seconds before you are about to order the Engineeer responsible for remotely maintaining the listening post to purge the recording from the ancient cogitators memory banks the static clears and a voice rings out.

The denizens of the Warp have one more trick to play today though, it seems, for rather than one single message, as far as you can tell there are at least a dozen, all from the same woman, and all mentioning different events, and it soon becomes clear that these events cannot all have occurred in one single timeline, and all broadcast at once, one atop the other.

In the few hours the message is still being broadcast you hear her voice, filled with a somber sadness as she arranges for the ship that has come to return her home in triumph to dock and collect her after a long, fruitless search. You also hear the woman so utterly euphoric she can barely speak as she regales her superiors aboard an approaching cruiser with tales of ancient reliquaries and artifacts recovered, and you hear her screaming for rescue that will never be dispatched even as things tear her down, shrieks of horror and agony cutting off to be replaced with several long moments where the room you stand in is filled with the sounds of flesh being torn, the wet, gristly and obscene noises of what was once a person being rendered down to a few gnawed upon chunks of gore and matted, bloody hair.

The signal finally cuts off, and you already have a sneaky suspicion what the Engineeer will confirm - that the listening post recorded nothing, the ancient machine receiving nothing but the quiet background hum of the universe.

At first it seems there will be no way for you to determine which version of events was the version that truly occurred, but fate has ever seen you as a favourite plaything, so you shouldn't be surprised when the Voxcaster crackles into life once more, spits out a string of co-ordinates and falls silent a second time.

Should you choose to investigate the co-ordinates you received, you will require transport. Thankfully you have several smaller ships available for use. In the end you take two transports, The Litany of Litanies Litany and the Lapsed Pacifist, as well as an escort vessel, the Pre-emptive Retaliation.

Imperial Transports are the merchantmen, freighters, and support vessels that ply the space lanes, carrying the trade that is the lifeblood of the Imperium. From the dozen or so transports of a single planetary invasion to the hundreds - or even thousands - that participated in the Gothic War, the humble transport is as vital to victory in a conflict as the mighty Battleships that they supply.

Though slow, ungainly, and poorly-armed, transports are often called upon to defend themselves in battle. Fighting against impossible odds, such battles invariably result in heavy losses to the transports, as they simply cannot match up to a dedicated warship.

You may select what class the Pre-emptive Retaliation is:

Sword Class Frigate

This class is a very old design, dating back to the earliest days of the Imperium. All its components have been redesigned, refined to a high level, tried and tested in innumerable engagements.

Its laser-based weapons batteries provide equivalent firepower to those of the less reliable plasma-based alternatives, and are able to fire to both sides, or forward with full strength. Its engines are powerful, yet simple enough to be maintained by an artificer with minimal training. They are regarded as reliable even in extreme conditions.

Being an escort, the Sword is expected to come under fire, and so is designed with this in mind. Its bulkheads are thicker than would be expected, and the beams and supports that hold the ship together have redundant copies nearby, that will take the load if the primary beam or support fails. Due to this, the Sword can take more punishment than would be expected for a

ship of its diminutive size. While the ships three Laser batteries (one per side and one mounted in the prow) lack the punch of kinetic weapons, they do enjoy a massive superiority in range and transmission time.

Tempest Class Frigate

The Tempest was designed as an anti-pirate ship, built to ambush engage and capture enemies in short-range fights; as such it is designed with less ranged firepower than other frigates and equipped instead with short-range broadsides, assault boats and complements of troops for boardings. In order to get near to the enemy ships without suffering much damage, its prow is triple-armoured and its plasma drives are boosted. It mounts four broadside macrocannon batteries and six assault boats as well as a massively reinforced superstructure and armoured prow.

Cobra Class Destroyer

Fast and manoeuvrable enough to get into a position from where torpedoes will do most damage, the Cobra is an almost perfectly designed long range attack craft. However, due to its small size, large engine signature, and relatively poor armour, it can not stand up well to prolonged enemy fire, though if a battle goes well this usually never becomes an issue due to the incredible range of the standard Imperium Torpedo. Cobras usually act in squadrons of between two and six ships, making a torpedo volley from a squadron enough to cripple a large capital ship. It is the smallest independent Imperial warship, often carried aboard larger cruisers.

The Cobra has a pair of torpedo tubes in the prow, and a single macrocannon battery positioned to fire to the sides, and in front of the ship. The weapons battery is a purely defensive measure, for when the Cobra is attacked by enemy escorts. It is short ranged, and is almost never used to attack a capital ship, it simply is not powerful enough to do any real damage. The only other notable feature of the ship is the massively oversized and overpowered sensor array, the device often allowing the ship to target opponents from outside the target ships own sensor range.

Firestorm Class Frigate

The Firestorm Class Frigate is another variant of the Sword Class Frigate, designed to link the speed and manoeuvrability of an escort, with the bite of a lance vessel. The systems utilized to power the Sword's laser weapons battery have been reconfigured to power the single prow-mounted lance of the Firestorm.

The ships main and only weapon is the Prow mounted Lance, though this isn't too much of a problem for the ships captain as the weapon itself is one usually only mounted on Battleships,

the titanic energy weapon capable of blasting apart any other ship of the same class in a single burst of superheated matter.

Gateway of the Damned

A weeks worth of travel sees you and your small fleet travelling to the co-ordinates provided by the cryptic message you received, a message that still plays from time to time without warning, fragments of transmissions blasting from nearby speakers and Voxcasters seemingly at random.

Purely due to boredom you begin cataloguing them, and by the time you reach your destination it really is starting to sound like either the woman has access to a time machine or she has gone through several versions of the same thing, each version playing out differently as she and her companions attempt to sift through the ruins at what she refers to as the Heathen Star.

Sometimes she manages to obtain incredible treasures, sometimes... well.

Suffice to say, you've woken up more than once, the sounds of flesh being torn from bone echoing in your ears as a nightmare fades away.

Soon, the boredom of travelling starts to grow almost unbearable, and the closer you get to the destination, the stronger the sense of deja-vu you feel becomes. Finally, you reach the spot.

Nothing.

Just a vast, empty expanse of space.

A vast expanse of nothing that suddenly bursts, reality torn asunder as something pushes through the thin fabric of time and space you call existence, and the Heathen Star is revealed to you in all its obscene glory.

Unknown to you, you have found a bizzare and more than likely unique stellar phenomenon, a legendary point in space that has come to be called the Gateway to the Damned.

Through the centuries only a handful of Imperial ships have visited this place and passed through the massive, gaping portal to the place beyond, the gravity well of a tortured, dying star forever trapped at the point it begins to collapse into a singularity by some unseen, unknown means.

Stories tell of a place where entropy holds court over a limitless flotilla of ancient, desiccated vessels and ruined, mouldering worlds, each drawn across time and space by a slumbering and monstrous evil.

A ship's graveyard of more than a million-million vessels, the realm of the Heathen Star is a very, very tempting target for scavengers and treasure hunters, and so the stories go, every few decades someone seems to receive a garbled string of messages, dozens of transmissions overlaid on top of each other in a barely understandable burst of noise that ends with a string of co-ordinates and once again every pirate rogue trader, scavenger and raider with a ship sets out to pass through the Gateway and raid the largest ships graveyard to ever exist.

The lucky ones are those that do not find the gateway. Less than a handful of those that have travelled through have returned, bringing with them tales of terror and misery and malign mystery, but also enough wealth in salvage, archeotech and other treasures to ensure there is never a shortage of fools willing to brave the Heathen Stars Court.

You know none of this, and so having verified that the massive portal before your small fleet will remain stable for some several weeks, you order all ships to slowly move on through.

The companion introduction you read is determined by if you destroyed the Deadlight artifact or not.

Choir of Righteous Fury

Deadlight Intact

Moving into the gravity well of the massive, black star you see nothing but the vast belts of ruined metal, the tangled remains of great and terrible fleets left gutted and broken in some titanic battle, so distant that they all blend almost seamlessly together into a series of rust red rings that slowly spiral around the hulking ebon star.

You find yourself staring, the sense of deja vu leaving you almost unable to move as you watch the slow, stately progression of countless billions of tons of ruined machinery as it spins,

collision after collision reducing the once glorious warmachines to handfuls of rusted dust that dances on the weak stellar winds emanating from the star. You can almost hear the deep, droning hum of it in your bones.

A tiny pinprick of light catches your attention, a flicker of bright crimson against the dull browns and rust red of the belts circling the star, and that finally spurs you to action. Within moments your ship is weaving through the sparse and stationary hulks in the outer belt towards what feels like the single point of colour in the entire bleak system.

Moments later a ship comes into view, one that appears to be a retrofitted transport ship bearing the markings of one of the orders of the Adeptus Sororitas, the Sisters of Battle.

Things crawl across her hull.

Ordering the view magnified, what you discover simply raises more questions.

Humanoid figures swarm across the ships hull, massive forms larger than men wearing armour that appears to have been patched together from wreckage and moving about on jury-rigged thruster packs, they aren't so much attacking the ship as dismantling it, peeling away the superstructure bit by bit. As you watch they turn as one, face panels black as the corpse star you orbit revealing nothing about the suits occupants as they look out at you, and they launch themselves into the void, retro-rockets flaring as they move to tear apart your own ship.

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Required Complication:
Skirmish with the Hollow Men
+400 CP

Clad in massive suits of battered, scrap-built suits of exo-armour, utilising hand made chemical rocket propped manouvering gear and wielding industrial salvage gear, the Hollow Men are far more well armed and armoured than their jury rigged appearance would suggest - thick, heavy panels of metal shrug off weapons just as well as the more advanced armours, and a short ranged fusion beamer will carve up a person just as easily as it will dismantle the spars of a wrecked ship, to say nothing of the effect a massive hydraulic cutting claw would have on a person, armoured or not.

To complicate matters, the Hollow Men themselves are too small to target with your ships weapons, so you must don an Exo-Suit of your own and take them battle to them out on the hull of your ship before they can tear into the guts of the Pre-Emptive Retaliation and render her down into another ruin orbiting the Heathen Star!

Beware!

True void combat is a nightmare, one only really understandable by those who have survived it.

Once you leave the safety of your own vessels gravitic embrace there is no longer an up, no down, attacks can come from any direction at any time. Distances become hard to judge with nothing to measure them against and the ruined ships in the far distance seem to dance and spin around in the background as you twist and spin yourself, your eyes drawn to the distant and blurred objects as they seem to blast across your field of view at the worst possible moment, distracting you from much closer and much more immediate problems.

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"Well aware as I am that I shall not like the answer, I will still ask. Why are they so sticky?"

Good question. Why are you sticky? where are you? What happened? You vaguely recall one of the void suited nightmares swinging what looked like a chunk of concrete on a metal spar at you, then nothing. If the throbbing in your head is anything to go by, you were hit pretty hard. Probably best to just lie quietly till you know what is going on.

"I wanted to make sure our saviour wasn't hurt, so I rubbed ointment all over their body while they slept!"

So, without opening your eyes you know there are at least two people in the room wi

"All over."

...right.

It probably is best to pretend to wake up right now. You open your eyes and discover that two people share the room with you, one a towering dark haired woman in jet black power armour who radiates authority, the other a copper haired young woman who only seemed massive till your eyes focused properly and you realised she was merely looming over you with a frankly worrying smile on her face.

You are also pretty sure she hasn't blinked, but you aren't crazy enough to make eye contact long enough to make certain.

She reacts to the sight of your open eyes with a grin that's just a little too wide and a 'Hllllllllll!' that drags on a little too long and when she does speak there's an odd edge to her voice.

"Are you alright? Do you need more ointment? For your *body*?"

She leans in a little more and whispers "It rubs the ointment on its skin."

Just as you are starting to give serious thought to swallowing your own tongue and suffocating as a means to get out of the conversation the other woman crosses the room, places a hand on the redheads shoulder and gently but firmly moves her back to a comfortable distance. She must have noticed you sighing in relief because she announces "Please, excuse the behaviour of initiate Lina. While she will one day make an exceptional Sister of one of the Orders Hospitaler, her zeal and drive to heal the faithful does sometimes get the better of her."

She takes a moment to clean her monocle, perhaps thinking about what to say next, perhaps just drawing attention to the fact she can actually pull off wearing a monocle.

"Oh, how very rude of me. I am of course, Celestian Arlissa Val'Rayan Of the Order of the Obsidian Rose, and these are my Initiates, Initiate Lina, our medic and a prospective member of one of the Orders Hospitaler, Initiate Fia"

Here she gestures to another young woman, one you hadn't noticed, one with green hair sat quietly in the corner of the room, apparently enraptured by the copy of the Collected sermons of Archdeacon Malovich she is reading.

From where you are laying, you can just make out the bottom of the second book tucked inside the first, the words 'Can love bloom on the battlefield?' just visible.

Apparently Celestian Arlissa notices as well, because there is just the merest hint of an annoyed pause before she continues "Our expeditions record keeper, who one day hopes to be accepted into one of the Orders Dialogous. Making up the last of our merry little quartet is Initiate Cierra, who should she ever deign to spend more time studying and less time cooking will doubtless prove to be an exceptionally capable member of the Orders Famulous, the diplomatic corps of the Orders Sororitas."

She pauses, studies you for a moment, and apparently comes to a decision.

"It occurs to me my Rogue Trader friend, we may be of use to each other here."

Celestian Arlissa Val'Rayan

"...immediately infatuated with you in some sort of bizzare, borderline heretical harem comedy. just be yourself for a few hours, that'll fix things."

Positives

- Extremely cool and collected, always remains calm.
- Extremely capable leader (She has to be, managing the Initiates she's been given.)

- Extremely capable melee combatant.
- Wears a monocle and looks damn good doing it as well.
- Has a facial scar that blinded her other eye she picked up in a fight with a Tyranid. Luckily it's the kind of scar that just makes you look dangerous and sexy, and not the makes-children-cry kind.

Negatives

- She is blind in one eye, so very poor depth perception.
- Doesn't think she has poor depth perception and considers herself an excellent markswoman. This is NOT the case.
- Technically married to the Emperor.
- Can't deal with not being in control or things not going as planned.

Orders Hospitaler initiate Lina

"Does this rag smell like chloroform?"

Positives

- Amazingly skilled medic - first aid to hours long invasive and non invasive surgery Lina has the talent to pull it off with speed and efficiency.
- Incredibly skilled herbalist, Lina can identify on sight just what effect almost every plant and fungus you come across can be expected to do to a person, and how to use it to its full advantage.
- Kinda cute in a pixieish way.

Negatives

- Somewhat slightly obsessed with you.
- Might just be prone to sampling some of the more interesting concoctions she puts together.
- Never really got the concept of personal space.
- May not actually blink anymore. Or sleep.

Orders Dialogous Initiate Fia

"Oh, LIIVI..."

Positives

- A skilled records keeper and quartermaster, she views overseeing the proper management of a groups inventory a holy task.
- Extremely fit, she approaches physical fitness with the same step by step, single minded approach she applies to everything else.
- Almost perfect memory.
- Very logical, with one massive exception.

Negatives

- Has a massive, not very secret love of utterly terrible romance novels. If it features an Eldar Farseer and her forbidden love for a renegade Vindicare Assassin, chances are there is a tear stained copy hidden below Cierra's mattress.
- Will quickly develop a crush on you and having no relationship experience outside trashy romance novels will begin to act accordingly.
- Doesn't deal well with having to improvise. Likes everything carefully laid out and prepared.
- Has green hair, so will be teased mercilessly about being a mutant. (She isn't.)
- Expect her to try and steal a lock of your hair as a secret keepsake, because it's romantic. Expect all hell to break loose when the others find out about it.

Orders Famulous Initiate Cierra

*"Well, relationships are a lot like looting, which is kinda like negotiating a treaty anyways."
"How so?"*

"Once they let their guard down, grab everything you can get your hands on, run away laughing."

Positives

- Probably the most cheerful person you will ever meet, almost always relentlessly upbeat and happy.
- Surprisingly insightful with a fantastic almost intuitive ability to understand what people are thinking, meaning she is a brilliant negotiator.
- Extremely good cook, she can take a handful of stale leftovers and whip up something that would make a man break down and cry, swearing to be a better person forever if he can have just one more plateful.
- Quite curvy. Not curvy in the 'fat woman trying to describe herself without saying fat' way, either. She is an Adeptus Sororitas in training. There's plenty of muscle under there.

Negatives

- Gets picked on a lot by the other two initiates for being 'fat'.
- Will develop a massive hero complex for you the moment you stop the others picking on her, or she thinks you stopped the others picking on her.
- Will spend a lot of time and effort making you an array of incredibly sugary treats, and will be quite upset if you don't eat them all. Hopefully there's a cure for the diabetes.

CHOIR OF LOST VOICES

Deadlight Destroyed

You drive your tiny fleet out into the gravity well of the dying star, and even you have to admit that the vista before you is staggering, the vast belts of ships so distant they each blur into colossal rings that spin slowly around the massive black void at the core of this forsaken place. It's the sense of familiarity more than anything that has you pausing to stare out over the garden of ruined warmachines though.

You stare, and out there in the darkness, amidst the tumbling, rotting carcasses of ancient engines of war you spot something. A brief flash of colour against the darkness of the void.

For lack of a better place to start, you order the two transports to hold position and command the Pre-Emptive Retaliation to move to investigate.

Moments later something comes looming out of the void you, the darkness receding ahead of your sensors with almost unnatural slowness and you discover what was once an ornate ship of the Adeptus Sororitas, a converted merchantman if you are any judge.

Regardless of what it was once, what it is now is a burning hulk, scarred and cracked open, venting atmosphere as figures tear at her outer hull, flares of light from fusion beamers leaving dancing lights flickering in front of your eyes as the ship is cannibalised in front of you.

If there are any answers to be had here, the chance to obtain them is vanishing along with the ship filling your view screen as figures wearing hand made void suits and exo armour strip her carcass down to the bones.

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Required Complication:
Clear the Hollow Men from the carcass of the Last Martyr.
+400 CP

Perhaps they haven't yet noticed you and your rapidly approaching ship, perhaps they hold just enough animal cunning to not bother a much more deadly predator.

Either way, it seems you will need to travel across to the burning, partially picked clean ship and scour it in turn, wiping out the scavengers who tear at the slowly collapsing almost ruin.

While the huge suits of exo-armour the figures shredding the ship you seek to investigate wear might be intimidating to lesser beings, the Hollow Men themselves are no match for you, individually or en masse.

Instead, time is your enemy here, each of the deranged scavengers tearing into the superstructure of the ship with a single minded devotion, working the ships like a blind butcher, hacking away massive, jagged chunks and ferrying them away into the void till they are swallowed up by the darkness and lost amidst the sensor ghosts.

If you do not destroy or drive off the scrap-clad ghouls soon, the ship will collapse in on itself and be lost!

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Carving your way through the Hollow Men is not in the top ten most difficult things you've ever done. Slow, bulky and cumbersome they are easy prey, though the damage they have inflicted on the Last Martyr does complicate things somewhat, the ship collapsing in on itself in various place, massive emergency bulkheads falling free and shearing through decks like colossal razorblades, fires filling the air with toxic smoke that leaves visibility almost non existent.

It quickly becomes apparent which direction you should be travelling as one of the Hollow Men stumbles towards you out of the smoke, burning in a bizzare blue-purple flame, the hulking figure collapsing almost at your feet, the remains in turn collapsing in on themselves as the eldritch flames consume them entirely, the silence utterly eerie.

Heading in the direction the scavenger stumbled from you discover more and more signs of battle, and soon enough the corpses of slain Sisters of Battle as well, littering hastily made and smashed apart barricades.

Further on, towards the ships Basilica, the central chamber, you notice something.

More and more it becomes apparent that whatever killed the bulk of the Sisters came from behind them, from within the ship and the area they sought to fortify. The Hollow Men only managed to bring down a handful of the Warrior-Nuns.

Up ahead you hear a new sound, one that isn't the tortured sound of shifting metal as the weight of the ship tears itself asunder, you hear the sounds of combat. Moving faster you emerge into the basilica itself, the central shrine to the emperor now desecrated and filled with the insignia of Chaos.

The insignia of Chaos has itself been defaced in turn.

There are five women within, and they all bear the marks of the Ruinous Powers. Or they did, at least.

On the Ornate armour four of them wear and the heavy shoulderpads that compromise almost

everything the fifth figure is wearing there are scarred patches where the insignia of Khorne, Slaanesh, Tzeench, Nurgle and Chaos Undivided has been gouged away.

They all turn to regard you for a moment and then one strides forward, her every motion reminding you of the way a predator moves, utterly, completely confident in itself, a creature well aware that there are terribly dangerous things here and she is the worst of them.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?"

Her voice sends a shiver down your spine.

"I do hope you haven't travelled all this way to worship here in this place of imaginary skymonsters, have you?"

It quickly becomes apparent that the five former Adeptus Sororitas have abandoned the Emperor and then abandoned one of the Chaos Gods in turn, the entire group pledging their allegiance to Necoho The Doubter, the fifth god of Chaos.

The God of Atheism.

That... that you weren't expecting.

Alicia Dominica, Canoness of the Choir of Lost Voices

*"They spend all their lives blindly devoted to some higher power, then they pledge allegiance to a god who doesn't exist, is it any surprise when we... **they**... when **they** get a little too attached to the first person they meet?"*

Appearing as a statue of solid jet when still, Alicia was transformed into living obsidian by the Ruinous Powers, utterly stunning breathtakingly beautiful, and possessing the full measure of self confidence that comes along with it.

Positives

- Extremely deadly fighter in ranged and close combat.
- Charismatic to the point where it takes her a few words to twist people around her finger.
- Stunningly attractive.
- Incredibly durable due to being solid Obsidian.
- Very effective leader.
- Will keep the group under control whatever happens, she will refuse to allow the group

to fall to infighting.

Negatives

- Quite obviously touched by Chaos.
- Devoted to Necoho, the Chaos God of Atheism. Only she isn't, because there is no such thing as a god.
- Must destroy any temple to any god she comes across. Not because Necoho demands it of course, because he doesn't exist.
- Secretly addicted to dark chocolate. Expect increasingly acerbic moods till she gets a fix.
- Prone to jealousy.

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- Will quickly become very interested in you.
- Violently militant worshipper of Necoho, who isn't real so clearly she's an atheist. A violent atheist.

Lethe Catena, Former Sorceress of Tzeentch

"I really wish people would stop calling me a sorceress, it's all science! THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS MAGIC!"

A former devotee of Tzeentch, the Changer of Ways, Lethe is the most human looking of the group, aside from the fact her eyes are twin columns of purple-blue warfire. Happier in the role of an advisor the former Sorceress is an excellent source of forbidden knowledge.

Positives

- Skilled Sorceress and psyker, well versed in combat magic and dozens of other rituals.
- Not amazingly deadly in melee combat, but makes up for it by wielding a warfire blade that can fight independently.
- Capable of firing off Doombolt volleys that will obliterate large areas in a storm of warfire.
- Skintight Blue bodysuit forged from warpspawned Dread Crystal Spider thread that provides the same protection as power armour and looks even better.
- Looks stunning.

Negatives

- Quite obviously touched by Chaos.
- Devoted to Necoho, but hasn't quite managed to mentally square away the entire god of atheism thing. As a result any attempt to talk about the subject ends in either fire, violence or violence while being on fire.
- The most vain of the group. Failure to properly appreciate this will not end well.

- Will react with incredible violence to any display of magic, or the suggestion that she uses magic. This is because magic is created by Tzeentch, and he isn't real.
- Prone to jealousy.

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- Devoted follower of a god she doesn't fully understand and who doesn't exist anyway, so is as a result a violent atheist.
- Will rapidly become very interested in you.

Sabine San Leor, Former Noise Marine of Slaanesh

"Hey, wanna snort whatever this stuff is offa my titties? The tin has a skull and crossbones on it, shit's gotta be FUKKEN SWEET!"

Notorious even before she fell to Slaanesh Sabine has long been a seeker of hedonism, excess and body piercings.

Positives

- Will always be up for anything. *ANYTHING*.
- Has a terrifying naked warrior princess slash punk bitch thing going on.
- Is an amazing musician and has an insanely broad knowledge base regarding music. Seriously, if it was ever recorded she's done something lewd while listening to the album backwards.
- Is to tattooing and body jewelry as Michelangelo was to painting and sculpting.
- Has a blastmaster, a daemoniac weapon that uses pure sound to liquify opponents. When she really starts to sing, battles end FAST.
- Outfit consists entirely of massive shoulderpads, gauntlets, boots and a belt taken from her old suit of power armour. And nothing else.

Negatives

- Outfit consists entirely of massive shoulderpads, gauntlets, boots and a belt taken from her old suit of power armour. And nothing else.
- Quite obviously touched by Chaos.
- Will snort, inhale or ingest any drugs you have. Or anything that might be drugs. Or anything that looks like or might have been near drugs at some point.
- Abandoned concepts like 'subtle', 'quiet', 'secret' or 'private moment' a long time ago. Expect everything to happen at earsplitting volume.
- Prone to jealousy.

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- Due to you existing, has a thing for you and a tendency to physical and preferably

public displays of affection.

- Shockingly enough, another worshipper of Necoho, who doesn't exist, meaning she is just a very loud, violent atheist.

Verena Armenii, Former Nurglite Terminatrix

A former terminatrix of the Plaguefather, Verena spent her time spreading the love Father Nurgle wishes to share with everyone. Due to her devotion she was elevated to the rank of Terminatrix, one of a handful of female terminators.

"Hugs for everyone! I'm just bursting today. With love! Bursting with love! Not... y'know. Fluids. Or pus. Not at all."

Positives

- Close to twelve feet tall and built like a very curvy bunker.
- A cuddler. Loves cuddling and being cuddled. Very squishy.
- Has a suit of terminator armour, making her an incredibly durable combatant.
- Has a Bilethrower. Think flamethrower that vomits diseased bile, rot and horror instead of fire.
- One of the friendliest people you will meet, always has time to sit and talk and will always manage to make you feel better.

Negatives

- Quite obviously touched by Chaos.
- Has a giant horn in the middle of her forehead.
- vaguely mould green tinted skin.
- Devoted worshipper of Necoho. Necoho being a god of atheism he obviously can't exist, and neither can any other god, something she will spend a great deal of time gently nagging you about.
- Prone to jealousy.

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- Still bears the gift of Nurgle in his aspect of wild, unrestrained growth. Combined with her Bilethrower she can shower allies with clouds of filth that trigger a massive healing surge.
- Can vomit a tide of bile over people that will trigger a much more potent version of the healing surge. Or kill them in a horrifying, diseased and festering fashion, if they aren't nice.
- Not a violent atheist, but she will be incredibly disappointed and upset with you if you aren't.
- Will develop a massive crush on you.

Decima, Former Khornate Berserker

"I don't expect you to understand. There's no such thing as 'enough violence.' You can have violence, more violence, and on a good day you might even get a lot of violence, but never in a million years will there be enough violence. It's fundamentally impossible."

Six feet of solid muscle with bright crimson skin and utterly bald Decima was an infamous berserker of the Blood God to the point where she was given the opportunity to saddlebreak her own juggernaut, a massive insane hellbrass daemon she still rides to this day. His name is Biggles.

Positives

- All business all the time, and the business is usually killing idiots.
- Surprisingly enough, by far the most intelligent of the group with a genius level intellect.
- Has a pair of chainaxes and an insane level of skill with them. An utter nightmare in close quarters combat.
- Has a Juggernaut engine she rides around on and generally treats like a helpless kitten.
- Utterly titanic strength and endurance.
- Attractive in a terrifying battlescarred barbarian queen way.

Negatives

- Prone to the occasional berserker rage.
- Does enjoy drinking the blood of slaughtered foes from the skulls of other slaughtered foes.
- Quite obviously touched by Chaos.
- Surprisingly well read, but quite arrogant about it. Expect to be lectured down to about seemingly random topics.
- Biggles, her Juggernaut is *INSANE*. To everyone else it is a monstrous thing literally made of murder and fire and hate, to Decima Biggles is her cutesy ickle wickle baby.
- Prone to jealousy.
- Do not under any circumstances make fun of her babytalking to Biggles.
- Seriously.
- **DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE FUN OF HER BABYTALKING TO BIGGLES.**

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- Violently Tsundere from day one.
- Devoted to Necoho, expect to be challenged to debates about such topics as 'If Necoho was real he'd be the best god', 'Death to idiots who shout at the skywizard' and 'debating the concepts of the nature of existence'.

Somewhere in a place both nearby and at the same time an infinite distance away a figure waits.

In a place that weights down on the fabric of reality, a place that eats away at the walls of existence like a slowly growing cancer a haggard, unkempt almost Eldar sits and waits, and studies the row after row of skulls that circle the room.

There are no imperfections, but still he searches. Occasionally he stops, pauses, takes down a skull. Sometimes he inhales deeply, as a man would smell a flower. Sometimes he licks them. Tastes them.

Sometimes he shifts them. Ever so slightly he moves them. The tiniest fraction of a millimeter to one side or the other, every one of the thousands of skulls all facing one point.

Every pair of sightless eyesockets staring unceasingly at one point.

Imagine what standing on that spot would feel like.

Imagine what all that horror, all that lingering psychic terror bearing down on you would feel like.

Imagine what it is doing to reality in that exact spot.

Imagine what will come through.

There is only one space left now. Space for one more skull.

The figure comes to a decision. Steps into the shadows.

Through the shadows.

From there to here.

To one of the ruined ships overlooking the Pre-Emptive Retaliation.

Overlooking you.

Court of the Heathen Star

The gravity well of the Heathen Star is massive, larger than most solar systems, and choked with the debris and ruin of countless ages. Broadly speaking, it can be divided into five separate areas, and before the Gate begins to close and forces you to leave you will have time to plunder one of them.

The closer to the Heathen Star you venture the greater will be the risks, but then again, so will be the reward.

YOU MAY ONLY VISIT ONE LOCATION, SO CHOOSE WITH CARE.

Blight, The First World

+ 200 CP

The first of three worlds trapped in the endless dance of the Heathen Court, Blight is a dead and desiccated place. Hollowed out from within, like an apple devoured by worms, blight is a honeycomb of ship-sized tunnels and crevasses, some clogged with the remains of vessels drawn in by its weak gravity. Wrath's Carrion routinely explore Blight for vessels that have drifted in from the rest of the galaxy, though even here they remain wary, for the Hollow Men are known to scavenge the dead world.

The Outer Sea

+ 400 CP

The vast bulk of the Court of the Heathen Star is known as the Outer Sea, a region of space thick with the ruined remains of vessels of every manufacture, race and function, all drawn from the galaxy outside or even torn from the greedy claws of the Warp. Such is the scale of the sea that to look upon it is enough to drive most explorers to despair as the endless tumbling shapes and broken debris fill their vision and choke their ships sensors. It would be possible to spend a hundred lifetimes scavenging the sea and only clear out a handful of vessels.

Decay, The Second World

+ 600 CP

Deep within the Outer Sea lies the blasted world known as Decay. Smaller than Blight, it is more a moon than a true world, hidden against the deeper darkness of the void by its stygian surface. It is only detectable by the weak light of the turbulent star on its faint gravity shadow. Visitors to this place claim that it is home to the Hollow Men, and all the treasures they have obtained.

Oblivion, The Third World

+ 800 CP

OR

+ 200 CP and one ship upgrade chosen from a random faction

(roll 1D9. 1 = Tyranid, 2 = Tau, 3 = Dark Eldar, 4 = Necron, 5 = IG, 6 = Ork, 7 = Admech, 8 = Eldar, 9 = Space Marine.)

There is a third and last world in the grip of the turbulent star, known only as Oblivion. Visible from the edge of the system only on the most powerful sensors and auspex, virtually nothing is known about Oblivion save that it is larger than both Blight and Decay and apparently has a dark and murky atmosphere. What mysteries lay beneath its boiling grey clouds remains a mystery, save that having survived this long so close to the Heathen Star the world must be rich in materials that could not have been formed anywhere else in the universe.

The Carrion Deeps

+ 1000 CP

OR

+ 200 CP and one faction ship upgrade of your choice.

Beyond Oblivion the sea thins out to almost nothing and the thick fields of wrecks and debris give way to scattered space hulks and blasted, broken fragments. Rumours say that here, beneath the very gaze of the Heathen Star the greatest vessels are drawn to bathe in the twisted light of the turbulent and necrotic star. Such rumours are impossible to confirm, as to date no living being has ventured this close and returned.

Complications

Your time within the Court of The Heathen Star will be difficult enough, though if you wish you may select a few more things to make your time here even more dangerous.

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Kheradruakh, the Decapitator

Required Complication.

+ 0 CP.

At first glance Kheradruakh appears almost comical - haggard, unkempt, not bearing the

slender grace and beauty of other Dark Eldar but instead thin and sickly looking, twitching from time to time in the manner of an addict craving another dose of opiates.

It is only when one looks into his eyes it becomes apparent how deadly he is - his gaze one of nightmares, the assassin long ago passing through the veil of sanity to dwell in some unspeakable place beyond.

Almost nothing is known of him, even amongst the Dark Eldar. Even his name is simply a description, meaning "He Who Hunts Heads" in the language of the denizens of Commorragh.

Like the other Mandrakes, which many suspect him to be the progenitor of, he is a master assassin, having turned murder into an artform.

As like other mandrakes he has shadow-skin, which combined with his exceptional skills of stealth, makes him virtually invisible. Entirely unique to The Decapitator, however, is the fact that he has had two additional fully-functioning arms grafted onto his body by the Haemonculi of Commorragh. This provides him with an uncanny strength and ability in melee combat which few are capable of matching.

Able to step from any shadow to any other shadow, Kheradruakh will only attack when conditions favour him, and given the fact his skills mark him as one of the most deadly of the Dark Eldar in melee combat and even if you sleep fully armed and armoured when the attack comes, you will be at a great disadvantage, to say the least.

Should you be slain in battle, don't worry. Once your skull has been cleaned and set in place, soon enough everyone else will die too...

Should you do the impossible and slay Kheradruakh, you will be able to claim a unique and quite gristly trophy from his remains. His hide will peel free with disturbing ease, even as his corpse liquifies. Wearing it as a cloak you will be able to use The Decapitators ability to step from shadow to shadow, using patches of darkness as portals to move as you will.

The Mandrakeskin Cloak will also render you virtually invisible, almost completely unseable by sensors, sorcery or the naked eye, and only the aura of freezing, mind numbing, bone chilling cold that you radiate will give you away.

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Wrath's Carrion

+ 200 CP

Based aboard a hidden Imperial orbital defense emplacement that is barely still operational these are the remnants of an expedition that came here the last time the Gateway of the Damned opened and a Rogue Trader named Wrath came here. Wrath himself managed to flee, but he abandoned the bulk of his fleet behind him.

Once a group of good and loyal Imperial sailors, they have been warped by time, circumstance, and the necessities of survival into vicious, hardened pirates and raiders who remorselessly slaughter those newcomers who find themselves trapped here for supplies and food, air and warmth.

Perhaps worst of all, the Carrion seem incapable of realising they could flee this place.

Hollow Men

+300 CP

No one knows just how the Hollow Men survive amongst the vast debris fields of the Court of the Heathen Star. Most often encountered near larger derelicts and in the hollowed out interiors of ore heavy asteroids they have never been observed operating any manner of voidship.

Swarming over newly deposited ruins and any living ships they can catch they rapidly strip to a metal skeleton from the outside in. Any crew are good as dead, for the Hollow Men slowly peel the outer hull back bit by bit till the cowering crew of the stricken vessel are exposed to the cold vacuum of space. It is almost as if the Hollow Men are unaware of those they kill in this manner, for if the crew do nothing to try to stop them they are simply ignored till they suffer the embrace of the void.

Having seen off one attack already, the Hollow Men will return, time and time again to claim your ships.

Void Kraken

+ 500 CP

There are countless lifeforms trapped within the gravity well of the Heathen Star, and not all of them came here aboard starships.

Long, long ago a juvenile Void Kraken wandering into the grasp of the Heathen Star, and unlike all the others trapped here, it thrived. At first it was able only to feed on those who spilled into space when their ships were shattered, but in time it grew vast and powerful, able to breach ships and feast on living crew, then able to tear ships asunder.

With each year that passes it grows stronger and more ravenous, and the grip the Heathen Star holds on the beast wanes as it grows powerful enough to escape the gravity well of the dead star.

Soon, within days it will finally break free and spend the next few weeks in a feeding frenzy, tearing countless ships to bits, consuming all it can before it travels through the Gateway of the Damned.

It would be wise to keep an eye on the beast at all times, and your explorations restricted following in its wake, lest you anger the thing...

Entropic Anomalies

+300 CP

The pressures of reality bear down on the Court of the Heathen Star, compressing and distorting it in an effect similar to how an oyster wraps irritants, though what you will find here can not be called pearls, not by any measure.

Invisible, undetectable pockets of broken space litter this place, and should you enter one you will have precious few moments to either power through to safety on the other side or to turn and return from whence you came before you are rotted away to nothing.

Sensor Ghosts

+200 CP

The Heathen Star continually vomits out tides of stellar radiation, as do all stars, but more than that it is a fountain of countless other particles and effects, each more bizzare and esoteric than the last.

The closer you move to the necrotic star itself the more pronounced the effect will be as realities hold grows weak and impossibilites exist here that would otherwise be evaporated by the pressures of the laws of physics.

The end result of this is that your ships sensors and eventually your own senses will be utterly unreliable here, scanners chasing ghosts and reporting hundreds of impossible contacts in nearby space while things dance in the corner of your eyes, flickering shadows that seem to move out of view just as you turn to face them.

Background Screech

+300 CP

Within the court of the Heathen Star there is always the background hum of the dying star that holds dominion here, a impossible, deep, droning noise you feel through your teeth as much as

you hear it. After a few days even the concept of sleep will be abandoned, the sound tearing at your consciousness. The unending drone will fray at your mind while you remain, eating away at your sense of self.

Even those who have left behind the need for rest will be affected, the sound rasping at your psyche till you are exhausted beyond words and even the simplest actions leave an ache deep in your bones.

Suffice to say, your ability to complete any task you could name will be greatly compromised, your hands responding sluggishly, as though you wear gloves of solid lead.

Worst of all, if you remain here long enough you will find yourself responding to the sound, conversing with the Heathen Star...

Genestealer Infestation

+ 400 CP

Few Tyranid creatures have earned such a terrible reputation or caused as much damage to the Imperium of Man as the Genestealer. Detected long before the first tendrils of the Hive Fleets reached the galaxy, they were thought to be little more than another unusual and deadly alien xeno-form. It was only after the horrors of Hive Fleet Behemoth and Hive Fleet Leviathan assaulted the galaxy that the Imperium came to realise their true purpose as advanced scouts for the Hive Mind and xenos infiltrators of the most insidious kind. Hiding away on void ships and in the depths of Space Hulks, the Genestealer menace has travelled across the length and breadth of the Imperium, seeding themselves onto human worlds and subverting their populations. This perhaps is the greatest horror the Genestealers bring, as they can infect almost any lifeform with a "kiss," implanting some of their own genetic material into the host and taking complete control of its reproductive system. When the host gives birth to offspring, these carry with them the Genestealer's genes and over the course of several generations a new Genestealer is born, albeit with some genetic traits taken from its host: such as the human-like hands many Genestealer Hybrids encountered in the Imperium possess.

Cunning and independent, Genestealers are also one of the few Tyranid bioforms that can exist away from the nurturing and controlling influence of the Hive Mind, using their own innate intelligence and brood telepathy to form tight-knit groups. These groups can survive for decades or even centuries on worlds, hiding their presence and infecting more and more of the population until the time to strike arrives, usually coinciding with the arrival of a Hive Fleet and the wholesale invasion and consumption of the world by the Great Devourer, Genestealers and humans alike.

With this complication almost all the vessels within the Court of the Heathen Star will be infested with these deadly creatures, countless thousands of them, each one capable of carving open a Space Marine Terminator with frightening ease. Expect constant, non stop attacks from

a foe that will not stop until you are dead or worse, infected.

The Broodlord

+ 400 CP

Must have taken 'Genestealer Infestation'

The Broodlord, or Corporaptor Primus, is the ultimate product of Genestealer evolution. The Broodlord is massive, immensely strong, agile and durable, which makes it a superb melee warrior. In addition to their already potent melee combat abilities, the Broodlord also has a few Tyranid Biomorphs or biomechanical weapon-symbiotes to chose from beyond just its standard rending claws and scything talons.

The Broodlord acts as an assault commander for Tyranid armies, personally leading attacks while bearing the "synapse" ability frequently observed in higher forms of Tyranids which allows them to coordinate the Hive Mind's psychic commands over other, less-intelligent Tyranid species. However, unlike the traditional Genestealer Cult that rises up, takes its followers from among the local populace of an infested Imperial world and psychically dominantes them, and who then proceed to worship the Tyranids as gods.

With this, not only will you face swarms of Genestealers who are under the command of a frighteningly intelligent opponent you will also face thousands of Genestealer Cultists as well, the mutated descendants of those first infested by Genestealers. These Cultists will be well equipped and well armed, fully capable of using the advanced weapons and equipment they have salvaged over the decades.

To survive you must track down and slay The Broodlord himself, breaking the psychic unity of the Genestealer brood long enough to allow you to escape.

Treasures of The Heathen Star.

There are a great number of items, equipment, ship upgrades and more...unusual things you can obtain here.

SHIP UPGRADES

These are installed aboard The Light Of Terra, though they could instead be installed aboard the Pre-Emptive Retaliation if you wish.

**Star Engine
200 CP**

Star Engines are an Eldar vehicle upgrade and are simply a number of backup and extra engines used on ships and grav-vehicles to provide extra thrust when necessary. They allow them to move great distances at high speeds, vastly increasing the distances, both in the warp and realspace such a ship can cover as well as the speed it can cover them.

Shock Prow

200 CP

Shock Prows are energized rams mounted on Dark Eldar vehicles and some ships. These prows send out directional waves of electromagnetic force, allowing the vessel to carve its way through enemy formations and even shatter enemy ships. Relying more on the electromagnetic field than sheer weight and momentum these are a scalpel compared to the blunt instrument other rams represent.

Hellfire Reactor

300 CP

Hellfire Reactors are corrupted energy reactors used to power Chaos vehicles, ships and Daemon Engines, most notably Chaos Dreadnoughts. These Warp-infused reactors charge the armoured carapace of Chaos vehicles to preternatural resilience and also serves as a vortex for the souls of those it has killed, with enemy Psykers or magic users in particularly being vulnerable to the Hellfire Reactor's hunger.

Command and Control Node

300 CP

A Command and Control Node is a special issue device mounted on the outer hull of command ships. It is a highly advanced communications array with built in AI assistance, allowing nearby units to communicate effortlessly without the worry of messages being intercepted and request assistance and advice of the veteran ships crew as well as transmit orders back and forth with virtually zero lag across the vast distances of space.

Counterfire Defence System

300 CP

The Counterfire Defence System was a reasonably common type of Support System before the Horus Heresy. These AI sensor suites, first designed for ground based weapon emplacements to counter the threat of charging Orks, incorporate predictive logic circuits to ensure that assaulting enemies are met with a withering wall of accurate fire. It was only a matter of time before they were adapted for use on naval assets as point defence systems where they excell.

Ashens IV Reactor

300 CP

The IV Reactor is a new and experimental energy system developed by a renegade forgeworld in the Kronus Expanse. Powered by dark matter, the IV Reactor allows steady production of potentially dangerously overwhelming amounts of energy to the ships systems.

Gravity Wave Projector

300 CP

This Projector emits a high-powered graviton wave that repulses nearby enemies, slowing their advance to a crawl or halting them altogether. Most effective against attack craft this can also be used to hold torpedo's at bay till they explode harmlessly.

Pulse Accelerator

300 CP

The Pulse Accelerator is a Tau Support System salvaged from an unidentifiable Air Caste destroyer of some kind. This device emits a powerful induction field that accelerates the charge of Pulse weapons (such as the Pulse Rifle), increasing their range, though thankfully it is easily adaptable to the point where it can interface with Macrocanons and other kinetic weapons as well, the AI control suite capable of boosting every battery on a ship.

Advanced Targeting System

300 CP

Salvaged from what appears to be a combined Human-Xeno vessel of unidentified origins, these specialized target acquisition systems enable a warship to identify and pick out priority targets in the heat of battle.

Automated Repair System

400 CP

Another once standard feature of Pre-Imperial shipping, when activated, tiny maintenance drones swarm over the damaged vehicle systems and repair them in the midst of battle.

Sunburst Bombardment Launchers

400 CP

Stripped from the ruins of a pair of Tau starships this represents an essentially a naval-scale Photon Grenade launcher utilised by orbiting kor'vattra starships during Tau invasions. Its purpose is to give groundside Tau forces the initiative by bathing the target area (such as an enemy city or garrison) in sheer, blinding light, by means of launching artificial lumina flares. These flares cause scanners and targeting sensors on automatic tracking stations and weapon emplacements to overload and fuse out, thus disabling them and reducing the level of firepower the enemy can bring to bear as the Tau ground troops attack.

Possibly the first recording of this device being deployed was during the Tau invasion of Pavonis, specifically the assaults on the cities of Praxedes and Olzetyn , where it not only disabled the targeting auspices of the Hydra Flak Tanks but also damaged the unprotected retinas of all who directly looked up at it.

Clone Field

400 CP

A Clone Field is a piece of arcane equipment typically used by the Dark Eldar for confusing enemies. Generally used only by archons, it seems to be rare or expensive so warships that mount one are uncommon, to say the least.

This device projects several hologram-like images of the vessel that carries it, all identical in every aspect and moving in perfect synchrony.

Neuroweb System Jammer

500 CP

The Neuroweb System Jammer is a piece of experimental support equipment used by the Nicassar. This device is capable of broadcasting a jamming field that interferes with enemy weapons systems, causing critical (and sometimes explosive) malfunctioning.

Sensor Spine

500 CP

A massive kilometer tall tower bristling with sensors these spines collect and feed data to an advanced flight control system, allowing it to move into a planets gravity well and operate as an atmospheric craft. In addition, the spines can also be used to detect hidden enemies and avoid minefields and other concealed obstacles and fortifications in space or low orbit.

Stealth field generator

500 CP

A stealth field generator is really a number of paired devices incorporated into the hull of a ship that both conceal the ship by showing a view of space in front of the projectors opposite on the other side of the ship and project a low level interference field that baffles sensors into thinking any signals or readings they detect are merely caused by Solar Winds.

Fleshmetal

600 CP

An extremely unusual ship upgrade, the origins of the Fleshmetal virus have never been successfully discovered, though more than one Imperial Inquisitor who has observed the effects has postulated it to be the result of a brief alliance between Khorne and Nurgle. If so, it represents a very worrying development indeed.

Machines or vehicles infected with the virus slowly mutate, metal transforming into metal flesh, veins carrying plasma and molten metals worming their way through the newly developed tissue, vital systems transforming into living organs of bizarre yet clearly alive technology.

Eventually the ship itself will awake as a living, void dwelling creature, one capable of learning, growing and adapting to new situations.

WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT

U90 Assault Cannon

100 CP

The U90 Assault Cannon is a projectile weapon produced on Urdesh. It fires .45 calibre rounds, both standard and armour-piercing, from a forty-round drum in semi- and automatic-firing modes. Used by some members of the Tanith First and Only in order to deal with Ioxatl mercenaries during the retaking of Ouranberg, it is regarded as a bulky weapon but the smoothness and lack of recoil make it a firm favourite where available.

Vivisection Gage

200 CP

Vivisection Gages are a tool used by Deathwatch Techmarines and Apothecaries, especially those affiliated with the Magos Biologis, mainly used to maintain the ranks of Deathwatch Servitors. Common in the forges and laboratories of the Techmarines in Watch Fortress Erioch, the vivisection gage is an elbow-length gauntlet composed of tightly interlocking plates of adamantine and ceramite. The hand itself contains augmentation similar to that of a cybernetic hand, and the fingers contain a number of laser cutters, bio-solvents, auto-injectors, shears and flensing instruments. While designed as a medical or scientific device, the vivisection gage can also be used as an extremely efficient interrogation device as well.

Wild Snake

200 CP

A rare and extremely strong alcoholic beverage, brewed in the Badzones of Necromunda's underhive, Wild Snake can find its way to the marketplaces of the settlements, and even the pleasure domes of the upper hive. Gangs fortunate enough to find some for sale will eagerly snatch it up regardless of price so that they can drink it all before a fight to give them the edge of some "Snake Courage".

Made from the flesh of various snakes captured throughout the Underhive, each bottle testifies to its authenticity by having a specimen of the snake it was brewed from preserved inside. It is a clear, sharp tasting liquid, with a bitter taste that comes from the venom of its ingredients.

One purchase will give you a crate of twenty four bottles that replenishes nightly.

Roar of Truth

200 CP

Roar of Truth is an Astartes Assault Shotgun and a relic of the Blood Ravens chapter. Adapted from models used by the Adeptus Arbites of Meridian, it was modified to fire electrically charged shells, its blasts are said to sound like a thunder clap when fired.

Betrayer's Bane

300 CP

The Betrayer's Bane is a relic of the Iron Hands Space Marines Chapter. A Melta Bolter combi-weapon which contains an auto-sanctified thermal generator that replenishes its fuel as

time goes on, its case is inscribed with the name of every battle in which it has slain Emperor's Children traitor marines. As well as being masterfully made, the Melta portion of the weapon will never run out of ammunition.

Siege Auspex

300 CP

Siege Auspices are powerful scanners that can see through the densest materials to find their weak points. These items are used for finding stress fractures, reinforced or up-armoured areas, hidden passages, power conduits, and the numerous other items of interest to a siege engineer. The machine-spirits of a siege auspex, while canny, can only see so far through solid objects and have a fixed range of about 20 metres. Things like energy fields, thick bulkheads, iron, stone, armaplas, and plasteel can reduce the range of the unit or blind it altogether.

Punisher Gatling Cannon

300 CP

The Punisher Gatling Cannon is the primary armament of the Leman Russ Punisher tank, though very, very rarely the most hulking of Bull Ogryn will be given portable versions. A recent edition to the Imperial Guard armoury, the Punisher Gatling cannon unleashes a torrent of anti-infantry firepower and is among the fastest-firing weapons in the Imperial arsenal.

Pyroclast Flame Projector

300 CP

Pyroclast Flame Projectors were unique and complex flame weapons created by Primarch Vulkan himself during the Great Crusade. Wielded by the Salamander Legion's Pyroclasts, they were far more elegant and potent than the standard Flamer used by the Legiones Astartes. They were used to incinerate a swathe of targets in the manner of a standard Flamer, but also focused their jet into searing cutting arcs that sliced through durable armour.

Immolation Rifle

300 CP

The Immolation rifle is ancient, exceedingly rare, and barely understood and not a flame weapon in the strictest sense.

It is an anti-personnel weapon that fires a seething, short range beam of intense heat. When used on lightly armoured or un-armoured targets, the beam sears and blisters exposed flesh. This causes a target intense pain and, with enough damage, these weapons can cook enemies alive, but they are unable to set things afire. While they are incredibly lethal when used against organic foes, the beams cause no damage to inorganic objects like machinery, bulkheads and weapons. This makes them extremely useful in boarding actions for use against massed crew, as well as in any situation where collateral damage needs to be minimised.

Eviscerator

300 CP

An Eviscerator is a form of obscenely oversized chainsaw, that is so abnormally large that it can

only ever be wielded in combat effectively with both hands. It can deal horrible wounds to living beings and even break walls or damage vehicles' armour.

Because of its relative simplicity in comparison to scores of other weapons found in the 41st millennium, the Eviscerator has become popular amongst certain low-tech forces as a weapon for the primary use of inducing terror in the enemy. The Eviscerator is also fitted with a small flame-thrower called an Exterminator to aid in combat and add yet more to the mortifying reputation the weapon has, as there is little one can do to avoid such a thing.

The Eviscerator is most commonly found in the Imperium, amongst whose population it has come to symbolise religious wrath. For this reason the Eviscerator is often the weapon of choice with Priests of the Ecclesiarchy who have been inducted into either the Imperial Guard, Sisters of Battle, or by members of one of the Redemption Cults.

Rapture of Our Father

300 CP

The first Inferno Pistols were created by specially-trained Artificers of the ancient Mechanicum using ancient human technology dating from before the Age of Strife that is no longer publicly available in the Imperium of Man. Inferno Pistols are relics that are almost impossible for anyone within or outside the Imperium to reproduce. Arcane processes compact standard fusion-based Melta technology down to the size of a pistol, and although they have extremely limited ammunition, a single shot at close range can stop a Space Marine in Terminator Armour in his tracks or burn through the hull armour of a Land Raider tank.

The Rapture is in fact a pair of Inferno Pistols that have seen extensive modification, drastically reducing the available energy reserves in favour of a massive increase to penetrative power and sheer damage.

Kakophoni

300 CP

Kakophonies, also known as Cacophonies were strange and experimental psycho-sonic weaponry used by the Emperor's Children during the Horus Heresy. These were savagely powerful weapons produced from a fusion of Imperial and Xenos technology. They were able to unleash blasts of screaming discordant energy that can rupture flesh and incinerate metal, but their most terrifying ability was to open up the minds of those they touch to the horrors of the Warp. However, these weapons were also dangerously unpredictable in their early versions.

Black Death

300 CP

A chainsword fitted with a powerful disruptor field from the Dark Age of Technology. No one knows who made this incredible tool of death, only that this blade can cut through anything given a few slashes, and will vanish if its current wielder dies. Some say that it was made by the God-Emperor himself millennia ago, and that to find it means you have been chosen worthy as a wielder. The only absolute thing about this pure black unadorned chainsword is that it is sure

to bring down the might of the Emperor with every swing.

Death of Steel

300 CP

Death of Steel is an Astartes meltagun originally belonging to the Doom Legion that is especially effective against vehicles and buildings. The kill-record of this marvelously-crafted meltagun is kept in a vault on Watch Fortress Erioch, and lists on it innumerable armoured vehicles and monstrous beasts, felled in blazes of atomic fire. It is also credited with the destruction of the heretek-crafted battleship Impious Judgement - an honour achieved by allowing a Deathwatch Kill-team to pierce the vessel's heart when their supply of explosive charges was insufficient.

Bleak Whistle

400 CP

The Whistle has a strange and disturbing shape, reminiscent of a spiral shell, and is seemingly formed from glass in colours beyond the Human visual spectrum range, making it both compulsive and repugnant to the eye at once. When it is used the Whistle must be screamed into for it to work. The resulting whistle is capable of being clearly heard from massive distances, in both Realspace and the Warp, which summons a horde of Warp Beasts to the user's location. They appear in a large uncountable mass, that is able to run along every surface from floor to ceiling, completely unaffected by gravity, as they surge towards the Dark Eldar's enemies.

Atomizer Cannon

400 CP

The Atomizer Cannon is a relic from the Dark Age of Technology. One of the more horrific weapons of war fielded by the Deathwatch Space Marines of the Jericho Reach, they resemble bulky multi-meltas with a heavily shielded backmounted power unit. The weapon fires a blast of heavily irradiated particles that effectively melts living creatures, blowing their individual cells apart and boiling them alive from the inside. Atomizer cannons have even been known to set fire to metals and ceramite momentarily before utterly disintegrating them. Only a handful of these frightening weapons exist among the Deathwatch, and their use against humans is heavily proscribed. Many chapters refuse to use them at all, claiming the technology used is deeply heretical and objecting on moral grounds. Along with their more obvious effects, atomizer cannons also irradiate everything in their blast area.

The Pleician Tome

500 CP

The Pleician Tome is a portable font of certain archives, templates and pieces of ancient lore, created by a senior Tech-priest of the Adeptus Mechanicus and used by Techmarines.

Even to a trained eye, the information is a seemingly random collection, with no easy means of navigation, and so it takes much study to glean anything relevant to a particular task. Indeed, only those with a wide knowledge of Machine Spirits and engine lore have any hope of understanding the information contained within, however, those with patience and the

appropriate skills can find secrets of great use within the datacore, secrets dating back to the fabled Dark Age of Technology.

SPYRER ARMOUR

700 CP

Spyrer armour itself is a miraculous piece of technology which outstrips much of the combat materiel used by virtually every other Imperial organisation, perhaps even rivalling the power armour of the Adeptus Astartes.

It is self-sustaining, providing sustenance to the wearer so that they are not burdened by the requirement for food and sleep. It is also self-repairing, so that they do not require regular maintenance.

However the most important feature of the hunting rig is their power boosting system. As the wearer fights and gains experience in combat, the hunting rig will adapt and evolve to suit the wearer by increasing power to certain systems, unlocking previously unavailable abilities and new potential as the wearer gains experience.

There are four variants of Spyrer armour, and you may select one:

Orrus

The Orrus is the most brutal of the Spyre aspects. Specialising in brute force, they are characterised by oversized, piston-powered arms containing Bolt Launchers built into the fists.

They are also protected from shooting attacks by a force field. Orrus rigs typically evolve by increasing the caliber and firing rate of the Bolt Launchers or by increasing the effectiveness of their force field.

Jakara

Jakara are the lightest but most agile of the Spyre hunters, specialising in speed and mobility. They are equipped with a Sword with a Monomolecular edge and a unique Mirror Shield which can absorb energy-based attacks and fire it back at their enemies. Jakara rigs evolve by increasing the mobility and speed of the wearer, as well as increasing the sharpness of their sword. They also adapt by expanding the types of energy absorbed by their shield.

Malcadon

Malcadon are the most subtle and cunning of the Spyre groups. They are armed like spiders, with Web Spinnarets designed to immobilise the enemy so they can be torn apart by their vicious claws. They are also equipped with climbing hooks and hydraulic pistons to allow the wearer to reach perfect ambush points. The Spinnaret weapons can also be used to generate strands of web to aid in climbing. These suits evolve by synthesising neurotoxins for application to their claws, or by increasing the range and area of their Spinnaret weapons.

Yeld

Yeld are the most peculiar Spyrers, being equipped with Chameleonic armour and razor-edged wings. They are armed with multiple laser tubes built into their gauntlets. Though their wings do allow them to fly, they make for better gliders. Their wings also incorporate the chameleonic technology which makes them difficult to track. Yeld can evolve by increasing the chameleonic response and the sharpness of their wing-blades, as well as by increasing the focus and fire-rate of their laser gauntlets.

Helbrute Dreadnought Armour **900 CP**

Helbrutes are a kind of Chaos Dreadnought. These hulking monstrosities are Dreadnoughts whose suits have been hideously corrupted by the powers of Chaos and are now consumed by maddening rage. It is considered a great misfortune to be entombed within a Helbrute, and over time the flesh of the injured body will meld with the metal of the machine it inhabits. This only fuels the maddening rage that Helbrutes display in battle, occasionally attacking their allies as much as the enemy.

Most Helbrutes are completely psychotic, even before the Warp melds the metal of their prison with the flesh inside. A creeping insanity, mingled with desperation and fury, eats away at them over the long millennia. Between battles, the sarcophagus containing the pilot is disconnected and dragged clear of its armoured shell to lie inert and seething in the darkness. The Helbrute is chained like a beast when it is not actually fighting, for fear that some residue of the pilot's soul may send it into a berserk rampage. As the ships of a Chaos Space Marine fleet approach their prey, the Helbrute's heavy weapons are prepared and loaded, its power scourges and hammer-like fists are daubed in fresh blood, and its sarcophagus is installed. The madness of the Chaos Space Marine within burns ever fiercer as he rises from his dormancy. Once the fleet's warriors have landed, the Helbrute is unleashed, a lunatic beast of flesh and metal intent upon venting its rage on everything in its path.

While being interred within a dreadnought is considered the worst of punishments amongst the traitor legions, being condemned to an eternity of darkness, never again to feel the joys of combat the most horrible fate they can imagine, not all who find it inflicted upon them descend into madness. Some few regain their devotion to their dark masters and in time find redemption and in time they may emerge from the massive war machine like a dark and monstrous butterfly from a chrysalis.

The Helbrute Dreadnought remains behind, and in a horrible twist of irony it requires only a few hours of upgrading to turn it into easily the most massive and terrifying suit of powered armour available in the galaxy, and one that can be donned and removed in mere moments.

Ammunition types

200 CP Each

Each purchase represents you recovering a partial STC factory cell that will manufacture one individual round type ceaselessly for the rest of time.

Banestrike Rounds

These mysterious shells are believed to have been developed in secret by the Alpha Legion during the Great Crusade. Their sole purpose seems to have been to breach the ceramite Power Armour of Space Marines. It was used openly for the first time at the Drop Site Massacre where they proved devastating.

Dragonfire Rounds

Used by Sternguard Veterans and release a gout of superheated gas that makes a mockery of cover; the gas discharge ensuring that struck targets receive full damage, even if partially protected.

Hellfire Rounds

Replaces the core and tip of the standard bolt round with a vial of mutagenic acid, and thousands of needles that fire into the target's flesh on impact, pumping the acid into the target. Developed specially to combat Tyranids, Hellfire Rounds have equally devastating results on other organic targets.

Inferno Rounds

Designed to immolate their targets and destroy them with superheated chemical fire. The deuterium core is replaced with an oxy-phosphorus gel, known as Promethium.

Metalstorm Frag Rounds

Best against multiple lightly-armoured targets. They detonate before impact and spray shrapnel, shredding their victims. A proximity detonator replaces the mass-reactive cap, and the diamantine tip and deuterium core are replaced with an increased charge and fragmentation casing. They are similar to flak rounds and are used against clusters of enemies.

Seeker Rounds

Each round contains a miniature cogitator capable of steering the bolt towards the heat signature of a target.

Tempest Rounds

Incorporate tiny plasma shock generators that emit electromagnetic and thermal radiation when the shell detonates. Produced only on Mars, Tempest shells are noted as particularly effective against machines and mechanical targets.

BOUND DAEMON ENGINES

800 CP EACH

Within the ruined hull of an Inquisitorial Black Ship you discover something at once incredibly interesting and incredibly dangerous - A long dead Inquisitor has managed to bind four titanic Daemon Engines, and within a heavily warded chamber nearby you discover the tome detailing the ritual he or she used to control them!

If you wish, you may obtain one of these nightmarish war engines for yourself...

"Daemonic fury, bound into the shells of metal beasts and set loose upon the galaxy. Tell me, mortal: have you ever seen such a glorious sight?"

— Unnamed Chaos Lord

The Forgefiend

A Forgefiend is a Daemon Engine used by the Chaos Space Marine Traitor Legions and the forces of the Dark Mechanicum. The Forgefiend was devised by Dark Mechanicum Warpsmiths to sow death and destruction amongst enemy forces from afar. The Forgefiend is roughly centauroid in form and stands on four powerful legs. The daemonic beast's two arms are replaced with twin weapon-mounts that carry hell-forged parodies of Imperial armaments. When a Daemon Engine is forged in the citadels of the Warp, part of the fire that burns there is transferred into the heart of the engine itself. It is this brimstone-scented furnace that powers the engine's mechanical motion, but also that provides the baleful energies it pours into the ranks of its foes.

Reaper Variant

The most common armament of a Forgefiend is a set of Hades Autocannons, and the weapons replace what would normally be the creature's primary limbs. The Hades Autocannon is a large, six-barreled, rapid-firing Autocannon that allows the Forgefiend to scythe down masses of enemy troops and even lightly armoured vehicles with contemptuous ease. The Forgefiend's mechanical motions are powered by a brimstone-scented Warpfire Furnace which contains fire that was transferred into the machine from the Warp during the creature's binding to a daemon. The Warpfire Furnace also powers the Forgefiend's weapon systems. The weapons of the Forgefiend do not fire regular ballistic projectiles but instead spit out red-hot phosphor

shells that are extruded from the twisting, convulsing cables that churn and writhe inside of its armoured body. Hidden inner intestinal tracts feed steaming, large-bore ammunition into each of the monster's Autocannon chambers, each and every projectile bearing the taint of daemoniac flame. The Forgefiend replenishes its ammunition supply by devouring metal just as easily as flesh, and a well-fed Forgefiend can maintain a glowing salvo of shells for several minutes before stopping to gorge-load some more raw materials into its interior feed-hoppers.

Cerberite Variant

The pulsing energy of a Forgefiend's Warpfire Furnace is not always used to produce solid ammunition, but can be used to power flex-sheathed Plasma Weapons of ancient design, weapons so large that they look out of place upon a land-based construct like the Forgefiend.

These Plasma Weapon-equipped daemon-beasts have been nicknamed "Cerberites" by Imperial forces as they usually contain no less than three Ectoplasma Cannons, one mounted on each of their weapon arms and another located within their maw. These weapons were once prized artefacts that dated from the time before the outbreak of the Horus Heresy, but have now been corrupted by the malevolent arcane knowledge of the Warpsmiths.

Gargoyle-mounted and drizzling with balefire, the searing energies that these devastating weapons hurl outwards are a hybrid of plasma and burning ectoplasm channeled straight from the Forgefiend's tainted heart.

The Maulerfiend

Unlike its counterpart the Chaos Forgefiend, the Maulerfiend was designed by the Warpsmiths of the Dark Mechanicum for close-range combat. Maulerfiends thunder towards their foes like giant attack beasts loosed from the leash. The eyes of the beasts glow with the balefire of the Warp as ectoplasmic drool drizzles down through their great fanged maws. The Maulerfiend's primary limbs end in prehensile Power Claws powerful enough to tear an Astartes Dreadnought limb from limb. Should a Maulerfiend catch a squad of less protected warriors, they will scissor them apart or simply squeeze them into paste with a flex of their claws and a growl of satisfaction. Unlike the Forgefiend, which is powered by an internal Warpfire Furnace, the Maulerfiend is powered and fuelled by the rage of the daemon that inhabits it, and this amplifies the power of its weapons.

The Maulerfiend is also known as a "Stalker-tank" or a "Scaler" to Imperial troops, as these multi-limbed monsters have the strength and agility to climb even the most sheer of walls, and no place is truly safe from a Maulerfiend that has taken the scent of its prey. Chaos Lords often deploy Maulerfiends to disable or destroy heavily armoured targets, as the beasts will grasp hold of vehicles or emplacements and use its front Power Claws to hold its target while the Magma Cutters that protrude from its torso can focus the raw daemoniac anger that burns inside it into a white-hot flame that can melt through rockcrete as thick as bastion walls. Many an Imperial Titan has been felled by Maulerfiends clambering up its legs and shearing through its joints with its claws and pinpoint magma blasts.

Some Maulerfiends serve their masters as daemoniac battering rams that barrel headlong through the enemy lines. They defend themselves from counterattacks with segmented tendrils that whip out from their throats to crush and confound those around them who would attempt to stall their advance. These "Lashers" gorge themselves on the hot flesh of their victims until their blunt muzzles drip with blood in a twisted parody of feeding, even though they can take no sustenance from the flesh of men.

Once a Maulerfiend has latched on to an enemy war machine or fortification, its target's destruction is all but assured. If even a single Maulerfiend makes it to the walls of an enemy emplacement, it will clamber across the sheer faces, tapping with its claw-pincers until it finds a weak point before peeling open a large section and forcing its way inside. Due to their utility in siege warfare, Maulerfiends are used extensively by the Warpsmiths of the Iron Warriors Traitor Legion. Even the most redoubtable Imperial defences will fall into deathly silence once a Maulerfiend has breached the walls and set upon the fleshy morsels that lie within.

The Heldrake

Out of the storm it came -- a beast of brass and obsidian, of cable and bone, the wind from its jagged pinions reeking of brimstone and rotten souls..."

—Anonymous

The Heldrake is a winged Daemon Engine of Chaos Undivided that plummets out of the skies like a living comet, hurtling towards enemy aircraft and crashing claws-first into them from above. Each Heldrake is a vicious predator, hell-forged deep within the Warp. These monstrous creatures take cruel joy in diving down upon the unsuspecting air support of their enemies in order to shred them into pieces with its scything wings and rune-carved talons. Heldrakes are usually found within the ranks of the Chaos Space Marine Traitor Legions, attaching themselves to the bottoms of Chaos warships and waiting until the ship reaches low orbit of its target planet, then the Heldrake will plunge into the world's atmosphere and engage enemy forces in the war-torn skies.

Heldrakes were once noble fighter aircraft flown by Space Marine pilots, though they are now something much more hideous. The dark energies of the Warp have granted them a form much better suited to the predatory role their twisted spirits savour. While all Heldrakes have sweeping wings and the powerful engines common to all Chaos fighter craft, such as the Hell Blade or Hell Talon, the resemblance ends there, for their aspect is one of flying daemoniac reptiles or pterosaurs more than any ordinary aircraft.

The miasma of wrongness that surrounds these fell creatures is due not only to their hideous

hybridisation, but also to the keening anguish of what remains of the individuals who used to be their pilots. The steersmen inside the Heldrakes, having become consumed by the power and independence granted to them by their fighter craft, have literally become one with their vehicles due to the power of the Warp. At first, the transformation is of the body -- the corrupted Astartes pilots shrink back into the interiors of their machines until they see with the craft's auto-senses and speak with its Vox-grilles. Eventually, as the machines themselves achieve daemonic sentience, the transformation affects the pilot's very soul. After so many centuries swooping through the Warp as pitiless hunters, the steersman's soul melds with that of their war engine until they are entirely subsumed. The pilot's physical form becomes an atrophied, foetal ball that burns deep in the core of the Daemon Engine where a natural beast would have a heart. Trapped and made subservient to the murderous desires of the daemon with which they now share their prison, the withered, blackened pilots scream in the darkness, their trauma and rage magnified by the Vox-arrays of the Heldrake into haunting cries.

The Heldrake is armed with two sets of powerful, piston-driven claws that are capable of tearing into enemy aircraft as easily as if it were flesh. The creature has a set of back claws located on what appear as short legs that the Heldrake uses to hang from the bottom of Chaos starships and to land and latch on top of enemy aircraft, allowing its other claws, located on its longer primary limbs, to tear into the enemy aircraft. The Heldrake is also armed with a single long-range weapon, a Hades Autocannon, that is located within its mouth. The Hades Autocannon is a massive six-barreled, rapid-firing Autocannon that allows the Heldrake to scythe down masses of enemy troops and aircraft with contemptuous ease. The Heldrake can also be armed with a Baleflamer in place of its Hades Autocannon. The Baleflamer is a daemonic Flamer weapon that allows the Heldrake to heave out the great gouts of daemonic Warpfire roiling within their chests. The burning ichor that rains down upon their prey ignites flesh and soul alike.

The Decimator

"They Shall Not suffer a Machine to Think! For Ruin Shall be its Purpose and Accursed be the Work."

— Archmagos Takashi Ludd, "Castigations upon the Logistica Corpus"

The Decimator is a Chaos Daemon Engine created from a horrific amalgam of human and xenos technology fused together and brought to unholy life by the darkest Warp sorcery. Decimators are nothing more than daemonic engines of death, standing taller than even the mighty Contemptor Pattern Dreadnoughts used by the Adeptus Astartes. The Decimator is believed to be an attempt to bolster the ranks of such ancient devices that still serve with the Traitor Legions and if this is the truth, then it is feared that many warriors of the Imperium will fall before these deadly machines. The Decimator is a nigh-unstoppable war machine, striding forth

into the maelstrom of battle seeking to kill as many foes as possible with its horrendous might. These great beasts of Warp-fused metal and daemonic flesh are fortunately rarely encountered by Imperial forces as these terrible machines are blessed with the power of unholy vigor, and are capable of fighting on despite suffering obscene amounts of damage. The only way to ensure a Decimator is no longer a threat is to completely destroy its physical body, eliminating its daemonic possessing spirit's tether to the Materium and banishing it back into the darkness of the Warp.

The use of the Decimator Daemon Engine was first recorded in Imperial records as far back as the latter part of the 35th Millennium, during the mass genocides known as the Grief of Herodin. The Decimator is rarely encountered outside of the Chaos Cults and demonic fleets that roam the benighted reaches of the Nightmare Rifts far to the galactic south in the Segmentum Tempestus. It is here in the dark void beyond the Imperium's borders that some unknown source, it is believed, barter these dread killing machines for a high price in blood, plunder and souls. This has led some within the Ordo Malleus to label them the work of the infamous Dark Magos known as the Sepktraal Cult which legend has it was driven to the rifts beyond the Silent Abyss during the Great Scouring of the early 31st Millennium. Other Imperial savants insist that the cult never existed at all except in the febrile myths of that forgotten age

The Decimator is a large, brutal, and hellish creation; the essence of a Warp creature bound and fettered within the armoured bulk of a great bipedal warmachine. The hell-machine features great slab-shoulders of tainted and defiled ceramite and adamantium, while a low-set "head" gives the Decimator a characteristic hunched posture which exudes brooding and vicious menace. Inquisitorial savants do not know for sure what malefic party is responsible for this sinful innovation as the Decimator is capable of fielding a wide range of armaments attached to the ends of its long and powerful arms, including a rapid-firing Butcher Cannon, a Soul Burner Petard, a multi-barrelled Storm Laser, and great raking Dreadnought Close Combat Weapons known as Decimator Siege Claws with in-built Heavy Flamers. The Decimator can field these weapons in any combination, such as twin Butcher Cannons, Storm Lasers, or Decimator Siege Claws or use them in a combination with one another. The Decimator can also be turned into a mighty fire support and anti-armour platform by being armed with a single Heavy Conversion Beamer, allowing it to make quick work of all but the most resilient vehicles; fortunately the machine must stop moving in order to wield the weapon with any real accuracy.

Your ships seem to respond even more sluggishly than you would have expected as you leave this nightmarish place, the ships labouring with holds filled with a mass of resources, equipment and treasure and it takes you a moment to realise that it is the grip of The Heathen Star, even now struggling in a futile attempt to keep what it claimed long ago.

Regardless of the efforts of the black star that holds dominion here the Pre-Emptive Retaliation slowly moves through the Gateway of the Damned and back into realspace, closing behind you with a roar of energy that leaves the warp here roiling and churning.

It seems the Heathen Star is something of a sore Loser.

Should either of the Choirs survive the adventure intact you may take them with you as a companion. Each group counts as one companion.

