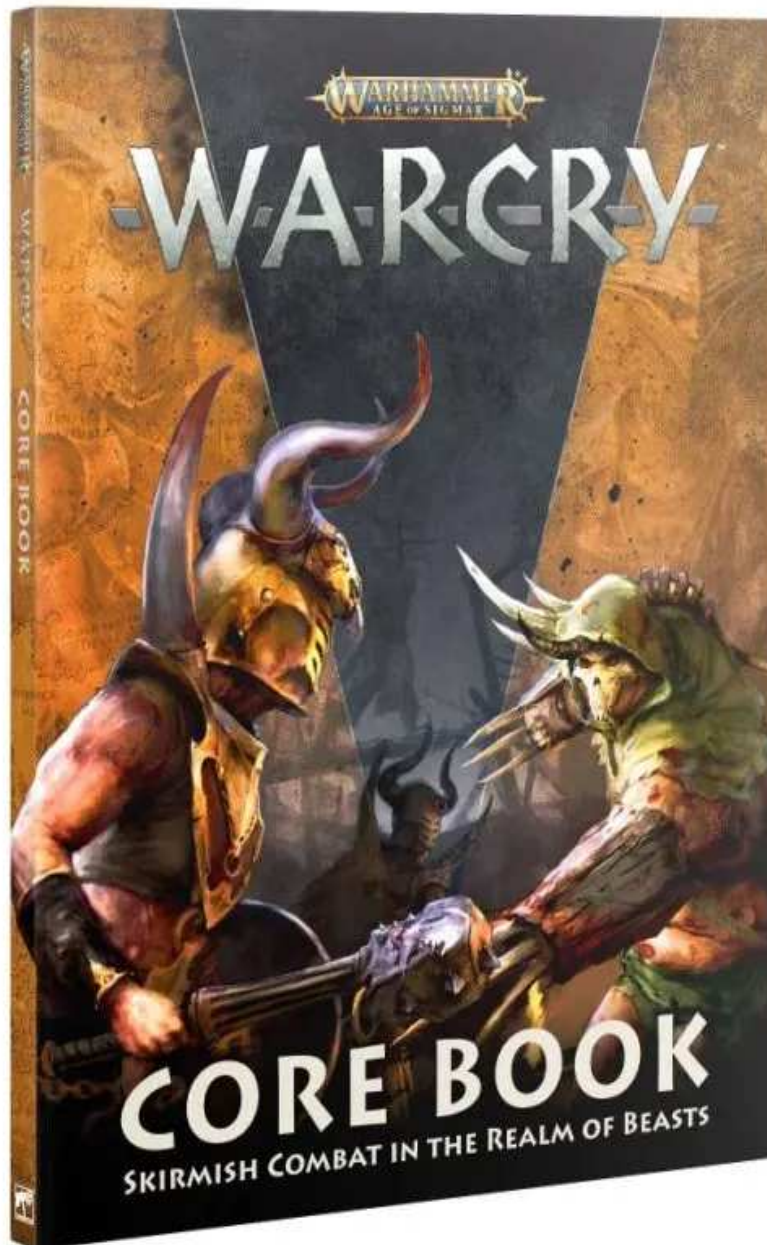


Warhammer AOS Warcry Chaos Allegiance Vol 2 0.1

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Introduction:

Welcome, Jumper! The world of *Warhammer Warcry* is a brutal and savage battleground where Chaos reigns supreme. Set in the desolate and perilous Bloodwind Spoil—a treacherous region within the Eightpoints—you find yourself amidst a tumultuous war of survival, ambition, and devotion. The Bloodwind Spoil is the epicenter of Chaos, a land where the air crackles with dark energy and rivers flow with the blood of countless battles. Here, the archways leading to the Realm of Metal and the Realm of Beasts serve as gateways to opportunity, peril, and glory for those daring enough to stake their claim. You are one such soul, drawn to this unforgiving crucible where warriors seek the favor of Archaon, the Everchosen, or strive for their own shadowy purposes.

As a member of a Chaos warband, your path is fraught with danger and glory in equal measure. These warbands are not merely groups of marauders; they are tightly bound factions with their own distinct cultures, beliefs, and rituals. Whether you hail from the ironclad forges of the Iron Golems, the beast-hunting ranks of the Untamed Beasts, or any of the myriad warbands vying for dominance, your allegiance shapes your destiny. Life in the warband is harsh, but it is also thrilling—a constant test of your mettle, cunning, and devotion. Every skirmish fought, every relic claimed, and every rival slain is another step closer to your ultimate goal.

But survival alone is not enough in the Bloodwind Spoil. Ambition is the lifeblood of Chaos, and every warband member dreams of ascending to greater power. Perhaps you seek to earn the favor of the Dark Gods themselves, to rise as a champion of Chaos, or even to claim a place among Archaon's chosen. Or maybe your aspirations are more personal—revenge, conquest, or the pursuit of forbidden knowledge. The Eightpoints is a land of limitless potential, but only for those willing to seize it with bloodied hands. Here, alliances are as fleeting as the wind, and betrayal lurks in every shadow. Your loyalty, strength, and guile will be tested at every turn.

As you embark on this harrowing journey, you have 1,000 CP to shape your abilities, allies, and equipment. These points are your gateway to survival and success in a world where the weak perish and the strong carve their legacy into the annals of Chaos.

Location

Roll 1d6 or pay 50 CP to decide where in the mortal realm you start in.

1.Aqshy (Realm of Fire)

A land of scorching deserts and volcanic activity, The Great Parch is a harsh, unforgiving environment where only the strong survive. The sky is often filled with ash, and rivers of lava carve through the landscape. Where the Blades of Khorne tries to dominate the realm in the name of the blood god.

2.Ghyran (Realm of Life)

A lush, vibrant region filled with immense forests, thriving wildlife, and crystal-clear rivers. This realm is a paradise of greenery and natural beauty, constantly rejuvenated by life magic. And where Nurgle's Rotbringers seek to corrupt this realm with their plagues and decay.

3.Chamon (Realm of Metal)

An ever-shifting landscape of metallic mountains and quicksilver seas, the realm is rich with precious metals and minerals. The environment is constantly changing due to the magical flux inherent in the realm. Here the followers of Tzeentch try to seize control of the realm for its constant changes pleases their god.

4.Ulgu (Realm of Shadow)

Shrouded in perpetual twilight, the Realm of Shadow are a disorienting place of illusions and hidden dangers. Mist and fog cover the land, and shadows seem to have a life of their own. And for some reason and your brother and sister have gathered to this realm as prophecy of a gift from you absent god can be found here.

5.Ghur (Realm of Beasts)

A savage land where massive beasts roam and survival is a daily challenge. The Amber Steppes are vast plains where only the fiercest predators thrive, and nature is red in tooth and claw. And here is where the beastman ravage the realm destroying it in the name of Chaos Undivided.

6. Eightpoints

The Eightpoints is a nightmarish nexus of realms, a war-torn landscape where the influence of Chaos is overwhelming and omnipresent. Once a central hub known as the Allpoints, this land was a strategic crossroads linking all the Mortal Realms. After falling to the forces of Chaos, it was twisted into a hellscape reflecting the malice and madness of its conquerors. The Eightpoints is the domain of Archaon and his forces, encompassing all the major Chaos factions



Races

Here your very essence is a reflection of the Chaos-tainted lands you traverse. Choose your race wisely, for it shapes not only your appearance but also your strengths, weaknesses, and the role you play within your warband. Each race offers unique traits and challenges, ensuring that your journey is as perilous as it is rewarding.

Human

The most numerous and adaptable race within the warbands, you are a normal human drawn to the Bloodwind Spoil. Whether you are a seasoned warrior, a zealous cultist, or a desperate soul with nowhere else to turn, your strength lies in your resilience and ingenuity. While you lack the raw power or durability of other races, your ability to survive and thrive in this brutal landscape makes you a valuable member of any warband. Your future is unwritten, waiting to be carved out by your ambition and skill.

Duardin[100CP]

You are a Duardin, one of the stout and resilient folk whose ancestry is steeped in craftsmanship and stubborn defiance. While many Duardin remain loyal to their ancestral traditions, you have fallen under the sway of Chaos, twisting their craftsmanship into weapons of destruction and their stubborn will into unyielding devotion to the Dark Gods. As a Duardin, you are tough, durable, and possess an unparalleled talent for smithing and engineering. Your smaller stature belies your strength and endurance, making you a formidable opponent in battle and an invaluable asset to your warband.

Beastman[100CP]

You are a Beastman, a savage and primal creature that embodies the raw and unrelenting power of Chaos. Beastmen are not merely corrupted animals; they are Chaos-born monstrosities, combining the feral instincts of beasts with the cunning of mortals. Your brutish strength, keen senses, and unshakable ferocity make you a terror on the battlefield. As a Beastman, you revel in the thrill of the hunt and the chaos of combat, seeking to prove yourself worthy in the eyes of the Dark Gods through bloodshed and dominance. You may lack the refinement of other races, but your raw power and animalistic cunning are unparalleled.

Origin

Roll **21 + 1d8** to determine your mental age. This represents the cumulative years of experience, trauma, and cunning you've amassed in the harsh world of Chaos. Whether you are a grizzled survivor with a wealth of battle-won wisdom or a younger, fiery upstart eager to prove yourself, your age affects how you approach the trials ahead. And any origin below can be a drop in Chaos.

Legionnaires

The Chaos Legionnaires are a fearsome and disciplined force, unified by their unwavering devotion to Belakor. Hailing from the heart of Chaos-warped strongholds, these warriors are veterans of countless battles, their bodies hardened by war and their souls scarred by infernal pacts. They march as one, clad in brutal iron armor and wielding weapons forged in cursed forges, spreading destruction in the name of their malevolent patrons. Though bound to Chaos, their iron discipline and relentless determination set them apart from the more feral warbands, making them a truly terrifying presence on the battlefield.

Splintered Fang

The Splintered Fang are a shadowy and venomous cult originating from lush, serpent-infested jungles. Guided by their worship of serpentine deities, they are masters of poison and subterfuge, wielding toxic blades and concocting deadly brews to bring their enemies to ruin. Their sleek, ritualistic armor and serpentine motifs reflect their sinister devotion, while their fighting style emphasizes speed, precision, and cunning ambush tactics. Members of the Splintered Fang are fanatically loyal to their cult, believing that their sacrifices and venomous rituals will grant them immortality or divine favor from their reptilian gods.

Darkoath

The Darkoath are the epitome of raw, primal power and unyielding brutality. Emerging from nomadic barbarian tribes that roam the harsh wastelands, they are bound together by oaths of loyalty to Chaos and an insatiable lust for conquest. These warriors embrace battle as a sacred act, their bodies adorned with scars and trophies that tell the story of their victories. Fueled by a savage honor code, they challenge any who stand in their way, fighting with overwhelming ferocity and an unbreakable spirit. To them, weakness is a sin, and only through strength can one earn glory and favor from the dark gods.

Untamed Beasts

The Untamed Beasts are feral hunters and survivalists from the harshest wildernesses, where only the strong survive. They reverence the primal forces of Chaos, seeing them as a reflection of the savage and untamed world they inhabit. Clad in pelts and adorned with the bones of their prey, they stalk the battlefield like predators, using their keen instincts and unmatched physicality to tear through their enemies. Driven by a desire to prove their dominance over all creatures, they view themselves as the apex predators, with every hunt and every kill serving as a tribute to the untamed power of Chaos.



Perks

You receive discounts based on your origin with 100 CP discounted ones being free.

General Perks

Bloodwind Survivor [Free]

The Eightpoints is a place of endless strife, but you have an uncanny knack for surviving its many dangers. This perk grants you an innate sense of danger and the ability to navigate treacherous terrain with ease. Whether it's avoiding ambushes, finding shelter in the unforgiving wilderness, or enduring harsh environments, you always seem to come out alive. Your instincts for survival make you a valuable asset to your warband.

Chaos-Touched Resilience [Free]

Exposure to the raw energies of Chaos has made you tougher than most. This perk enhances your endurance, allowing you to recover quickly from wounds and resist the effects of poison, fatigue, and even minor curses. Your body adapts to the chaos around you, making you more durable and capable of withstanding the relentless brutality of the Bloodwind Spoil.

Warband Camaraderie [Free]

Chaos warbands thrive on cooperation—at least until betrayal rears its head—and you've learned how to get along (and stay alive) in this cutthroat world. This perk grants you a natural charisma among your peers, allowing you to foster loyalty, inspire fear, or manipulate others within your warband. Your ability to read people and adapt your approach ensures you can secure allies—or at least avoid unnecessary conflicts.

Battle-Hardened [Free]

Endless skirmishes and brutal combat have sharpened your instincts and reflexes. This perk grants you enhanced awareness in battle, allowing you to react quickly to sudden attacks, spot openings in your opponent's defense, and maintain focus even in chaotic melees. Whether wielding a weapon or fighting barehanded, you are a force to be reckoned with on the battlefield.

Legionnaires

Be'lakor Elite Warriors [100 CP]

Be'lakor's Elite Warriors are among the most versatile and deadly combatants to ever serve the Dark Master. Trained to perfection in the use of every weapon and armor type, these warriors adapt seamlessly to any battlefield condition or enemy threat. Whether wielding heavy two-handed weapons, dual blades, or ranged implements, they demonstrate unmatched proficiency and precision. Similarly, their expertise in wearing all forms of armor—from the lightest leathers to the heaviest enchanted plate—ensures they are always protected without sacrificing mobility. This unparalleled adaptability makes them an invaluable force, capable of overwhelming any opposition with a relentless and calculated assault.

Call to Arms [100 CP]

When fighting alongside others, your skills in coordination and teamwork elevate to extraordinary levels. Whether in tight formations or fluid group combat, your proficiency in synchronizing attacks with your allies becomes second nature. Flawless execution of formation strategies and devastating combo attacks become your signature, overwhelming enemies through precision and unity. Your mere presence on the battlefield inspires those around you to fight with greater discipline, as if drawn into your rhythm. This ability makes you an essential leader or support in any group, turning chaotic skirmishes into cohesive and effective offensives.

Infiltrator [100 CP]

Your mastery of deception and subtlety allows you to infiltrate even the most fanatic armies dedicated to Chaos, regardless of the deity they serve. Whether it is through cunning disguises, manipulative charisma, or an uncanny ability to blend in, you can slip into the ranks of Chaos cults and armies across countless worlds. Once embedded, you can sow discord, gather intelligence, or strike at key targets from within, all without raising suspicion.

Dark Pact of Be'lakor [200 CP]

You have forged a pact with Be'lakor, granting you the ability to summon shadows to lash out at all opponents within a 60-foot radius. These shadows are manifestations of pure malice, tearing at the flesh and spirit of those caught in their grasp. However, such power comes at a cost—the sheer effort to call forth this darkness leaves you physically and mentally drained, vulnerable for hours afterward. Due to its immense toll, this ability can only be used once per day, forcing you to weigh the timing of its deployment carefully.

Shadow Whisper [200 CP]

Whenever you engage with someone outside the influence of Chaos, you gain the insidious ability to plant subtle seeds of doubt in their minds. Your words drip with temptation and carefully hidden truths, pushing them toward questioning their loyalties and beliefs. Over time, with further interaction or external pressure, these seeds can grow into full-blown corruption, leading the individual down the path to damnation and eventual worship of Chaos. This ability makes you a dangerous agent of corruption, capable of turning even the strongest-willed individuals to serve the dark powers.

Mark of Undivided [200 CP]

You bear the Mark of Undivided, a symbol of allegiance to Chaos as a whole rather than to any single Ruinous Power. This mark signifies that you have been chosen by the forces of Chaos in its purest form, granting you the ability to call upon the unaligned power of the Warp. While you do not gain the specialized boons of the individual Chaos Gods, the mark ensures you are granted broad favor and protection from the Chaos Pantheon. It marks you as a true champion of Chaos, standing above petty factionalism in pursuit of the ultimate goal of entropy and domination.

Master Manipulators [400 CP]

You are a grand schemer, weaving plans so intricate and far-reaching that even your closest allies and greatest foes unwittingly dance to your tune. Your mastery of manipulation allows you to subtly influence individuals, organizations, and even entire factions to act in ways that align with your goals. These plans can span decades without faltering, as your foresight and adaptability ensure that disruptions are minimized. No matter how complex the web of intrigue, you remain at its center, guiding events to your desired conclusion with near-flawless precision.

Seed of Discourse [400 CP]

Wherever you go, you become a harbinger of dissent, sowing discontent among those around you. Your words and actions have a profound ability to incite rebellion, unrest, and division within communities, organizations, or even nations. Whether it's subtle whispers that breed mistrust or bold provocations that inspire open revolt, the seeds you plant take root and grow with alarming speed. This power allows you to destabilize even the most unified groups, turning their strength into chaos and discord for your benefit.

One with the Shadows [400 CP]

The shadows themselves seem to embrace and protect you, warding off the debilitating effects of debuffs and status ailments. Whether it's poison, curses, or magical hindrances, the darkness absorbs and nullifies their effects, ensuring you remain at peak performance. This bond with the shadows also gives you an almost supernatural resilience against attempts to weaken or hinder you, making you a constant and unstoppable presence on the battlefield or within the scheming halls of power. The darkness is no longer just a tool—it is your ally and shield.

The True Master's Favour [600 CP]

Belakor has bestowed upon you a grand blessing, enveloping your very being in a protective shroud of shadow. This supernatural barrier grants you resistance to all non-magical attacks, as the shadows absorb and dissipate incoming physical force with eerie efficiency. Whether you are in the thick of battle or under ambush, mundane weapons find it far more difficult to pierce your defenses, making you a formidable opponent against even the most skilled warriors relying on physical might. This blessing becomes a constant, unfailing shield that sets you apart as a chosen warrior of the First Prince.

Wrath of the First Prince [600 CP]

Your weapons have been imbued with the raw power of Belakor's shadows, transforming them into instruments of unparalleled devastation. These shadow-infused strikes bypass all forms of immunities and resistances, allowing you to pierce even the most impervious of defenses. Enchanted armor, divine shields, or otherworldly protections mean nothing in the face of your attacks, as the unrelenting force of Belakor's will courses through your every blow. Enemies that rely on their supernatural defenses find themselves helpless, their perceived invincibility crumbling before your shadow-forged might.

When facing Everchosen-aligned units, your shadow-infused attacks become even deadlier, dealing double damage as Belakor's animosity toward Archaon fuels your strikes. This overwhelming power serves as both a boon and a reminder of Belakor's burning desire to reclaim his place as the rightful ruler of Chaos. In future worlds, this effect requires you to choose a new group or faction to bear the weight of your vengeance. Once you designate your target, they will face the full fury of your doubled destructive power, ensuring that your wrath reshapes the destiny of all who stand in your way.

Splintered Fang

Snake Sense [100 CP]

You have gained the extraordinary sensory abilities of a pit viper, allowing you to perceive the world in ways others cannot. Your sense of smell has become incredibly sharp, capable of detecting faint scents over great distances or identifying subtle chemical changes in the air. In addition, you possess a heat-sensing organ that allows you to detect the warmth of living, warm-blooded creatures. This thermal sense provides an almost supernatural ability to track hidden or camouflaged enemies, even in complete darkness or obscured conditions, giving you a distinct advantage in combat or stealth.

Snake Ambush [100 CP]

With the agility of a serpent, you now move and strike with speed and precision, especially during short bursts of action. This allows you to close gaps between yourself and your prey in an instant, catching them off guard with rapid, fluid movements. When attacking from an ambush, your reflexes and flexibility are unmatched, enabling you to contort your body to avoid detection and strike at just the right moment. Your attacks are not only faster but also more lethal, as this enhanced agility ensures you can land precise, debilitating blows before your target can react.

Snake Poison [100 CP]

You have become a master poisoner, capable of creating potent toxins to coat your weapons. The key ingredient is your own blood, which you have learned to refine and mix with other substances to craft a wide variety of poisons. These venoms can range from paralytics to deadly neurotoxins, giving you the ability to weaken, immobilize, or kill your enemies with ease. Also your body has been immune to all venom originated from snakes and serpents.

Jungle Survivor [200 CP]

Living among the treacherous jungles has honed your survival skills to perfection. You can traverse dense undergrowth with ease, evade predators, and locate resources such as food, water, and shelter effortlessly. Your familiarity with jungle terrain allows you to navigate its labyrinthine paths without becoming lost, even in areas unfamiliar to you. Additionally, you've developed resistance to common jungle ailments, such as venomous bites, diseases, or poisonous plants, making you well-equipped to endure and thrive in even the most hostile jungle environments.

Worthy by the Coiled Ones [200 CP]

Having survived the deadly trial of being thrown into a pit of venomous snakes, you are marked as worthy by the ancient serpentine god-beast, Nagendra. This ritual not only grants you the physical prowess and instincts of a snake but also establishes a divine connection to Nagendra. Through visions and dreams, you now receive his cryptic orders and guidance, often pushing you to uncover relics or take steps toward his revival in the mortal realms. In future worlds, this connection will transfer to serpentine deities who will provide visions of tasks or quests. Successfully fulfilling these divine missions will earn you unimaginable treasures or boons, but the tasks themselves are often perilous and demand cunning and strength to complete.

Serpent Caller [200 CP]

Your bond with Nagendra grants you the unique ability to tame and control serpents of all kinds. With a whisper or gesture, you can command snakes to serve your will, whether as scouts, protectors, or weapons. These creatures respond to your call with unwavering loyalty, striking at your enemies or creating barriers of writhing, venomous bodies. This ability also extends to calming hostile serpents, ensuring that even the most aggressive of them become allies rather than threats. Over time, your influence grows stronger, allowing you to summon larger and more dangerous serpents to aid you in battle or other endeavors.

Serpentine Armour [400 CP]

Your craftsmanship with serpents and their remains has reached unparalleled heights. You can now create armor and weapons forged from the scales, bones, and venom of serpents, each piece imbued with unique properties. Serpentine armor offers extraordinary flexibility and resilience, allowing you to move with the agility of a snake while providing protection comparable to the toughest steel. Weapons crafted from serpent materials are laced with venom, causing debilitating effects on enemies they wound. Each item is a reflection of your mastery and reverence for Nagendra, combining both lethal utility and serpentine elegance.

Lore of the Serpent [400 CP]

You have gained access to the esoteric magic associated with Nagendra, the ancient serpent god-beast. This magic allows you to manipulate venom, summon spectral serpents, and even conjure illusions of serpentine forms to disorient and confuse your enemies. Over time, you can delve deeper into this arcane lore, learning spells to control poisonous fogs, create barriers of writhing serpents, or infuse your allies with the speed and ferocity of a snake. This magic is deeply tied to Nagendra's will, and your power grows stronger as you serve his interests or uncover relics connected to his divine essence.

Dirty Fighter [400 CP]

The Splintered Fang believe in survival above all else, and this principle extends to your combat style. You've mastered the art of fighting without honor, using any means necessary to win. Eye gouging, low blows, concealed weapons, and underhanded tactics are second nature to you. In battle, you excel at exploiting weaknesses, setting traps, and using the environment to your advantage. This ruthless and pragmatic approach makes you a terrifying opponent, as your enemies can never predict the next trick you'll use to turn the tide of combat in your favor. For the Splintered Fang, honor means nothing if you don't survive.

Avatar of Nagendra [600 CP]

You have ascended to become the Avatar of Nagendra, embodying his divine will and power in the mortal realm. This transformation allows you to take on the form of a colossal 120-foot venomous serpent, a creature of unparalleled ferocity and danger. In this form, your venom is so potent it can devastate entire battlefields, melting through armor and flesh alike. Your body is a blend of serpentine grace and unyielding power, capable of crushing enemies under your massive coils and striking with blinding speed. The mere presence of your transformed state inspires terror, as the avatar of Nagendra is the stuff of ancient legends, heralding death to all who oppose you.

Nagendra Shaman [600 CP]

As the chosen Shaman of Nagendra, you now stand as the undisputed leader of the Splintered Fang, commanding their absolute loyalty and devotion. Your blood itself has transformed into a deadly weapon—so toxic that even a single drop can kill hundreds of individuals and even harm daemonic entities formed from pre-Warp energy. This venomous essence of your blood makes you an unparalleled threat, capable of toppling entire armies or striking down otherworldly beings with ease. Your very presence radiates the divine power of Nagendra, instilling both fear and awe in your followers and enemies alike.

In future worlds, this mantle grants you leadership over any cult or faction devoted to serpentine gods or deities. These followers instinctively recognize your authority and divine connection, rallying to your cause without hesitation. As Nagendra's shaman, you also gain deeper insight into his will through vivid visions and divine commands. These visions guide you in uncovering lost relics, enacting his plans, or spreading his influence. As a shaman, you wield unparalleled influence, controlling not only the power of your own venom but also the loyalty of countless worshippers devoted to the serpent god's revival and supremacy.

Darkoath

PLEDGES TO THE DARK GODS!!! [100 CP each]

As a devoted follower of the Dark Gods, you have forged unbreakable oaths in their name, each granting you potent blessings when certain conditions are met. These oaths represent your unwavering dedication to spreading chaos and destruction. When you pledge yourself, the Dark Gods reward your faith with incredible powers, though these abilities only activate while you remain in the heat of battle. Darkoath warriors are especially favored, receiving three oaths for free. Choose wisely, as only one oath can be active per battlefield, and their effects last only as long as you remain engaged in combat.

Oath of Bloodshed

By pledging this oath, you are blessed with the ability to rejuvenate yourself and your allies through the spilled blood of your enemies. Each time you slay an opponent, the life essence released through their death heals your wounds, knitting flesh and restoring vitality as if the blood itself were sacred. This powerful boon allows you and those around you to fight longer, enduring greater damage in prolonged battles. The more carnage you create, the stronger you and your comrades become, turning the battlefield into a fountain of renewal.

Oath of Murder

When you dedicate yourself to this bloodthirsty pledge, the Dark Gods grant you the ability to dominate champions of the enemy. Whenever you slay an opposing lord or champion, their attacks are imprinted into your mind, giving you an edge for the remainder of the battle. This blessing ensures that your strikes always land first, allowing you to outmaneuver and overpower your foes. Your enemies' greatest warriors become your stepping stones to victory, as the gods reward your skill in combat with undeniable superiority.

Oath of Supremacy

This oath grants you and your allies a surge of strength when venturing into hostile lands. When you battle in enemy territory, the Dark Gods imbue you with their power, increasing the number of strikes you and your companions can unleash in a single minute. This relentless ferocity overwhelms your foes, making them unable to match your speed and intensity. With this blessing, your enemies' lands become your hunting grounds, as their defenses crumble beneath the might of your relentless assault.

Oath of the Marauder

By swearing this oath, you commit yourself to pursuing fleeing enemies with unrelenting speed. The Dark Gods double the speed of your mount whenever you chase down opponents fleeing the battlefield, ensuring none can escape your wrath. This pledge transforms you into a relentless predator, your mounts blessed with unnatural agility and endurance to close the distance swiftly. With this power, you ensure that no foe escapes the punishment of the Dark Gods, delivering death to all who dare turn their backs.

Oath of the Raider

This pledge blesses your cavalry charges with devastating precision. When you charge your enemies on horseback or any other mount, the Dark Gods imbue your strikes with their unholy power, allowing your attacks to bypass all slashing, crushing, and piercing resistances or immunities. This ensures that no defense, no matter how formidable, can stand against your onslaught. Your cavalry charges become a force of unstoppable devastation, cleaving through your enemies as if their armor and defenses were nothing more than paper.

Oath of Conquest

This oath rewards your triumph in routing the enemy with divine protection. When you successfully break your opponent's forces and send them scattering, the Dark Gods shield you from harm for the rest of the battle. This unholy barrier ensures that no matter how fierce the enemy's counterattacks, you remain untouchable, embodying the unstoppable will of the Dark Gods. This blessing serves as both a reward for your dominance and a guarantee that you can press your advantage without fear of reprisal.

Chaos Mounting [200 CP]

With this ability, you gain the expertise and resilience needed to ride and command any mount tied to the forces of Chaos. From towering daemonic beasts to mutated monstrosities, no creature aligned with the Dark Gods is beyond your control. This connection is not merely physical; you resonate with the chaotic energies that bind these mounts, allowing you to forge an unbreakable bond with them, no matter how volatile or destructive they may be.

Path of Chaos [200 CP Each]

As a Darkoath, you must choose a path that aligns with your innermost desires and ambitions, dedicating yourself to one of the many chaotic influences that shape your destiny. Each path offers unique powers and attributes, tailored to your chosen allegiance.

SHESH'SHAN

The path of Shesh'Shan grants you unparalleled speed and agility, both on foot and while mounted. Your movements become a blur, enabling you to outmaneuver enemies and strike with the swiftness of a predator.

ARKHAR

Those who follow Arkhar are consumed by an unrelenting rage that fuels their strength in battle. The fury within your heart burns hotter than the fires of the Chaos Wastes, allowing you to strike with a force far beyond that of your allies. Each blow you land is devastating, capable of shattering shields, crushing armor, and leaving enemies broken in your wake.

THE PALE ELK

Walking the path of The Pale Elk imbues you with a cheerful and optimistic outlook on life, even amidst the horrors of the battlefield. This unusual demeanor makes you unnaturally resilient, allowing you to endure injuries that would fell lesser warriors.

BLOOD CROW

Choosing the path of the Blood Crow awakens your perception to the mystical winds of magic that flow through the mortal realms. Your eyes become attuned to these unseen forces, granting you the ability to sense and manipulate the arcane energies that surround you.

DemonFire Weapons [400 CP]

With this potent ability, you gain mastery over the art of imbuing weapons with the unholy flames of demonic fire. This fire is no ordinary blaze—it is imbued with chaotic energy that weakens magical constructs and barriers. Any weapon enhanced with this fire becomes a tool of devastation, capable of bypassing spells and enchantments that grant indestructibility. Even the strongest wards and protections crumble under the unrelenting power of this infernal flame.

Chaos Gifts [400 CP Each]

Here, you will receive the unholy blessings of the Dark Gods, each gift reflecting the domain and authority of your chosen patron. These gifts grant immense power but also shape your existence in ways beyond mortal comprehension. Choose wisely, for each blessing marks you as a true servant of Chaos.

ARKHAR

Hatred of Sorcery

Your very presence rejects magic, rendering you immune to weaker spells and sorcerous influences. Illusions shatter before your eyes, enchantments break upon your skin, and curses falter when they attempt to take hold. While powerful magic can still affect you, its potency is lessened, and you become a relentless force against spellcasters who dare to challenge you.

Prayer of Blood

You have been granted the ability to dispel magic through sheer force of will, turning enemy sorcery into nothingness. Lesser spells vanish instantly, while stronger incantations require greater effort, draining your stamina as you force the corrupting energies away. Against powerful magic, you may need to sacrifice your own strength to erase its presence, but the gods smile upon your defiance of the arcane.

BLOOD CROW

Flames of Corruption

From your hands burst forth flames tainted by Chaos, burning not only flesh but warping the very essence of those they touch. These cursed fires do not merely destroy—they transform, twisting victims into maddened, corrupted forms, or reducing them to little more than wailing husks of their former selves. Anything struck by these flames is forever tainted, left as a monument to the Blood Crow's influence.

Lies and Truths

You now possess an uncanny ability to detect lies and deception. No one can hide their falsehoods from you, as their words twist unnaturally in your mind when they attempt to deceive you. In turn, you become a master manipulator, skilled in speaking in half-truths so that even the most skeptical listener cannot unravel your words. Your silver tongue ensures that no one ever knows exactly where your true loyalties lie.

THE PALE ELK

Lord of Flies

A swarm of foul, bloated flies follows you wherever you go, acting as both a living shield and a weapon of terror. These insects obscure your presence, forming a thick, buzzing smokescreen that conceals you from enemies. When commanded, they surge forward to engulf your foes, crawling into every opening to blind, suffocate, and torment those who stand against you.

Pus Ball

Your body has become a walking vessel of disease, swollen with vile pus and filth. Whenever you are struck, the wounds rupture, spilling forth infectious fluids that seep into your attacker, spreading sickness and decay. Those who harm you will find themselves plagued by unholy afflictions, their bodies rotting from within as the Pale Elk's gift takes its toll.

SHESH'SHAN

Suffering Strike

Your attacks now inflict an agony beyond mortal comprehension, causing pain so intense that death would be a mercy. However, in exchange for this unimaginable torment, the physical damage you deal is minimal. This effect can be toggled at will, allowing you to choose between excruciating suffering or direct lethality depending on the battle at hand.

Masochist's Blessing

Whenever you experience pain, your body instinctively begins to heal, regenerating wounds as if they never existed. As a consequence, your suffering fuels your strength, and your screams become a weapon of their own—unleashing a maddening wail that drives those around you into a frenzy, forcing them into reckless, mindless assaults. Those who hear your cries can think of nothing else but the urge to attack, making them easy prey for your calculated counterstrikes.

Unbreakable Will [600CP]

The Dark Gods have tempered your mind and soul into an indomitable force, forging your will into an unbreakable bastion against all who would seek to dominate or control you. Fear, despair, and doubt hold no sway over you, allowing you to stand resolute in the face of horrors that would drive lesser mortals to madness. No sorcery, no torment, and no amount of psychological warfare can shatter your resolve—your mind is an iron fortress that even the most insidious manipulations cannot breach. Even when faced with the impossible, you do not falter, for your faith in Chaos and your own strength is absolute.

Chieftain of the Dark Gods [600CP]

You have risen above mere warbands, your name whispered in reverence and terror alike. No longer are you just another warrior of Chaos—you are a legend in the making, a figure of myth whose deeds will be told for generations. The Dark Gods themselves have taken notice of you, granting you an aura of unnatural charisma and authority. Your words hold a weight that cannot be ignored, compelling others to follow you with fanatical devotion. The weak-willed will fall to their knees in awe, and even the strong will feel the pull of your presence, eager to fight under your banner. Whether through fear, respect, or sheer belief in your strength, warriors will flock to you, ready to spill blood in your name.

This divine favor extends beyond mere influence, as your presence alone can inspire those who fight alongside you. When leading an army into battle, your forces are blessed with heightened aggression, resilience, and an unshakable drive to slaughter in the name of Chaos. Wounds that should kill them are ignored in their frenzy, fear is erased entirely, and hesitation is an alien concept. As long as you continue to prove your worth through bloodshed and conquest, this favor will remain, making you a warlord whose armies strike terror into the hearts of all who oppose them.



Untamed Beasts

Stick and Stones [100CP]

To others, a crude stone axe or a sharpened bone spear might seem like primitive tools, but in your hands, they are as deadly as any forged blade. Any weapon you wield that is crafted from stone, wood, or bone will possess durability and sharpness rivaling the finest steel found in the Mortal Realms. A simple club can shatter shields, a flint dagger can pierce enchanted armor, and a bone spear can stand against weapons of legend. This blessing ensures that even with the most basic of tools, you remain a formidable force in battle, never truly unarmed no matter how primitive your arsenal.

Naked and Free [100CP]

You are at your strongest when unburdened by the trappings of civilization. When wearing only the bare minimum—whether that be simple loincloths, animal hides, or nothing at all—you find that your agility, stamina, and endurance are vastly increased. You can run for hours without tiring, leap great distances with ease, and react to danger with incredible speed. However, the moment you don proper clothing or armor from a more "civilized" culture, this effect diminishes, forcing you to decide between raw, untamed physical prowess or the protections of advanced equipment. True freedom, after all, comes from shedding the weight of society's expectations.

Monster Tamer [100CP]

The beasts of the wild do not see you as prey, but as one of their own. You have an innate ability to understand and communicate with the creatures of the savannah, allowing you to tame them with remarkable ease. Whether it be mighty lions, towering war-elephants, or colossal reptilian predators, you can forge bonds with these fearsome creatures, turning them into loyal companions. They will fight for you, carry you into battle, and defend you against all threats. With time and patience, even the most ferocious of monsters can be brought to heel, making you a true master of the untamed wilderness.

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Savannah Survivor [200CP]

The endless grasslands, scorching sun, and prowling predators of the savannah would spell death for most—but not for you. You have adapted to thrive in this unforgiving land, capable of finding water even in the driest seasons, tracking prey across vast distances, and blending into the environment like a natural predator. The heat no longer drains you, and the cold nights barely affect you. Even the deadliest creatures of the savannah, from great lions to venomous serpents, hold no terror for you, as you have learned their ways and can survive among them as easily as any wild beast.

Meat Lover [200CP]

Your body has been fundamentally changed, allowing you to survive indefinitely on a diet of pure meat, no matter your species. You can consume raw flesh without worry of disease or poisoning, and any meat you eat will nourish you completely, leaving you full of energy and strength. Furthermore, the act of consuming meat restores any supernatural reserves you possess, be it magical energy, divine power, or even demonic essence. The fresher and more powerful the creature you devour, the greater the restoration, allowing you to feast upon the slain to recover from battle and fuel your abilities with the essence of your prey.

Hide Armour Maker [200CP]

You are an expert in crafting armor from the hides of slain beasts, turning their thick skins into protection equal to the finest steel. Whether it be the tough scales of a reptilian monster, the dense fur of a giant predator, or even the chitin of an insectoid horror, you can fashion them into durable armor that provides incredible protection while remaining light and flexible. Even better, these hide armors are considered as mere undergarments, meaning they can be worn beneath heavier armor without interfering, allowing you to stack their defensive benefits with additional layers of protection.

Iron Skin [400CP]

Your body has been hardened by the raw, untamed power of the wilds, allowing you to shrug off deadly blows as if they were nothing. As long as you wear no armor or clothing, your skin takes on an unnatural resilience, becoming completely immune to one type of physical damage of your choosing—be it slashing, piercing, or crushing. Blades will slide off your flesh as if striking solid rock, arrows and spears will fail to pierce your hide, or even the strongest blunt force will feel like nothing more than a weak shove. You may purchase this perk multiple times, allowing you to resist more forms of physical harm, but only the first purchase will be discounted.

Heart Eater [400CP]

There is great power in the heart of a slain foe, and you have learned to claim it for yourself. Whenever you consume the heart of a beast or an enemy you have personally slain using stone-age weaponry, you will gain their memories and skills for the next six days. You will understand their instincts, their knowledge, and their fighting techniques as if you had lived their life. If you purchase this perk a second time (without a discount), the effects become permanent—you will forever retain the memories and abilities of any heart you consume, steadily growing in experience and power with each kill.

War Paints [400CP]

The ancient traditions of warpaints are not merely for intimidation—they hold deep, primal magic that channels the untamed spirits of the wild. You have mastered the art of crafting and applying these sacred pigments, each made from rare minerals, crushed bones, and the blood of beasts. When painted onto bare skin, these markings awaken supernatural power within the wearer, enhancing their physical and mystical abilities. However, these effects only last as long as the wearer remains unclothed—covering the paint with armor or clothing will nullify its power.

Each pattern and pigment carries a different effect. Red paint grants increased strength and aggression, making warriors strike harder and faster. Blue enhances speed and reflexes, allowing movements swift as the wind. Green blends the wearer with their surroundings, granting near-invisibility in the wilds. Black invokes resilience, dulling pain and making the flesh tough as iron. These are just a few of the known effects, but through experimentation and rare materials, even greater warpaints may be discovered, ones that could rival the blessings of the gods themselves.

Avatar of the Devourer [600CP]

You have become the living embodiment of the primal force of hunger, a relentless predator whose presence alone instills terror in both beast and man. The Devourer, an ancient and insatiable force of destruction, has marked you as its chosen champion. When battle begins, you can now transform as its avatar. Your body undergoes a terrifying transformation—your muscles swell with unnatural strength, your teeth sharpen into fangs, and your very aura radiates an overwhelming sense of dominance. Your mere presence weakens the resolve of enemies, causing lesser foes to flee or freeze in fear, while those who dare to fight find their strikes sluggish and their stamina drained by an unseen force. Similar to that of a beastman.

But your true power lies in the endless hunger that fuels you. Every foe you slay, every drop of flesh you consume, restores your strength and stamina. In this state, exhaustion is meaningless, pain is an afterthought, and only death itself can halt your rampage. However, this gift is a curse as well—should you go too long without battle, the hunger gnaws at your mind, demanding blood and flesh, pushing you to seek out new prey. You are no mere mortal; you are the Devourer's wrath made flesh, an apex predator in a world of prey.

Civilization Breaker [600CP]

You are anathema to progress, a force of primal chaos that rejects the comforts and advancements of civilization. Wherever you walk, technology beyond the stone age begins to falter—metal rusts, gunpowder spoils, machines seize, and structures weaken as if time itself hastens their decay. The influence is subtle at first, but the longer you remain in an area, the more pronounced the effect becomes. Advanced weapons will jam, enchanted forges will fail, and even the grandest cities will find their walls crumbling, as if nature itself conspires to return all things to a more primitive state. This power can be toggled on or off at will, allowing you to decide when to unleash destruction upon the works of man.

But your dominion over ruin is not merely passive. In battle, enemy weapons break more easily, their armor weakens, and fortifications crack under the weight of their own design. Engineers and scholars find their minds clouded, their knowledge slipping like sand through their fingers. Against more advanced civilizations, you are a walking cataclysm, an unstoppable force that drags the world back into the age of the strong.



Items:

Here you will receive discounts based on your origins with 100CP discounts being free.

Legionnaires

Chaos Plate of Undivided [100CP]

Forged in the blackest depths of Chaos, this armor is a gift from Be'lakor himself, a suit of Chaos Plate that is all but indestructible. Ordinary weapons shatter against its surface, arrows glance harmlessly away, and even enchanted steel struggles to leave a mark. Yet, despite its formidable defense, the armor moves as if it were part of your very body, bending and shifting with your every motion, unhindered by bulk or weight. No matter how your form changes—whether through mutation or the dark blessings of the gods—the Chaos Plate will reshape itself to fit you perfectly. And should it ever suffer damage, the dark energies woven into its metal will slowly repair it, making it a near-eternal testament to your unbreakable will.

Chaos Weapon of Undivided [100CP]

A weapon of Chaos, forged with a singular purpose: to spill blood and spread suffering. Whether you wield a brutal axe, a jagged blade, a wicked spear, or any other instrument of destruction, this weapon is of the highest craftsmanship, its edge honed to perfection and its balance impeccable. Resistant to wear, shattering, or dulling, it will never fail you in battle, no matter how many foes it cuts down. More than mere steel, it thrums with an ominous power, ever-hungry for war, its presence alone striking fear into the hearts of the weak. Choose your **weapon wisely, for it will be a constant companion on your path of carnage.**

Helm of Blood [200CP]

Forged in the fires of Chaos and bathed in the blood of countless warriors, this helm grants its wearer an almost supernatural focus in combat. When donned, it sharpens your mind like a blade, cutting away distractions and allowing you to fully immerse yourself in the duel at hand. Your strikes become more precise, your reactions honed to perfection, and your strength subtly amplified, ensuring you can overpower even the fiercest of foes. While its effects are not overtly magical, they tilt the tide of one-on-one combat ever so slightly in your favor, making every duel a moment of pure, undisturbed bloodshed.

Potions of Purification [200CP]

A rare and potent alchemical creation, this potion holds the power to cleanse both body and land of corruption and disease. When consumed, it purges the drinker of sickness, poisons, and even minor curses, restoring them to peak condition. When poured onto the ground, its purifying essence spreads outward, purging tainted soil, banishing blighted flora, and neutralizing plagues that fester in the earth. Whether used to heal allies or reclaim land from the grip of decay, this potion is a rare tool of salvation—though whether you choose to use it for good or to ensure your enemies never suffer an easy death is entirely up to you.

Ring of Pain [400CP]

A sinister relic infused with dark sorcery, the Ring of Pain thrives on the suffering of its wearer. Each wound you sustain in battle is partially reversed, as the ring absorbs the pain and converts it into raw vitality, restoring half the damage you take. This effect is immediate, allowing you to endure wounds that would cripple or kill lesser warriors. However, the ring does not dull the pain—you will feel every cut, every broken bone, every searing wound, but your body will refuse to succumb. It is a double-edged gift, ensuring you remain standing, even when drenched in your own blood.

Talisman of Shapeshifting [400CP]

This eerie talisman, crafted from the bones of changelings and soaked in the essence of the slain, grants you the power to assume the form of any being you have personally killed. Once per day, for up to four hours, you can perfectly replicate their appearance, voice, and mannerisms, making you an unparalleled infiltrator. This transformation is flawless, allowing you to deceive even those closest to your victim. However, while you can mimic their physical form, you do not inherit their memories or skills—deception must still be wielded with cunning. In the hands of a master manipulator, this talisman is the key to sowing chaos, assassinating from within, and turning enemies against each other.

Daemon Weapon [600CP]

Forged in the shadowed depths of the Realm of Chaos and tempered by the will of Be'lakor himself, this weapon is unlike any mortal blade. It seethes with malevolent energy, its surface shifting as if the souls trapped within it are writhing in torment. Unlike most daemon weapons, this gift from the First Prince comes without the usual burdens—there are no twisted bargains to uphold, no risk of possession or rebellion from the entity bound within. It is wholly yours to wield, answering only to your command. Whether it takes the form of a blade that drinks the essence of your foes, an axe that rends through both flesh and spirit, or a spear that warps reality with each strike, this weapon is a terror upon the battlefield.

Beyond its intrinsic power, Be'lakor has granted you an additional boon: 200 Daemonic Power (DP) to spend within the Daemon Weapons of Chaos Supplement, allowing you to customize and enhance your weapon to your liking. You may forge it into a conduit of shadow, an instrument of ruination, or a tool of dominion, shaping it to your specific needs. Perhaps it whispers forbidden knowledge into your mind, or perhaps each wound it inflicts festers eternally, never healing. The choice is yours, and with this power, your weapon will grow into something truly feared across the Mortal Realms.



Splintered Fang

Venom Daggers [100CP]

These wickedly curved daggers have been permanently coated with the venom of Chaos-infused serpents, their blades shimmering with a sickly, otherworldly sheen. A single cut is often enough to send searing pain through an enemy's veins, the venom working its way into their body with unnatural speed. Wounds inflicted by these daggers are slow to heal, if they heal at all, as the poison resists purification and lingers like a curse. Whether used in swift assassinations or in the frenzy of close combat, these daggers are tools of suffering, ensuring that even the smallest strike can become a death sentence.

Snake Flute [100CP]

Carved from the bone of a massive serpent and inscribed with ancient runes of the Splintered Fang, this flute allows you to summon every venomous snake in the surrounding area to your location with a single eerie melody. While you do not control them directly, their instincts will drive them to attack anything nearby, turning the battlefield into a writhing, fanged nightmare. The longer you play, the greater their numbers, as they slither from hidden burrows and shadowed crevices, drawn by the call of the flute. Though they show no hostility toward you, their chaotic nature means they will strike at friend and foe alike, making it a weapon of indiscriminate destruction.

Herbs of the Rainforests [200CP]

You now possess a carefully cultivated collection of rare herbs found deep within the rainforests of Ghyran, the realm of life. These herbs hold potent medicinal and alchemical properties, allowing you to craft powerful salves, antidotes, and even poisons that can heal the gravely wounded or bring silent death to your enemies. Some of these plants are so rare that even the greatest herbalists of the Mortal Realms would kill to possess them, their effects ranging from rapid regeneration to enhancing one's physical prowess for a short time. With the right knowledge, these herbs can be blended into potions, powders, or even used in dark rituals to invoke the blessings—or curses—of nature itself.

Fang of Nagendra [200CP]

A sacred relic of the Splintered Fang, you now have access to a supply of fangs from the great serpent god, Nagendra. These razor-sharp fangs can be used in weapon forging or armor crafting, imbuing the items with deadly venom that lingers in wounds and weakens even the mightiest foes. Weapons enhanced with Nagendra's fangs inflict poison damage, their cuts festering with divine, chaotic, and serpentine energy. When embedded into armor, these fangs turn the wearer's defense into a weapon—any enemy who strikes you risks being poisoned simply by touching the armor. While the venom is not instantly fatal, it saps strength, clouds the mind, and leaves victims vulnerable, ensuring that every battle is a slow and agonizing death for those who dare to oppose you.

Staff of Nagendra [400CP]

A relic imbued with the power of the ancient serpent god, Nagendra, this staff allows you to weave poison into every spell you cast. Whether you are hurling bolts of arcane energy, summoning dark storms, or cursing your foes with vile sorcery, the staff ensures that all of your magic carries a venomous sting. You can choose the potency and effect of the poison—be it a paralytic venom that slows your enemies, a necrotic toxin that rots their flesh, or a mind-numbing poison that clouds their judgment. With this staff in hand, even the most resilient opponents will find themselves succumbing to the creeping death of serpentine sorcery.

Snake Pit [400CP]

Deep within your domain lies a sacred and fearsome pit, teeming with venomous serpents, a site of brutal trials and devotion to Nagendra. Once per week, you may throw several captives, initiates, or warriors into the pit to undergo the harrowing ritual of Worthy by the Coiled Ones. The serpents test them with their fangs, and only half of those who enter will emerge alive, proving themselves worthy in the eyes of the great serpent god. Those who survive are forever changed, gaining the Worthy by the Coiled Ones perk and unwavering loyalty to Nagendra and his chosen. The ritual demands a minimum of two participants, and failure to provide sacrifices may displease the serpentine god.

Temple of Nagendra [600CP]

More akin to a sprawling, abandoned metropolis than a mere place of worship, the Temple of Nagendra is an ancient city lost to time, now returned to your control. Massive stone ziggurats rise above the overgrown jungle, adorned with carvings of serpents devouring the unworthy. The city's architecture is infused with divine power, channels of glowing venom coursing through its ruins, forming intricate pathways of eldritch energy. Though long forsaken by mortals, the city remains a sacred place where the presence of Nagendra lingers, watching over those who dare walk its paths. Arcane glyphs pulse with latent magic, empowering those who call upon the great serpent god's power within its bounds. Any spell cast here becomes significantly stronger, infused with serpentine essence, making magic more potent, resilient, and difficult to dispel.

Beyond its mystical power, the Temple of Nagendra is an oasis for all serpentine creatures, a haven where they thrive unnaturally well. The jungle surrounding the city teems with venomous serpents, from mundane cobras to great, monstrous snakes unseen anywhere else in the Mortal Realms. Beastmasters and tamers will find their bonds with such creatures strengthened, and breeding programs here produce serpents of incredible size, intelligence, and lethality. Additionally, any being that worships serpent gods, whether human, beast, or daemon, will find themselves drawn to the temple like moths to a flame. Those who choose to settle here receive divine blessings, their connection to their deity deepening, their bodies and souls slowly reshaped in accordance with the will of Nagendra.

This city is more than a place of worship—it is a stronghold, a sanctum of power, and a throne from which you can command your followers. Whether used as a refuge, a war camp, or a site for sinister rituals, the Temple of Nagendra ensures that your influence will only grow. From here, you can shape the future of the serpent cults, gathering an army of loyal devotees, monstrous serpents, and ambitious sorcerers eager to wield the power that flows through this forsaken, yet sacred, city.

Darkoath

Chaos Steed [100CP]

These mighty warhorses, favored by Chaos Knights, are more than mere beasts—they are living weapons molded by the dark forces they serve. Larger and more heavily muscled than mundane steeds, their eyes burn with unnatural malice, and their bodies are adorned with jagged horns, spiked hooves, and patches of armored hide resistant to lesser blows. Unlike common warhorses, Chaos Steeds possess a cruel intelligence, using their natural weapons to impale, trample, and crush enemies in the heat of battle. They require no mundane sustenance, feeding instead on the suffering and terror of the battlefield, ensuring they never tire so long as carnage surrounds them. Whether galloping across cursed lands or charging into enemy lines, a Chaos Steed is an unstoppable force of destruction.

Crude Gear [100CP]

At first glance, these weapons and armor appear rough, haphazardly crafted, and of poor make, seemingly cobbled together from salvaged steel and bones of fallen foes. Yet, despite their crude appearance, they are shockingly durable, able to withstand medium and light attacks with ease. Their true power, however, lies in their malleability to the blessings of the Chaos Gods. Any boons you receive, both in this world and beyond, can be partially siphoned into these weapons and armor, granting them weaker versions of those divine properties. There is no limit to the number of boons these items can absorb, meaning that over time, they can become artifacts of immense and terrifying power. You may choose up to four weapons and one armor piece to be forged in this manner, and if you import weapons into this slot, they cannot be merged together ever.

Warhorn of the Forsworn [200CP]

Forged from the skull of a fallen giant and inscribed with the runes of past warlords, the Warhorn of the Forsworn carries the lingering spirits of Darkoath champions long since slain. When blown, its deep, resonant call can fill allies with the burning fury of past warriors, driving them into an unstoppable berserker charge where pain and exhaustion become meaningless. Alternatively, the horn can unleash a wailing chorus of spectral cries, chilling the hearts of enemies, causing hesitation, panic, or even outright terror in those whose will is weak. However, the horn's power is not absolute—its effects are shaped by the resolve of those who hear it, making the strongest-willed foes merely uneasy rather than broken.

Darkoath Raider's Cloak [200CP]

This battle-worn cloak, crafted from the pelts of savage beasts and stained with the blood of countless hunts, is more than a simple garment—it is a symbol of a life lived in defiance of civilization. When worn, it shields the wearer from harsh weather, be it icy winds or scorching heat, making survival in the wilds second nature. Beyond mere protection, the cloak also serves as a boon to those who live outside the reach of laws and kings, muffling footsteps, concealing scents, and making the wearer almost impossible to track, whether by mundane means or magical sight. Additionally, the chaotic sigils woven into its fabric offer a measure of resistance against lesser spells, dulling hexes and minor curses that would otherwise weaken a warrior's resolve.

Chain of the Everchosen [400CP]

Forged in the dark forges of Chaos and inscribed with runes of domination, this set of heavy chains is both a brutal weapon and a tool of enslavement. In battle, the chains can lash out like living serpents, binding enemies in an unbreakable grip that constricts with every struggle, draining strength and suppressing magical power. Even the most defiant warrior will find their will sapped the longer they remain bound. When placed upon an ally, however, the chains become a mark of unwavering loyalty, shielding them from mental domination, corruption, or any force that would seek to turn them against their sworn cause.

Skull of the Betrayed [400CP]

Taken from the severed head of a warlord who was undone by treachery, this skull has been imbued with dark whispers that reveal the truth behind deception. When held, it grants its wielder an uncanny ability to sense lies, detect hidden motives, and read the emotions of those they converse with, making manipulation and intrigue nearly effortless. In battle, the skull's ghostly murmurs slither into the minds of foes, filling their thoughts with doubt and confusion, causing hesitation at critical moments or even turning them against their own comrades in a fit of misplaced paranoia.

Tribeman [600CP]

As a mighty chieftain of the Darkoath, you now command a warband of 1,000 hardened tribesmen, each a warrior forged in the brutal trials of Chaos. These warriors are fierce, loyal, and utterly ruthless, fighting with savage weapons and unrelenting ferocity. Among them are 240 cavalry, each mounted on powerful war-steeds that charge into battle like living battering rams, crushing all in their path. Whether storming enemy strongholds, launching raids, or clashing with rival warbands, your warriors obey your every command, their faith in your leadership unshakable.

Your cavalry is the terror of the battlefield, their monstrous steeds bred for endurance and bloodlust. They strike with terrifying speed, overwhelming enemy ranks before they have time to react. Some ride mutated beasts, their monstrous mounts bearing unnatural resilience and strength, while others wield great weapons to carve through enemy lines like a scythe through wheat. These cavalrymen are your elite shock troops, capable of breaking through defenses and bringing devastation wherever they charge. Under your command, they do not simply ride into battle—they become the storm that leaves nothing but ruin in its wake.

Untamed Beasts

Simple Stick [100CP]

At first glance, this humble stick appears no different from any fallen branch found in the wilderness. However, despite its flimsy appearance, it is utterly indestructible, immune to fire, force, or decay. What makes it truly fearsome is its effect on technology—when striking anything more advanced than the Stone Age, its power magnifies exponentially, ensuring that metal, machinery, and even enchanted constructs shatter upon impact. If you choose to import weapons into this, they will take on a primitive, unrefined form—swords become sharpened rocks lashed to a stick, bows become crude wooden frames with sinew strings—yet they retain all their destructive power. No matter how advanced a weapon once was, its new primitive form is permanent, forever stripped of any appearance of sophistication.

Loincloth [100CP]

A simple strip of cloth or leather, barely enough to maintain modesty, yet imbued with the blessings of primal survival. When worn, this loincloth ensures that no undue attention is drawn to you—be it from wary guards, disapproving nobles, or even supernatural forces that would otherwise sense your presence. It is as though the world itself accepts your state of dress as perfectly natural, regardless of social norms. Additionally, despite its minimal coverage, this garment offers unparalleled protection from the elements, keeping you warm in the cold, cool in the heat, and dry in the wettest of storms. Also you are considering naked when wearing this cloth.

Simple Cave [200CP]

A humble, unassuming cave that always seems to be nearby whenever you need it, no matter where you are in the wilds. Whether deep in a forest, atop a mountain, or in the heart of the savannah, this cave appears as a natural part of the landscape, seamlessly blending into its surroundings. Inside, it is always dry and comfortably cool, providing a safe refuge from storms, extreme temperatures, and the prying eyes of civilization. No wild beasts will dare enter while you rest within, as an unseen force wards them off. Though it contains no luxuries, it serves as the perfect shelter for those who reject the comforts of society, offering solitude and safety wherever the untamed world takes you.

Stack of Meat [200CP]

A seemingly endless supply of prime cuts of meat, this ever-replenishing stack renews itself every week, ensuring you will never go hungry. The meat is exceptionally fresh, as if taken from a beast just moments ago, and when cooked—even over a simple open flame—it becomes incredibly tender and flavorful, its taste rivaling that of the finest feasts. More than just nourishment, consuming this meat grants subtle but powerful benefits: it restores stamina, accelerates healing, and momentarily strengthens the body, sharpening the senses and reinforcing muscles as though infused with primal vitality.

Big Rock [400CP]

A crude yet terrifyingly effective weapon, this seemingly ordinary rock holds incredible magical power. When thrown at anything beyond primitive technology—whether it be armor, fortifications, or even magical constructs—it will bypass all defenses, phasing straight through metal, shields, or enchantments as if they weren't there. No wall or plate can stop it, and no sorcery can deflect its trajectory. After striking its target, the rock will always return to your hand, allowing for repeated use without ever needing to retrieve it. Simple yet devastating, it is the ultimate weapon for those who scorn the advancements of so-called "civilized" lands. Only simple rocks can be imported here.

Beast [400CP]

By your side stands a mighty beast of Ghur, fully tamed and fiercely loyal to you, a companion born from the brutal lands of the savannah. This creature will fight alongside you without hesitation, heed your commands with unwavering devotion, and thrive in battle as both mount and warbeast. Choose one of the following examples or any other beast known to roam the savannah:

1. ***Ghurian Razorfang Lion*** – A massive, battle-scarred predator with fangs that can shear through steel and a roar that shakes the resolve of even the bravest warriors. Its speed and agility make it a terror on the battlefield.
2. ***Thunderhorn Rhinox*** – A hulking, thick-skinned juggernaut capable of plowing through ranks of enemies like a living battering ram. Its near-impenetrable hide and monstrous strength make it an unstoppable force in direct combat.

3. ***Dreadscale Serpent*** – A colossal, venomous serpent whose scales shimmer with chaotic energy. It can crush foes in its coils, spit venom that melts armor, and slither through battle with terrifying speed.

Savannah of Ghur [600CP]

You now hold dominion over a vast stretch of the Savannah of Ghur, a wild and untamed land where only the strongest survive. This is no mere stretch of grassland—it is a living, breathing war zone where the law of the jungle reigns supreme. Towering rock formations rise like the bones of ancient gods, rivers carve deep scars through the land, and the air is thick with the scent of blood and battle. Here, the weak are culled, and the mighty grow ever stronger, for the land itself seems to favor those who embrace its savage ways. Within this domain, you are the undisputed master, and every beast, warband, and wandering hunter knows your presence.

This savannah teems with life both wondrous and monstrous. Packs of razor-fanged lions prowl the golden fields, stalking prey with supernatural cunning. Herds of colossal thunderhorns roam the plains, their armored hides making them living fortresses. The skies are ruled by great vultures the size of wyverns, waiting for the next battle to feast upon the fallen. Even the flora is deadly—venomous brambles, bone-crushing vines, and trees that whisper ancient war songs to those who listen. Everything here is honed for survival, and the land itself seems to reward those who prove their worth in blood and steel.

Companions:

My Old Team 50

You may import or create companions you have brought with you, 50 CP each, or 8 for 300CP. Each one gains a free background. and 600 CP to spend. They may not take drawbacks, but you may give them CP, spending 100 each time to give them each an additional 200.

My New Team 100

Sometimes having friends would be nice. Buying this once will allow you to add any allies you've made here as companions. You may buy this multiple times.



Drawbacks:
You are limited to +1000 Cp from drawbacks.

Fickle Fate [+100CP]

You might find yourself at the mercy of fate, with events turning against you in the most unexpected ways. Whether it's a sudden change in fortune, an unexpected betrayal, or a catastrophic failure in the middle of a plan, things often seem to spiral out of control at crucial moments. Your attempts to predict or manipulate outcomes often end in chaos, and even the most straightforward tasks can quickly become far more complicated than anticipated.

Weight of Legacy[+100CP]

No matter how much you succeed, you will constantly feel the pressure of your predecessors' deeds and the shadows of those who came before you. This weight can be paralyzing, causing you to second-guess your every move or feel obligated to repeat history. The constant pull of the past limits your freedom and makes you a mere puppet to the legacy of your faction, trapped in a cycle of repetition where your true self can hardly be found.

Addiction [+100CP]

You have a debilitating addiction to one substance, either alcohol or drugs, making you intoxicated around 90% of the day. Unfortunately, you cannot control your urges.

Burnout [+200CP]

The constant use of your faction's powers comes at a great cost to your energy reserves. While initially invigorating, over time, the toll on your body and mind becomes overwhelming. You may experience periods of extreme exhaustion, loss of motivation, or complete mental and physical burnout. The more you push yourself to use your powers or further your faction's goals, the harder it becomes to maintain even a semblance of stability. Your performance drops during these episodes, and it becomes harder to recover from each successive burnout.

Chronic Instability[+200CP]

While your faction grants you incredible power, it also makes your very existence unstable. Your mind and body often experience unpredictable fluctuations that render you unreliable. You might find yourself suddenly weakened, physically or mentally, without explanation, or even suffer from dangerous mood swings. This instability makes it difficult to maintain consistency in your abilities, and it's hard to know when you'll be able to perform at your best. You are often haunted by the idea that at any moment, everything could come crashing down—your abilities, your health, your stability.

Physical Deterioration[+200CP]

While your abilities might provide immense power, they come at a great cost to your physical health. Whether it's the constant strain of controlling intense forces or the wear-and-tear from engaging in brutal combat, your body suffers from chronic pain, stiffness, and fatigue. Your movements are slower, and you find it more difficult to recover after exertion, making long-term battles or strenuous tasks significantly harder to endure. Over time, you may begin to feel the effects more intensely, eventually causing your body to become a fragile shell of its former self.

Isolation of the Strong [+300CP]

As your abilities grow, so too does the gap between you and those around you. People find it difficult to relate to you, and the very strength that has helped you rise to power becomes the thing that pushes others away. You may find it harder to form lasting bonds or keep allies who once stood by your side. Your faction, though powerful, may only add to this isolation, as you're expected to take on more and more responsibility, leaving less time for personal connections or free time. In the end, you might find yourself at the top of a mountain of power, but with no one to share it with.

Unending Vulnerability[+300CP]

Your enemies, both within and outside of your faction, begin to target you more directly. Assassins, traitors, and even rogue factions will seek to exploit your weaknesses, turning even minor flaws into life-threatening threats. You will never truly feel safe, always looking over your shoulder as those around you plot your downfall. Your survival becomes less about your strength and more about your ability to stay one step ahead.

Unstable Power[+300CP]

The abilities you wield are volatile and unpredictable, often leading to unintended consequences. Spells might backfire, physical abilities might overextend, or your mind could slip into an uncontrollable frenzy. This instability leads to unpredictable bursts of uncontrollable energy, leaving you vulnerable or harming allies in the process. It becomes a game of constant caution, as every action carries the risk of catastrophic failure.

Endless Conflict [+400CP]

Your life becomes one of endless battle, and even moments of victory are fleeting. You might win a skirmish, but another threat is already looming. This constant state of warfare chips away at your peace of mind, and the lack of respite wears you down mentally and emotionally. There is no peace—only the never-ending grind of conflict.

No Outside Power [+400CP]

All powers and resources gained outside of this jump, including your warehouse, have been sealed away.

Easily mutated [+400CP]

Your body is now susceptible to daily mutations. Every day, you will receive a new mutation that replaces the previous day's. These mutations will consistently hinder your daily life, and no countermeasures will be effective against them.

Chaos Spawn [+600CP]

Your body has now been heavily mutated, making you a Chaos Spawn. Covered in grotesque growths and lacking much intelligence, you are treated as one of the expendable minions in battle.

Sealed Away [+600 CP]

It seems you're facing a challenging situation where you're confined to one location due to the other factions, and your usual perks and abilities from outside this scenario are inaccessible. However, you're not alone in this predicament, and your companions and followers can provide support and assistance as you work together to find a solution and break free from these constraints.

Targeted by Belakor [+600 CP]

It appears you've drawn the attention of Be'lakor. He will continuously send armies to challenge you throughout your entire tenure in this jump, armed with potent weaponry and magic specifically designed to counter your abilities. As the 10-year period draws to a close, the leader of the faction—whether it be the Queen of Fairies, the most elite magical girls, or even the demon lord—will personally confront you in a final showdown. This ultimate battle will push you to your limits, demanding the full extent of your strength, intelligence, and determination to emerge victorious. Choose wisely, for the fate of this world hangs in the balance.

Ten Years Later:

Go Home: What, you finished? Here? Well, we won't ask. Whatever it is you gained here, we hope you enjoy it. You return home with all that you have accrued over your chain, and time resumes in all the worlds you visited.

Stay Here: This world does have a certain... allure, hmm? Don't worry, we won't judge. Add 1000CP as a bonus

Move On: Ah, but of course. The journey never ends, does it? Go forth and have fun. Make some new friends.

Notes:

- 1. I hope you all enjoy this Second volume of Warcray Factions of Chaos, as there will be at least four volumes in total.**