



A land where men and monsters rape and corrupt women, where a noble dragon can be turned into a depraved slut, and an ice queen turned into a dominatrix witch.

Indeed, Mallus hasn't looked nearly as sexy, nor been as dangerous, as it is now. The Empire regularly sentences bandits and other criminals to sexual slavery; the Damsels of the Lady give out sexual favors to the brave knights of Bretonnia; apparently, not only the Vampires but also the Orcs and Lizardmen all have sex drives and are able to procreate with other species with no trouble. What a time to be alive.

This is a land of War, yes, but it is also the land of Lust. Welcome, Jumper. Hope you have a good time. Here, take these **1000 War Points** and go have some fun.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode

(+0 WP)

You do not wish to brave the dangers of Mallus? I understand. You create your build here and continue on to the next world, taking everything with you from here, including drawbacks.

Thou Art I

(+0 WP)

Ohohoho! I see you wish to be someone of actual import! Very well, you may insert yourself within the body of a named character, be it to lead the Empire as Karl Franz, save busty Dawi damsels as Grombrindal, or to fall to Slaaneshi debauchery as Miao Ying.

Back Again?

(+0 WP)

Been in Mallus before? Then you may import your history here for free, with all of the changes and such taking effect as needed. Though I've got a feeling that things will be very different compared to last time.

Feed The Gnome

(+100 WP)

I, er, what? Seems like a mysteriously powerful Gnome has appeared and offered to grant you an extra **100 WP**, should you grant him a copy of your choices after the Jump.

Lost Warehouse

(+200 WP)

Were you expecting to sweep through the world with your artefacts? Unfortunately, that won't happen. Your connection to your warehouse has been severed for the duration of your stay here, cutting you off from all items and artifacts you may have collected over your journey.

Strange Magic

(+200 WP)

You lose access to all outside powers, magics, and any perks that can be understood as supernatural. You must learn the local ways if you wish to thrive here. Alternatively, you may retain your powers, but subject them to the same whims as the Winds of Magic, with each ability needing you to channel the

Winds a certain amount before casting/activation, not to mention the chance of a miscast increasing with the power of the ability.

Not THAT Kinda Party

(+200 WP)

Unfortunately, be it due to disgust or Tzeentch pulling a fast one on you, none of your previous Companions are able to join you in this Jump, forcing you to recruit locals for whatever nefarious or benevolent purposes you have.

Rat-Frenzy!!!

(+200 WP)

Did you perhaps take a dip in a pool of pure Warpstone? Because there is quite literally no other reason why all Skaven seem to be driven into a mad breeding frenzy upon seeing and/or smelling you. Thankfully, the Skaven's habit of backstabbing one another regularly means they are quick to turn on one another for the right to claim you exclusively. Doesn't mean dealing with the survivor isn't a hassle. Gods help you if a Rat Ogre or another Skaven abomination catches a whiff of you.

Was That Always There?

(+200 WP)

It would seem that, be it on purpose or by accident, you bear signs of either Skaven experiments or Slaaneshi corruption on your body. From glowing veins to strange skin tones and even extra limbs, whatever you have has to be hidden if you wish to interact with those who oppose either faction, lest you be branded an enemy on sight and other unpleasant things inflicted upon you.

Hooved Bait

(+200 WP)

The Beastmen, terrors of the Old World. Their hatred for civilization means they often conduct raids that leave men dead and women defiled, their wombs full of Beastmen calves. Unfortunately for you, fate seems determined to have you meet a similar end when it comes to the Cloven Ones. Facing off against Beastmen without the backing of an army will see you instantly defeated and defiled by your opponents, who are eager to rut you silly. Thankfully, once they've had their way with you, the Beastmen always leave your fuckdrunk body behind, allowing you to live to see another day. Though it should be noted that multiple defeats can cause you to get addicted to the feeling, so be careful, Jumper.

Mama Nurgle's Love

(+200 WP)

Slaanesh isn't the only Chaos God having fun in this debauched world; Nurgle is taking her share too! Not only does each new child born grant her a fragment of power, her holding power over both Life and Death, but she has also seen fit to "gift" many of these lovers all manner of diseases that only transfer through sex... Oh yes, massive STD pandemics are going on regularly, with the effects ranging from endless boners to rashes in awkward places, to even a form of Zombie plague where ingesting or receiving the infected's cum turns you into another one of them. So remember to wear protection and to clean yourself regularly. Unless you are a Mama's boy/girl, I suppose.

The Roasting Advisor Strikes Again!

(+200/300 WP)

The Advisor, a worshipper of Tzeentch and a known hazard to all idiots, has set his sights upon you as his next "liege". Do anything even slightly foolish or something he dislikes, such as being friendly with, or actually even being, a dwarf, and he will roast you relentlessly. Certainly, he will occasionally give you sound advice, but it's pretty hard to tell from beneath all the tears you're shedding at having your ego being torn to shreds. Indeed, no matter how many Perks or immunities you have to insults, the Advisor's roasts will always, at the very least, sting, leaving you frustrated and perhaps even crying. For an additional **100 WP**, the Advisor stops even pretending to offer advice; he's here to roast you till the end of time, no matter how many nerves he pricks, or how horrible you feel by the end of it. You've gained a bully who always seems to return if killed, ready to insult you for failing to make his death stick. Make it to the end of the jump with your wits intact, and you may take the Advisor as a Companion, now promising to hold back on roasting you for every small mistake you commit, and actually giving good advice most of the time. If you commit a severe blunder, however, he's going to let you have it.

Fucking?! We're Fighting!

(+300 WP)

Let me correct a few things: apparently, the only one interested in fucking and having other perverted shenanigans, other than some of Slaanesh's own brood, is you. The rest of the people and factions are still very much acting like they are on Mallus Prime. They'll still look how you expect them to in this perverted world, but now you get to see supermodels beat each other to death on the battlefield, instead of it ending in a hot orgy.

Grimlewd

(+300 WP)

It was kind of expected, really. This is Warhammer after all. Now, while lewdness still happens, it is tinged with the more brutal natures of the factions around. A Beastman will not care if his cock will fit a young woman properly, as long as he gets relief; that's all that matters. Conversely, any woman whom become the target of rape will put up much more of a fight, with housewives trying to castrate their perpetrators, while Wood Elves stab them a few dozen times.

Over The Line!

(+600 WP)

That is, you've crossed a line with your faction, or at least they certainly act so. Whether you were acting a bit too Slaanesh-y in the Empire or too chaste among Beastmen, your faction has deemed you a massive sexual deviant and cast you out, branding you a traitor. Expect no aid or sanctuary from any settlement or group belonging to the faction, and in some cases, they will straight up send death squads after you.

A Cold Lust

(+600 WP, Exclusive to Non-Lizardmen)

Something has happened to the Lizardmen, the only ones who had so far remained free of this lustful epidemic. It would seem a majority of them have developed libidos and reproductive organs capable of crossbreeding with any form of life. Worst of all, they have begun to expand rapidly, retaking Lustria in weeks. From there, they will seek to expand further and conquer all of Mallus.

A Plot Most Lustful

(+600 WP)

An insidious plot on behalf of Slaanesh has been brewed up, one where she corrupts Miao Ying, Tzarina Katarin, and Alarielle the Everqueen into her loyal servants and then conquers the world. If you do not intervene, these plans shall come to fruition within a year, and at that point, there is little reason to even try to resist. Alternatively, should you serve She-Who-Thirsts instead, the other Gods of Chaos have caught whiff of her plans, and a purge of all Slaaneshi worshippers has been called and put into motion, forcing you to remain elusive as you weather the storm and possibly aid your Goddess in her mission.

Nagash Says, “Stop!”

(+600 WP)

The floating anti-boner that is Nagash has seen the state of this world and finds it absolutely disgusting. Fueled by disgust and envy due to being a literal skeleton, not that he will admit that to anyone, Nagash has sent out agents and his myriad forces to hunt down any and all who have even a bit of fame for being lustful. And, should you also develop such a reputation, his forces seem to target you almost exclusively, with their competence and overall danger levels increasing as you keep surviving, to the point where Nagash himself may simply tear the veil between worlds to try and kill you himself.

End Times?!

(+600 WP)

...Well, shit. Hope you weren't planning on just fucking off somewhere remote with your harem, Jumper, cause shit has quite literally hit the fan. The End Times, the end of the world, is here. Every big bad you can think of - Chaos, Skaven, Orcs, Nagash - all of them have decided now is the time to bring about their dominion and have amassed logistically impossible numbers. In mere weeks, you'll see most resistance and factions crumble due to either overwhelming odds or a sudden case of Idiot-Ball-itus. You'll have to pick up the slack hard, because otherwise Mallus and your entire Chain, really, go poof.

Time

The Great Catastrophe - 5600 BIC

Whatever hope there was for Mallus to remain untouched by Chaos has come to an explosive end, as the two Polar Gates created by the Old Ones are destroyed and Chaos makes its presence known for the first time. Lizardmen lose city after city, the first Skaven and Beastmen are born, and the more lewdish nature of this Mallus begins to take shape as Slaanesh's corruption seeps in.

The Sundering - 2723 BIC

The Elven Civil War was... Well, it was a fucking mess in many regards, seeing a once-mighty people split into three and far reduced in both numbers and influence. On top of that, much of the island of Ulthuan was blown up when Malekith, in a fit of desperation, tried to destabilize and destroy the Great Vortex. The attempt thankfully failed, but much of Tiranoc, Naggarythe, and much of northern Ulthuan sank below the waves due to the backlash.

Rise of Sigmar - 30 BIC

Thirty years before the Empire of Man was formed, a special child was born into the Unberogen tribe, while the Twin-Tailed Comet blazed above in the skies. Indeed, it would be this child who would one day become Sigmar, perhaps the greatest human Mallus has ever seen.

Vampire Wars - 2010 IC

A common side-effect of Vampirism is a significantly inflated sense of ego, a symptom well showcased by Vashanesh, later known as Vlad von Carstein. After taking over the region of Sylvania, Vlad decided to wage a war upon the rest of the Empire so he could become Emperor. The attempt is doomed to failure, with both Vlad and his beloved wife Isabella both meeting their demise at the end of the conflict.

Before the Storm - 2519 IC

The powder keg is set to explode, as it were. Should things go as planned, then the End Times will be here within a scant few years as Archaon finally becomes the Everchosen, Arkhan prepares the ritual to resurrect Nagash once more, and Karl Franz rules over an Empire beset by threats inner and outer. You sure you've got what it takes to make it to the other side?

Place

Chaos Wastes

The sites where the Polar Gates of the Old Ones once stood, and where there are only gaping maws into the Real of Chaos. Terrain, Fauna, and Flora are all strange, alien, and hostile here, with even the most devoted and mighty of Chaos worshippers hesitating to traverse here. Only the Beastmen make their permanent dwellings here, their hordes massive beyond count, especially in the Southern Wastes. Are you sure this is where you wish to start?

Norsca

The cold peninsula north of the Old World, Norsca is seen as a cursed place by the rest of Mallus. Home to Chaos Warriors, monsters, Trolls, and more besides, this frozen land gives very little and takes far too much. Take care not to run into a Norscan tribe, for your fate can be anything from a quick death to being made one of the myriad concubines of the leading warrior, reduced to a tool for pleasure and reproduction until your life ends, or your owner is replaced by another.

Kislev

North-east of the Empire stands the human nation of Kislev, a cold land with hardy people who have opposed Chaos since it first erupted from the Polar Gates ages ago. Currently ruled by the ice-cold Tzarina, Katarin Bokha, the nation has been split between her more pragmatic rule and that of the Great Orthodoxy, which preaches that no woman should rule and that their place should be beneath men in all matters. Ursun and the other Gods of Kislev remain silent on the debate, allowing their human worshippers to settle things themselves.

The Empire

Founded by Sigmar millennia ago, the Empire stands as the mightiest nation within the Old World and is considered the true bastion of mankind by most who pass through. Separated into 11 provinces, the Empire is currently ruled by Karl Franz, though as of late, the Emperor has been seen less and less in public as rumors circulate of illness and strange things happening behind closed doors.

Brettonnia

Ah yes, Brettonnia, a land of chivalry, horses and... dirty peasants. Far behind the Dwarves and the Empire in technological advancements, Brettonnia has

managed to remain relevant throughout the centuries, in large part thanks to their Grail Knights and the patronage of their deity, the elusive Lady of the Lake. Ruled by Louen Leoncouer, the kingdom has several strange quirks to it, most notably the Grail Maidens offering sexual relief after major campaign victories, not to mention the myriad of rumors about Bretonnian knights and their horses...

Sartosa

The Pirate kingdom of Sartosa stands as a small oddity among the vast majority of realms in Mallus. Off the coast of Luccini and built into the dormant volcano, Mount Ertinia, Sartosa houses some of the fiercest pirate crews seen on the seas. Currently ruled by the bad-tempered Aranessa Saltspite, Sartosa serves as a haven for pirates and other sailors alike, where they can sell and exchange their ill-gotten gains. Suffice to say, only the Druchii can match the scale and variety of slaves on offer at the markets, and many who seek magical artifacts not sanctioned by the Colleges of Magic often find themselves here.

Skavenblight

Only Zharr-Naggrund and the Realm of Chaos itself rival the foulness of Skavenblight, the capital of the Skaven quite literally bordering the world of Mallus and the realm of the Horned Rat. Ruled by the ever-shifting Council of Thirteen, Skavenblight is labyrinthine in design and houses many a horror, both lewd and brutal. The Fleshpits, though not quite rivaling Hell Pit's own, house many monsters and unfortunate women, subjected to ever more creative and cruel experiments. And the less said about the workshops of Clan Skryre, the better. Nothing is guaranteed in Skavenblight, except suffering, which comes in abundance.

The Black Mountains

The natural barrier between the Empire and the Border Princes, The Black Mountains belong to neither realm, and no civilization truly holds control over it, though many a Dwarf clan and Orc warband is certainly trying their best. Its most famous part, the Black Fire Pass, has stood as the site for many legendary battles, including Sigmar Heldenhammer himself, back when he was "merely" the Emperor, instead of a god.

The Border Princes

A disputed land, the Border Princes are infamous for how quickly the status quo can change there; a new monarch could have ascended the previous day

and be dead or deposed the next. Anyone can claim a hill and declare themselves king, but few have managed to actually retain their thrones for long periods of time. Humans, Orcs, and mercenaries of all kinds make their homes here, leading to a mishmash of different cultures and norms.

Badlands

An arid, rocky country south of the Border Princes, the Badlands are a harsh place where little grows or lives... Which is why it has become an excellent breeding ground, quite literally as of late, for Orcs of all kinds. You'll struggle to find a larger concentration of Orcs anywhere else on Mallus, which may be a good or bad thing, depending on your species and tastes.

Nehekhara

Once, Nehekhara surpassed the Empire of today in size and might, under the rule of the mighty Settra the Imperishable. Now, not so much, the realm reduced to the desert at the very south of the Old World. Few living things remain here, with the population consisting mostly of undead in all their forms, led by the Tomb Kings desperate to reclaim their flesh and blood bodies, while hopefully retaining their immortality in the process. If Khalida's experiments are anything to go by, there may be a chance of such a thing happening after all.

Ulthuan

The home of the High Elves, the continent of Ulthuan stands alone in the Sea of Claws, serving as a barrier between the Old and New Worlds. Ruled by the Phoenix King, the Asur have stood as staunch enemies of the Dark Elves and look down upon the other races for their wanton lusts that obviously fuel Slaanesh. Cities such as Tor Yvresse are infamous for their prisons, where deviants are deprived of all stimuli until their wardens have deemed them punished enough. Yet dig a bit deeper, and you will find some of the Asur act little different from the lesser races when it comes to matters of sex and debauchery. They just hide it a lot better.

The Dark Lands

Desolate is perhaps the best descriptor for this wretched land. Nothing grows here, nothing lives here, not by choice at least. It is the home of the Chaos Dwarves, those long since abandoned and embraced by the Chaos God Hashut. Any non-Chaos Dwarves are quickly captured and enslaved, either put to backbreaking labor or turned into breeders locked inside tiny stables, forced into popping out children to feed the war machine of Hashut.

Mountains of Mourn

A massive mountain range, the peaks and valleys hold the myriad of Ogre tribes that comprise the Ogre Kingdoms. Led by the Overtyrant Greasus Goldtooth, the Ogres are obsessed with eating and, to a lesser extent, fucking. It is considered a matter of pride that a Tyrant has a massive gut and a large harem, filled with the most exotic of maidens possible.

Grand Cathay

To the far east of Mallus lies Grand Cathay, a mighty empire ruled by the Dragon Emperor and the Moon Empress, though the pair have not been seen in some time, leaving their myriad of Dragon children to rule in their stead. All citizens are expected to give their lives in protection of the empire, especially in defending the Great Wall from continuous assaults from the forces of Chaos. The word of the dragons is law, with any demand expected to be followed to the letter, no matter how demeaning or degrading.

Naggaroth

A hellish land where little grows and where everything wants to kill you, it is here that the Dark Elves fled after the Sundering occurred, forging a bitter empire of decadence and suffering. Ruled by Malekith the Witch-King, Druchii society sees all other races and groups as lesser, fit only for sacrifices or slaves. Even their own are not spared, for weakness leads to equally horrific and malevolent ends.

Lustria

The warm jungles of Lustria may at first appear peaceful and even serene, but take even one step further in, and you will discover the truth. Everything here will try to kill you, with only the strongest and most cunning surviving the hostile wildlife. Not to mention the Lizardmen, who toil endlessly in their dwindling Temple Cities to try and enact the Great Plan of the Old Ones. There is also a significant Clan Pestilens population to be found in the ruins of some of the Cities. Suffice to say, neither faction is particularly interested in diplomacy with outsiders.

Vampire Coast

Perhaps the most dangerous part of Lustria, the Vampire Coast is eerie with how quiet and still everything is, thanks in large part to the influence of its ruler, Luthor Harkon. Depending on the personality in place, Harkon may either kill you on the spot, try to turn you into a Vampire under his dominion, or

try to seduce you as his/her lover. It has been noted in recent months that Luthor's physical body seems to change to match whatever personality is holding dominion over it at that moment, which seems to be linked to a strange Lizardman artifact one of his Thralls uncovered.

Race

Lesser Daemon

(100 WP)

Creatures of pure Chaos, Lesser Daemons serve as the backbone of the schemes of whichever God spawned them. Do not let the Lesser in the description fool you, however, for even the weakest of Blue Horrors is strong enough to tear a grown human in half with ease, not even speaking of the magical might most can wield. Though only the Four are known to have Lesser Daemons, you may begin as one for any of the other, lesser Chaos Gods if you so desire, choosing your base form depending on your God. You are ageless and immortal, hard to kill on the best of days, and always returning to the Realm of Chaos to respawn after a month equal to the sacred number of your Patron God has passed. Should your God lack a sacred number for whatever reason, you may designate one for yourself, with it needing to be larger than 1. You also know the basics of the Spell Lore of your God, if they have one that is, granting you a free purchase of **Aetheric Attunement**, attuning you to your God's Spell Lore.



Greater Daemon

(400 WP)

Where the Lesser Daemons are often mere infantry and fodder, each and every Greater Daemon is near-priceless to their God, for each is a walking calamity of Chaotic Power made manifest, crafted from a piece of the God in question. No mere mortal is able to face you without immense willpower and impossible logic, for your mere presence warps the world around you to mirror the influence of your god. Just like your Lesser brethren, you are ageless and immortal, making it even more challenging to slay you in the first place, and you wield the Spell Lore of your God with an experienced hand, and with more power behind each spell than a mortal will ever be able to match unaided. This grants you a free purchase of **Aetheric Attunement**, just like your Lesser brethren, attuned to your god's Spell Lore.



Fimir

(Free)

A long time ago, the Fimir once held the favor of Chaos, but upon the advent of man, they lost it and were left to the side to stew in bitterness and envy. Bound into a matriarchal caste system, the cyclopsian Fimir eke out a meager living as they plan their eventual rise back to relevance. You may become a Fimir for free, with your choice of Perks affecting your caste amongst these people.



Beastman

(+100/Free/100 WP)

The children of Chaos, Beastmen combine the savagery of beasts with the cunning of men to a deadly effect and have become the scourge of humans, elves, and everyone else who dares to hide in their huts and behind their walls. For free, you are one of the Gors, bearing the head of an ox, ram, or another horned bovine. You may choose to be either an Ungor or a Bray and receive **100 WP** as compensation for basically hitting the very bottom of the Beastman hierarchy. But by paying **100 WP**, you may become one of the more dangerous breeds of Beastmen, relatively speaking, as even a Bray is deadly to a human, such as the mighty Minotaurs, the galloping Centigors, the flying Harpies, or the elusive Lakemen.



Orc

(Free/100 WP)

Broad-shouldered and bearing strength beyond most men, Orcs are a scourge well known to most races across Mallus. Obsessed with war and battling it out, each Orc bears scars from countless battles and has killed more people than most humans are going to meet in their lives. For free, you may start as a normal Common Orc, green, angry, and ready to tear everyone apart for a good scrap. For **100 WP**, you may instead be either a Savage Orc, shunning technology but wielding primitive magic to more than make up for this, or a Black Orc, your skin dark to the point of almost being black and both larger and taller than your fellow Orcs.



Goblin

(+100 WP/Free)

Though far smaller and wiry compared to their larger Orc cousins, Goblins more than make up for this with their cunning and sheer cruelty. For **Free**, you may start as a Goblin belonging to one of the myriad sub-breeds found across Mallus. In exchange for receiving **100 WP**, you may instead begin as a Gnoblar, a lesser breed of Goblin known for contentedly serving the brutish Ogres as servants, amusement, and even snacks.



Hobgoblin (Free)

Gathered in massive nomadic clans, the Hobgoblins of the Eastern Steppes are considered by many to be the most despicable of the Greenskin breeds, hated by their cousins and other species alike, both for their brutal nature and for their habit of backstabbing after a deal has concluded. You stand as tall as a man, though you are still wiry compared to an Orc, and seem to have a near-permanent grin on your face, showcasing your extremely sharp teeth for all to see.



Vampire

(100 WP)

Created by Nagash in the days of the Nehekaran Empire, the Vampires have since spread across the Old World like a plague, hiding in the dark corners and mansions of the world. For **100 WP**, you become one of these undead monstrosities, hailing from one of the existing Bloodlines of Blood Knights, Lahmians, Necarchs, Strigoi, or the Von Carstein. Though bearing a deathly allergy to sunlight and needing blood to continue in rationality, your inhuman strength and connection to Dhar more than make up for these flaws. You receive a free purchase of **Aetheric Attunement** centered around either the Lore of Death, Beasts, Shadows, Necromancy, or Vampires.



Skaven

(+100 WP/Free/100 WP)

According to Imperial nobles, the Skaven do not exist. This is false, for the Skaven are perhaps the most numerous of the races on Mallus, with their Under-Empire spreading across the continents and their plans for dominance held back only by their own habit of backstabbing one another for minor benefits. In exchange for gaining **100 WP**, you may start as a Skaven Slave, used as literal cannon fodder, whose life is measured by how long you manage to keep your “betters” from harm. For Free, you may start as a run-of-the-mill Clanrat, which means you are just above Skaven Slaves on the totem pole. For **100 WP**, however, you may start as either a Stormvermin, well-armored and trained, a Grey Seer, the heralds of the Horned Rat and

wielding the Lores of Plague and Ruin, or a Rat Ogre, full of muscle and more than able to rip apart a fully grown Ogre by themselves.

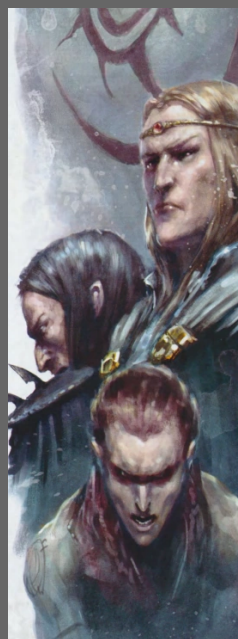


Elf

(100 WP)

Among the oldest civilizations on Mallus, the Elfin once ruled a unified kingdom and took their duty as the protectors of the world seriously, before pride and grudges saw the race split into the High, Dark, and Wood Elves. For **100 WP**, you become one of these long-lived and magically gifted people, each one agile enough to run circles around even the most athletic of humans.

You receive a free purchase of **Aetheric Attunement**, due to most Elves being far more in tune with Magic than most other races on Mallus.



Human

(Free)

Beyond the Skaven and the Greenskins, it is the Humans who have spread the furthest on Mallus, found in each corner of the world and often ruling over vast kingdoms and even an empire or two. Be you a Chaos-worshipping Norscan, a hardy Kislevite, a foppish Estalian, or a chivalrous Bretonnian, you are sure to affect the events to come, as seems to be the lot of men in this world.



Halfling

(+100 WP)

Also known as Mootlanders, or Little Fucks, the Halflings hail from the region of the Empire of Man known as the Moot, which the race gained after Emperor Ludwig was convinced (More like scammed) into giving the Halflings a seat as one of the Elector Counts. Small even compared to Dwarves, Halflings are loud, have no filter, are extremely fecund, and have a hard time conducting the Winds of Magic, though nowhere near as hard as with the Dwarves... And they are also severe kleptomaniacs, easily swindling travelers of their possessions, clothes included.



Gnome (Free)

In a world of Dragons and Magic, it's rather strange to think that something could be thought of as mere legend. But something like that does exist in the form of Gnomes, a reclusive and shadowy folk interested in keeping to themselves when possible. About the size of a Halfling, Gnomes are rather skinny, men able to grow beards that would make a Dwarf proud. The most interesting quirk of theirs is an innate connection to Ulgu, the Wind of Shadows, with you not only knowing a handful of novice Spells with the Wind, but also gaining an affinity for any future magics that utilize shadows or stealth. In effect, you gain a free purchase of **Aetheric Attunement** for the Lore of Shadow, Ulgu.



Dwarf

(Free)

Known as the Dawi among their own, the Dwarves of the Everlasting Realm once inhabited most of the Worlds Edge Mountains, but Chaos, Skaven, and Greenskins have caused many of their Karaks to fall into ruin, not that this has broken the will of the children of Grugni, not yet, at the very least. You start as a Dwarf, hailing from any of the Karaks, named or unnamed. Your constitution is hardier compared to Humans, to the point where you are resistant to Chaos and conduct Magic like a brick filters water.



Chaos Dwarf

(Free/100 WP)

Children of Hashut the Bull Father, the Dawi-Zharr are the Dwarves who, when the Coming of Chaos happened, were abandoned by the Ancestor Gods and were instead adopted by Hashut. Slaving despots with a cruel streak, the

Chaos Dwarves care little for anything beyond their own status and the destruction of their Dawi cousins. For **Free**, you are a Chaos Dwarf, small tusks sprouting from your lower jaw and with the potential to wield Magic, though too much use will see you slowly turn to stone. For **100 WP**, you may instead be a Bull Centaur, combining the perks of a Dawi-Zharr with the strength, size, and might of a bull.



Ogre (100 WP)

Native to the Mountains of Morn, the Ogres are massive beings, each one able to hold a grown Human in one hand and then eat said Human in a few bites. Unfortunately, what they have in muscles, they lack in brains, for most Ogres are just as, if not even dumber than, the rocks they sometimes eat to survive. For **100 WP**, you may start as one of these gigantic humanoids, thankfully still retaining your intelligence. Alternatively, you can become a Yhetee, the white-furred cousins of the Ogres, who make their dwelling high in the mountains and who are near-immune to cold thanks to their thick fur.



Tiger Warrior (100 WP)

Rumored to hail from the distant and mysterious land of Ind, the Tiger Warriors have made their dwelling in the lands of Cathay, where many serve Zhao Ming, the Iron Dragon himself. For **100 WP**, you may become one of these massive Tiger-folk, both as tall and strong as an Ogre, while also holding an animalistic cunning about you.



Troll

(200 WP)

As much a pest as they are a calamity, Trolls are widespread across the Old World, found from the Troll Country all the way down to Nehekhara. Rivaling, if not surpassing, Ogres in size and strength, Trolls are made dangerous by their impressive healing factor, able to recover from most wounds and injuries in mere moments, unless dealt by fire. Yet, perhaps in an ironic twist, most Trolls are dumb as rocks, oftentimes aimlessly wandering or staring at nothing while standing still. By paying **200 WP**, you may choose to become a Troll of any kind, be it a massive Stone Troll, an aquatic River Troll, a malevolent Chaos Troll, one of the cursed Bile Trolls, or an entirely different breed. Thankfully, like Throgg the Troll-King, you have, or perhaps retain, your human-level intelligence.



Zoat (200 WP)

Legendary in status, the Zoat are a race of massive reptilian centaurs, each one rivaling an Ogre in size and might, while also wielding the Wind of Ghylan with a proficiency only matched by the wisest of wizards. For **200 WP**, you may become one of these legendary beings and, thanks to your long life rivaling an Elf, you will no doubt write a legend or two of your own. You receive a free purchase of **Aetheric Attunement**, centered on the Lore of Life, Ghylan.



Dragon Ogre (200/400 WP)

Perhaps the oldest race, alongside the Dragons, remaining on Mallus, the Dragon Ogres are considered among Chaos' most dangerous forces, for these beings continue to grow as they age, and due to their Pact with Chaos, they have attained eternal youth, so many rival and may even surpass Dragons in size. For **200 WP**, you may mantle one of these beings for yourself and become a monster feared by all. Meanwhile, for **400 WP**, you may instead be a Dragon Ogre Shaggoth, an ancient member of your species the size of a mountain and far more dangerous for it. It would be fair to say you are one with the storms of the world, for such is your control over lightning.



Lizardman

(Free/100 WP/400 WP)

Servants of the Old Ones, the Lizardmen are in actuality organic machines, each clade/breed created with a specific purpose in mind. Though they have been mostly reduced to their few Temple Cities in the jungles of Lustria, the Cold Ones still plan on how to uphold the Great Plan charted by their creators.

For **Free**, you are a Skink, the weakest of the breeds when it comes to the physical side, yet they make up for it with their nimbleness and command over certain Lores of magic. For **100 WP**, you may instead be a Saurus, the warrior

Breed made exclusively for war. Alternatively, you may instead be either a Kroxigor, a hulking crocodileman meant for hard labor, or a Chameleon Skink, who have evolved to utilize camouflage to stalk their foes and strike unseen and unheard. Finally, for **400 WP**, you may instead be one of the Slann, the mightiest Wizards found among Mortal races, more than able to destroy armies and alter landscapes with simple spells. You may decide if you are a Fourth or Fifth Generation Slann. Skinks and Slann receive a free purchase of

Aetheric Attunement, choosing from the Lores of Beasts, Death, Fire, Heavens, Itza, Life, Light, Metal, Shadow, and exclusively to the Slann, High Magic.



Dragon

(200/400 WP)

Before Chaos came, before the Old Ones arrived, Mallus was a world of Dragons. Countless breeds have been lost over the millennia, be it at the hands of the Old Ones and their minions, or consumed by Chaos. Yet Dragons still remain, even if in lesser numbers. For **200 WP**, you may become a young Dragon, mighty enough to face regiments of human soldiers and have a good chance of surviving, but still far from reaching the apex of the world. For **400 WP**, however, you may become an adult Dragon, easily matching Greater Daemons and other horrors of Mallus. You may decide if you are of a more traditional build, one of the Merwyrms that prowl the oceans around Ulthuan and Naggaroth, or one of the Cathayan Dragons, no doubt related to the Dragon Emperor and Moon Empress in some manner.



Origins

Deceiver of Corruption

You are a snake, a deceitful wretch who plays with the hearts and bodies of others to get what you want. Perhaps you serve one of the Gods of Chaos, or perhaps you do this for yourself, but it wouldn't be out of the question for you to have covertly taken over several courts through blackmail, corruption, and seduction.

Warlord of Destruction

You don't much care for consent, or really any of the other constraints of polite society. No, you just take what you want, be it land, wealth, or women; you'll take it all one bloody conquest at a time. From a regular Orc Warboss to the new Overtyrant-to-be, you leave behind ruins and raped bodies wherever you go.

Defender of Civilization

Sigmar be blessed, you are here to protect the villagers from that horny Beastman, aren't you? Indeed, you are the warden of civilization, a noble knight defending the peasantry, the mighty king holding back the tide of Chaos. And if on the side some grateful maidens decide to reward you personally... Well, a hero's job does have its perks from time to time.

Herald of Nature

It is such an unfortunate thing that, in satiating their base lusts, these fools do not stop to admire the beauty of the world and indeed oftentimes twist, corrupt, or destroy it to fuel their ambitions. No longer, for you are here. From the noble defenders of Athel Loren to the Druids of the Green College, you protect the natural world from civilization and those who'd seek to corrupt it.

General Perks

Ready for War

(Free)

For all the lewd shenanigans, orgies, and whatnot, Mallus still remains a world where one's fate is decided upon a blade's edge, and any caught lacking have little say in the events that follow. You have received the equivalent of five years as a basic warrior of your faction, leaving you a competent fighter, but far from the peak of this world. From wielding a myriad of melee weapons, some manner of armor, and even the most basic of ranged weapons, you will not be found lacking when the time for violence comes.

Lover's Lab Tune-Up!

(100 WP)

In a world of babes and hunks, it would be a shame to be left out of the genetic lottery. This perk makes you far prettier to those who look at you, your looks going from average to 9/10. This also makes it so you become immune to all STDs, and your sexual stamina and skill are improved so you at least know how to have sex with a partner. You might not be the greatest lay around, but both sides are sure to at least leave satisfied.

Aetheric Attunement

(100/400 WP)

All magic comes from the Aethyr, the Realm of Chaos. Filtered through the Polar Gates, the Winds of Magic are a useful tool in the ever-constant war against Chaos, even if most casters risk the chance of blowing up when channeling more dangerous spells. You are one of the (un)lucky few born with a connection to one of the Winds, and have learned a few spells upon a specific Lore. Be it a more generic one focused on the Winds, or a more specialized lore, such as the Lore of one of the Gods, you can be considered an adept in utilizing it. Should you wish to wield Qhaysh, High Magic, or Dhar, Dark Magic, you must pay **400 WP**, due to the sheer power both Lores hold. You may purchase this multiple times, each time learning a new Lore, though it should be noted that this perk alone does nothing to improve your control, so do not be hasty when casting multiple spells at once.

Craftsman

(100 WP)

It's not all sex and violence out here; some folks are trying to earn an actual living! And, at least at some point in the past, so did you. You have about a

decade's (Or the equivalent for those who live longer) worth of experience in one craft, or job, of your choice. Mayhaps you were a smith before everything, forging nails, bikini armor, and weird sex toys to the highest bidder. Or maybe you worked at a Bretonnian farm, where you regularly had to make sure the livestock remained "undisturbed" by drunk townsfolk, and had to learn how to tend to crops that could at any moment spring up to try and rape you.

Additional purchases let you either choose other professions or add more years to your experience with the previous one.

Bikini Is The New Prada

(Free/100 WP)

You may have noticed that armor standards have loosened massively among the inhabitants of Mallus. Even the Dwarves, known for their thick armor, have switched to far more revealing fare in the last century or so. By purchasing this

Perk, you are able to skew certain fashion trends to favor the skimpy and revealing. Walking around the house in your panties without a bra is common behavior, and even when out and about, most folk dress like they're in erotic fiction. But the best part is that no matter how skimpy the clothes themselves are, as long as they cover something and are made of proper materials, they'll still offer the same protection as if they were made regularly. This Perk is free for the duration of this jump.

Familial Bonds

(100 WP, Free for **Dark Elves**)

Family is a wonderful thing. They'll always be there when you need some comfort, and when things get tough, they'll have your back. Upon purchasing this Perk, you ensure your family will always view you in a positive light, no matter how dark your deeds may be. At the same time, this also allows you to grow very intimate with family members, both your own and your partner's. Your sisters will grow to find you the ideal man; your girlfriend's mother will find her gaze wandering to your frame unconsciously; the more taboo the desire, the stronger it will be. Through a combination of minor compulsions, slight conditioning, and positive reinforcement, you will slowly rise to the position of head within the family, everyone respecting your decision and deferring to you in all matters. And as a final boon, any children/descendants you have become immune to any negative side-effects of incest.

Lustful Mishaps

(200 WP)

Accidents happen. All the time, really. Mostly when channeling magic, where said accidents are oftentimes fatal. With this Perk, however, any such accidents are a thing of the past. Any accidents you are in are warped into a more lewd variety. A knife slipping from your fingers could tear your cleavage free and cause a girl that's in your strike zone to realize she's gay as can be, and a spell miscast would see your clothes incinerated, or maybe your libido increased for a random set of time. And in general, this seems to cause accidents that are both lewd in nature and attractive to you in particular.

Thankfully, this Perk lowers any negative impressions the accidents may cause, instead ramping up the victim's arousal and raising their opinion of you slightly.

Lusty Sighs

(Free/200 WP)

Not every world is one geared up for constant sex like here, and many will find particular fetishes you have to be disgusting and horrific. That changes when you introduce the Lusty Sighs of Slaanesh to whichever realm you next enter, bringing with it the porn physics and beauty enhancers you'd expect. And the cherry on top is that you may introduce certain fetishes into the world that people you find attractive either already have, or will develop after meeting you. The strict teacher may have a major breeding fetish, desiring to populate an entire school by herself, or a noble knight will develop a desire to be maimed and raped after a brutal defeat. The world is your oyster, really. Oh, and should you be interested in people with more exaggerated body proportions, then you may do so on either an individual basis or for certain demographics. They will automatically be physically fine with their proportions, with breasts the size of melons not causing back pain, and a dick the size of a tree trunk won't kill the man when getting an erection.

A World of Babes

(200 WP)

Let's say you don't much care for the sausage fest of most worlds, where men seemingly outnumber women 10 to 1. With this Perk, you are able to alter gender ratios in any given world before entering, be it making it so there's a 50/50 split between men and women, maybe there's a third gender mixed in for good measure, or maybe the entire world is full of nothing but women. If the last scenario happens and you also turn out to be the only man around, then the women's fertility and yours will increase to compensate, and the

women will be able to reproduce among themselves. How this works, I leave to your imagination. Any other cultural changes are also up to you to decide on.

Train Them Right

(200 WP)

Well-trained troops unfortunately don't grow in trees, though in the Lizardmen's case they do grow in ponds ready to go. But in the case of everyone else, they must be trained from the ground up. You are a competent teacher, both in the arts of war and in other fields. While through normal means you'll be able to turn a group of peasants into a competent fighting force within half a year, you have other means to fasten the process. Namely, by fucking your students. Your actual mastery of the subject, and your sexual stamina/skill, determine how effective this is. Bring a woman to a single orgasm, and she'll act as if she'd done a few days' worth of training. Leave her bloated up like a balloon and knocked out from the sheer pleasure, and she'll be fighting Swordmasters of Hoeth on equal footing within a month. People may look at you a bit strangely, but this Perk ensures they'll always accept your methods as a valid form of training.

The Art of Dickplomacy

(200 WP)

Despite what the situation on Mallus might have you believe, diplomacy is just as important a skill as warfare, even if most folks are less inclined towards it. You have something of a silver tongue, quickly learning treaties and adapting to best read your fellow diplomats like books, not to mention having a better chance of convincing others to agree with your conditions. But you truly shine when using sex as a negotiation tool, able to convince a proud queen into dooming her people to slavery simply by flashing your cock at her, then fucking her senseless. As long as sex/seduction is somehow involved in your diplomacy, your efforts will always be more successful, and you're able to get away with and gain far more than normal. As a final boon, you are far more likely to have an attractive member of your preferred gender as the one discussing diplomacy.

Hi-Ho, Silver Donkey!

(200 WP, Discounted for **Bretonnians**)

On the field, having access to a mount can be the difference between life or death, so it would be a shame if you didn't at least know the basics of how to ride. You are a prodigy when it comes to riding and fighting on saddleback,

learning in moments how to ride any new beasts you come across. As long as your mount is sentient, you will know how to ride it, and upon saddleback, your attacks deal slightly more damage against any who try to stand against you.

Sailor of Claws

(200 WP, Discounted for **Norscans, Vampires, High and Dark Elves**)

The Sea of Claws is infamous for the many dangers it harbors within, and many ships that set upon it often end in a watery grave. Despite this, you've learned the secrets and trade of seafaring, able to serve in any position on a boat or ship. As a bonus, this Perk decreases the chance of any accidents or attacks happening, while also improving the chances for something beneficial to happen, such as discovering a shipwreck full of treasure, or gorgeous maidens stranded and in need of a rescue by a dashing sea captain.

The Legacy of the Roasting Advisor

(200 WP, Discounted with **The Roasting Advisor Strikes Again!**)

"Lord Jumper, traveler of Worlds and Collector of Babes, you've come to learn my ways of advising and roasting the fools of the multiverse?" Those were the words of the Advisor, an elusive worshipper of Tzeentch known for his sass and knowledge. Like him, you are a capable advisor, your words sounding far more reasonable than before, and your actual competence worth listening to. But it's your ability to roast others that is truly miraculous, able to leave even the most stone-cold of Chaos Lords in a crying heap after you've finished heaping him with insults over all his failures.

The Engineer

(400 WP, Discounted for **Nuln Humans, Dwarves and Chaos Dwarves**)

It's the nature of time that people and their technology advance, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the creations of the Dwarves. From the many types of firearms to the marvelous gyrocopters, the Ancestor God Morgrim left many lessons to his followers, and much like the Dawi, you've partaken in these lessons; unlike the Dawi, you are able to research and refine your creations at the same pace as humans, while still keeping the quality of the Dwarves. Your creations can be made and improved even further should they have some manner of a lewd purpose or side-benefit to them. What said purposes/benefits are, though, I'll leave for you to figure out.

Runecraft

(200/400/600 WP, Discounted for **Dwarves and Chaos Dwarves**)

Those who are of the blood of Thungni, the Ancestor God of Runemagic, are able to beat the Winds of Magic into stable Runes that can have effects both wondrous and mundane. Even if you aren't a Dawi, the blood of Thungni courses through your veins, and like the many Runesmiths, you are capable of Runemagic. For **200 WP**, you are considered a Journeyman Runesmith, knowing the most basic of Runes and can competently create minor magical artifacts at the pace of one per month, while the likes of Ghal Maraz and other wondrous artifacts you are seemingly only able to create once a decade/jump, whichever comes first, and even then it will take you months of constant work and will leave you in a weakened and dazed state for weeks. For **400 WP**, you are considered a Master Runesmith, now knowing the more powerful Runes of the Runesmiths, and thanks to your at least century of experience, your work pace has doubled, and are now able to create wondrous artifacts at the pace of one per year. Finally, for **600 WP**, you are considered closer to Thungni than anyone has been since the days of old, when the Ancestor Gods still roamed the lands with their mortal descendants. Your knowledge of Runes is second to only Thungni himself, able to craft artifacts on par with, or even surpassing, Ghal Maraz in mere days, and your ability to incorporate other magical systems into Runes is a miracle to behold.

Moulded Through Combat

(400 WP)

Domination is the way of life on Mallus, and by asserting one's will over an opponent by defeating them, one can begin to mold them as one desires. Whenever you best someone in conflict, be it an argument, a game, a spar, or a life-or-death battle, you are able to alter them to your desires; the intensity and effect are determined by the severity of the conflict in question. Win a diplomat in an argument, and you are able to change their impression of you into a more favorable one, along with lessening their wrinkles slightly. Defeat Archaon in a battle, and you can warp him into a bimbofied dwarf woman eager to fuck you whenever and wherever.

Legendary Lord

(600 WP)

You are one of the great champions and leaders of this world. You could lead an army into the Chaos Wastes and back. You have been trained in tactics, strategies, leadership, management, and governing. You are among the best warriors of the world, such that a human could duel a Greater Daemon and a vampire could slay a dragon. You are also a skilled magic user, among the top hundred of Mallus.

Lord of the End Times

(400 WP, Requires **Legendary Lord**)

You are not just any warlord or magic user; you are one of the most powerful beings to ever walk Mallus, only rivalled by beings such as Nagash, Archaon, and Sigmar resurrected. Your ability to wield and innovate magic is incredible, inventing rituals that will shake continents (once you find a source of energy big enough). And while your combat skills are not as close to godlike, your strength and endurance would allow you to easily overpower a dragon.

Deceiver of Corruption Perks

(Discounted for **Servant of Chaos**, with 100 WP Perks being Free)

Slaaneshi Arts

(100 WP)

Even the greenest of Slaanesh's followers knows the basics of sex, and you are no beginner or greenhorn. You are the master of sex, able to bring even the most depraved of Daemonettes into a series of orgasms with your fingers alone. But your true skills lie in the more depraved department, for all manner of sadistic acts, be it something as simple as a harsh insult or full-on choking your partner; each such act of pain and degradation brings pleasure to your target. Even the coldest and most arrogant of queens can be reduced to a mewling wreck if you insult her intelligence enough, sped along by giving her a few bites and branding her asscheek at the same time. You also learned a few good tricks for fighting, like never missing with throwing knives, dodging arrows, and just being so damn flexible.

Shapeshifting

(200 WP)

Taken a literal page from the Changeling's handbook, have we? Oh yes indeed, like the elusive Daemon of Tzeentch, you are able to assume the forms of others, down to their most minuscule of features, along with being able to imitate their powers to a lesser degree. However, should you wish to imitate a specific person, you must have a general idea of what they look, sound, and act like to assume their form, and even then, you do not gain any of their memories. Though you have discovered that the more sexual your assumed form is, the stronger your power is. Take the form of a more Bimbofied Alarielle, and you might even rival the real deal, while also causing several rumors to bloom about her true condition and possible promiscuity. So, a win-win strategy all around.

Infiltration

(400 WP)

The folly of many a spy is their overconfidence in their skills, along with not being able to read people properly. None of these are a concern for you, thankfully, as you seem to naturally emit an aura of trustworthiness, easing the minds of others and often being one of the last to be suspected of treason or betrayal. To go alongside this, you have a nose for finding the weak links, those on the verge of falling or full of doubts, for you to exploit for your own gain. Naturally, this has allowed you to develop a natural charisma perfect for seduction. Even the Mistress of Nan-Gau could be convinced into a quick tryst after a few talks.

Corruption by Sex

(600 WP)

Not merely a servant of whatever fell power you worship, oh no. You might be one of Slaanesh's greatest champions when it comes to corrupting things, at least. Your mere presence leaks small amounts of Chaos energy, which can, over the course of a few years, corrupt even the mightiest of beings, while the energy itself remains undetected except by those of greatest power. But the real fun starts when you are fucking someone. One session with you is enough to convince the Dragon of Nan-Gau herself that you are worth keeping around in spite of your allegiances, with further sessions reducing her to a submissive broodcow loyal to only you. Furthermore, should you manage to corrupt the priestesses/avatar of a Goddess, then the goddess shall become corrupted as well, the pleasure and corruption inflicted upon her followers too much for even her. The reverse is also true; should you manage to corrupt Isha, then not only will Alarielle and Ariel both become corrupted, but so will any of their handmaidens or priestesses of Isha. This does work on genuine romance however, the love blooming between you and a priestess is enough to warm the heart of a goddess, and even make her fall in love with you herself.

Warlord of Destruction Perks

(Discounted for **Warlord of Destruction**, with 100 WP Perks being Free)

Universal Reproduction

(100 WP)

One of the main goals of the Ravager is to spread their bloodline far and wide, conquering wombs and bloodlines in one simple act. Not only can you adjust your fertility from 0% to "She'll be having triplets at minimum", but your cum is so potent and virile that, as long as it ends up in a womb, it can impregnate anything and anyone.

Bigger is Better

(200 WP)

A Servant of Chaos relies on cunning and skill to seduce their targets, but a Ravager has no need or desire for such flowery nonsense, preferring to just use brute force instead, the threat of violence leaving their partners surprisingly aroused and accepting. You have a way of intimidating others into doing whatever you want, with the effect growing stronger as you do, and especially when it involves sex in some manner, such as forcing a loyal wife into being your sex slave or having her husband be killed and her being raped would see her do as commanded without hesitation.

Best of all, once you've had your way with your victims, they become a lot more compliant and vulnerable to this perk's effect, allowing you to ruin women for other men or to turn even the most iron-willed monarch into a feminine cuckold.

Orgy Control

(400 WP)

A Ravager is rarely alone, preferring to surround themselves with like-minded minions, often with libidos to match, resulting in massive orgies encompassing the entire camp. You are able to assume control of your minions when it comes to any gangbangs or orgies, allowing you to direct them as you will, and granting them temporary access to your sexual perks and abilities, if you desire it so. Their partners will act as if it's you directly banging their brains out, and you may decide if any pregnancies that follow are of your own blood or the lucky minion's own. You also develop better coherence with your minions/followers after each orgy, as these things are excellent bonding moments.

The Doom of Civilization

(600 WP)

The walls and cities of Men, Elves, Dwarves, and more are nothing but crutches, meant to limit and soften them up, while deluding them into looking down upon the more "barbaric" folks such as yourself. So great is your hatred for civilization, that you are empowered whenever you destroy or defile it, and those who defend it. Any whose technology is more advanced than what could be thought of as "Caveman" level will find their attacks dealing less damage to you and yours, while your attacks deal far more damage back in return. In addition, you and your horde have a degrading effect on all technology, with both this and the previously mentioned effect increasing the more advanced the technology in question is. And when it comes to primitive societies, these "barbarians" can subconsciously tell you are their superior, and will submit near instantly to your rule.

Defender of Civilization Perks

(Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**, with 100 WP Perks being Free)

Traitor Hunter

(100 WP)

There are traitors aplenty among the ranks of Chaos and Order alike, a single Slaaneshi spy able to compromise entire kingdoms if left undisturbed. You have a nose for rooting out traitors, immediately picking up on any clues or signs that something is off about your newest handmaiden, along with how to deal with them without falling into their traps in the process.

To Be King

(200 WP)

One would hope that any monarch who sits upon a throne is competent at their job, but as has been shown many times over Mallus' long history, that is more often than not, a rarity. Thankfully, you are not one of these fools, considered to be generally competent in how to lead people in times of war and peace, along with how to rule over a territory and how to both maintain and improve upon it. Why, you could rival the likes of Karl Franz in his prime with this alone, and should nobility ever become an option, you would be considered the most competent and desired of your peers.

Corruption Defenses

(400 WP)

Quite frankly, the world is fucked, literally. Chaos corruption seeps into the land, and the many powerful figures that rule the nations seem to have the threat detection of a blind mole. Not you, though; you're prepared. Not only are you more resilient against physical, mental, and spiritual corruption, but you also know how to counter and purify any corruption you see, to the point where you could come face-to-face with Slaanesh for a few moments without succumbing to their presence. From wards that drive out lustful spirits to incense that burns away any corrupted thoughts, you are the master of innovating anti-corruption methods, not to mention your mere presence can lessen the hold of any corruptive forces, able to turn a tainted land back into its prime within weeks. And when it comes to removing corruption from people, there are few ways better than chaste and wholesome romance. Enough handholding, dates at cafes, and honest gifts could purify even Slaanesh herself, though in her case it would take years of work.

The Power of the Gods

(600 WP)

Many on Mallus bear the backing and blessing of a higher power. From the children of the Celestial Dragon Emperor of Cathay to the Phoenix King bearing the blessing of Asuryan, and many others. Like these figures, you now bear the blessing/power of a divine entity, elevating you to something closer to a demigod than a mere mortal.

Be you the next Phoenix King of Ulthuan, the avatar of Ursun, or another god, or something else, to face you is to face calamity made flesh. You also become pretty much the most attractive thing alive to the worshippers of your patron, making it easy to seduce them or even convert others into worshipping your patron through a slightly modified lens.

Herald of Nature Perks

(Discounted for **Herald of Nature**, with 100 WP Perks being Free)

One with Beasts

(100 WP)

As someone closer to nature than civilization, it isn't unheard of for some Defenders to form close bonds with the wildlife of the world... Very close indeed. You are able to flip a mental switch that allows you to see animals as attractive and suitable sexual partners, with any resulting offspring being either perfect hybrids or of either of their parents' species. If you are a beast, this gives you access to a type of musk that subtly alters the minds of any prospective partners to see you as described above.

Iron Will

(200 WP)

In this day and age, many have found their wills broken upon receiving the ecstasy of pleasure, often dooming their kingdoms to the tender mercies of Slaanesh. But you are made of sterner stuff. Not only is your pain tolerance higher, but you are far more resistant to feeling pleasure. A gangbang intent on breaking your will through pleasure will have to go on for days before you'll even start showing or feeling signs of breaking, and regular torture takes just as long as you are able to resist excruciating pain.

Pleasure isn't Corruption

(400 WP)

Unfortunately for many women, once a Servant of Chaos or a Ravager has managed to wring out the first orgasm out of them, there's little hope of becoming anything but a mewling slave as their minds and bodies are bombarded by more pleasure than they can handle. But by a blessing, a weird quirk of biology, or sheer determination, you are shielded from mindbreaks and other mental degradations. Aphrodisiacs will fade. Sex will remain for sexual situations, never dominating every hour of your life.

The pleasure will not fade, preventing you from seeking more and more extreme methods of pleasure. Nonetheless, you are able to enjoy the pleasure experienced, without becoming weak to corruption and easily broken by whichever villain decides to try to rape you. Naturally, this has also made you very good at sex, able to transfer feelings of love to your partner, perhaps softening them up slightly with each session.

Everqueen

(600 WP)

The Everqueen is the mortal representative and, according to some sources, the avatar of Isha. Serving as the spouse of the Phoenix King, each Everqueen bears power equal to a demigod, healing the lands and rousing the living to fight their foes in equal measure. Though not necessarily a woman or a queen, you have forged a contract with Isha, gaining her powers over life and nature, rivaling Alarielle in both. From healing entire armies to granting increased fertility to your territories, you make even the most powerful of Ghyran users look like toddlers flailing about in comparison. Should you ever be slain, you may join another Everqueen, present or a successor denoted by you, as a spirit to offer aid, until either your time in the jump ends or you regain your body through some means. Though it should be mentioned, you will face a chain loss if your successor dies, and you are unable to appoint another in time.

Items

(You receive a 300 WP Stipend for this section only)

The Bare Necessities

(Free)

Despite how kinky it may sound, running around Mallus buck ass naked without a weapon will see you dead in minutes, if not seconds. So here, take these: a set of clothes fitted for your current form, shifting to accommodate any transformations you may have, along with a weapon of your choice. It's not much, but it beats being naked at least.

Faction Aesthetic

(Free/100 WP)

Many of the Factions on Mallus have unique aesthetics to them, from the Mesoamerican-inspired Lizardmen to the edgy Druchii and ramshackled Orcs. For Free, you may shift the designs of all of your items, properties, and what have you, to match your chosen Faction's/Race's aesthetic. You may purchase other aesthetics for **100 WP** per aesthetic.

Tentacle Plant

(100 WP)

Though all bear a slight taint of Slaanesh, certain flora and fauna hold a higher concentration of it, without being outright corrupted. This plant is the size of a large berry bush, but between its branches are several tentacles shaped like dicks. When presented with a victim - no worries, it will never consider you once unless commanded by you - these tentacles will ravage the victim's holes, filling them with semen-like sap that, though unable to impregnate anyone, is highly nutritious and serves as a mild aphrodisiac. You may purchase this multiple times, each time receiving a new tentacle plant.

The Bridle And Saddle of Submission

(200 WP)

Sometimes you are in need of a mount, but your last horse died of exhaustion, and there's just a wild Elk running about. That's where this set of Bridle and Saddle comes in handy. Anything subdued with the Bridle becomes docile and responsive to any commands you give it, while the Saddle shifts to always comfortably fit on the back of your latest mount. Together, these two items boost the endurance and speed of the wearer, able to turn even the laziest of donkeys into a menace rivaling the fastest of racehorses. It should be noted that this also works on people. Do with that what you will.

Panoply of the Cursed Whore

(200 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

Such a pretty set of items, isn't it? Best not to put them on, however, at least not on yourself. For you see, this set is cursed by Slaanesh. Made up of a set of high heels, lip-, nose-, and nipple piercings, and a modified Steed of Slaanesh serving as a corset, this entire set is meant to corrupt the wearer into a loyal pain-slut eager to service and fuck their master, in this case, you. The set makes the wearer more durable while also enhancing their magical output, but at the cost of constant arousal and mild pain, not to mention turning the wearer into the very definition of feminine fertility, able to bear either normal children or proper Daemons. The larger the offspring, the more pain, and therefore pleasure, the wearer feels. You receive a single set upon purchase, along with the knowledge needed to create more and how to modify them further.

Armor of Chastity

(200 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

As the debauchery of Slaanesh keeps on spreading, more and more advancements have been made in protecting the chastity of the myriad of lady knights that have recently taken to the field. This set of armor bears symbols dedicated to various gods that oppose Chaos. It comes with enchantments that lessen the libido of the wearer, along with protecting them from any spells or divine influence trying to affect their mind. As well, it comes with a chastity belt/cage that only the wearer is able to remove willingly, with any outsiders attempting to do so receiving a divine bolt from the skies as a warning.

Mine For Days

(200 WP, Discounted with **Craftsman**)

Mallus certainly has a lot of different metals, ores, gems, and whatnot that have their uses in both mundane and magical crafts. What you have here is a seemingly ever-expanding mine that holds within it several deposits of mundane ores and gems, rarely even offering rarer ores such as Gromril or Ithilmar. All of these veins refill on their own in the matter of a week, though the rarer ores take an entire month.

As you travel the Chain, the mine expands and evolves to incorporate other materials found in different worlds, ensuring you always have access to what you need. This works retroactively as well, should you have already visited a world of wondrous metals and magical gems.

Crates of Warpstone!

(200 WP, Discounted for **Skaven**)

What has made the Skaven such a dangerous foe is their usage of Warpstone, an eldritch substance full of magical energy, with the tiny side-effect of driving everyone around it insane, while also mutating them in horrific ways. Fortunately for you, these ten crates hold a variant of Warpstone that is far more stable, with milder side effects. Be it as fuel for any machinery you have, or to give extra oomph to your

spells, this stuff is best handled with care. Why? Because it emits an aura that leaves everyone horny, with long exposure times turning victims into horny bimbos desperate to fuck you, though you are, through some means, able to disable this part of the Warpstone. All's fair in love and war, right?

Beast Ranch

(200 WP)

Looking to pick up another job as a rancher? Can't fault you for that; Mallus has an extraordinary amount of different beasts, and it would be a shame if you couldn't take any with you. The Ranch is large enough to house several large herds of medium-sized beasts, with it expanding as you introduce more livestock here. You may choose the initial lineup of beasts held, with their size and danger level determining how many you have. You might start with hundreds of sheep, but only a single pair of Dreadsaurians, as the latter is vastly more dangerous and mighty in comparison. Should the beasts produce anything usable/sellable, then these products can be collected automatically without effort on your part and deposited in a large chest where you can collect them whenever you like.

Glade of the Everwhore

(400 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

As Slaanesh's grip on Alarielle tightens, the Everqueen's personal garden becomes more and more corrupted by her new mistress's influence. Perhaps this is that same Glade, or perhaps it is an identical one you've managed to cultivate yourself. This is as close to the Realm of Slaanesh as one can reach on Mallus: the sky, the plants, even the ground itself taking on the shades of pink and purple, the air itself lowering the inhibitions of others. Within this Glade, there are a myriad of plants, each one highly corrupted and bearing suggestive shapes. From fruit that can drive a Dragon into a breeding frenzy, to tentacled plants capable of corrupting even the Handmaidens of the Everqueen herself in minutes. If you can think of a sexual or otherwise decadent act, there is a plant here that will aid in enhancing the experience in some way or form.

A Wizard's Dwelling

(400 WP, Discounted with **Aetheric Attunement**)

Wizards, wide and far, are known for possessing towers, or some other dwelling, where they are able to practice their craft in peace and with better success. From the towers of Saphery to the Colleges of Magic, and even the Ziggurats of the Dawi-Zharr, there are many different shapes and designs to look at and marvel at. Now, either through legitimate or nefarious means, you've come to possess a Wizard's Dwelling, defaulting to a tower in the style of your race, of your own. Large enough to house you and a dozen others, this Dwelling makes it near-trivial to channel any magics you may possess, while also lowering chances of fumbles and miscasts, alternatively turning them into lewd ones. Any teaching about magic done

within the premises is far more fruitful, allowing people from worlds with no magic to learn and cast with the best of them out there.

A Piece of Mallus

(400 WP)

Mallus has a lot of fantastical regions to it, from the Mountains of Mourn to the warm jungles of Lustria; there's a little bit of everything on offer. Now, by purchasing this, you are able to take a piece of the world, around the size of a single region of the Empire, with you; additional purchases either grab another type of region or double the size of the current one. Note: this does not make you immune to any possible corruption in the area, so anyone wishing to take a part/copy of Sylvania or the Chaos Wastes should be well prepared beforehand.

A Small Town

(400 WP)

Being a wandering warrior, slaying big monsters and laying big bitches, might be fun and all, but sometimes you need something more. Something to fight for, to protect, and return to after a long day of war and love. This here's a small town, or your species' equivalent, that has sworn allegiance to you above any other authorities.

What the general layout, present demographics, and policies are is left to your discretion. Further purchases allow you to either gain more similar-sized towns under your control or to double the size of your current town. You may also decide if the settlement has an unnoticeable effect of influencing folks to act more in line with your ideal. Want a village full of submissive Stepford wives eager to raise your babies? Go for it. A set of villages where everyone can barely comprehend beyond first-grade concepts and thinks being strong is the sexiest thing ever? Knock yourself out.

The Fortress of Jumper

(400 WP)

Everyone needs a solid roof over their heads and a warm bed to rest in, or to make love to their massive harem of lovers. Well, this is far more than just that. A large castle, by default bearing the design common to your species, it is armed to the teeth, able to withstand months of siege and battle for it. It has a massive barrack, large enough to house a good-sized army, while also having several escape routes, a pantry able to feed your forces for an entire year without resupply, a throne room fit for holding court or making decisions (Or just holding a massive orgy with your guests), and a dungeon that on top of being able to hold your prisoners indefinitely, also clouds their minds with lust and leaves them vulnerable to manipulation and magical modifications. You may combine this item with **A Small Town** and rule over a proper fiefdom, receiving an official title within whichever faction you are a part of, while also combining it with **A Wizard's Dwelling** to ensure your fort also has arcane capabilities.

Plague of Hen'ti'ar

(400 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

The latest joint project between Mama Nurgle and Slaanesh, the Plague of Hen'ti'ar, was designed to weaken the forces of Order while strengthening their own followers.

Men whose hearts burn with righteousness and a sense of justice are weakened, constantly tired, and worst of all, impotent. On the flip side, Evil men may suffer one of two changes. Those who are closer to Nurgle grow fat and ugly, but their stamina, both in and out of the bedroom, becomes endless. Those who are closer to Slaanesh, on the other hand, are de-aged back to their childhood years, yet become far cuter and more innocent-looking. In both cases, their dicks become far larger in both length and width, making it far easier to conquer and spread the Plague to women who've grown dissatisfied with their now impotent husbands. In the case of women, the Plague makes them better, taller, stronger, along with refining their beauty... And ramping up their libidos to 11.

The Nine Books of Nagash

(400 WP, Discounted for **Warlord of Destruction**)

Few artifacts on Mallus cause so much horror and hatred as the Books of Nagash, written by the First Necromancer when he was still of flesh and blood. Contained within nine tomes, unfortunately mere copies of the originals, lies the complete knowledge of Necromancy, and notes upon Dhar, to the point where a total novice could rise to rival Nagash in power and might. Any wonder then that he seeks to reclaim them all to restore himself to full power? ...Well, that's not the only reason. Contained within the ninth and final tome are several spells and instructions on how to create all manner of sexual undead. From making Ghouls look like Elven models to restoring fertility to Vampires, the tome contains several secrets and mistakes the First Necromancer wishes to keep hidden away, if not outright destroyed, for so great is his shame in letting his earthly desires "corrupt" his perfect research. And while the other eight tomes are meant for more "mundane" Necromantic purposes, you'll find it quite easy to translate any spell effects and principles to other schools of magic.

The Breed Paths

(400 WP, Discounted for **Warlord of Destruction**)

The Beastmen are infamous for utilizing the Beast Paths to manoeuvre and ambush menfolk, with the Dwarves utilising Underways in a similar manner to traverse the underground. The Breed Paths are your own version of this, a criss-crossing web of paths that remain unseen to those whom you do not allow to see them, almost as if these Paths existed in a parallel dimension altogether. Though useful in transporting yourself and your troops unseen and with greater speed, the Paths also serve a more intimate purpose. Women seem to have a bad habit of stumbling on the Paths, and without your aid, cannot find their way back out. Now, you could play a knight in shining armor and escort them out, being rewarded handsomely for your deeds, or you could let them stew here for a while. The Paths you see hold a small

enchantment that, over the course of three or so days, warps the minds and bodies of these poor women into beautiful mockeries of the Beastmen of Chaos. Their minds will dim with lust, while their bodies warp to suit your tastes, and by the end of it all they will come to love and lust you over everything else in the world. You may either reverse these changes, resetting the clock and watching as they desperately try to fight back against their fate. Or you may designate certain targets entirely immune to this effect.

The Aetheric Academia

(400 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

Magic is volatile, dangerous. And yet, to deny its uses would be the height of foolishness. Do not shun the Witch, but instead teach her to control her gifts and use them for good. Like the Towers in Saphery, or the Colleges of Magic in the Empire, you've come to the ownership of a place of learning for magic. You may devote it to either one Lore/Wind, granting all who practice and learn it a massive boost in studying and mastering it, or permitting all Lores/Winds a place here, granting a lesser boost that affects all magics studied. And since you are the Headmaster/mistress beholden to no higher authority, you may set the entrance requirements and actual rules for the facility. An All-Girls school where the uniforms make even the Dark Elves look conservative in comparison, and where detentions are just code for you fucking the daylight out of a student, are apparently all the rage these days. The staff are of your preferred gender and looks, while their loyalty is to you over everyone else and would gladly fuck you if asked. Finally, you may import this item into future settings, either taking the place of a pre-existing school and changing the narrative, or becoming a new institute altogether.

The Temple of Tho't

(600 WP, Discounted for **Herald of Nature**)

The Lizardmen are insular at the best of times, and their temple cities, even the ones who lay in ruins, are often too hazardous for outsiders to claim as their own. So how, I wonder, did you stumble upon this? The Temple-City of Tho't was thought lost for a millennium; its Lizardmen, or rather women, a queer bunch who worshipped Tho't, the Old One of fertility and childbirth, and were seen as anomalies by the rest of their brethren, for these Lizardwomen could reproduce through sex, on top of appearing from spawning pools. You have now gained command over the entire city, its cold-blooded inhabitants treating you as the Herald of Tho't, and would gladly kill for you, or lay with you, if you only commanded it so. The city's former ruler Slann, Lady Maz'tits, treats you as a sign that their vigil has borne fruit, and as one of the few Second Generation Slann, would happily lend her magical prowess to whatever purposes you have. And then there are the Spawning Pools, able to spawn more Lizardwomen, or other lifeforms you've come into contact with, all zealously loyal to you, and able to be molded before spawning as you desire, though the Old Ones themselves grant their boons only when they themselves so desire.

The Mansion of Moaning Winds

(600 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

Sometimes you just need to kick back and relax somewhere far away from violence and the consequences of your actions, which is where the Mansion comes in handy. Located deep within the Realm of Slaanesh, the Mansion of Moaning Winds wouldn't be out of place on a tropical island, filled with all manner of luxuries you may think of, and staffed by a mix of zealous Daemonettes and meek mortals corrupted to your will. You are able to enter the Mansion from anywhere in the Materium by utilising its doorkey, which will always appear in your pocket when not in your hand. Simply insert it into the ground, a wall, the air, or even a living being, and you open a small portal through which you may walk through. Should you find yourself in the depths of combat and with stakes going against you, you may weaponize the portal by opening it and commanding it to start sucking in all of your enemies, who will then be transported and restrained within the ever-expanding sex dungeon, where they will be conditioned, broken in, and altered to become more maids for your Mansion, or other properties you may come into the possession of. Finally, it should be noted that the Mansion has a direct view to Slaanesh' bedroom, where she regularly lounges and takes seductive poses to get your engine roaring, and all but tempting you to go over and fuck her silly.

Black Pyramid

(600 WP, Discounted for **Warlord of Destruction**)

If the Books of Nagash are the Necromancer's life's work, then the Black Pyramid is his magnum opus. A floating conduit of magic, the Pyramid feeds on the ley lines to build up reserves that appear endless, with it already having a millennium's worth of magic stored up. Any spells cast within or near the Pyramid are amplified, allowing one to reshape entire continents through rituals, without the usual dangers of backlash or miscasts. Having been attuned to you, the Pyramid has taken on some perverted quirks, such as draining magic from any spellcasters or magical creatures you have sex with, while also releasing a type of siren's song to draw in more figures for you to lay with. As a final feature, the Pyramid can fuel you and your sexual partners, keeping you nourished, untiring, and unaging, allowing you to keep fucking like rabbits until you feel satisfied enough. You may also choose to keep your partners constantly stuck in either moments before orgasming or in a constant state of orgasming. Creative, as far as torture methods go.

The Forge of the Old Ones

(600 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

The land of Albion holds many ancient secrets, one of them being the Forge of the Old Ones, a pyramid created by the God-like beings in the oldest of days, before the coming of Chaos. By whatever means, you've managed to take over these ruins for

yourself and have come into possession of the vaults full of magical artifacts, lost lore, and forges able to create powerful magical objects. While the lore itself needs to be translated from scratch, the language it has been written in forgotten even by the Lizardmen themselves, the forges ought to more than make up for it. Not to mention that, once the ruins have been properly restored, the Forge can serve as both a fortress and a city proper. There's even a single spawning pool, much like the ones found within the Temple Cities of Lustria, though this one needs genetic material to create anything, the resulting creatures being of whatever race their donors are, though any other attributes are determined by you.

The Widowtaker

(600 WP, Discounted with **Legendary Lord**)

The second Sword of Khaine, the Widowtaker, shares a lot with her sister-sword, though she does not drive her wielders mad with bloodlust; she does ramp up their regular lust, especially towards people in existing relationships. Able to assume the form of any melee weapon, the Widowtaker boosts your attributes in battle and is able to harm and slay the immaterial just as well as the material. But her real power comes when you claim the life of a husband or a wife. Upon doing so, their partner(s) not only feel their partner's death, but also know that it was you who slew them. In the days that follow, they will be bombarded with ideas and images of you being far superior to their former partners, whom they begin to see in a more and more pathetic light in comparison to you. Fate will conspire to bring you and them to eventually meet, at which point they'll likely forsake any lingering attraction to their weakling of a partner and embrace you as their one true love instead. Each partner claimed like this strengthens the Widowtaker by a slight amount, allowing her to boost your physical attributes further. And yes, the Widowtaker is sentient, and should you possess a way to give her a proper body, she'd be quite eager to take you out for a spin as well.

The Six Treasures of the Everfucker

(600 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**/With **Slaanesh, She Who Thirsts** companion)

The Everchosen, while an extremely important piece for Chaos, serves all of Chaos equally, something that Slaanesh, having realized that her victory is inevitable, does not care for. Which is why, after stealing and corrupting these Chaos Undivided artifacts, she presents you with the Six Treasures of the Everfucker. **The Sword of Moans**, bearing carvings of scantily-clad women in the midst of orgasming, deals either normal damage to both the material and the immaterial, or converts all damage into pleasure and drives your foes into constant orgasms. **The Eye of Torment**, which lets you inflict horrid visions on your foes, most often of being violated by the many Daemons of Chaos. **Slug'ma'r**, the Steed of Chaos, whose endurance and bulk make all other horses look pathetic in comparison as she charges ahead into battle to ensure you reach whichever woman you desire. **The**

Helm of Decadence not only protects you from projectiles and attacks, but also allows you to scry for the locations of any woman in the world. Finally, the mark of **Slaanesh Undivided**, a burning brand that acts as proof of her patronage and as a way to protect you from the tools and tricks of any God that may try to harm you in any way. You may import existing items to receive these properties.

Moon Staff of Lileath

(600 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

A gift from the Elven goddess Lileath, the Moon Staff is among the most sacred of artifacts for the High Elves, and that you have this may cause either awe or doubt in all Elves who see you wield it. Though the staff does increase your mastery and control over magic, making it far easier, if not outright trivial, to cast taxing spells, its true use shines whenever you are actually casting a spell. When channeling magic, you may, instead of just traditionally casting a spell, be sucked into a vision/dream of sorts, where the personification of the spell awaits you. Taking on the shape of an attractive woman, who may or may not take on the resemblance of someone you know, the spell demands you fuck it till satisfaction, after which you are able to return to the real world, where no time has passed, and cast the spell safely and at max output for whatever purpose you needed it. Sometimes you are joined by an Avatar of Lileath while within these visions, the Goddess feeling very pent up and wanting to ride you till all have cum.

Ghal Maraz

(600 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

The Warhammer, Ghal Maraz was once wielded by Sigmar Heldenhammer himself when the first emperor was a mere man, his mighty weapon becoming the symbol of office for any succeeding emperors who followed. Perhaps this is the original article, or an identical replica; you feel the ancient power course through the entire weapon.

Due to its magical nature, The Warhammer is able to bring ruin to even the immaterial, while also warding the wielder against hostile magics. At the same time,

Ghal Maraz emits an aura so pure and holy that it damages Daemons and other unholy beings with its mere presence, and it is even able to bring true death to all such foul creatures. Finally, there are the Runes carved upon The Warhammer's surface: **Smednir's Master Rune of Head-Wrecking** ensures all strikes to the head leave the target a lump of flesh and gore. **Rune of Goblin Bane** makes the wielder the nightmare of all Greenskins and their ilk, not only dealing double the damage, but also causing Fear among their ranks by its mere presence. The **Rune of Fire** leaves all who clash with The Warhammer ablaze, while the **Rune of Stalwart** ensures the wielder remains fearless even in the face of the End Times. Not one wielder of Ghal Maraz has remained ordinary or forgotten by history. There is little doubt you will be counted among the legends of Mallus when all is said and done.

Companions

Import/Create Companion

(50 WP)

Each purchase allows you to either import or create a companion. They get 600 WP to use for perks and items, while gaining access to the discounts of a single **Origin**.

The Backup

(Free)

Got a massive amount of Followers eager to come, kick some ass, and fuck some bitches? You may import any group/armies you have here for free. You're going to need an army if you wish to change things around here, and sometimes the best soldiers are those you've already met and bonded with.

Canon Meet-Up

(Free/100 WP)

Purchasing this guarantees you will meet up with one canon character on good terms. If you can convince them to join up, you can take them with you as a companion. For **100 WP**, you may skip the persuasion and ensure a character will see you favorably and will agree to join you as a companion.

The War Host of Lust

(200/300/400/600 WP, Discounted for **Legendary Lord**)

All movers in this world need an army of their own, lest they want to be ganged up on by massive hordes and hosts. For **200 WP**, you have an armed force that, while capable, won't be doing anything more than driving off raids from Greenskins, Beastsman, Dark Elves, and who knows what else. For **300 WP**, your Host is big enough to lay siege to smaller cities in the Empire, though taking Altdorf or Nuln would still see you decimated, not to mention trying to take one of the Dark Elf cities... At least, that's how it was for the previous tier. For **400 WP**, you pack enough people and firepower that you could lay siege to and conquer the likes of Altdorf and Naggarrond. Hells, even Athel Loren, after you've navigated past the forest itself to the city proper, would be sweating at hearing your coming. Just don't try to lay siege to the Great Wall; you're not ready for Miao Ying and her forces. Well, unless you pay **600 WP**, at which point you've got one of the largest armies seen in a long, Long, time on Mallus. Rivalled only by the army built by Archaon in the years leading up to the End Times, you could quite easily bring entire

kingdoms to their knees with these forces, and cracking the Great Wall is well within your capabilities now. Ave Imperator, or something like that.

A Loyal Mount

(Free/100 WP/200 WP/400 WP, First purchase discounted with **Hi-Ho, Silver Donkey!**)

Few folks in this day and age bother with traversing by foot. Not when there's the chance to show off their loyal partner, their mount that has seen them through countless battles... And may also be their sexual partner in some cases. For **Free**, your Mount is on par with an average horse, no magic, no eugenics or elaborate breeding programs. Just a mundane beast. For **100 WP**, you may receive a slightly more powerful mount, one that has some manner of an advantage over its mundane counterparts. Think Ellyrian Steeds, Chaos Steeds, Cold Ones, and so on. For **200 WP**, you have a mount that is head and shoulders better than the ones mentioned before. Be it a hippogryph, a pegasus, a Carnodon, Bastilosaurus, or so on, your mount is one that can take on small groups of soldiers with little difficulty. Finally, for **400 WP**, you may receive a mount that is, in one word, terrifying. Be it a Dreadsaurian, a Dragon, a Merwyrm, or one of the beasts that roam the Mountains of Morn, your mount is the apex predator of their environment, and you arriving saddled up upon it is sure to make a statement.

Rat-Mother

(Free/100 WP)

Skaven Rat-Mothers are... Infamous, for their condition. Drugged-up female Skaven pumped full of Clan Moulder concoctions that grow them in size, while also increasing their fertility to a ludicrous degree. For **Free**, you may receive one of these poor women. They'll do little more than laze about and expect to be kept sated as you fuck her full of your offspring, which she'll bear in the dozens per pregnancy. However, for **100 WP**, you may upgrade her, making her a cross between a Rat-Mother and a Rat-Ogre. Still quite large, she has gained enough musculature to walk around and crush any dare threaten you. Still not the sharpest tool in the shed, but at least she's conscious and loyal.

As a price for making her more combat-capable, the Rat-Mother has a lowered fertility of "only" bearing a single litter of six per pregnancy.



Slaanesh, She Who Thirsts

(1000 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

She-Who-Thirst, the Great Whore, the Dark Prince, your mistress and benefactor. Upon your arrival on this world, she felt your power, your potential, and your desires, and was both intrigued and very aroused. She has made you her Exalted Chosen, empowering you beyond most of your kind. All it costs you is nights of unspeakable ecstasy spent in her palace, her whispers haunting your thoughts around breaking all under your gaze into your sex slaves, so that they join your nights. Not the worst deal, all things considered.



Archaon, The Everchosen of Chaos

(400 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

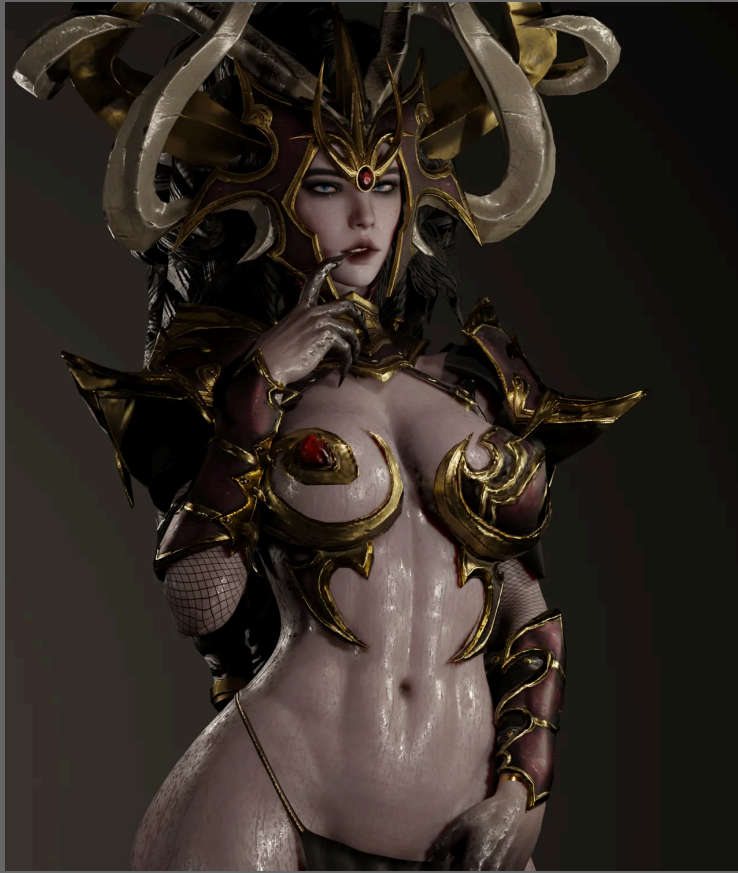
Few truly know why she considers you her rival. Perhaps you are her one and only challenger for the position of Everchosen, or mayhaps you sought to bring an end to her and her dark gods. Nonetheless, your clashes became legendary, the victor often undetermined due to some fool interrupting your duels. And when she finally ascended to the position of Everchosen, you were there to face her one last time. What came of said clash, none but you two know, but seeing how she has chosen to become your Companion, a peace of sorts has been achieved. She expects you to keep up with her, the pride of an Everchosen refusing to have a weak rival no matter what.



Valkia, The Bloody

(400 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

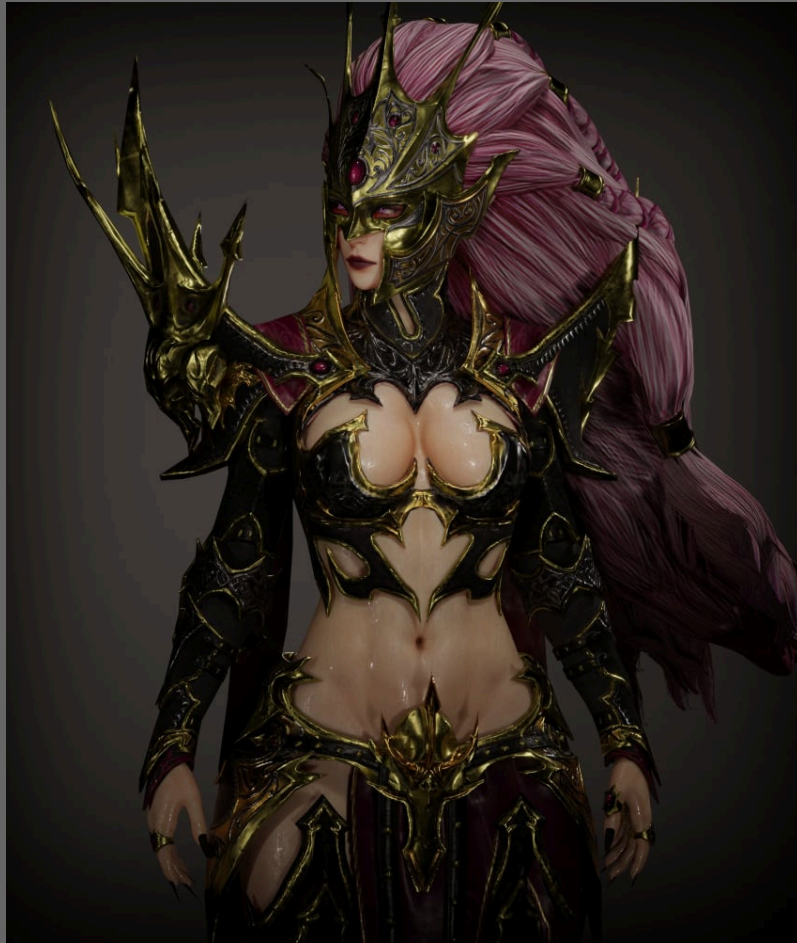
Valkia has been seen as the mightiest prize a Slaaneshi champion could reach for, several of them trying to make her submit, and all of them failing. All, except for you. By strength or cunning, you defeated her, again and again, each time raping her into unconsciousness. As a punishment for such repeated failures and not even being able to kill herself before the rapes, Khorne commanded her to serve you, so that she would bring him the skulls of the fathers and husbands of your prey, while you rape the daughters and mothers. You've also noted Valkia's form has begun to turn slightly gentler, her breasts fuller, her hips wider, almost as if her body was molding to your desires.



Morathi, The Hag-Mother

(400 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

It isn't every day that the black heart of Morathi beats with anything but ambition and depravity. Yet when they first dragged you before her, something twitched that hadn't done so in a long time. You became a curiosity to her, something to prod, pamper, and even... Love. In the midst of all the sex, blood, murder, and dark magics, Morathi seems to genuinely dote on you, as she did with Aenarion so long ago. That isn't to say she's gone soft; oh no, she still regularly commits acts that would make the most ardent of Sigmarites die from an aneurysm. But there was a time when Morathi was a kind girl who only sought to save the world and marry the man she loved. And with you, it feels like that girl is surfacing once more... Now if only she'd stop tempting you into seducing and corrupting other, "lesser" women.



Hellebron, The Blood Hag

(100 WP, Discounted for **Deceiver of Corruption**)

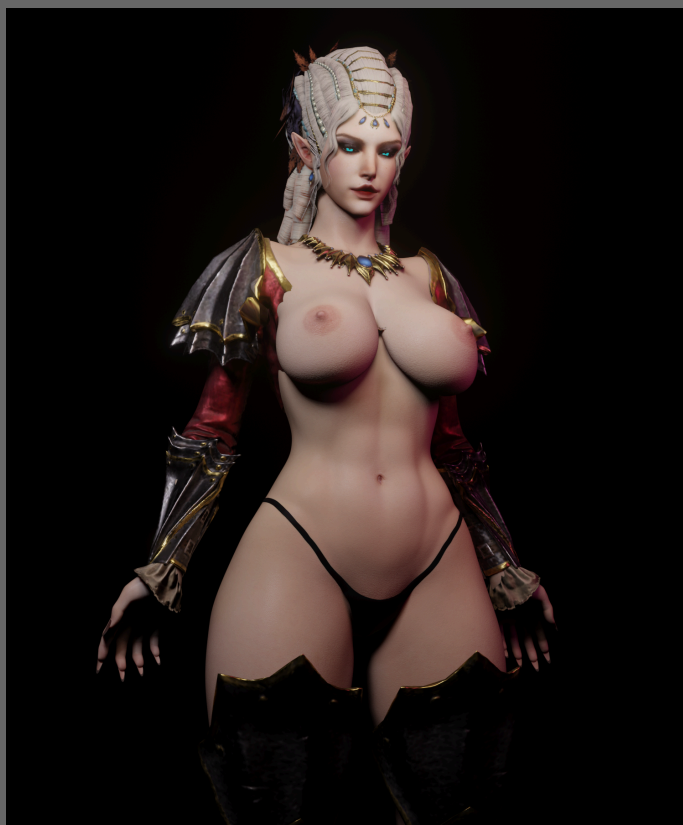
You were thrown into the Khainite arena to fight until death. Somehow, you lasted until the Hag Queen herself descended into the arena and flayed you until you lost consciousness. You awoke facing not the monstrous desiccated crone, but a rejuvenated muscle-bound beauty. Your blood was worthless to her, but your semen? Its effects on her flesh and her mind were beyond even the mightiest sorceries, allowing her to regain her youth. She acts now as your combat trainer, following you in your travels, raping you when she wins your duels, and promising to let you rape her should you ever win, a prospect she finds rather thrilling, all things considered.



Neferata, The Queen of Lahmia

(400 WP, Discounted for **Warlord of Destruction**)

First of the Vampires and the first of them to bow before Nagash in life, and she'll no doubt do so again whenever he returns. Upon hearing of you dominating every woman you met, she sent her Lhamian Sisterhood to bring you to her. Upon capture and being presented before her, she knew better than to try to test your sexual talents, so she instantly brought her fangs upon your neck, to be turned into another of her thralls. She never expected to be driven into a near-mindless sex frenzy by your aphrodisiac blood, mounting you on the spot. Your blood was spread until every vampiress in the Silver Pinnacle was a mind-broken husk surrounding their new king. Since then, whenever you aren't out conquering lands and ladies, Neferata has made it a habit to randomly appear in your room with a virgin to be transformed once her mortal body can no longer entertain you. Goodness knows what would happen should you be able to get Vampires pregnant...



Isabella Von Carstein, The Former Countess

(100 WP, Discounted for **Warlord of Destruction**)

During a raid against Altdorf, a fel wind gathered beneath the wall, revealing ancient bones and ashes. Despite being cast off the walls by the defenders, you survived the fall, at the cost of a lot of blood. In the weeks that followed, as you fled and hid from imperial retaliation, you found yourself hunted by a frenzied creature. You managed to trap it, revealing the berserk form of a beautiful vampiress. Using your blood as reward, you trained her for months until she would only ask for blood once at least one of her holes was full of your semen. Since then, she seems to have recovered her memory, yet the training still holds. Best keep clear of Sylvania for now, lest ol' Vlad track you down for turning his beloved wife into your devoted sex slave.



Morgiana Le Fay, The Fay Enchantress

(400 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

While travelling across Bretonnia, you witnessed a dark ceremony of the Beastmen, centered around the captive Fay Enchantress, deep in the woods.

You interrupted them before they could touch her, sending them fleeing into the night. But the ritual had to be finished, else the corruption would consume her mind into a lustful beast, then spread across the lands. You had to ravage her until all of her pride was broken and she fully submitted to you. When the

sun rose, you had a new and mighty wife, whose mistress, the Lady of the Lake, never gets bored of watching your wedding bed.



Repanse de Lyonesse, The Lady-Knight

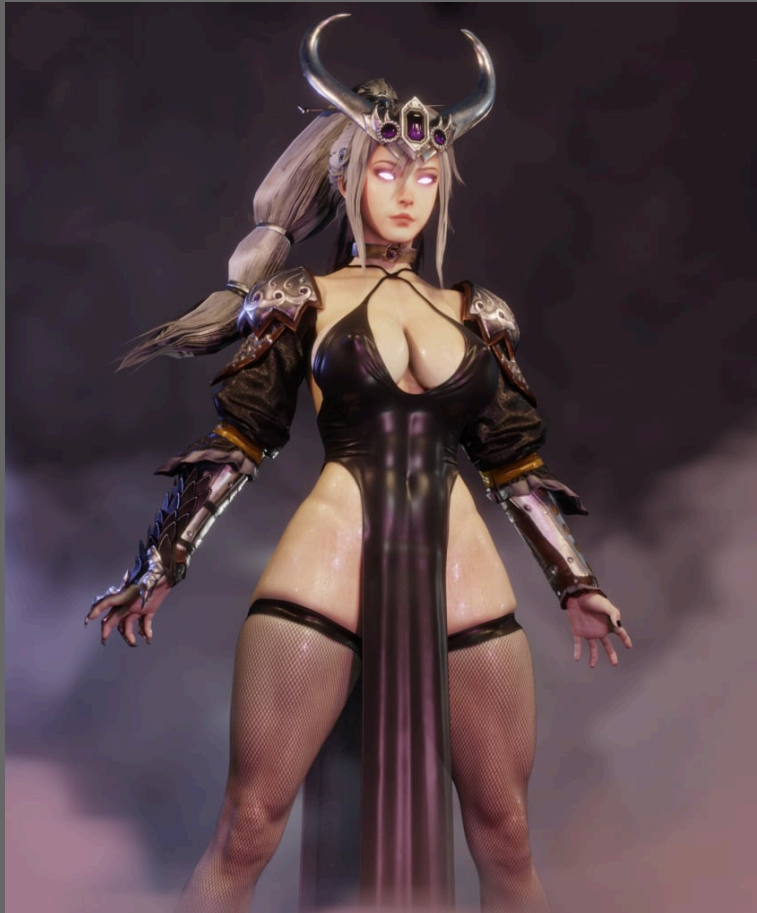
(100 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

Once a shepherdess, she rose to the rank of duchess for her heroism against the forces of Chaos. She is now one of Bretonnia's greatest leaders and heroes, an exemplar of what a proper Lady-Knight should be. Yet, you first met long ago, in a pasture where she was taking care of her sheep. You spent an agreeable day together, you showing her the basics of swordsmanship and her spreading her legs. You recently met again for the purge of Mousillon. She showed you her riding skills, and you showed her your linguistic talents.



Katarin and Naryska, The Tzarina and her Golden Knight
(400 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

Katarin Bokha and her champion Naryska Leysa were fleeing the Chaos Wastes after freeing the bear god Ursun from the manipulations of Chaos, along with managing to slay the traitor originally hunting for Ursun. They found refuge in your hideout and waited for the wrath of the Chaos Gods to calm (and their hordes to stop hunting them). You spent many weeks together, unaware that the hideout had once been the lair of a Greater Demon of Slaanesh, whose influence still lingered after having been abandoned for many centuries. Before they both returned to Kislev, they informed you that they both had one last virginity to give you, an incentive for you to visit...



Miao Ying, The Lady of Nan-Gau

(400 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

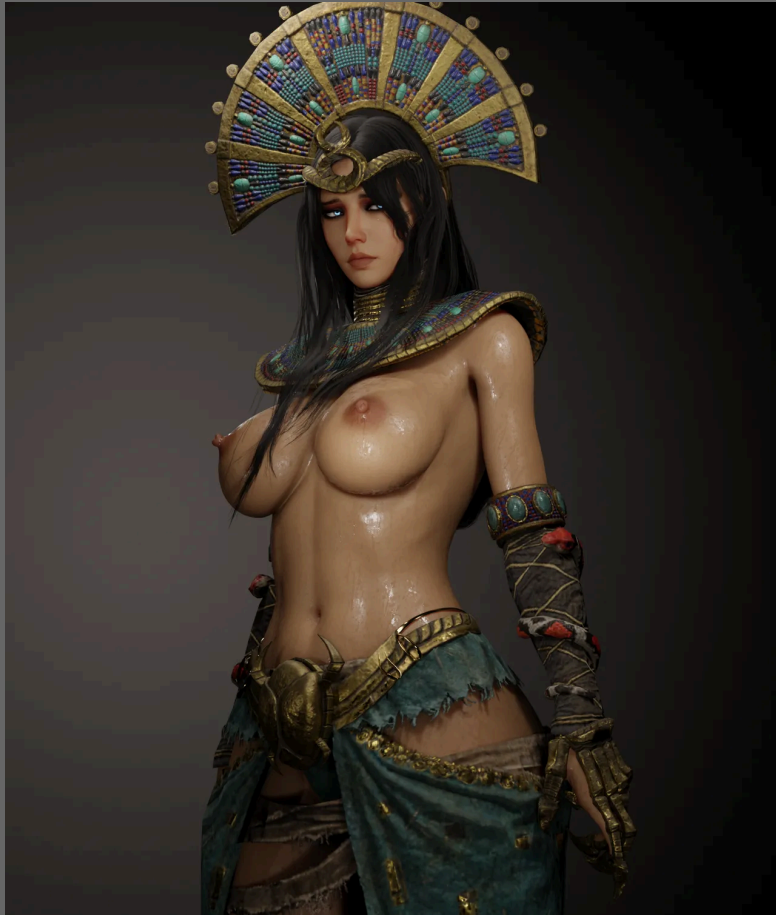
Once the Castellan of the Great Bastion, defending Cathay from the northern hordes of Chaos, a group of traitors lowered the defenses during her slumber and let her be captured by the servants of Slaanesh. You were under the same slavemaster and suffered countless humiliations together until you somehow escaped your bond, slew the Chaos Lord, and freed her. Upon seeing that her loss had not weakened Cathay in any way, a sibling replacing her so easily, and still shamed by the events of her captivity, she decided to remain with you, her new mate and rider. Perhaps at your side, she'll have peace and a life with more to it than endless duty.



Elspeth Von Draken, The Grave Rose

(200 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

Archmage of the Wind of Death and Heroine of Nuln, Elspeth was one of the Empire's fiercest defenders against the Hordes of Chaos and the Servants of Nagash. You fought at her side against a mighty champion of Nurgle, seeking comfort in each other's arms, only for her to fade away at the end of the battle. You searched for her for months, refusing to believe she had died. You finally found her nearly a year later on the other side of the Empire, dealing with another threat. Upon seeing you, she merely smiled, invited you into her room, then rocked your world till dawn.



Khalida Neferher, The Tomb Queen

(200 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

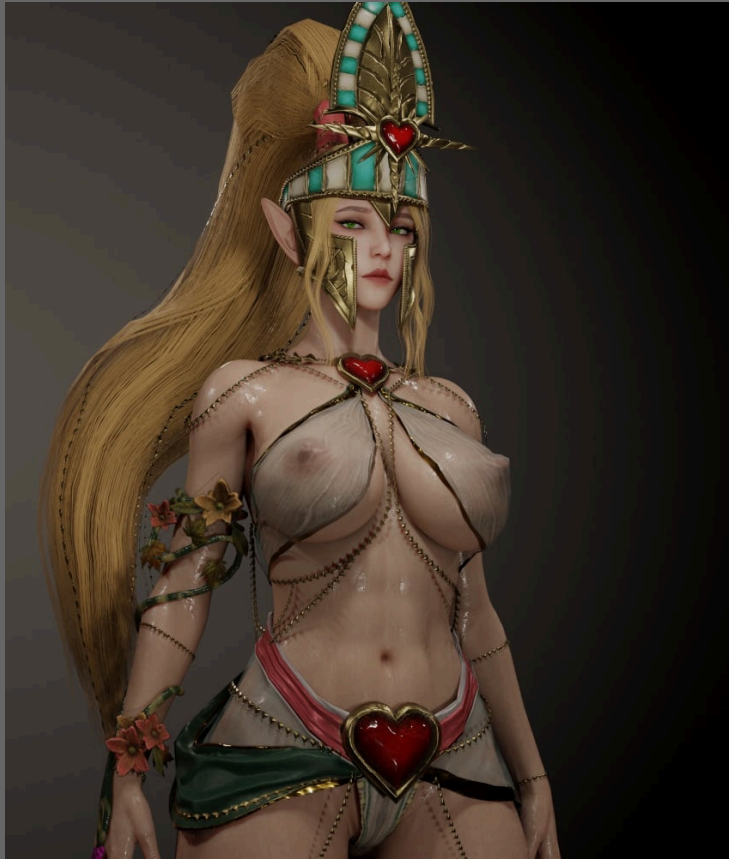
Hunting down agents of Neferata in a Nehekaran tomb, your battle with them ended up awakening its defenders and mistress. Although they were all slain, they succeeded in their mission, spraying the ancient being ruling the tomb with a powerful potion mixing Life and Death magics. You witnessed her withered flesh regrow across her body, her eyes regrow inside her skull, and her breasts fill with life. Once again full of desires beside hatred for Neferata,

Khalida ordered you taken to her sarcophagus, where the both of you thoroughly tested the lifeness of her flesh. After a few days, you had to leave her and continue your travels, although she swore to one day see you again.



Ulrika Magdova Straghov, The Bloodrose of Kislev
(100 WP, Discounted for **Defender of Civilization**)

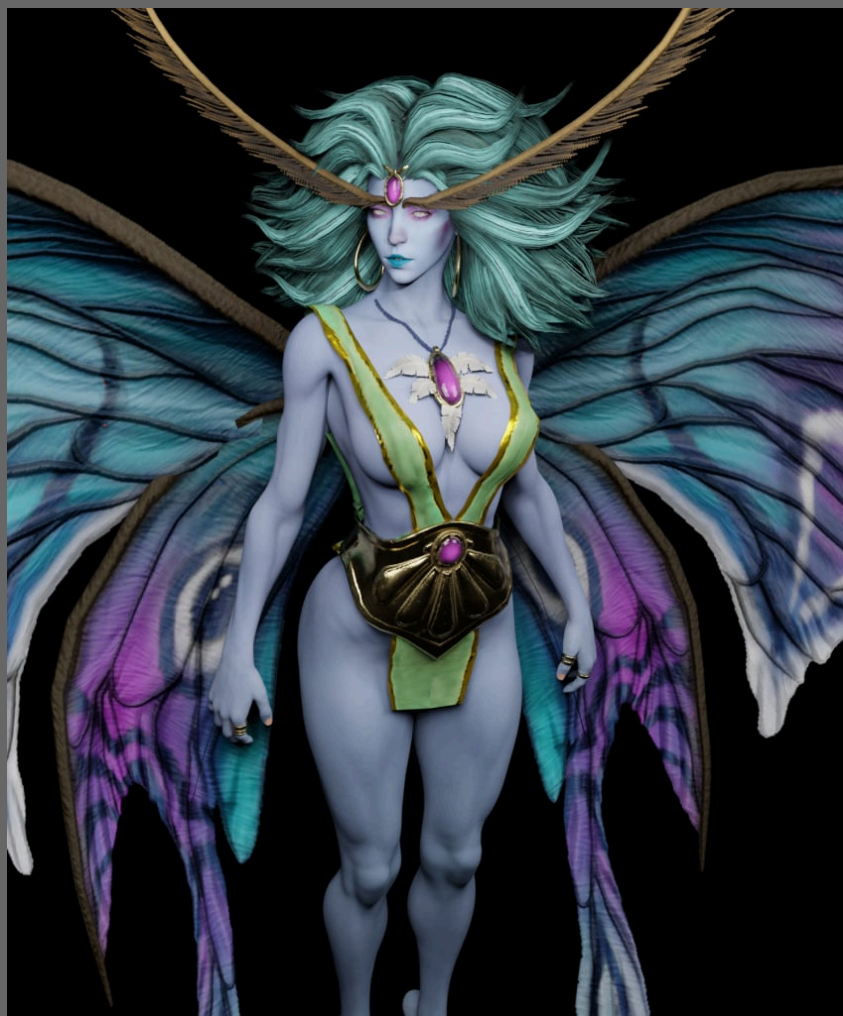
Once a fierce noblewoman of Kislev, she was transformed into a vampiress and had to find refuge in the local lodge of the Lhamian Sisterhood. The two of you met while hunting Chaos Cultists. Ulrika ended up famished for blood, and one specific part of your anatomy ended up covered in a lot of it. Ulrika discovered something that tasted better than blood. She has since been tasked by the Sisterhood to follow you and to report your presence whenever crossing the path of other Lhamians.



Alarielle, The Everqueen

(400 WP, Discounted for **Herald of Nature**)

You were visiting Ulthuan in pursuit of a Daemonette, catching up to her in the wilds, only to witness a dreadful ritual. You saw the Handmaidens of the Everqueen being defiled one after another by their own mistress, while N’kari and a small army of Daemonettes observed. You charged the Higher Daemon and his minions, the screams and lamentations of the trapped she-elves slowly being replaced by moans. By the time you sent N’kari back to his master, shamed and defeated, it was too late. The Handmaidens seized you and held you down as the Everwhore had her way with you, before being replaced by one of her servants and joining the orgy around you. Fueled by the magic of Alarielle, it took days for everyone to regain their senses. The she-elves tried to act as if nothing had happened, yet every time you returned to Ulthuan, the Handmaidens were there to escort you to their mistress.



Ariel, The Queen of Athel Loren

(400 WP, Discounted for **Herald of Nature**)

After years in the service of Athel Loren, you became Queen Ariel's personal bodyguard. After saving her from many ambushes and plots by murderous Druuchi, wrathful dryads, lustful Beastmen, and worse, you were assigned to guard the queen inside her quarters and tents. Nothing happened the first month, until a Dryad assassin got both of you covered in aphrodisiac sap. Since then, every night has been spent conceiving an heir to Athel Loren, many of her attendants joining in on the regular.



Naestra and Arahan, The Sisters of Twilight
(200 WP, Discounted for **Herald of Nature**)

Proud protectors of Athel Loren, they were captured while protecting their mistress Ariel and taken to serve as breeders for the herd. At great risk to yourself, you infiltrated the herd and rescued them. But the sisters were just as arrogant as ever, downplaying your assistance. So you decided to remind them of how the Wild Hunt deals with weaklings. Chaining Arahan to a tree, you forced her to watch as you rutted in Naestra, before inverting the roles. Days passed as you kept going, even letting them escape only to catch up to them and restart your fun. By the time they returned to Athel Loren, your scent was enough to make them kneel and spread their legs.



Kerilian, The Sister of Averlorn

(100 WP, Discounted for **Herald of Nature**)

Being in a Skaven Breeding Pit is a fate none deserve. And yet, you and Kerilian both found yourselves in one such place, experimented on with strange chemicals and warpstone, made to fuck each other for the entertainment of your Skaven masters. You managed to escape, but whereas you came out of the experience mostly unscathed, bar a few more scars and a dislike for dark places, Kerilian was far more affected, the warpstone enhancements leaving her body far more sensitive to touch, along with an increased libido. She has latched onto you to cope with her trauma, to the point where she becomes catatonic when she's unaware of where you are. Not only must you deal with her increased sex drive, about the only thing both of you find an improvement from before, but you must also aid Kerilian in overcoming her trauma.

End Point

Another chapter closes as your time here ends. What will you do next?

Continue On?

Remain Here?

Go Home?

Notes

- All companions can have their genders flipped if you prefer, and all backstories given are more as a narrative idea and can be changed at your leisure.
- As a Lesser or Greater Daemon, you are able to freely travel between the Materium and the Aethyr without needing to be summoned or due to the world/area lacking in magical energy.
- Should you ascend to Godhood, Chaos or otherwise, then you will be only able to manifest an Avatar that is stronger than an Exalted Greater Daemon. The only way to manifest your true godly form here, and in worlds with similar barriers between realities, is by tearing that barrier down or having Perks that negate said barrier for you in the first place.
- No Scenarios for the initial 1.0 release, I'm afraid. Got a busy schedule, what with October approaching and all. Anyone hungry for scenarios gotta wait for 1.1.
- Yes, Feed the Gnome is basically my self-insert on Mallus asking you to share your build.
- Thanks to Neocorvinus for the help with the writing for this thing. Goodness knows how behind I'd be without 'em.