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CODEX
CHAOS DAEMONS


CHAOS DAEMONS
LEGIONS OF THE DARK GODS

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# INTRODUCTION

**This dark repository is the definitive guide to the Daemon legions of Chaos, those nightmarish denizens of the sanity-defying dimension known as the warp. The fell knowledge contained within will help you to assemble your collection of Chaos Daemons Citadel Miniatures into a powerful tabletop army, capable of executing the abominable whims of the Ruinous Powers they serve.**

Beyond the boundaries of space and time, the Chaos Gods observe the galaxy with ancient and malevolent eyes. To these terrible entities, realspace is simply a battlefield, and its inhabitants mere pawns, in the grandest game of all – the struggle for ultimate dominion between the Ruinous Powers themselves. Many mortals have been corrupted to fight this war in their name, including the superhuman warriors of the Heretic Astartes, but their truest servants remain the Daemons created in their own image: creatures of staggering power, horrifying aspect and exceptional cruelty.

Should you decide to collect a force comprised of these unearthly terrors, you have a number of options available to you. You may decide to focus on a Daemon legion dedicated to a single Chaos God – such as a Bloodthirster of Khorne and his mighty vanguard, or a capering, sorcerous horde dedicated to Tzeentch – and in doing so reap the benefits on the battlefield of that god's sole patronage. Alternatively, you could aim for a combined army of the most feared minions of all the Dark Powers, giving you the freedom to field a tactically diverse force of the models that appeal to you the most.

Building and painting Chaos Daemons is an exciting challenge for collectors of any ability. Every model in the vast range has its own distinctive aesthetic, whether it be an avian Lord of Change or a hulking Bloodcrusher. And as impressive as these individual miniatures are, an entire Chaos Daemons army – whether an eclectic mix of Daemons belonging to multiple Chaos Gods, or one united by the colours of a single power – is even more spectacular.

Within this book you will find all the information you need to collect a Chaos Daemons army and field it upon the tabletop.

THE CHAOS GODS & THEIR INFERNAL LEGIONS: This section provides an account of the Chaos Gods, their realms and history, as well as information on how their legions are organised for battle and the many types of Daemons that comprise them.

THE COLOURS OF CHAOS: Here you will find a showcase of beautifully painted miniatures showing the colours and symbols of the Chaos Daemons, including inspiring example armies.

ARMIES OF THE IMMATERIUM: This section includes datasheets, wargear lists and weapon rules for every Chaos Daemons unit for you to use in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

THE ETERNAL HORDES: This section provides additional rules, including Warlord Traits, Stratagems, Relics and psychic powers, as well as matched play points, that allow you to transform your collection of miniatures into a pitiless Chaos Daemons army.

*To play games with your army, you will need a copy of the Warhammer 40,000 rules. To find out more about Warhammer 40,000 or download the free core rules, visit warhammer40000.com.*





When at last Chaos came to Cadia, it arrived with fire and plague, bloodied axe and sorcerous blast. Many of its defenders fought to the end, but in desperation, some betrayed their comrades, willingly selling their souls in the hopes of preserving their flesh. Even the mightiest fortifications eventually toppled in the face of the daemonic onslaught, becoming tombstones for an entire world.





# THE CHAOS GODS & THEIR INFERNAL LEGIONS

**Beyond the boundaries of physical space, unrestricted by time or causality, there is a dimension utterly incomprehensible to mortal minds. It lies on the other side of dreams and nightmares, infinite in scope but without form or structure. This maddening realm is composed of fear and hope, ambition and despair, and within it dwell the most maleficent of all entities: the Chaos Gods and their Daemon legions.**

The warp, or the immaterium, is an abstraction made manifest by the roiling emotions of mortals. Unbound by the laws of time and space, it is a random, unstructured panorama of pure energy and unfocused consciousness, eternally shifting though endless in its potential. It is a place where ancient beings of boundless power and cruelty hold domain, and wage a constant war over the raw stuff of creation that birthed them. In this unknowable realm, titanic hosts clash, locked together in a conflict that is as old as the universe and can never be won. It is Chaos in its truest sense, unfettered by the limits of physics and undirected by intelligent purpose.

While warp space exists parallel to realspace, they often intersect. Faster-than-light travel can be achieved by the judicious breaking of the boundaries between the two planes, and Mankind has colonised the galaxy through the application of this dangerous and esoteric science. It is from the warp that psykers draw their power, channelling its energies to achieve unnatural feats such as sending telepathic messages, peering into the future, augmenting physical capabilities or hurling crackling bolts of lightning. Even the dread denizens of the immaterium can be summoned forth by unholy rituals, but their time in reality is limited, for they rely upon the warp to sustain them the way humans need air to breath.

Such is the volatility of the Realm of Chaos that it will sometimes shatter its boundaries unaided, and spill into the territory of mortals. Warp storms move erratically across realspace, isolating worlds and bringing with them mutative corruption, or even brief but devastating daemonic incursions. As calamitous as these maelstroms can be, worse still are those persistent tears in reality; from these rifts pour armies of slavering fiends and terrifying war engines to descend upon the hapless worlds caught in their shadow. While the skies burn with magical fire, and rivers of blood drown ravaged cities, the infernal legions maim and slaughter all in their path, feeding upon the souls of their victims.

**'TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT DWELLS IN THE WARP MUST BE SUPPRESSED, FOR MANKIND COULD NOT CONTINUE IF THEY KNEW THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HORRORS THAT EXIST UPON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VEIL.'**

*- Excerpt from Apocrypha of Navis Nobilite*

## THE DARK GODS

In the warp, similar thoughts and emotions gather together like rivulets of water running down a cliff face. They form streams and eddies of anguish and desire, pools of hatred and torrents of pride. Since the dawn of time, these tides and waves have flowed unceasingly through the mirror-realm of the warp, and such is their power that they formed creatures made of the very stuff of unreality.

Eventually, these instinctual, formless beings gained a rudimentary consciousness. The Chaos Gods were born – vast psychic presences made of the fantasies and horrors of mortals. These are the Ruinous Powers, and each is a reflection of the passions that formed them. First amongst them is Khorne, the Lord of Battle, possessed of towering and immortal fury. Tzeentch, the bizarre and ever-changing Architect of Fate, weaves powerful sorceries to bind the future to his will, whilst great Nurgle, the God of Disease, labours endlessly to spread infection and pestilence. The last of their number is Slaanesh, the Dark Prince, indulgent of every pleasure and excess, no matter how immoral or perverse.

As the races of the galaxy prospered and grew, so too did their hopes and ambitions, their anger and wars, their love and hatred. This burgeoning flood of raw emotion fed the Chaos Gods and nurtured their power. Before long, the gods reached back to their makers with a curious and hungry sentience, planting seeds of corruption in the souls of those whose dreams they passed through. So were the first mortals bound to the will of the Ruinous Powers, and seeing the fruits of their labours, the gods began their eternal work to influence the physical realm and its myriad races.

Lured by promises of extraordinary power and immortality, some mortals serve the Chaos Gods willingly, fomenting misery, war and death amongst their people in order to sustain and elevate their dark masters. Yet the Chaos Gods are fickle, prone to reneging or altering a deal on a whim, and few of these worshippers

are granted the rewards they seek. While the Chaos Gods battle in the warp, their mortal followers wage war in the material universe. The victors of these battles earn more power for their unworldly master, though the twisted plans of the Chaos Gods are such that often victory is not necessary – merely the acts of sacrifice and battle themselves. When devotees of Chaos die, their souls do not fade in the warp and disappear like the spirits of others. Instead, their immortal energy is swallowed into the greatness of their gods, their souls forever bound to the eternal power of Chaos.

As a Chaos God gathers such energy, it expands in power, and its influence and territory within the warp grows. As extensions of the gods, the appearances of these domains are formed upon the same emotions that created their masters: Khorne's realm is founded on anger and bloodletting; Tzeentch's lands are scintillating constructs of pure magic; Nurgle's territory is a haven of death and regeneration, and Slaanesh's dominion is a paradise of damning temptations. Though realm and god are as one, the Chaos Gods each have a form that embodies their personalities and dwells at the very heart of their territories. Wreathed in unearthly power, the Chaos Gods watch over their realms, seeking any disturbances in the pattern of the warp that signal intrusion or opportunity.

## CHAOS DAEMONS

The Chaos Gods are not alone in warp space. They have created servants from their own essences – the creatures mortals call Daemons. Daemons are beings of a somewhat different nature to their masters, and are the most numerous of the warp's inhabitants. A Daemon is 'born' when a Chaos God expends a portion of its power to create a separate being. This power binds a collection of senses, thoughts and purposes together, creating a personality and consciousness that can move within the warp. The Chaos God can reclaim the independence it has given to its minions at any time; this ensures their continuing loyalty, and means although some wayward Daemons may not act entirely in accordance with their master's commands, even the greatest of them would not dare outright defiance. As beings of pure entropic energy and emotion, it is only through the loss of this animating essence that a Daemon can be truly destroyed, its mind dissolving into the whorls and currents of the warp.

Though it may appear to be made of normal matter when it materialises in realspace, a Daemon's form is no more physical than it is in the Realm of Chaos. Outside of the immaterium, Daemons have particular invulnerabilities and weaknesses, as well as many destructive and terrifying powers derived from their warp-born nature. Slaying a Daemon's physical projection only severs its presence in reality, banishing it back into the warp. While its true essence remains unharmed, the blow to the Daemon's pride is considerable, and those that are forcibly returned to their own realm must endure the mockery and torment of their fellows until they can return to corporeal form and avenge themselves – assuming they are not simply re-absorbed by their creator as the price of their failure.

In order to regain its form, a Daemon must remain in a sort of purgatorial state within its master's realm. Legend has it that a Daemon banished in this way cannot return for a thousand years and a day, though it is of course impossible to prove such a belief through study, and the concept of time itself is meaningless within the warp. Ultimately, how long the process takes depends upon the power of the individual Daemon, the favour of its deity, and the current balance of power available to the god in question.

When the Daemon legions go to war, whether in the domain of their god's rival within the Realm of Chaos or against the galaxy's races, they bring the power of their patron and all the madness of the warp with them. The immaterium trembles beneath their endless ranks, and in realspace, warp storms and unnatural phenomenon herald their coming. In performing the hellish machinations of their masters, the Daemon legions are as relentless as they are utterly horrifying; they are the greatest and oldest fears of mortals made manifest, the antithesis of order and reason, and the death of reality itself. Against them, victory is seemingly impossible, and they are only growing stronger…



**Order is but the illusion of mortals, a concept as weak and ephemeral as they are themselves. Beyond the petty constraints of reality lies the truth they live their lives in denial of… that eventually, all things must bow before the entropic.**

## THE GREAT GAME

The warp is not merely the home of the Dark Gods; it is also their primary battlefield, the arena for the Great Game of Supremacy. Since time immemorial, the Chaos Gods have warred with one another, vying for power amid the immaterial planes. Despite their myriad differences, the great Gods of Chaos have the same goal: total domination of the universe. There is no realm that they do not wish to claim for their own, and each seeks absolute rule, the mere concept of sharing power with another anathema to them.

With the ebb and flow of energy within the warp, the power of a Chaos God expands and contracts, and his realm will shift accordingly. For long periods, one god may dominate the others, fed by its own success and leeching its foes' energy for its own growth. Eventually, the other gods will ally against the dominant force, and through combined efforts reduce him in power until another of their number rises to prominence. This pattern is played out again and again through eternity. It seems unlikely that any Chaos God could ever truly be victorious, and it is unthinkable what might happen should such an event ever occur, but it certainly is not for lack of trying.

When the gods do battle, the immaterium shakes and warp storms rage across the galaxy. Within the Realm of Chaos, hordes of Daemons are sent forth to do their creators' biddings, and the lands of the gods strain and heave at each other in physical assault. Possessed of personality and intelligence, the Daemons of a Chaos God aspire to draw favour from their master, and often launch their own attacks into the domains of rival Daemons. The armies of the gods pour from one territory to another in a ceaseless frenzy of invasion and defence. As intrigue, feints and lures lead forces into traps, elsewhere pacts are forged, and opposing sides join forces mid-battle as a common cause creates a temporary amnesty between rivals. It is never long, however, before the merest possibility of advantage arises, and the brief cessation of open warfare between two parties is readily abandoned so the Daemons might once more fall upon one another. Vast swathes of the immaterium are in a constant state of flux, every moment a new territory won or lost. When an invading army emerges victorious, they immediately set to work on turning the ravaged battlefield into part of their god's realm, moulding the raw entropy of that section of the immaterium into whatever form best pleases their master.

From time to time there arises a being, place, object or event in the material universe that attracts the attention of all the Gods of Chaos. So important is this new element, so desired by the Ruinous Powers or so dangerous to their shared ambitions, that all rivalry is temporarily put aside in order to take advantage of this particular opportunity, or thwart the threat it presents. In such an instance, the gods will work together, and the galaxy trembles before their combined power.

For Mankind, the most significant occasion of this type was the rise of the Emperor. During this period, the Chaos Gods set out to bring about the Master of Mankind's downfall, beginning with the spiriting away of his infant Primarchs from the laboratory on Terra where they were created, and culminating in the spiritual corruption of half their number and the civil wars of the Horus Heresy. Other events have led to briefer cessations of conflict in the Realm of Chaos: particularly promising Black Crusades, for example, or the extermination or birth of a new race.

Such interest in mortal affairs is fleeting, and as soon as their objective is achieved, the gods resume their Great Game. Sometimes treaties will be broken even before their mutual goals are met, with one god or another, or all four, overstepping the bounds of their agreement and attempting to usurp their rivals. Once again the Realm of Chaos will thunder to the march of the daemonic legions, and their age-old feuds will spill over into the domains of realspace.

### THE ETERNAL RIVALRY

There exists a hierarchy of sorts within the ranks of the Ruinous Powers, though it ebbs and flows according to the vagaries of the Great Game. Currently, Khorne is held as the mightiest of all, for the practice of murder and blood sacrifice stretches to the dark beginnings of the universe.

Though Khorne sees the use of sorcery as the refuge of cowards, his closest rival, Tzeentch, thrives on the raw stuff of Chaos and uses it to influence a million times a million plots, his devious mind always a step ahead of his opponents. Where Tzeentch would see hopes thrive and fortunes change, Nurgle, the Father of Plagues, revels in despair and hopelessness. In times of galactic pandemic, Nurgle's power can eclipse even that of his brothers in darkness. Last in the pantheon is Slaanesh, who knows well how to play on the obsessions of his rivals. Khorne's single-minded bloodlust, Nurgle's quest to infect every living thing, and Tzeentch's compulsion to dabble in the fates of mortals – all are obsessions which the Lord of Excess can turn to his will with a whispered promise.

While the Chaos Gods are all enemies in the Great Game, each bears a special enmity for one of their brothers in particular. Khorne most despises Slaanesh, whose earthly decadence and sensual lusts are at odds with the Blood God's martial pride and desire for indiscriminate slaughter; the Dark Prince finds Khorne's artless brutality dull, and takes a perverse delight in agitating him. Similarly, Tzeentch's desire to foster the corrupt ambitions of mortals is at odds with Nurgle's spreading of despair, and so a special rivalry exists between the two.

## TO CONQUER AND CORRUPT

The Chaos Gods frequently send their daemonic legions into the galaxy. Such invasions may be part of a long-engineered plan, or merely an opportunity seized – for instance, taking advantage of a newly opened rift or swirling warp storm to materialise a Daemon host that will run rampant across the mortal worlds. Dark omens, cultist activity and mutation frequently herald and accompany their arrival in realspace, and when the armies of the gods blaze into being, reality itself bows before them. Each of these dread legions are characterised by the unique aspects of their founding power.

Khorne's Daemons advance as a great host accompanied by blaring horns; beneath brazen banners, the whips of roaring monstrosities urge on rank upon rank of bloodthirsty footsoldiers. With raw anger and violence, the legions of Khorne cut a swathe through enemy territory, the blood spilt by their attacks a tribute to their almighty maker. Acts of slaughter and mutilation are rewarded by the Lord of Battle, and even those that fight against his Daemons unwittingly empower him with their rage and blood sacrifice.

Tzeentch is perhaps the most devious of all the gods, for he will look to create a weakness to exploit before sending his servants to war. There is always a plan to his attacks, although it is often beyond the understanding of mortals, and may take untold millennia to unfold. Through plotting and sorcery, the Changer of Ways will set his enemies against each other, sowing confusion and distrust; when the time is finally right, Tzeentch's cackling minions and manipulative magisters sweep forward upon a carpet of magic, striking at the weakest of the targets, opening unseen seams of warp energies or setting the stage for future catastrophes.

When Nurgle's minions are set free, they march forth to spread disease and decay. Sonorous chanting and the dolorous clangs of rusted bells herald their attacks, while the army advances under an impenetrable swarm of flies. Capering Daemon-mites carpet the ground before the host, and the noxious poxes of the fleshy hulks that command them kill everything in their path, rendering all life down to mulch from which corrupted fungi and poisonous plants erupt.

The invasions of Slaanesh begin in an insidious fashion before developing into a full frontal assault. The tendrils of the Dark Prince's power inveigle their way into the souls of mortals, perverting them from within and giving them over entirely to the pursuit of their base desires. By the time his lithe and sensuous legions arrive, the foe is utterly beguiled, and his minions will sweep forward with unmatched speed to slice through opposition in an orgy of mayhem and debauchery.

## THE END OF DAYS

With the opening of the Great Rift at the end of the 41st Millennium, the daemonic incursions that had plagued the galaxy since time immemorial escalated in both scale and frequency. A new era of terror and bloodshed was ushered in by that galaxy-spanning tear in the fabric of reality, and the armies of the Chaos Gods, mortal and daemonic alike, began to conquer and consume the worlds of Humanity and alien races with unprecedented impunity.

Had the Chaos Gods worked in unison in the wake of that terrible event, it is doubtless that realspace would have been utterly consumed by the sprawling madness of the warp. Yet true to their nature, the dark brothers saw the anarchy as an opportunity to fulfil their own agendas: to kill, to change, to pollute, to bathe in excess. So divided, they are unable to overcome the fierce resistance of the galaxy's inhabitants. The Imperium of Man, the largest single empire in the galaxy, has been galvanised by the return of the legendary Primarch Roboute Guilliman, and with him fights a new breed of warrior in Humanity's defence. The older races of the galaxy, such as the Aeldari and the Necrons, continue to exhibit a stubborn refusal to bow before the Chaos Gods and accept their extinction, while upstart new species like the T'au gain a greater understanding by the day of the Realm of Chaos and the ancient and malevolent beings within it. The barbaric Orks are only incited by the surging conflicts around them, and greet the prospect of battle against the daemonic legions with the same reckless enthusiasm they always have. The intergalactic devourers known as the Tyranids regard the immaterial Daemons with a special distaste, seeing them only as threats to the biomass they wish to consume. So the ultimate battle for the galaxy continues, the Chaos Gods and their Daemon legions threatening to annihilate everything, including each other, in their eternal quest for dominance.

## THE FORMLESS WASTES

The Realm of Chaos is without limits or true geography. The areas of influence controlled by the Chaos Gods form their domains, and the rest of this roiling landscape is often referred to as the Formless Wastes.

Much of the Formless Wastes is random, constantly churning and reforming: rivers of tar flow through petrified woodlands under crimson skies; great stairways lead into the heavens and join themselves from below in an ever-lasting loop; castles made of bones and fortresses of ichor stand amidst copses of limbs, and the departed spirits of titanic god-machines slump in graveyard heaps. Every dream and nightmare, every lunatic vision and deranged fancy, finds its home in this damned place, as do the creatures known as the Furies – Daemons created by indecision and random chance. They are heralded by disembodied voices, lacking anything but the most rudimentary awareness and instinct. Greater Daemons and Daemon Princes grown powerful enough to instil a small measure of control over their surroundings also create their abodes in the Formless Wastes – each of these small islands of structure is a petty domain in comparison to the vast realms of the Chaos Gods, but each embodies the whimsy of its creator, a small shrine or temple to a niche of belief.



**Only the promise of rich rewards brings pause to the Great Game, and even then, all alliances between the gods are but temporary.**



# KHORNE, THE BLOOD GOD

**Khorne is the Lord of Rage, Taker of Skulls. He is wrath incarnate, the embodiment of a never-ending compulsion to dominate and destroy. It is his sole desire to drown the galaxy in a tide of slaughter, to conquer and kill every living thing until there is nothing left but spilt blood and shattered bone.**

The Blood God is commonly depicted as a broad and muscular humanoid hundreds of feet tall. He has the face of a savage, snarling dog, though his twisted features are all but hidden by a baroque helm decorated with the skulls of conqueror kings. Khorne's exaggerated physique is further distorted by heavy, overlapping plates of armour fashioned from brass and blackened iron. His every word is a growl of endless fury, and his roars of bloodlust echo across his realm.

Khorne broods from a throne of carved brass, atop a mountain of skulls. The macabre trophies are the fleshless heads of his champions, stacked alongside those of their defeated opponents. Every species that has ever, and will ever, exist is represented, from human heads beyond counting to Tyranid skulls the size of hab-blocks. The ever-growing pile of bloodstained bone reflects the material victories of his followers, feeding Khorne's glory but never quenching his thirst for blood and death.

At Khorne's side rests a great two-handed sword, a legendary blade capable of laying waste to the substance of worlds with a single blow. This fell weapon is known by various names to the races of the galaxy, including Woebringer, Warmaker, and the End of all Things. It is said that when Khorne takes up his sword, a single sweep can cut through reality itself, allowing Khorne's daemonic legions to spill forth.

## THE BLOOD TITHE

That which Khorne demands is simple: blood and more blood. His only temple is the battlefield, his sole sacrament the blood of nations. Consciously or not, all warrior cultures pay Khorne homage with their acts of murder and destruction, from the headhunting tribes of backwater feral worlds to the planet-conquering warbands of his favoured Space Marine Traitor Legion, the World Eaters.

Every single life taken in anger increases the Blood God's power. He looks well upon those warriors who slay their allies, for they prove their understanding of a greater truth – Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows, only that it flows. Those devotees who let a day pass without committing an act of bloody-handed slaughter inevitably incur the Blood God's displeasure.

## THE FORTRESS OF KHORNE

The dominion of Khorne is a monument to fury and violence. It is built upon foundations of murder and conflict and is home to every facet of battle. This blood-soaked realm echoes constantly with Khorne's bellows and the clash of weapons, the cracking of whips and the clarion calls of innumerable brass war horns.

At its centre, Khorne's cavernous chamber is lit by a great fire pit, where dark flames consume the souls of cowards who were cut down as they fled from battle. This haze-filled throne room sits in the foremost keep of the Brass Citadel, the castle of Khorne. Decorated with red-veined marble, the metal walls of the unholy fortress are broken by jagged outcrops, encrusted with blood and armoured with serrated spurs of bloodstained brass. Outside, hideous gargoyles leer from every parapet, ready to spew scalding streams of fiery metal upon those foolish enough to besiege the fortress. The formidable moat of the Brass Citadel is filled not with water, but with the boiling blood of those who have lost their lives to war.

Beyond this moat lies league upon league of cracked land littered with the splintered bones of those fallen in battle. Packs of slavering Flesh Hounds prowl these wastes for intruders, skirting along the edges of seas of blood, roving through mazes of bone and tracking down any interlopers. This blasted wasteland is split by a great crevasse, a canyon many miles long and unfathomably deep. It is said that in one of Khorne's particularly vehement rages, he took up his immense sword and smote the ground, splitting it asunder for eternity. Occasionally, the Canyon of Death erupts with a tide of hot blood. The flood of gore spills out over the plains and sweeps away the heaps of headless corpses and mountains of skeletal remains, surging forth as if the universe itself is bleeding from some hideous wound.



A chain of immense volcanoes, constantly smouldering, girdles the Blood God's domain. Khorne's roars of rage cause the ground to shudder, and each day the volcanoes spew out rivers of earthblood as hot as his anger. They hurl burning brass skulls onto the lands of the weak and disgorge murderous packs of Bloodthirsters that swoop down into the battles below.

On the inward slopes of these jagged, fire-tipped peaks sprawl the foundries of Khorne. It is said that within these dire forges labour the souls of warriors who died in their sleep, forever doomed to serve Khorne as slaves. Great smokestacks billow forth clouds of ruddy vapour that mix with the fumes of the volcanoes to choke the blood red skies with the industry of war. These grim edifices keep Khorne's armouries filled – his numberless warriors armed and armoured by ceaseless toil.

Amongst the rage factories can be found the enormous pens of the Juggernauts. Behind buckled and cracked walls thicker than any mortal fortification, the Juggernauts of Khorne are corralled. The titanic Daemon-beasts constantly fight amongst themselves, butting heads and goring each other to establish dominance. Legends tell of Daemons, and even mortal Champions of Khorne, who have dared the wrath of the Juggernauts to take a mount for themselves. The smashed remains of these warriors are left smeared over the walls; only a few of the bravest and strongest succeed in riding from the great gates atop one of these murderous beasts.

On the outward slopes of the volcanoes are immense parapets and bastions. Carved from black granite, these tower miles into the sky, a daunting defence against any unwise enough to assail the kingdom of the Blood God. Great infernal cannons and skull-clad altars await Khorne's command to unleash the fires of battle on the domains of the other gods. Mighty fortresses punctuate the brass battlements, each garrisoned with Khorne's bloodthirsty legions. With a single growl from Khorne, these armies spill forth across the domains of the other gods to bring slaughter and battle. At Khorne's urging, the endless tide of soldiers are whipped into a frenzy, and will even fall upon each other in their uncontrollable desire to spill blood if no other foe can be found.

War – constant, mindless bloodletting and destruction – is all Khorne cares for. He is almost heedless of who is victorious, and is far more intent that the combatants fight until they can fight no more. All that Khorne exists for, all that his entire being is bent towards, is the flow of blood from fresh wounds and the taking of skulls.

## WAR WITHOUT END

It is no accident that war has spread from one side of the galaxy to the other, for over the aeons, Khorne has ensured that genocidal fury has coursed through every race across the stars. Neither reality nor unreality have ever truly known peace, and Khorne has grown powerful indeed as a result. Uncounted worlds resound with the clamour of battle, every death rattle a small devotion to his glory. With each new day, ichor mingles with blood on a million battlefronts, every massacre setting fresh meat upon the Lord of Battle's table. Aeldari and human, Daemon and Ork, Tyranid and T'au – all are gore-splattered marionettes dancing for Khorne's personal gratification.

None embody this unsettling truth more than the hordes of greenskins that fight within sight of the Fortress of Khorne. The original Ork invaders from which they are descended attracted the gaze of the Blood God when they plunged headlong into the Eye of Terror in search of fresh butchery. Their dangerously unhinged warlord, the self-styled Daemon-Killa, had already made his mark upon the Eye by massacring the daemonic and mortal populations of several half-real planets devoted to Khorne's rivals. The Ork warlord proved unstoppable until his Waaagh! crash-landed on a flesh planet belonging to a powerful Daemon Prince high in the standing of Khorne. The warboss' vast horde was eventually slain to an Ork by the wrathful Daemon Prince and his cohort, but his abject joy in the murderous spectacle was such that Khorne himself ensured the greenskin crusade rose once more the very next dawn.

History repeated itself over and over again as the Orks fought tooth and nail, never once showing signs of surrender or despair. The Blood God was so impressed by their limitless battle-lust that he took the Orks into his own domain. In the shadow of the Brass Citadel, his elite Bloodletter generals battle against the Daemon-Killa's undying horde on a daily basis. With every clash, great clouds of fungal spores are released by the dying greenskins to take root and flourish in the bloodstained foothills of the Osseous Peaks. There, yet more Orks are born, grow to maturity, and charge into battle with the greatest champions of Khorne. Such endless cycles of uninhibited bloodshed are most pleasing to the Blood God, for after all, the one true constant in the galaxy is war – Khorne himself has made sure of it.



# THE BLOOD LEGIONS

**Of all the Chaos Gods' armies, it is the Blood Legions of Khorne that are the most martial. Though they are savage and unrestrained creatures, Daemons of the Blood God occupy a strict hierarchical structure based on sheer might. Khorne's belief that the strongest of his followers should dominate has proven to be a simple but highly efficient organisational methodology.**

The legions of the Blood God have carved out the largest of all domains in the immaterium through incessant war. In the brutal press of melee on the battlefield, Khorne's forces are unmatched by those of any other god, and the strength and ferocity each of his Daemons exhibits there decides where they rank in his armies.

Highest in order are the Bloodthirsters. Clad in baroque armour, wielding fearsome brass axes and whips, each is a demigod of war. Were they simply warriors and nothing more, Khorne's Greater Daemons would be terrifying enough. His foes are not so fortunate, however, for the Bloodthirsters are tasked with leading the Lord of Skull's Blood Legions on the battlefield; there they bark guttural orders to the ranks of Lesser Daemons around them, and assert their dominance and dedication to Khorne by defeating the mightiest of the enemies' combatants. Figures of awe amongst the servants of the Blood God, they often attract an entourage of daemonic champions that follow them into glorious battle.

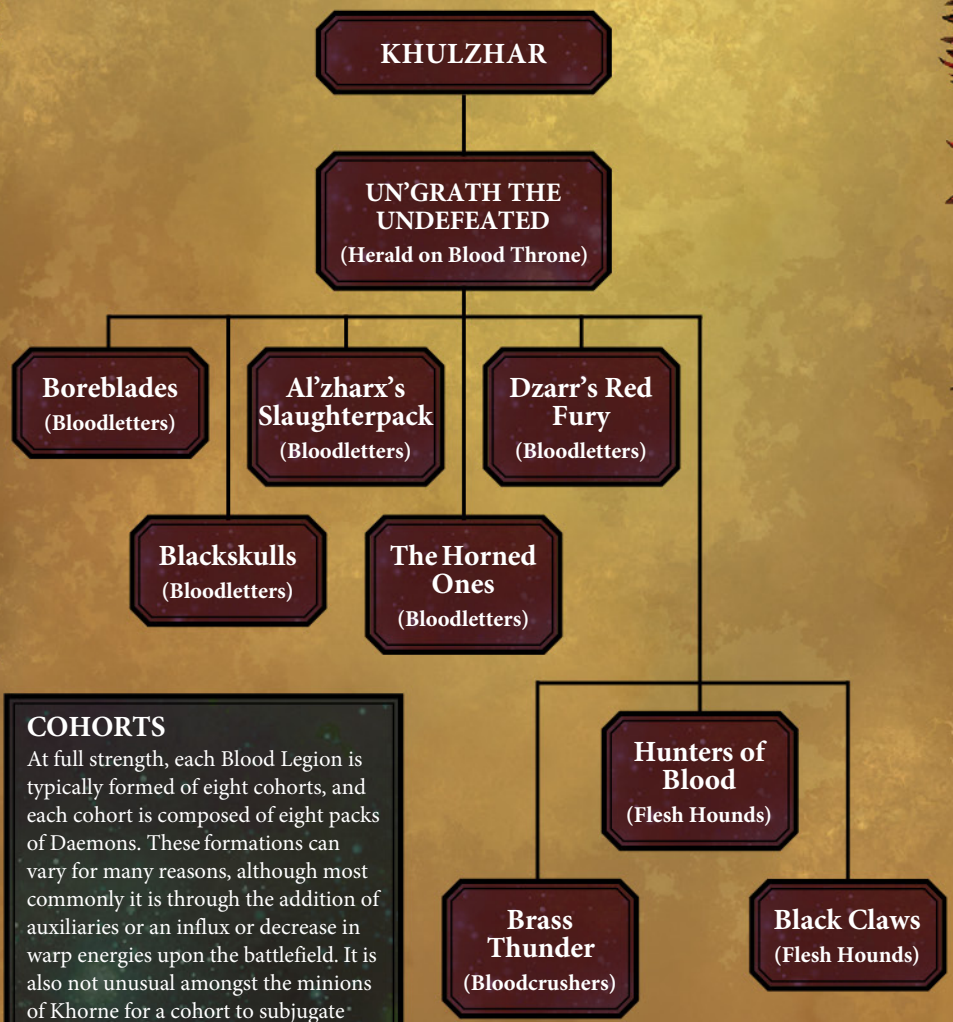
Each Blood Legion is divided into eight cohorts, which are individually comprised of eight packs of s of Khorne led by a Herald or Daemon Prince. The exact composition of these cohorts, and the auxiliary formations and creatures that may fight alongside them, will often depend on the type of Blood Legion they belong to. For instance, the heart of Red Tide Legions is made of Bloodletter cohorts that overrun the foe with waves of infantry attacks; such is the scale of death around them that they will often be followed by packs of carrion-feeding Furies. In contrast, the Hellfire Legions are siege specialists that prefer to engage the foe at range, and go to war in the shadows of Skull Cannons, Soul Grinders and, in the greatest of conflicts, the massive Daemon Engines known as Lords of Skulls. The Brazen Thunder Legions are the most mobile of Khorne's armies; the ground shakes beneath their Blood Thrones and the Bloodcrushers they lead, while Flesh Hound packs chase down any that attempt to flee. Exactly how many types of Blood Legion exist is known only to Khorne himself.

## THE SACRED NUMBER EIGHT

Why Khorne is connected to the number eight is unknown, but it has been so since the warp first echoed to his fury. His affinity for the figure, and any of its multiples, is strongly reflected in the organisation of his legions – from the number of Bloodthirster ranks to the number of cohorts in a full strength legion. It is a number that also appears throughout the Blood God's domain in the immaterium, as eight enormous towers ring the Brass Citadel, and a Daemon slain in realspace must complete eight tasks before Khorne will once again give them shape. In the most sprawling of battles within the warp, it is always Khorne's eighth wave that is the most powerful. Even his mortal worshippers recognise and revere the sacred number, using it in their blood-soaked summoning rituals and carving it upon their flesh in gruesome ceremonies. The seers of many races have foretold that only after eight ages of war have passed will Khorne's blood-thirst finally be slaked by a last, apocalyptic battle.

# KHULZHAR'S DOOM COURT

Khulzhar is a Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury, one of eight Bloodthirsters who serve Ax'akhan, who himself is one of eight Bloodthirsters beneath Ghalh'kra the Infernus. Khulzhar led one of the many legions that took part in the Blood Crusade, and during the war for the Attila System, took personal command of Un'grath the Undefeated's cohort – the feared Doom Court. Below can be seen the composition of the Doom Court as it entered battle upon the fortress world of Alexandrum.




## COHORTS

At full strength, each Blood Legion is typically formed of eight cohorts, and each cohort is composed of eight packs of Daemons. These formations can vary for many reasons, although most commonly it is through the addition of auxiliaries or an influx or decrease in warp energies upon the battlefield. It is also not unusual amongst the minions of Khorne for a cohort to subjugate the Daemon packs of another such formation, bringing them to their side by force during savage, and sometimes ritualized, infighting.

# TZEENTCH, THE CHANGER OF THE WAYS



**Tzeentch is known by a hundred thousand titles across the galaxy, amongst them the Weaver of Destinies, the Great Conspirator, and the Architect of Fate. In his mind, he listens to the hopes of every sentient being from every planet in the universe. He watches over the plans of his playthings as they unfold into history, toying with fate and fortune for both his own entertainment and to further his unfathomable schemes.**

Tzeentch is the cosmic manipulator; he feeds upon the need and desire for change that is an essential part of all living things. Most mortals dream of prosperity, freedom and a better tomorrow. These fantasies are not just the preserve of the impoverished or powerless – even Imperial planetary governors and battlefleet admirals dream of further riches, or perhaps of an end to their responsibilities. All these dreams create a powerful impetus for change, and the ambitions of nations create a force that can change history. Tzeentch is the embodiment of that force.

Tzeentch is not content to merely observe the fulfilment and disappointment brought by the passage of time. He has his own plans – schemes that are so complex and closely woven that they touch the lives of every living thing, whether they realise it or not. The Chaos God's masterly comprehension of time, history and intrigue allows his ploys to intertwine seamlessly, forming a web of causality that spans the stars.

Tzeentch is aware of the visions and plans of all mortals. He takes great delight in the plotting and politicking of others and favours the cunning over the strong. When the inner voice in a person's head speaks, when the desperate whisper their prayers into the night, it is the Architect of Fate that listens. He perceives every event and intention, and from this information, his unfathomable mind can work out how each will influence the future. The intertwining latticework of probability, hope and change is Tzeentch's meat and drink – without it he would eventually fade away.

Perhaps the Great Conspirator has plans to overthrow the other Chaos Powers, or to extend his dominion over all the mortal domains. Perhaps not even Tzeentch himself can say for sure. Whatever his ultimate goal, he seeks to achieve it by manipulating the individual lives of mortals, both men and xenos alike. By offering power and magic, he can recruit influential warlords and magi to his cause, affecting the lives of many more at a single stroke.

However, few of Tzeentch's plots are simple; some span aeons with their complexity, whilst many may appear contradictory to others, or even against his own interests. Only Tzeentch can see the threads of potential futures weaving through time like tangled skeins of multicoloured cords, which themselves are made of decision, happenstance and fluke.

## THE GREAT SORCERER

Tzeentch is the undisputed master of sorcery, the most potent of all agents of change. Those who use it are amongst the most ambitious and power-hungry beings in existence. The raw magical energy that empowers the psykers of the mortal realm is the actual fabric of the Realm of Chaos, the same substance that makes up the Chaos Powers, their Daemon servants, and the shadow-selves of all mortals that flicker in the warp. The use of magic is held as the ultimate expression of faith among Tzeentch's followers, who have much to gain from his patronage. Though it will like as not cost them their immortal souls, they will at least have boundless power to show for it; this is in stark contrast to the majority of psykers within the Imperium, who, upon first discovery, are corralled by the Black Ships and sacrificed to sustain their Emperor.

## CHANGE INCARNATE

The skin of Tzeentch crawls with constantly changing faces, leering at and mocking onlookers. As he speaks, these faces repeat his words with subtle but important differences, or provide a commentary that throws doubt upon his words. These lesser faces appear and disappear quickly, but the puckered visage of Tzeentch himself remains low down in his chest, so that head and body are one. From above Tzeentch's burning eyes spring two sweeping horns, the spiralling extremities of which crackle with arcane fire. The firmament surrounding Tzeentch is heavy with magic; it weaves like liquid smoke about his head, forming subtle and interwoven patterns. Forms of places and people appear in the mist as Tzeentch contemplates their fate. Those who feature there will inevitably find their minds, bodies or destinies mutating into strange new forms, for none can come to Tzeentch's attention and remain untouched.

## THE CRYSTAL LABYRINTH

Of all the outlandish landscapes of the warp, Tzeentch's domain is the most bizarre and incomprehensible. His realm is woven from the raw fabric of magic. The Crystal Labyrinth, as it is known, sits upon an immense iridescent plateau, its presence felt across all of the daemonic realms. Shifting avenues made from crystals of

every colour criss-cross Tzeentch's realm as it contorts through nine dimensions at once. Hidden pathways built from lies and schemes infiltrate the dominions of the other gods, binding together the fractious Realms of Chaos the better to direct them to Tzeentch's will.

No garrison of warriors defends the labyrinth's infinite reaches, for the battles fought there are of the mind. Its glittering corridors reflect not only light, but also hope, misery, dreams and nightmares. Its own interchanging causeways and passages are enough of a barrier to confound any intruder not blessed by Tzeentch's touch, mortal or not. Woe betide the rival Daemon who strays into its reaches, for they never last for long, their energies drained to become just another node of crystal within the labyrinth.

The Crystal Labyrinth does not merely reflect but also distorts, pulling apart aspiration and purpose, turning it to insanity and despair. In its attempts to mirror Tzeentch's convoluted scheming, the labyrinth constantly moves and rearranges. Those pitiable souls lost within the maze's reaches will wander for eternity, their minds shattered and their dreams broken upon the wheel of their own failed ambition. The faces that are reflected from the crystalline walls at such intruders are rarely their own. Everywhere, doppelgangers of those caught in the thrall of Tzeentch flicker and spark across the prismatic walls. In the inner reaches of the maze, a web of crystal corridors bursts into jagged shards as Ahriman, the great Chaos Space Marine Sorcerer of the Thousand Sons, leads the warriors of his Legion to war – only to be trapped once more by their own reflections. A planar sheen buckles under the gaze of the Aeldari Farseers of Ulthwé before throwing back the image of a burning craftworld. A radical sect of Inquisitors binds a mirror-Daemon to their will with a forbidden version of the Emperor's Tarot, little knowing that in doing so, they have bound their souls to its counterpart. These and a million other glimpses of reality flicker like flames in the wind, their energy making the labyrinth glow with possibility.

At the centre of the maze, hidden from those without the lunatic insight to find it, stands the Impossible Fortress. Twisted crystal spires and towers of blue and pink flame writhe and burst from the majestic fortress' core. These exist for only a heartbeat before they shimmer and disappear, only to be replaced by new and ever more maddening architecture. Gates, windows and beckoning doorways yawn like hungry mouths in a tornado of dislocated angles before shutting moments later. The nature of the warp is encapsulated within the Impossible Fortress, for physical space and time are useless concepts here. One might wander for weeks inside a chamber no larger than a thimble, or traverse leagues with a single hesitant step. Gravity shifts and changes, or disappears altogether. Light of every colour and of shades unknown in the real universe springs forth from the shifting walls to blind, disorient and enlighten.

For mortals, the ever-mutating citadel is utterly impenetrable. So locked in their physical ways, men are swiftly driven insane, while their bodies implode or are pulled apart by Tzeentch's meandering thoughts. Even rival gods cannot easily endure the twisted horror of the Impossible Fortress. Only the Lords of Change, the greatest of Tzeentch's Daemons, can think their way through the secret paths to the innermost sanctum; there can be found the Hidden Library, that legendary repository of knowledge where the Great Conspirator concocts his eternal plots.

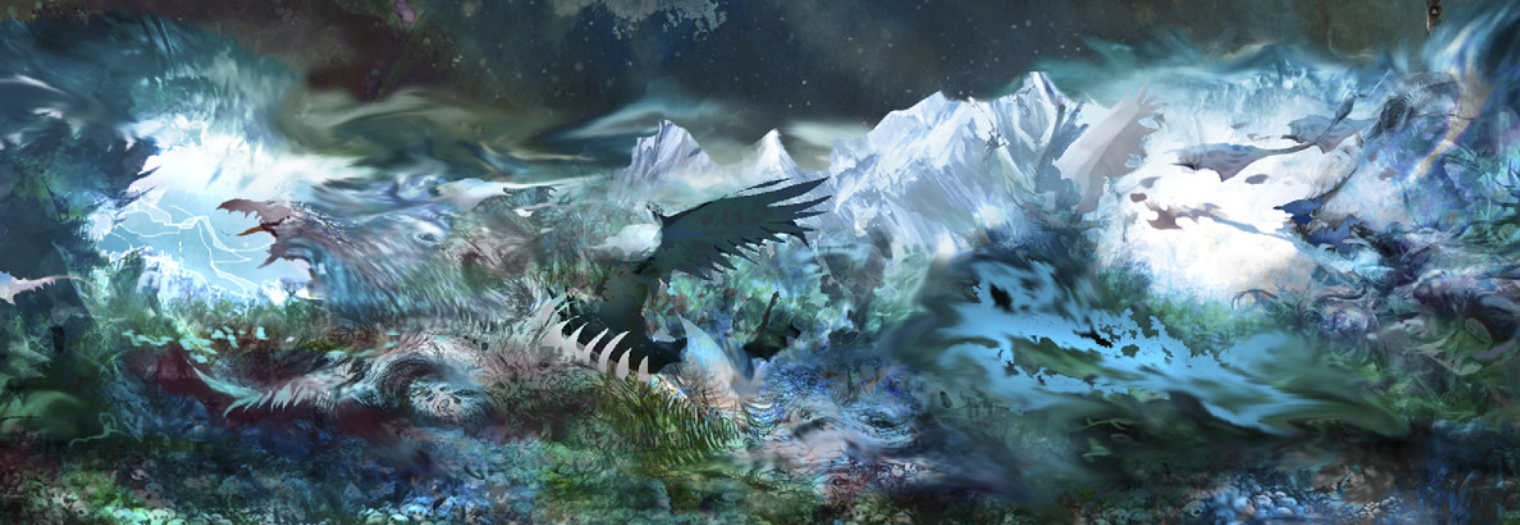
The Hidden Library is infinite in dimension and constantly folds in upon itself under the weight of its own density. It contains every scrap of knowledge, every thought of every creature across space and time. The books, parchments and scrolls that line its ever-folding walls are bound with chains of magical fire; row upon row, shelf upon shelf, stretching into the imponderable recesses of Tzeentch's lair. Countless Pink Horrors and Blue Horrors creep and crawl here, tending the vast collection of the Hidden Library. The grimoires chatter to their keepers, trapping the Horrors in webs of deceit and scandal so that the Daemons eventually fade into the substance of the predatory library itself.

## CONJUROR OF REALITIES

In Tzeentch's eyes, mortal creatures are immeasurably steeped in ambiguity, yet they somehow wage their personal wars completely unaware of the countless contradictions in their souls. Possessed of a scholarly curiosity not shared by any of the other Ruinous Powers, Tzeentch cannot help but dabble in the mortal realm; some amongst the Inquisition believe that the Great Conspirator is responsible for the exponential increases of psychic ability in the human race in recent millennia.

His talent for duplicity, foresight and manipulation, along with his insatiable desire to increase his own power in the warp, means Tzeentch is one of the better players of the Great Game waged with his brother gods. The Architect of Fate is not above sullying his hands with the bloody business of war, though he much prefers to win his battles through guile and sorcery than brute force.

Consumed by his own ineffable thoughts, Tzeentch binds the galaxy in the weave of his complex schemes just as a spider binds a fly. Though his schemes can take millennia to unfold, when they come to fruition, it is usually reality itself that pays the price. While one mortal lies to another, while envy and ambition survive, Tzeentch will work his magic as the puppet master of the universe, working towards the day when his final great work will be revealed.



# THE SCINTILLATING LEGIONS

**The air fills with kaleidoscopic bursts of magical energy as the convocations of the Great Conspirator materialise for battle. To mortal eyes, the different Daemon legions of Tzeentch are impossible to distinguish, each one as bizarre as the next, yet there is method within the madness – although none save the Architect of Fate himself could truly comprehend it.**

While Tzeentch prefers to further his ends through sorcery or schemes, there will often be no better alternative than force to achieve his goals. Thus are Tzeentch's Daemon legions deployed, armies unlike anything seen in realspace. These convocations go to war in a capering, bounding, spell-wielding carnival of violence, obliterating foes with hellfire and change-magics. Unlike the militant cohorts of Khorne or the cyclical forces that serve Nurgle, Tzeentch's legions are often in flux, shifting composition or altering tactics to better serve their master.

Each Scintillating Legion is commanded by one of Tzeentch's Greater Daemons, a Lord of Change, each utterly dedicated to his master's cause. A Lord of Change is granted great independence to operate, and with the help of their advisers and champions, they will command a legion suited to their own proclivities. Those that love to bask in the glow of destruction might head a Conflagration Legion – a force centred around formations of Flamers, capable of wielding the most powerful of warp-flames. Others favour the Legions Anarchus, which are far less predictable in composition and specialise in sudden and wholly unexpected incursions. Those Greater Daemons who are masters of duplicity will lead one of the Veiled Legions; the most mysterious of Tzeentch's forces, these surface rarely and are almost never brought to battle, and slip off unseen after their plan's culmination.

Each of Tzeentch's legions is divided into nine hosts, and these are directed in battle by Daemon Princes and Heralds such as Changecasters, Fluxmasters and Fateskimmers. The leaders of the hosts compete to attract more praise from the Lord of Change that commands them, and even between the legions, there is no end to the machinations as rival Lords of Change plot against one another and sabotage each other's plans. It is a game within the Great Game, and one beloved most by the Great Schemer himself, who frequently weighs the tributes paid to him and proclaims his judgement. Thus do the sigils of each legion dance across the Pyramid of Yrch deep in the Crystal Labyrinth, blazing into a new order of countenance. It is a hierarchy that moves often, but the nine most favoured legions are each granted control of one of the Fractal Fortresses that tower over the Crystal Labyrinth, an honour all Tzeentch's servants desire.

## THE PYROCLASTIC CONCLAVE

The Pyroclastic Conclave is a Conflagration Legion led by the Exalted Lord of Change Shim'dre'lex'kazar. It was one of the many Daemon legions deployed to the Stygius Sector in the aftermath of the Great Rift, and played a critical role in the siege of Mordian. As it entered battle with the beleaguered Imperial defenders of that world, it was composed of nine different hosts, each described opposite.

**'NINE IS THE NUMBER MOST SACRED TO THE CHANGER OF THE WAYS. IT IS ONLY UPON TRACING THE NINTH SIGIL THAT THE RUNES OF A CHANGE-SCROLL BEGIN TO GLOW, MORPHING INTO THEIR TRUE NATURE. THERE ARE NINE DISTINCT RITES AN ACOLYTE MUST MASTER BEFORE HE CAN UNLOCK THE SECRETS THAT WILL PERMIT HIM TO PIERCE THE VEIL, A PROCESS THAT WILL ALLOW A WORTHY ASPIRANT TO DRAW UPON THE BOUNDLESS ENERGIES OF THE IMMATERIUM. TO REMAIN UNBROKEN, A SUMMONING SYMBOL MUST CONTAIN NINE SEQUENTIAL RINGS – EACH PERFECTLY EXECUTED IN A NINE-FOLD PROCESS. NINE ARE THE CHANTS OF THE KAIRIC CULTISTS, AND FOR CASTING, A COVEN OF NINE IS BY FAR THE MOST POWERFUL OF GROUPINGS.**

**YET IT IS NOT MORTAL RITES ALONE THAT OBEY THE GREAT SORCERER'S ENNEADIC RULES. THE NUMBER NINE CAN BE FOUND WOVEN THROUGHOUT THE UNFATHOMABLE AND EVER CHANGING STRUCTURES OF THE ARCHITECT OF FATE'S OWN REALM WITHIN THE WARP. THE LORDS OF CHANGE, THE GREATEST SERVANTS OF TZEENTCH AND COMMANDERS OF HIS CONVOCATIONS, ARE ORDERED WITHIN NINE LEVELS OF TRUST. ALL SEEK THEIR MASTER'S FAVOUR, AND THOSE IN ASCENDENCY RULE THE NINE FRACTAL FORTRESSES. BENEATH EACH OF THOSE MOST EXALTED ARE NINE HUNDRED AND NINTETY-NINE LEGIONS, EACH DIVIDED INTO NINE HOSTS. IT IS SAID THAT WHEN DAEMONS ARE SLAIN, THEIR IMMORTAL SPIRIT APPEARS WITHIN THE IMPOSSIBLE FORTRESS, ARRIVING BEFORE THEIR MAKER FROM ONE OF THE EVER-SHIFTING NINE GATES – THERE TO BE EITHER REFORMED OR RE-ABSORBED BY THE WILL OF TZEENTCH.'**

*- Excerpt from Ahriman's masterworks*

## LORDS OF TRANSCENDENCE

Led by Tkal'chaka the Iridescent (Changecaster)

Host composed of six Flamer packs and three Exalted Flamers

*When the revered Shim'dre'lex'kazar goes to war, he does so at the forefront of the Lords of Transcendence. It was they that mutated the statue of the Emperor Ascendant on the shrine world of Luminaria into sentient, molten metal.*

## THE BURNING HOST

Char'tzzla, Bane of Obfuscane (Fluxmaster)

Host composed of nine Flamer packs

*Wreathed in changefire, it is Char'tzzla's host that achieved the utter destruction of the industrial world of Obfuscane, the fires released so much rad-poisoning that nothing natural can survive upon the planet for more than a few seconds.*

## THE KALEIDOSCOPIC PARADE

Tch'fra-lar of the Burning Talon (Changecaster)

Host composed of six Flamer packs and three Horror packs

*Once the most favoured of Shim'dre'lex'kazar's advisers, Tch'fra-lar was outmanoeuvred by Char'tzzla during the final battle of Mordian, and has since had his prime position usurped.*

## WYRDFLAMES OF ZING-TAR

Zing-tar (Fluxmaster)

Host composed of three Exalted Flamers, three Flamer packs and three Horror packs

*Char'tzzla's former conspirator Zing-tar was slighted by the Herald when he rose in power, and it is whispered that Tch'fra-lar, foreseeing this betrayal, allowed himself to be supplanted by Char'tzzla in order to create a new and fruitful alliance.*

## THE CRYSTALLINE BLAZE

Lhull'cha (Fateskimmer)

Host composed of three Screamer packs, three Flamer packs, two Exalted Flamers and a Horror pack

*When the Pyroclastic Convocation emerges from the warp, Lhull'cha and the host known as the Crystalline Blaze are typically tasked with carrying out the initial strike upon the foe.*

## CACKLEFLAMES OF TZEENTCH

Trillex Cackleflame (Fateskimmer)

Host composed of three Burning Chariots, three Flamer packs and three Horror packs

*The most insane and wayward host of the Pyroclastic Convocation, the Cackleflames delighted in chasing down the last of the Imperial Ministorum forces on Luminaria, and encircled them with living warpfires as they laughed at their victims' terrified screams.*

## BRINGERS OF THE BLACKFIRE

Triho'hop of the Firecrown (Changecaster)

Host composed of three Horror packs, three Screamer packs and three Flamer packs

*It was during a conflict in the immaterium against the Plague Legions of Gul'poxx the Greater that Triho'hop and his host earned the title 'Bringers of Blackfire', for their changebolts and wyrdflames turned black amidst the contagion-ridden battlefield.*

## FIRESHARDS OF CHA'LL'AAA

Cha'll'aaa (Changecaster)

Host composed of three Exalted Flamers and six Flamer packs

*None burnt more foes or terrain than the host known as the Fireshards of Cha'll'aaa. Although the lowest ranking of all the legion's hosts, their star is in the ascendant, and Cha'll'aaa's name is spoken of more and more with suspicion…*

## FOLLOWERS OF AMARHOTEP

Amarhotep (Daemon Prince)

Host composed of three Burning Chariots, three Flamer packs and three Horror packs

*It is rumoured that Amarhotep was once a Sorcerer of the Thousand Sons before his ascension to daemonhood. Whether this is true or not, his position in the 9th Host is considered fortuitous, and is envied by all but those of the first three hosts.*



# NURGLE, THE FATHER OF PLAGUES

**Nurgle is the Great Corrupter, the Master of Plague and Pestilence, the fountain and architect of rot itself. He is the embodiment of the truth that all things, no matter how solid and permanent they seem, are subject to decay, and even the process of creation is merely the beginning stage of destruction. The bastion of today is tomorrow's ruin, the maiden of the morning is the crone of the night, and the hope of a moment is but the foundation of regret.**

Though he is the creator of every infection and epidemic to have ever afflicted the universe, Nurgle is not a morose purveyor of death and suffering, but a vibrant god of life and laughter. To understand the contradictory nature of the Lord of Decay, one must first comprehend the eternal truths that he represents and the mortal emotions that birthed him.

Life springs from rot. Untold numbers of bacteria, viruses, insects and other carrion-feeders thrive on the decay of the living. From the wake of every plague rise new generations, pox-scarred perhaps, but also stronger than those that came before. Regeneration comes from decay, just as hope is born of despair, the greatest inspiration coming in the darkest moments; in times of crisis, mortals are truly tested and driven to excel.

The citizens of the Imperium know full well that their lives will one day end, and that many of their number will live with disease or other torments in the meantime, yet they drive this knowledge deep into the corners of their minds and bury it with ceaseless activity. Nurgle is partially embodied by that knowledge and the unconscious response to it. He is the hidden fear of disease and decay, the gnawing fact of mortality, and the power of defiance that it generates.

Nurgle himself takes the form of a titanic flesh-hulk riddled with decay and pestilence. His gigantic carcass is bloated with corruption and exudes an overpowering stench that gnaws at the mind. His skin is greenish, leathery and necrotic, its surface abundant with running sores, swelling boils and rampant infestation. Nurgle's gurgling and pulsating organs are rank with the excrement of decay, spilling and spurting through his ruptured skin to hang like obscene fruit around his girth. From these organs burst swarms of tiny Nurglings that chew on his rotting intestines and slurp up Nurgle's bountiful, noxious juices.

Every single human being in the galaxy has been touched by Nurgle's foetid hand at some point. Countless trillions are host to his malignant, invisible creations, which corrupt their physical forms and sow despair in their minds. Interplanetary traffic ensures that contagious diseases are carried from world to world by the ignorant and the wilful alike. As Nurgle's gifts multiply into full-blown pandemics, his power reaches a peak. Whole systems – even whole sectors – are quarantined as plague runs rife across the stars. Proud civilisations wither away even as the God of Decay conjures obscene new life from their remains. Wherever there are plague pits and mass graves, the rotting splendour of Nurgle shines through.

Despite his consistent generosity, only an enlightened few truly embrace Nurgle's greatness. Yet his worshippers exist in numbers enough to ensure his Daemon servants access the material dimension wherever plague abounds. Of all the Chaos Gods, it is Nurgle who most appreciates the personal touch, and he watches over his followers like a doting patriarch, leading many to refer to him as Grandfather Nurgle.

## THE GARDEN OF NURGLE

The domain of Nurgle is not a barren wasteland, but a macabre paradise, a near-infinite jungle of death and pestilence. Tended by the Lord of Decay, this unwholesome realm is home to every pox and affliction imaginable. Twisted, rotten boughs entangled with grasping vines cover the mouldering ground, entwining like broken fingers. Fungi, both plain and spectacular, break through the squelching mulch of the forest floor, puffing out clouds of choking spores. The stems of half-daemonic plants wave of their own accord, unstirred by the stagnant, insect-choked air. Their colours puncture the gloom, havens of cheeriness in a dismal woodland. Human-featured beetles flit along the banks of sluggish, muddy rivers. Reeds rattle, whispering the names of the poxes inflicted upon the worlds of mortals by Great Nurgle or lamenting those that have died from the caress of their creator.

Jutting from amidst this primordial mire is Nurgle's manse. Decrepit and ancient, yet eternally strong at its foundations, the mansion is an eclectic structure of sagging, rotted timbers and broken walls,

overgrown with crawling poison ivy and thick mosses. Cracked windows and crumbling stone compete with verdigris-coated bronze, rusted ironwork and lichen-covered cornices to outdo each other with their corrupted charm.

Within these crumbling walls, Nurgle toils. Beneath mildewed and bowed beams, the Great Corrupter carries out his eternal work at a rusted cauldron, a receptacle vast enough to contain all the oceans of all the worlds. Chuckling and murmuring to himself, Nurgle labours to create contagion and pestilence – the most sublime and unfettered forms of life. With every stir of Nurgle's maggot-ridden ladle, a dozen fresh diseases flourish and are scattered across the stars. From time to time, Nurgle reaches down with a clawed hand to scoop a portion of the ghastly mixture into his cavernous mouth, tasting the fruits of his labour. With each passing day, he comes closer to brewing his perfect disease, a spiritual plague that will spread across the extent of the universe and see all living things gathered unto his rotting embrace.

Dwarfed by their grotesque and enormous lord, a host of Plaguebearers are gathered about Nurgle. Each Daemon chants sonorously, keeping count of the diseases created, the mischievous Nurglings that have hatched, and the souls claimed by the Lord of Decay's putrid blessings. This hum drowns out the creaking of the rotten floor and the scrape of ladle on cauldron, so unceasing in its monotony that to hear it is to invite madness.

When Nurgle's diseases wax strong in the mortal realm, his garden blooms with death's heads and fresh filth, and its boundaries encroach upon the lands of the other Chaos Gods. War follows, as Nurgle's adversaries fight back and his Daemon legions take up arms to defend the morbid forest. From such war springs more of the richness of life and death, of triumph over adversity. Though Nurgle's realm and his lead in the Great Game will eventually recede again, his Garden will have fed deeply on the fallen, and will lie in gestate peace until it is ready to swell throughout time and space once more.

## UNINVITED GUESTS

Very few mortal eyes have beheld the Garden of Nurgle. Its swamplands constantly wheeze a fog of supernatural diseases, and living beings cannot endure so much as a single breath of its repugnant air. Only Nurgle himself can spare visitors from his garden's toxic affections; when he is expecting company, he will open a path through the gurgling fungus-fronds with a single magnanimous gesture.

Trespassers are viewed poorly in Nurgle's domain, as the seers of Lugganath found to their cost. The Aeldari of that far-flung craftworld have long told the story of the Caged Maiden, wherein Isha, the goddess of fertility and healing, is imprisoned in Nurgle's mansion; there she is forced to imbibe Nurgle's most pleasing concoctions as her grotesque admirer observes their results with building excitement, and Isha's restorative powers ensure the process can be eternally repeated.

The Aeldari believe their myths to be founded in truth, and so it was that when Lugganath was ravaged by the Brittle Coma, a council of its most gifted psykers cast their minds into the domain of Nurgle, in pursuit of Isha, hoping to find their lost goddess and put a halt to their craftworld's deadly malaise. They knew that they would almost certainly die in the attempt, but believed that their souls would ultimately be drawn back into the glittering spirit stones of their comatose bodies. Once safe in their crystal afterlife, they could impart Isha's cure to the Spiritseers and lift Nurgle's curse.

At first, their astrally projected forms appeared to be able to pass through the grasping foliage of Nurgle's garden with ease. Their ghosthelms kept them as insubstantial as spirits and their rune-shielded minds cut through the dismal vegetation, for they were sharper than any corporeal blade. The rot-flies of that realm buzzed loud in alarm, however, and whispered of the intruders into Nurgle's ear.

Just as the seers of Lugganath sighted Grandfather Nurgle's manse in the distance, a great host of Plaguebearers rose up from the mud and began to chant in a droning monotone as they came forward. The seers channelled their psychic energy into great blasts of cleansing blue fire, boiling away huge chunks of Nurgle's army and darting out of the clumsy reach of their foes, but ever more Plaguebearers emerged from the slurry to block their path.

The battle raged for days, and swathes of Nurgle's garden were blasted to ruin in the process. However, in the material dimension, the physical forms of the trespassing seers began to convulse and shake, succumbing to the very plague they hoped to overcome. Slowly, as their bodies shrivelled and their spirit stones turned to rotting mulch, the souls of the seers that were trapped in Nurgle's realm began to pass fully into the immaterium. The soupy atmosphere of the garden seeped into their lungs, worm-riddled mud spattered up their legs, and white-bodied daemonflies clambered into their mouths. Claimed at last, the seers' feet took root as their faces hardened into bark. Their arms split and twisted into gnarled branches, each finger hung with ripening Nurgling-fruit.

The seers of Lugganath remain there still, a copse of wailing trees that brighten Nurgle's leisurely walks and strike a note of despair into the heart of Isha, his immortal captive. Such is the fate of all those who enter uninvited into the heartlands of Nurgle, for even the generosity of Grandfather Plague has its limits.



# THE PLAGUE LEGIONS

**To those subjected to their loathsome assaults, the legions of Nurgle seem like an amorphous mass, but amidst the shambling anarchy there is purpose and design. Like the stages of the diseases they carry, each Plague Legion is part of an overarching cycle of fecundity and decay, and exists only to see Nurgle's garden flourish and his gifts bestowed.**

From the Garden of Nurgle lumber the Plague Legions, the dreaded armies of the Great Corrupter. When they go to war, be it in the Realm of Chaos or realspace, they bring the boundless generosity of their master and the products of his endless labours with them, and leave contagion, anguish and death in their wake.

All Plague Legions are Nurgle's creations, and so carry pestilence and propagate their master's foul will, yet each is associated with specific stages of the Fly Lord's cycle of decay and regeneration. The Fecundus Legions are tasked with the making of diseases; it is they that travel across reality and unreality to gather the raw ingredients that will be added to the cauldron of their foul god, and the worst ills suffered by the mortal races can be attributed to their diligence. The Infecticus Legions are the harbingers of infection, the carriers of new diseases that lay the groundwork for the greater virulence to follow. The Pathogenus Legions are disease fully bloomed, sickness made manifest, the very height of contagion; they are equally capable in both attack or defence, and will be often be deployed to guard key sites within Nurgle's garden or spearhead an assault. The Epidemic Legions contain the most Daemons, for they expand, proliferate, and regenerate; it is they that spread outwards, ensuring initial gains turn into rampaging outbreaks. The Rot Legions revel in decay, their festering powers and potent blessings able to break down anything; more than any other legion, their presence cultivates the ground for the Garden of Nurgle to spread. The Morbidus Legions are the reapers, the tolltakers, and the bringers of death. The Necroticus Legions are the most resilient; they use hopelessness and despair as a weapon, and can absorb terrific punishments. And on it goes, each of the legions specialising in some grotesque aspect of Nurgle's cycle of birth, decay, death and rebirth.

Each Plague Legion is led by a Great Unclean One, a Greater Daemon of Nurgle that acts as its general. They dote over their charges in the manner of a loving parent, cajoling each of their Plague Legion's seven Tallybands upon its appointed tasks. Ever eccentric, Nurgle encourages the same aberrations amongst the most powerful of his shepherds. These unusual traits go as far towards colouring the composition and tactics of the army they lead as does the legion type itself. Some Great Unclean Ones, for example, favour entirely airborne assaults, going to battle with clouds of Plague Drones that darken the skies and excel at aerial strikes. Others enjoy seeing their victims buried in slavering Beasts of Nurgle, or ground slowly into the dirt by wave after wave of mumbling Plaguebearers.

Great Unclean Ones cycle through phases over the course of their immortal lifespans, assuming new mantles with each new legion they take command of; for example, they may lead an Epidemic Legion to spread diseases before moving on to command a Rot Legion in order to bask in such maladies. When the cycle nears its end, a Great Unclean one will scab over with necrotic patches, and in his state of advanced decay will lord over a Necroticus Legion. It is not long before his body will shed the rotting husk of its old skin to reveal the new blooms of fresh disease, and it is then he will once again lead a Fecundus Legion.

Beneath the Great Unclean One are the leaders of the Tallybands, either Daemon Princes or daemonic Heralds such as Poxbringers, Sloppity Bilepipers and Spoilpox Scriveners. Each receives a grandiloquent title of the general's invention, selected to match the bearer's skills, proclivities, or war tasks. Examples include the Lords of Fulsome Filth, the Almighty Bringer of Rancid Decay, or the Sloptoxic Master of Bubbling Buboes.

The Tallybands can vary in size, swelling to epidemic proportions as Nurgle's power waxes or contracting into small, elite warbands when it wanes. At its peak, however, a Tallyband is composed of seven packs of the Lesser Daemons known as Plaguebearers or Plague Drones. Depending upon the predilections of its leader, and the ebb and flow of the cycle, a Tallyband may also include Beasts of Nurgle or swarms of Nurglings, although such anarchic beasts rarely remain with the formation beyond the duration of a battle.

# THE SEPTICUS LEGION

The Septicus Legion was part of the daemonic force that penetrated deep into Ultramar, and participated in the fighting that culminated on Iax. It is led by Septicus himself – the self-styled Pox-Tyrant of the Scourge Stars. On the battlefield, Septicus is accompanied by the Rustclankers – a bodyguard of three Soul Grinders. Shown here are the seven full-strength Tallybands that made up the Septicus Legion as it took part in the Battle of Ioneth Fields and the contamination of the Vinecoast.

*The Septicus Legion is one of the Legions Pathogenus – ideal both to manifest and spread disease – and it was their task to conquer and hold Iax. Were it not for the untimely return of Roboute Guilliman, it is a mission they would have successfully completed.*

## INVESTUS

Led by Drog'lar Slimeskin (Spoilpox Scrivener)
Seven Plaguebearer packs and three Beasts of Nurgle
*It was the Investus Tallyband that served Septicus as a vanguard on Iax. Its ranks of Plaguebearers formed around Drog'lar as he counted the initial symptoms of disease exhibited by the planet's defenders.*

## FECFLIES

Led by Giglex (Poxbringer)
Three Plaguebearer packs, four Plague Drone packs, two Beasts of Nurgle and a Nurgling pack
*The most fly-covered of all the Septicus Tallybands, it was they that met and defeated the Ultramarines 3rd Company within the corrupted forest of Adellus.*

## THE WORM-RIDDEN

Led by Mag-grub Larvalmaster (Poxbringer)
Four Plaguebearer packs, three Plague Drone packs and three Beasts of Nurgle
*The Worm-Ridden carry within their bodies the latest of Nurgle's creations, the worm-borne blistereye disease, and it is their task to ensure it spreads.*

## DIRGE TOLLERS

Led by Gurglax (Sloppity Bilepiper)
Seven Plaguebearer packs and four Nurgling packs
*The Dirge Tollers devastated the Ultramar Defence Forces, Gurglax's mirth attracting a horde of capering Nurglings to his aid.*

## SHAMBLING HORDE

Led by Grizguttage (Spoilpox Scrivener)
Seven Plaguebearer packs, a Beast of Nurgle and a Soul Grinder
*With Dribwretch, a hulking Soul Grinder, supplying firepower, the infantry of the Shambling Horde advances into the thick of enemy fire.*

## BUZZBLITZ

Led by Bzzark the Fly-borne (Daemon Prince)
Seven Plague Drone packs
*The winged Daemon Prince Bzzark and his Plague Drones are adept at exploiting weaknesses in the enemy lines, and are often unleashed after the Investus and Dirge Tollers Tallybands have pinned down the foe.*

## PLAGUESWORDS OF BHADRUB

Led by Bhadrub Buboepox (Poxbringer)
Five Plaguebearer packs, two Plague Drone packs and two Nurgling packs
*The Plagueswords of Bhadrub held back the Ultramarines that came to halt the legion's defilement of Iax's wellsprings until reinforcements arrived.*

*'A little pruning, some judicious planting and yes, this could be a fine addition to Grandfather's garden. But it needs work, my pretties… oh, so much work. Toll the bells, bring forth our best plagues and poxes – we have much grafting and seed-sowing to do.'*

*- Pox-Tyrant Septicus,*
*upon viewing Iax, the so-called Garden World of Ultramar*



# SLAANESH, THE DARK PRINCE

**Slaanesh is the Lord of Pleasure, the Dark God dedicated to the pursuit of earthly gratification and the overthrow of all decent behaviour. He is the God of Obsession, the Master of Excess in All Things, from gluttony to lust to megalomania. Wherever mortals are ruled by their own unquenchable desires, the Dark Prince is there in the shadows, whispering, tempting, and feasting on a banquet of souls.**

Slaanesh was given life by the immorality and hubris of the ancient Aeldari civilisation. As their empire reached its zenith, their people became lost in their own decadence, for they experience sensation to a far greater degree than any other species. The capabilities of their highly advanced technology meant the Aeldari did not need to labour or wage war. Instead, they were able to dedicate their lives to whatever idle pursuits took their fancy. Over many generations, indolence came to rule their spirits. In the immaterium, the reflections of their excesses caused a new Chaos Power to stir. Created by pure indulgence, the first motes of Slaanesh began to coalesce.

The dormant Slaanesh fed upon the unchecked psyche of the Aeldari, drawing on their lust and ambition, their artistry and pursuit of excellence. In turn, as Slaanesh grew, its nascent dreams trickled into the minds of the Aeldari and fuelled their desires, pushing them ever onwards towards their doom. Eventually, the Aeldari civilisation devolved into little more than pleasure cults dedicated to every act of physical, mental and spiritual fulfilment. Blood stained the statuary of their plazas as crowds of drug-addled maniacs sated their violent desires in the streets. On one particularly depraved night, the debauchery reached a terrible crescendo that tore out the heart of the Aeldari empire and left it ravaged beyond recovery.

The Fall of the Aeldari was signalled by the birth-scream of Slaanesh, a tsunami of emotion that announced the Prince of Pleasure's arrival in the Realm of Chaos. The psychic implosion caused by Slaanesh's creation swallowed hundreds of worlds at the heart of the Aeldari civilisation, killing billions of their race in an instant and devouring a great section of the galaxy in the process. Such was its ferocity that it overwhelmed the barrier between the real and unreal, forming the massive warp rift known as the Eye of Terror.

Rampant and hungry, Slaanesh devoured the minds of the Aeldari, and across the galaxy, the race was almost wiped out. Even their gods were slain, all but three of their pantheon devoured. Of their once great empire, only a relative few Aeldari survived Slaanesh's birth-feast. Most of the survivors became sworn enemies of the Dark Prince, and yet a number of them have formed isolated cabals that still behave as their ancestors did, perversely following the downward spiral of excess.

That is how events are viewed from the chronology of the material universe. In the warp, things are different, for the immaterium is not bound by linear time, and events do not occur in a strict sequence of cause then effect. As his rival gods reckon it, Slaanesh has always existed and yet has never existed at all.

## THE PALACE OF SLAANESH

While the other Chaos Gods rarely welcome intruders to their lands within the immaterium, Slaanesh loves to tempt visitors to his unnatural domain, and those that dare enter the Lord of Pleasure's territory risk becoming trapped in its warped delights for eternity.

Slaanesh's realm is divided into six domains, arranged in concentric rings about the Palace of Pleasure. Each of these is a celebration of Slaanesh's desires, and while they might be mistaken for paradises, nothing in the lands of the Dark Prince is as it seems. An intruder can only reach the Palace of Pleasure, in the very heart of Slaanesh's territory, by passing through all six of the circles – an act of will beyond most souls, both mortal and daemonic. One amongst the mortal visitors to his realm still looms large in the memory of Slaanesh, however – a wandering knight of the Adeptus Astartes whose resolve was as strong as silvered adamantium.

The first circle the knight pushed through was richly appointed beyond the dreams of kings. Mountains of stacked gold reached towards rainbow mosaics of gemstones in the marble vaults high above, glittering ingots and diamonds beyond count littered the ground. The knight marched past many a starving wretch attempting to count the innumerable gold coins. Their sallow faces twisted with mounting greed until their piles toppled and, weeping, they had to start over again. At every corner and crossroads stood gilded statues, some of beautiful Slaanesh, others of Daemons and mortals trapped in blissful ecstasy. The trails in the diamond dust underfoot betrayed the fact that the statues were once flesh and blood. The knight had left notions of material wealth long behind, and he strode on without touching a single coin.

Crunching his way across a beach of golden teeth, the knight came to the shores of a vast lake of dark wine. The lake was

dotted with pallid islands formed from the backs of giants, each linked by criss-crossing bridges. The backward hands of each giant held up a table that groaned under the weight of a lavish feast. There, he saw mortal men gorging themselves on the banquet, wide-eyed and desperate in their hunger as others frantically tried to gulp down the lake itself. The bloated and the obese moaned in pain as they crammed ever more food into their wine-stained mouths. The knight pressed on, distaste twisting his features as he passed the grisly remains of those who had consumed so much that they had physically burst apart.

The wanderer made his way through fields of golden light and soft hay, where lissom maidens and beautiful youths frolicked near-naked in the hallucinogenic musk of the lithe beasts that cavorted with them. The faces and fertile forms of the dancers were impossibly sensual, moulded to the perfect desire of the heart. The knight held his breath and closed his eyes, for though mortal pleasures were forbidden to his order, part of him was still a man. The crooning nymphs gathered around the knight, stroking his silvered armour and whispering of the sweet, carnal pleasures they would give him, but he yielded not. The severed limbs and heads that lay underfoot spoke of the truth behind the honeyed lies. Eyes shut, he cut down the Daemonette seductresses around him one after another, letting revulsion guide his shining blade.

After fighting his way through the feminine contours of the foothills ahead, the knight emerged onto a balcony where he was greeted by roars of adulation and approval. An army of Space Marines so vast its number was beyond counting awaited before him on an endless plain, listening in fevered anticipation of his commands for conquest. Planetary governors nodded in obsequious anticipation, and the High Lords of Terra smiled up at him from smaller balconies of their own, motioning him to speak. The knight recognised one of the rulers from his own mortal life, and stood before him, looking deep into the philosopher king's eyes. Behind the mask of power and self-assurance, he saw eternal, nagging paranoia, gnawing suspicion and hidden doubts that were acid to the soul. The knight shook his head sadly and walked away.

Wearied by his ordeals, the wanderer strode on through a mesmerising woodland paradise, its maze of pathways thick with flowers and heavy with thorns. The gentle, fragrant breeze whispered to the knight of past glories, reminding him of the executions he had performed in the Emperor's name. Mirrored pools reflected the knight as a shining saint, his face serene but his sword bloodied as he artfully carved apart rank after rank of red-skinned Daemons. The warrior turned away, troubled. In the distance, he could make out tortured figures staring intently into mirror-pools of their own, each held immobile by the undergrowth as whispering thorns insinuated themselves into their flesh. The wanderer turned his mind to the humility of the cell he once called home. As he did so, the path through the maze writhed and straightened out before him. So the knight trudged on.

An endless beach stretched away from the knight, and heavenly choirs sung soothing lullabies as the perfumed sea lapped at the fortress walls of his mind. The wanderer's bones cried out for rest, even if only for a moment. The warmth of the golden sun above calmed his soul and the tide began to erode his will. His tired eyes could barely stay open, but his vision was still clear enough to see the horrible truth. The bone-white sand was made from the remains of those who had rested here and fallen into a coma of blissful indolence. His resolve hardened, the knight strode on toward the shimmering palace in the distance.

It was there, beneath the elegant spires, that the wanderer came before almighty Slaanesh. Statuesque and divinely glamorous, the deity visited him in the form of a young man possessed of an androgynous beauty – clean limbed and fresh with the vigour of youth. The knight unsheathed his rune-etched sword and made to strike him down. To his horror, he found that he could not, for the god-prince was disarming in his innocence and utterly beguiling in his manner.

Even the purest flame can be extinguished by the tide. In that single moment of doubt, the wanderer was lost. He knelt, bowing his head at last, and a single touch of the being's glowing sceptre on each shoulder sealed his fate for eternity.

## THE ENEMY WITHIN

Some say that it is impossible for mortals to look upon that divine face without losing their soul, for all who see it become willing slaves to the whims of the Dark Prince, embracing his ways with wild abandon. The mere knowledge of Slaanesh's existence can cause a world to topple into corruption and depravity. It is for this reason, and many others, that the protectors of the Imperium seek to keep the knowledge of what lies beyond the veil a secret. Not even the Holy Inquisition know for sure how far Slaanesh's influence has already spread throughout their empire, for wherever the lust for power and temporal pleasures exists, the talons of Slaanesh dig deep.

Despite their best efforts, it is almost certain that the Imperium is rotten, perhaps even to the core – just as the Aeldari empire was before it. It is with fearful and weary eyes that the survivors of that ancient race, who after long millennia still have to run and hide from the predations of Slaanesh, look upon Mankind and wonder: how long will it be before they succumb to a similar fate?



# THE LEGIONS OF EXCESS

**Slaanesh's Legions of Excess strike with a sinuous grace, hitting the foe in a whirling blur of lithe and bladed limbs. As they do so they are at once horrific and alluring, mesmerising and loathsome. Slaanesh's Daemon legions vary in composition and purpose, but all desire to spread their lord's corruption.**

Slaanesh uses temptation and the promise of pleasures to seduce mortals and Daemons alike, and thus are many brought into submission by the Dark Prince. These insidious tactics take time, however, and often a less subtle approach is required to fulfil Slaanesh's whims. When the souls of mortals need to be forcibly cut from their bodies rather than given willingly, or a territory within the immaterium must be fought over, Slaanesh calls upon his daemonic armies – the Legions of Excess. Although Slaanesh's forces cannot match the raw power of Khorne's cohorts, the resiliency of Nurgle's Tallybands, or the eldritch might of Tzeentch's hosts, they are possessed of a speed and lethality that is unequalled in the immaterium and realspace both.

A god of whims and bizarre fancies, the Dark Prince encourages such personal fulfilment in his generals, the Keepers of Secrets – the dark heart of a Legion of Excess. There are also noted instances of Legions of Excess being led by Daemon Princes, for Slaanesh lauds the greatest of his once-mortal champions perhaps more so than any of his brothers. While some of the Dark Prince's generals are obsessive in commanding a single type of legion, the majority will change formations as mood or need suits them.

Each type of Legion of Excess varies greatly in both composition and the tactics they employ. The Flayer Legions are given over to wanton destruction, and their many Daemonettes take great pleasure in the act. The Hunter Legions are masters of the quick kill, and are built primarily around fast-moving cavalry and chariots; they are ideal for tracking down specific quarry, for Slaanesh always collects his due. The flamboyant Glamiatrix Legions are the most sorcerous, relying heavily upon psychic powers and mesmerism. The Terror Legions are a shock force, specialising in elaborate, gory displays of combat; they are infamous for unleashing a barrage upon the senses that can overwhelm weak-willed enemies. The Legions of Eternal Punishments have no speciality, but rather call upon all the damnations of Slaanesh, intermixing facets of magics and temptation alongside their finely honed battle-craft.

Perhaps strangest of all the Legions of Excess, however, are the Courante Legions. To them, battle is but a dance; their garish Daemons whirl about one another as they slay the foe in bizarrely choreographed manoeuvres. While they lack the speed and pursuit of the other types of Legion of Excess, the elegance and creativity with which each kill is carried out often capture the favour of their divine master in a way that more practical assaults could never hope to emulate.

Beneath the Keepers of Secrets in hierarchy are the Heralds or Daemon Princes that each lead one of the legion's cavalcades. Of these formations there are six in total, for that is the number most often associated with Slaanesh. The main body of troops in most cavalcades are the Lesser Daemons known as Daemonettes, the handmaidens of the Lord of Pleasure. The cavalcades of those legions with a predilection for speed or hitting power, such as Hunter or Terror Legions, will often include a large number of Seeker cavalry, Seeker Chariots and Hellflayers in support of Daemonette packs. Any of the legion types can include the beasts known as Fiends, but they appear in greatest numbers in Glamiatrix and Terror Legions, and are infrequent in Courante Legions.

## THE SLITHERTINE LEGION

Led by the Keeper of Secrets known as Kruult, the Pale Death, the Slithertine Legion is foremost amongst the Flayer Legions that took part in the final assault on the Cadian System. It was one of the six Legions of Excess that made up the Decadent Horde, a vast army of the Dark Prince led by the exalted Greater Daemon Sidroh the Sinuous. Opposite can be seen the Slithertine Legion's composition as it entered realspace.



## THE PROMENADE OF PAIN

Led by Dryzla Lashlok (Herald of Slaanesh)
Cavalcade composed of two Daemonette packs, two Seeker packs and two Hellflayers
*This cavalcade is held in reserve, patiently awaiting the right moment to perform their devastating charge. On Macharia, it was they that broke through the defences of the governor's stronghold.*

## EVISCERATORS

Led by Scylza the Eviscerator (Herald of Slaanesh)
Cavalcade composed of five Daemonette packs and one Seeker pack
*In every battle the Eviscerators attempt to out-slay their rivals, the cavalcade led by Mistress Azaela. Thus far they have not yet managed to dethrone Kruult's favoured sistren, but they will halt at nothing to gain the Keeper of Secrets' praise.*

## MAIDENS OF TORMENT

Led by Mistress Azaela (Herald of Slaanesh)
Cavalcade composed of six Daemonette packs
*When Kruult takes to the battlefield, he is accompanied by the Maidens of Torment. During the invasion of Cadia, they grew bored with slaughtering the Imperial defenders and sought out a Tallyband of Slogoth Poxbelly's Plague Legions. The Daemonettes that followed Mistress Azaela took special delight in fighting against the minions of Nurgle, adorning themselves with the still-warm trailing guts of Plaguebearers while cavorting across the corrupted and corpse-strewn battleground.*

## IMPALITORS

Led by the Drizha the Impaler (Herald of Slaanesh)
Cavalcade composed of three Daemonette packs, two Fiend packs and an Exalted Seeker Chariot
*They never stop slicing, even after their playthings die.*

## DREADSPEED

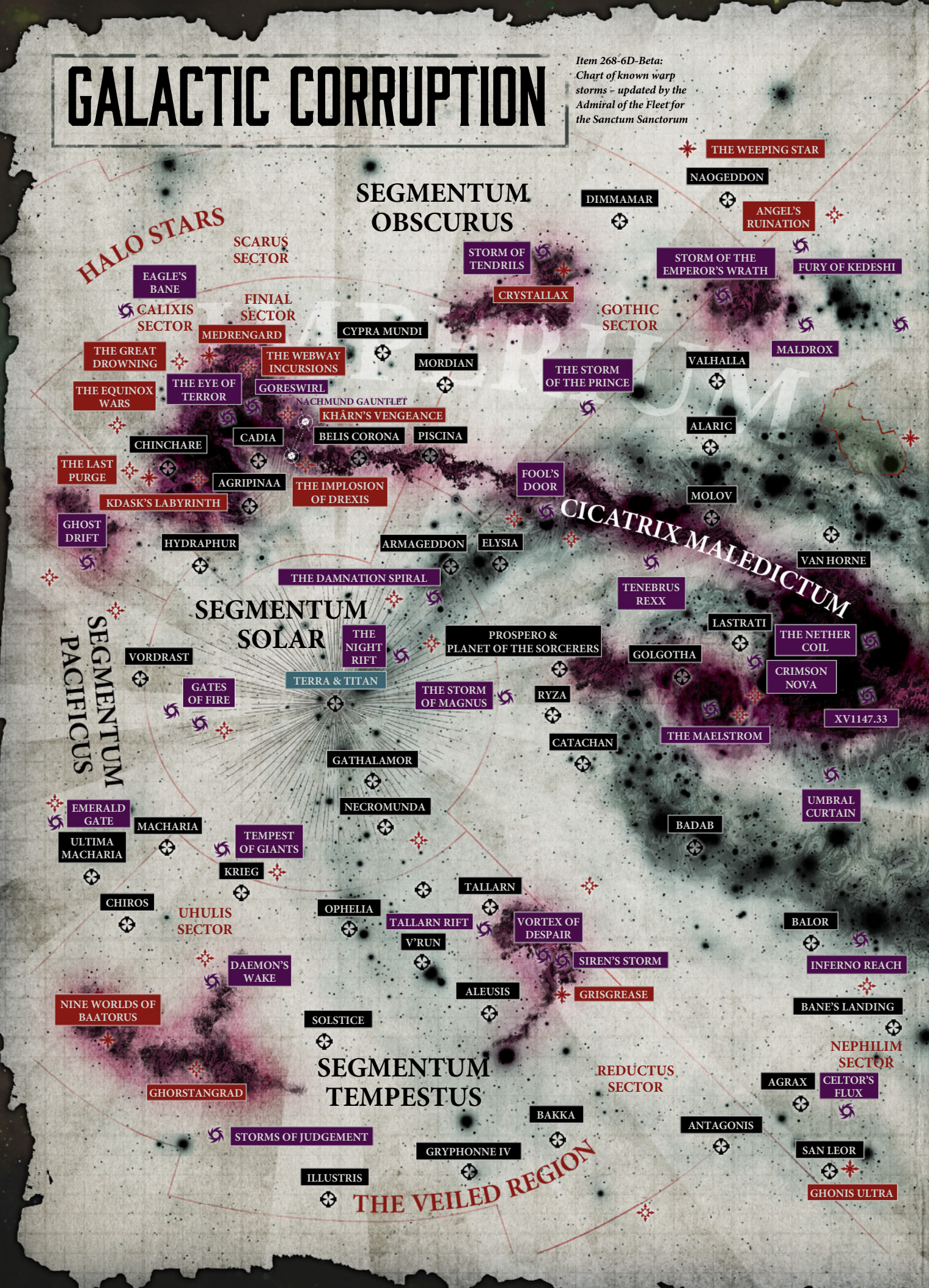
Led by Lushcrix Lashtongue (Daemon Prince)
Cavalcade composed of three Daemonette packs, two Seeker packs and a Seeker Chariot
*It was the Dreadspeed cavalcade that carved a path of red ruin through the largest population centre of Hive Newfyndar upon Macharia. Nothing that moves or breathes is spared in their merciless reaping.*

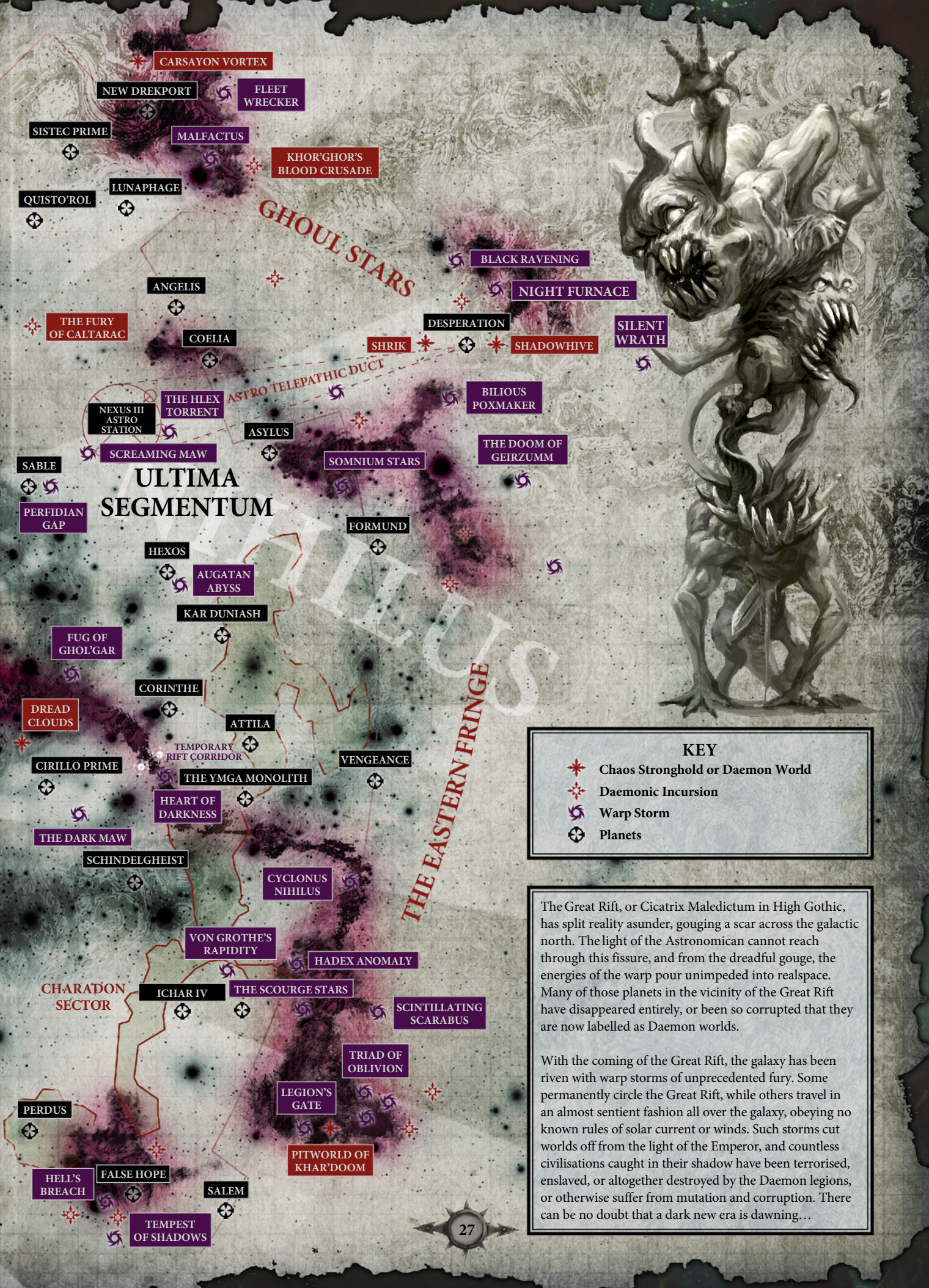
## HELLSHRIEKERS

Led by Ssskri Ssskra of the Glistening Claw (Herald of Slaanesh)
Cavalcade composed of three Daemonette packs, a Seeker pack, a Fiend pack and a Hellflayer
*Before beginning their orgy of violence, the Hellshriekers emit such banshee-like screeches of exultation that only the bravest of foes dare stand their ground against them. Such courage offers little protection in the slaughter to come.*

# GALACTIC CORRUPTION

*Item 268-6D-Beta: Chart of known warp storms – updated by the Admiral of the Fleet for the Sanctum Sanctorum*






## KEY

- Chaos Stronghold or Daemon World
- Daemonic Incursion
- Warp Storm
- Planets

The Great Rift, or Cicatrix Maledictum in High Gothic, has split reality asunder, gouging a scar across the galactic north. The light of the Astronomican cannot reach through this fissure, and from the dreadful gouge, the energies of the warp pour unimpeded into realspace. Many of those planets in the vicinity of the Great Rift have disappeared entirely, or been so corrupted that they are now labelled as Daemon worlds.

With the coming of the Great Rift, the galaxy has been riven with warp storms of unprecedented fury. Some permanently circle the Great Rift, while others travel in an almost sentient fashion all over the galaxy, obeying no known rules of solar current or winds. Such storms cut worlds off from the light of the Emperor, and countless civilisations caught in their shadow have been terrorised, enslaved, or altogether destroyed by the Daemon legions, or otherwise suffer from mutation and corruption. There can be no doubt that a dark new era is dawning…

# CHAOS RISING

**Over the aeons, the galaxy has witnessed warp-based catastrophes and daemonic incursions beyond counting. Since the inception of the Imperial Inquisition, even the fact that such a thing is possible is deemed too dangerous for the citizens of the Imperium to know, for knowledge breeds heresy as surely as a flyblown corpse breeds maggots. Because of this, the vast majority of knowledge concerning daemonic incursion has been eradicated from extant records. The events that follow are recorded only in proscribed Imperial texts and heretical xenos scripts that the Inquisition has yet to destroy. They represent a mere fraction of the ever-increasing instances of warp anomalies that have infested the Imperium.**

## M15-25 THE GREAT LULL

The creation of warp drive and Standard Template Construct (STC) technology, along with the emergence of the first Navigators, heralds the start of a golden age of discovery in which Humanity spreads outward from Terra and colonises the stars. Warp space, although little understood, is seen as entirely essential to Mankind's ascendancy, and is a force associated with hope and salvation. Throughout this period Mankind sees an exponential increase in the number of psykers among its population. Aided by artificial intelligence, continued advancements regularly expand the boundaries of what is achievable, and so this period comes to be known as the Age of Technology.

## M25-30 THE AWAKENING

Mankind's galactic collapse comes with terrifying swiftness, and the Age of Strife begins. Warp storms break, cutting off swathes of the galaxy and isolating colonies from one another. As holes emerge in realspace, Khorne's Bloodthirster generals lead the Blood Legions in daemonic incursions that slaughter the populations of countless worlds. The inhabitants of entire star systems are enslaved, yoked to the whims of the Dark Gods. Across the galaxy, weaponised wonders of Mankind's technological peak are unleashed, turning many worlds into irradiated desert planets. The populations of those planets that are not utterly annihilated, including Terra itself, are reduced to barbarism.

### *Rise of the Emperor*

The mysterious figure known as the Emperor rises upon Terra, and unites the techno-barbarian tribes. As the Unification Wars come to a close, he turns his mind to grander ambitions, and genetically engineers the Primarchs of the Space Marine Legions. As the Emperor's creations near fruition, Tzeentch senses a chain of events that would one day cause the downfall of the Chaos Gods. Influenced by the master schemer, the dark powers seize the nascent Primarchs from the Emperor's sanctum, casting them across the galaxy.

### *Birth of Slaanesh*

The advanced civilisation of the Aeldari falls into decadence and depravity. Such is the scale of their hedonism that a new god is born from the depths of their excess – Slaanesh, the Dark Prince. Upon manifestation, Slaanesh's primal scream obliterates the majority of the Aeldari race in a single moment, and their race is pushed to the brink of extinction. The psychic violence of his apotheosis consumes the worlds at the heart of the Aeldari empire. A vast section of realspace is plunged into the warp, forming the rift that is most commonly known as the Eye of Terror.



### *The Storms Abate*

Upon the birth of Slaanesh, the vast warp storms that swept across the galaxy are becalmed, reduced in frequency, size, and ferocity.

## M30-31 DAWN OF THE IMPERIUM

A new order begins to unfold, a force that wishes to forge a galactic empire able to rule the stars. Such goals run counter to the desires of the Chaos Gods, for the power each of them seeks is absolute.

### *The Piercing Light*

The formless murk of warp space is penetrated by an energy beacon that stabs outwards from Terra and across the galaxy. Invisible in realspace, the Astronomicon serves as a psychic landmark – a constant navigation point that enables safer warp travel. For the Dark Gods it is hateful to gaze upon, its constant beam bringing unwelcome order to the infernal seas of Chaos.

### *The Great Game Begins Anew*

Glutted upon the souls of the Aeldari, the Dark Prince expands his domain. Such a bold move is met with great opposition, and the Chaos Gods turn their attention fully to the Great Game. So it is that as the warp storms die down, the Emperor of Mankind is able to lead the united forces of Terra and Mars outwards into the galaxy on the Great Crusade. Many scattered worlds are reclaimed by the Emperor and his Legions of Space Marines, and enslaved planets freed from the shackles of domination. The Imperium is officially born, and the Emperor is reunited with his lost Primarchs one by one. Meanwhile, Tzeentch allies with Nurgle and Slaanesh to gain ascendency over Khorne, yet it is short lived; the Blood God's immense rage at being usurped leads him to reclaim his lost territory, and more besides.

### *The Horus Heresy*

The Emperor returns to Terra, leaving the continuation of the Great Crusade to his Primarchs. Each leading a mighty Legion of warriors created in their own image, they continue to bring glory and new worlds to the Imperium in his absence. Amidst the triumphs, the Chaos Gods plant seeds of corruption throughout the Space Marine Legions. Horus Lupercal of the Luna Wolves, Warmaster of the Grand Crusade, is the greatest of the Primarchs to fall to the tempations of Chaos. A masterful strategist, Horus sways many of his brother Primarchs to join his nascent rebellion against his father's Imperium. A full half of the Legiones Astartes follow Horus into damnation, and the Daemon legions are deployed to aid them. The galaxy is plunged into a civil war that will blacken the Imperium forever.

### *The Scouring of Omegath*

Tzeentch grants the Lord of Change Ix'thar'ganix, known as the Slayer of Destinies, a glimpse of a child born upon the world of Omegath who would mature to become a powerful oracle. Ix'thar'ganix craves the power of this child, and uses his magic to open a warp rift upon Omegath.

For twenty days, the daemonic legions he has gathered sweep across the planet seeking the oracle-to-be. After spreading madness and destruction through Omegath's population, Ix'thar'ganix finds the prize he sought and steals the boy's warp-born abilities of foresight.

### *The Ravening Storm*

The mining colonies of Ichtar IX are cut off from the Imperium for nine centuries. When the warp storm recedes, nothing remains of the billions of miners who had lived there, and naught attests to the unimaginable agonies the populace endured at the hands of the Chaos legions.

### *The Cursus of Alganar*

Upon the desert world of Tallarn, a dark stone is unearthed covered in strange carvings. Shortly after, the Aeldari of Craftworld Biel-Tan attack the desert raiders of the planet in force. As the battle rages, a full-scale Daemon invasion erupts from the location of the stone, known as the Cursus to its discoverers. The Imperial Guard of Tallarn and the Aeldari of Biel-Tan combine forces against the Daemon legions, banishing them from the planet in a last-ditch assault. The Cursus is subsequently buried deep beneath a rockcrete barrier.

### *Greed Inherent*

The Rogue Trader Apollyon Maestrich-Nova founds a mining operation that produces fantastic wealth. Glaciers of glowing fire-diamonds are carved from the rocks and precious elements are sold to the nearby Reubic System. Apollyon becomes insanely wealthy, but is corrupted and turns to Slaanesh's embrace. Only when his tainted coin has circulated throughout every planet of the Reubic System does his grand design become clear. As Apollyon's moon eclipses Reubia's sun, all those who have shared in his greed are suddenly filled with an insatiable, cannibalistic hunger, leaving those who succumb to it open to daemonic possession. An astropathic cry for aid reaches the Imperium, and Grey Knights arrive in strength to save Reubia itself from armies of once-human invaders. The rest of the system falls to anarchy, however, as Slaanesh claims his due.

### *Lure of the Warp Stars*

After a titanic warp storm roils out of the Eye of Terror, the first warp stars are sighted – stellar anomalies whose unnaturally exact gravitational pull lures spacecraft and even small planets into their Daemon-haunted embrace.

## M34-36 THE QUICKENING

Once more the Imperium is beset by civil war in the Age of Apostasy. It is a time of false prophets and intrigue, of anarchy and war, and in the end, plague. As the stages of the Age of Apostasy unfold, Tzeentch, then Nurgle, become the dominant powers within the Realm of Chaos.

### *The Cultist Uprising*

As the Ecclesiarchy consolidates its hold on the Imperium, it is beset by a number of zealot cults nurtured amongst its own ranks. Through whispers, lies, and, at times, absolute and unbearable truths, over a hundred thousand rebellions take root in the Ecclesiarchy.

### *Deluge of Sickness*

The droughts of Gaero Alphus worsen and eventually, all animal life is sacrificed to feed the tribes' gnawing hunger. The heat drives the tribesmen to pray for divine aid. They turn to the rain dances of old, even sacrificing their own people in the hope of ending the drought. Grandfather Nurgle and his minions hear, take pity, and grant their wish. Glorious rain comes, but as each day passes, the clouds thicken and grow more menacing. Deserts turn to lakes, arid croplands to rotting soup. Disease grows rampant. On the eighth day, the Tallyman of Nurgle, Epidemius, pushes his way out of the sludge to catalogue the disaster. As constant rain lashes down, the Pathogenus Legions arrive to overcome all. A week later, Gaero Alphus disappears altogether from all Imperial records. Eight entire systems follow, with Rotigus Rainfather leading the Epidemic Legions to spread Nurgle's generosity to surrounding worlds.

### *The Soul-Hunger*

Roiling currents in the warp continue to leak into realspace, building in power to partially obscure the Emperor's Light. The keepers of the Golden Throne demand that the number of Imperial psykers sacrificed to sustain the Astronomican is increased fourfold, and the Black Ships that collect the wretched offerings ramp up in number accordingly. With the increase in sacrifices, the Emperor's Light once more shines forth across the length and breadth of the Imperium, but the cost in lives is high.

### *Ruin of Phalan 10*

The industrial world of Phalan 10 is subjected to a crippling month-long orbital bombardment under the orders of the Daemon-possessed Admiral Koth. In the wake of the bombardment, the Scintillating Legions of Tzeentch scour the planet.

## M38-40 A RED AGE DAWNING

The incessant warring of this period sees the rise of Khorne in the immaterium, and the Blood God is once more first amongst the Great Game's players. The chief victim of Khorne's rise is Nurgle, who falls below all his brothers in power.

### *Wrath of the Chaos Sun*

In the Maxil Beta System, a red giant star explodes in a warp-tainted supernova. All those touched by its dark Chaos energies are mutated, possessed or destroyed outright. The Imperium mobilises every military asset within fifty light-years of the event, sending them straight to war. The resultant disaster is eventually contained at the cost of uncounted billions of lives.

### *The Changeling and the Maiden*

Harlequins visit the Aeldari of Craftworld Il'sariadh, pledging to assist the craftworlders in their war against the Daemon-worshipping humans of the Viliad Collective. Disaster strikes during the Harlequins' traditional pre-battle performance. The Solitaire – who alone can play the role of Slaanesh – begins to depart from the usual patterns. To the horror of the Aeldari present, the Solitaire catches the warrior playing the Great Harlequin just as he is supposed to escape from Slaanesh's clutches and breaks his neck. Cackling, the Solitaire reveals himself to be the Changeling, yet before the Aeldari can react, the Masque of Slaanesh is summoned, and the glamour-bedazzled Aeldari are easy prey. The Daemon Heralds vent their spite upon Harlequin and craftworlder alike, opening a portal into a haunted spar of the webway and allowing the Lesser Daemons of the cavalcades to pour through. Though the arrival of an Aspect Warrior warhost saves the craftworld, Il'sariadh effectively has its heart torn out by the losses it suffers.

### *The Living Plagues of Thruscas Sine*

The heretically progressive world of Thruscas Sine eradicates all natural illness from its populace. Nurgle is offended, and infests the world from pole to pole. The Plague Legions run amok, and there are no survivors save a new pestilence that will continue to grow in virulence.

### *Guillotine of Khorne*

The thousand-year war of Midian finally ends upon the agri world of Pax Veritas. That night, under a red moon, every celebrating soldier is suddenly decapitated by an invisible blade.

## M40-41 TIME OF ENDING

An age marked by war, warp storms and unprecedented rifts between the immaterium and realspace begins.

### *Corewar of Cocholos*

The Necrons of Cocholos awaken to find their planet's inner fires dead. They eventually find the truth in a colossal hollow sphere at the planet's core, where the Daemon Prince Beublghor now makes his lair. The titanic entity, having grown mighty after slaughtering the humans of Cocholos, takes exception to the metal ants stalking through his burrow. He summons his daemonic followers and plunges headlong into the Necrons. Battle rages in the darkness until the Necrons are obliterated, and their metal skulls heaped deep within the planet's cold womb.

### *The Horrors of Lissandro*

Warp Storm Iagon visits its fury upon the planet of Lissandro. Reports of psychic activity multiply tenfold overnight. The ruling body of the planet, the Quorum Immaculate, orders the planet's libraries scoured for any information on warp storms. They find records of an ancient hexagrammic symbol that wards off daemonic intervention – a symbol that is systematically implanted as a sub-dermal electoo on all registered citizens. It does not halt a wave of daemonic possessions; every citizen with an electoo falls writhing to the ground, a Pink Horror clambering from their convulsing husk. By sunset, Lissandro is overrun. By the time the Grey Knights arrive, every city on the planet has been irrevocably changed. The Grey Knights take the battle to those Daemons still cavorting in the ruins, but find not a single soul alive. When the purgation teams breach the libraries, they encounter the architects of the catastrophe – the legendary Blue Scribes – who vanish into the aether. In their wake, it becomes clear that the symbol left in the grimoires was not one of banishment, but of invitation.

### *The Perillian Catastrophes*

The Perillian gas belt, described in Gungsten the Heretic's *Approximations* as 'the blasted remains of some vast star predator', swirls across several systems, infesting each with daemonic incursions. As the pattern of destruction continues, a radical sect of the Inquisition resorts to sorcery to disperse the malignant gas belt.

### *A Game of Blood*

The Flesh Tearers Chapter respond to an unfolding conflict in the Adeonis Sector and battle against several of Tzeentch's Conflagration Legions, ultimately sealing the warp rift through which the Daemons arrived. But victory is not as simple as it first seems, for the scheming Changeling lies at the heart of this strife. Ever manipulating the cosmic strands of fate, the Changeling has plans afoot to not only strike a blow against Khorne, but also to tempt the Flesh Tearers towards damnation…



### *The Bloodtide Returns*

The Blood Legions of Khorne rampage across the galaxy. Although one such legion is repelled at great cost by the Daemon-slaying Knights of Titan on the world of Van Horne, dozens more spread slaughter across the stars.

### *Gheistos Cataclysm*

On the agri world of Gheistos, a young meat-worker's migraines lead to an escalating daemonic incursion that culminates with the planet's sky being cut open by Khorne's own blade. Despite the efforts of the Silver Skulls and Grey Knights Chapters, Exterminatus is enacted.

### *Fall of the Seers of Lugganath*

The craftworld of Lugganath falls prey to the Brittle Coma. Its Seer Council project their spirits into the Garden of Nurgle, hoping to find the cure, but instead they meet a tragic and unsettling end.

### *Scarlet Hunt*

The decadent Drukhari noble, Zorothriel of the Flaying Blade, outdoes his rivals by staging a daring hunt upon the Daemon world of Khornax. Amongst the captured beasts is a three-headed Flesh Hound that Zorothriel senses would make for a kingly gift in Commorragh's gladiatorial arenas, but the creature breaks its shackles, frees its packmates and prowls the warship's corridors, killing all on board and feasting upon the corpses of its captors.

### *The Warpsmith's Will*

Vhostok Pistonhand of the Iron Warriors Traitor Legion stages a coup over Diesos, a soul forge occupied by the Daemon-binding Dark Mechanicum. After a single night of bloodshed, the entire world is given over to the production of Daemon Engines for the Warpsmith's army. Each new horror is slaved to Pistonhand's will by the forbidden rite known as the Concatechism. The Warpsmith's Chaos Sorcerers summon Daemon after Daemon to the soul forges, binding them into the flames with iron-worded spells. The planet blackens with the poison smog of industry. Eventually, the Chaos Gods' gaze falls upon the wholesale abduction of their servants, and they are most displeased. Four daemonic legions materialise upon Diesos, one sent by each of the Ruinous Powers. United in their outrage, they prove unstoppable. Though Pistonhand's armies boast thousands of mechanical terrors, the invaders seem without number. Diesos is conquered within a month. As the Daemon legions break apart and start to fight over the spoils of victory, the war for Diesos starts anew.

### *The Laughing Death*

A hundred thousand Daemonettes invade the rust planet of Ferrite Mons when the planet's over-privileged ruler jokingly invites the handmaidens of Slaanesh to his feast. Even the elite regiments of the Vostroyan Firstborn cannot slay the Daemons, whose laughter blends with the screams of the Ferrite aristocracy.

### *The Fracture of Biel-Tan*

The daemonic Herald of Slaanesh known as the Masque masterminds an invasion of the maiden world of Ursulia, where she had discovered a secret route of ingress to the craftworld of Biel-Tan. Having beguiled the exiled Daemon Skarbrand and his followers to aid her, the Masque uses the Bloodthirster's rage-fuelled strength to shatter the runic locks of a webway portal to the Aeldari world-ship. Once aboard, the Masque leads her sistren to corrupt Biel-Tan's wraithbone core, fracturing the craftworld and releasing a veritable feast of Aeldari souls for Slaanesh to consume.

### *The Thirteenth Black Crusade*

Abaddon the Despoiler leads a Black Crusade of unprecedented size against the fortress world of Cadia, intending to overrun its defences and plunge on towards Terra. With him come the Daemon legions of the warp, reality buckling before their advance. The Imperium shudders as a tidal wave of Chaos pours into realspace, and the galaxy stands on the brink of ultimate destruction. Cadia falls, although many Imperial forces escape its destruction as infighting hampers Chaos pursuit.

### *Return of a Primarch*

The blind spot in Tzeentch's precognitive sight clears, but too late for the Chaos Powers to halt the revival of the loyalist Primarch Roboute Guilliman.

### *The Great Rift*

Reality itself cracks under the pressure of millennia of Chaos machinations come to fruition. With the release of a tidal wave of apocalyptic energies, a seam tears between realspace and the warp. The Noctis Aeterna – the Great Blackness – blankets the galaxy, snuffing out the light of the Astronomican and throwing the mortal races into disarray. For a time, the Ruinous Powers glut themselves on the raw emotion that runs rampant. When the darkness eventually passes, the galaxy remains afflicted by warp storms of a severity not seen since the Age of Strife. The Imperium reels as thousands of populated planets are destroyed or corrupted, and many more cut off and isolated. They name the pulsing tear in the galaxy the Cicatrix Maledictum, or more commonly, the Great Rift.

### *The Scourge Stars*

Nurgle sends forth from his garden dozens of Plague Legions to overrun the three sprawling star systems to the galactic north of Ultramar. Once conquered, these worlds become a stronghold for the Plague God's mortal and immortal followers.

### *The Blood Crusade*

Revelling in the knowledge of the slaughter to come, Khorne roars, its power creating further cracks in reality. Riding upon the crests of these warp storms come the Blood Legions, forming eight different spearheads that sweep across the galaxy. Their only aim is to maim, ravage and slaughter in the name of the Lord of Battle, and the legions go wherever the erratic storms take them. Sometimes the armies materialise for mere moments, appearing to those mortals that behold them as nightmarish visions of death. More often they manifest long enough to decimate the entire worlds. Mortal followers of Khorne, from cults to Chaos Space Marine renegades, follow the trail of blood they leave.

### *The Plotter Plots*

Tzeentch looks upon the Scourge Stars with jealousy, and desires new territory of his own. Far in the galactic north, behind the darkest shroud of warp storms, Tzeentch sends forth his Scintillating Legions to create a new realm of madness in the Stygius Sector. Many wars follow as prismatic Daemon worlds take shape.

### *The Plague Wars*

Issuing forth from the Scourge Stars, Nurgle's Plague Legions begin a lengthy campaign to corrupt Ultramar. Although they achieve many triumphs, final victory is thwarted by Roboute Guilliman's masterful counter-attacks. The ensuing stalemate is only broken when Nurgle recalls much of his strength, ordering his most powerful Greater Daemons and their legions to help defend the Scourge Stars.

### *The Crowns of Excess*

The explosion of entropic energies released into the galaxy signals the start of a hedonistic rampage for Slaanesh's Daemons. Aimlessly following the strongest of the warp storms, the Legions of Excess cavort wildly across a multitude of star systems, drinking in the emotions of the terrified populaces before feeding upon their souls. The humans of hive world Gholdroth are enticed into a gluttonous, cannibalistic feast that only ends with their own self consumption. The Legions of Excess throw themselves into such performances with abandon, and the pleasure-seeking Daemons scatter across the galaxy in search of increasingly shocking methods with which to catch their master's wandering gaze. Slaanesh's mortal followers flock to such epicentres of decadence to enact their foul rituals, and amused by their antics, the Dark Prince offers Crowns of Excess to those worshippers that commit the greatest acts of sheer sensory delight.



### *War in the Rift*

Tzeentch tricks Khorne into averting his gaze from his Blood Crusade to look instead upon the Scourge Stars. There, the Blood God espies Nurgle's diseased bloomfields blossoming within realspace. Bellowing with rage, Khorne redirects his legions to attack his brother's growing domain. Dozens of Tzeentch's legions follow in their red wake. So begins the War in the Rift – the largest conflict of the Great Game to ever spill over into reality. In response to the invasions, Nurgle launches seven counter-attacks, the largest of which strikes into the Stygius Sector, for the Plague God rightly suspects Tzeentch is behind the assaults upon his realspace stronghold. Even as Kairos Fateweaver leads an assault upon Nurgle's garden, Rotigus heads the invasion of the Stygius Sector. Slaanesh allies with all three of his brothers at different times, his fickle nature drawing the ire of all, but Khorne especially.

The titanic engagements between the Chaos Gods' legions take place across a hundred fronts, but one single battle stands above all others, for none can match the sheer scale of slaughter that occurs upon the planet of Vigrid. Armies clash and powers of such magnitude are released that the planet, now reshaped into a Daemon world, is shattered, the debris shifting into the warp where the surviving combatants continue their battle as they float upon the formless seas of the immaterium. It is a maelstrom of conflict unending, with each side sending in a constant stream of new legions. Seeking an end to the battle, Tzeentch suggests a contest of champions to settle the matter. Each of the Chaos Gods, sure of their own victory, agrees.

### *Clash of Champions*

For a brief moment, the galaxy is freed of the baleful gaze of the Chaos Gods, for their attention is drawn elsewhere. Each of the brothers selects their mightiest champions alongside a few favoured legions. A portion of each of the gods' realms is reformed into the Amalgrimm – a swirling hell-field upon which the gladiatorial battles will take place. Slaanesh's champions use their speed to quickly establish dominance, but stagger before the resilience of Nurgle's chosen. Tzeentch's champions unleash sorcerous bolts of such magnitude that time itself collapses around them, but none can match the martial prowess and endless fury of Khorne's warriors. The advantage continues to change hands, until Tzeentch's foremost champion, Kairos Fateweaver, emerges victorious through trickery. So loud is Khorne's bellow of fury, however, that all of Kairos' illusions are broken and the battlefield itself blasted apart in fire, and even realspace shakes at its foundations.

With that, the Great Game resumes in a million different forms across a million different fronts. The galaxy's respite passes, and the Daemon legions of the Chaos Gods once again turn realspace into a constant battlefield at the behest of their dark masters.



When the four Chaos Gods put aside their endless feud, even for the briefest of periods, the worlds of the galaxy topple in quick succession. So are those mortal civilisations, so painstakingly built and defended, utterly and irrevocably destroyed, their strongholds reduced to ruin and even the greatest of their people corrupted or slain.



# BLOODTHIRSTERS

## FISTS OF KHORNE, DRINKERS OF BLOOD, LORDS OF SKULLS

**The dreaded Bloodthirsters are the most revered and exalted of Khorne's daemonic warriors, fiery incarnations of rage and slaughter. Created out of the Lord of Battle's infinite anger, these Greater Daemons exist purely for war, their bloodlust extending far beyond mortal reckoning as they lead the armies of their wrathful god to tear down the bastions of realspace.**

Bloodthirsters are the commanders of Khorne's legions, leading them into battle and unleashing the blood-hungry hordes of their master without mercy or compassion. While there are eight distinct tiers of Bloodthirster, it would be a fatal error to believe that even the lowest standing amongst them are in some way lesser threats. Nothing, on any of the many battlefields of the war-ridden 41st Millennium, can match the fury and fighting prowess of any of these Greater Daemons. Each is a force of unstoppable destruction on the battlefield, butchering everything that stands before him. Attempts to parley with such a creature are foolish and futile, for death in the name of Khorne is all a Bloodthirster can offer, and all he desires.

### BLOODTHIRSTERS OF UNFETTERED FURY

The most numerous of the Lord of Skull's Greater Daemons are the Bloodthirsters of Unfettered Fury. In one fist, these colossal, sulphur-wreathed fiends carry a massive Axe of Khorne, which can carve a battle-tank in two with a single swing. In its other hand, the Bloodthirster wields a vicious lash of Khorne. Immense whips studded with brass spikes, these weapons slice through the air with a thunderous crack, breaking necks, entangling limbs, or driving on the Bloodletters and Flesh Hounds around them.

### BLOODTHIRSTERS OF INSENSATE RAGE

Bloodthirsters of Insensate Rage are the most mindlessly savage of their kind. The fires of Khorne's forge fill their chests, stoking their fury to a state of apoplexy that renders them utterly incoherent with anger. So great is their ire-fuelled strength that these Daemons are able to heft immense brass axes as tall as a fortress gate, and the cohorts of Khorne are driven into a frenzy in the wake of their furnace-hot fury. The arrival of such an entity on the battlefield heralds the coming of the end.

### WRATH OF KHORNE BLOODTHIRSTERS

Soaring through the skies on vast, leathery wings, Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirsters scour the battlefield for their prey. These arrogant huntsmen are charged by Khorne with a sacred duty – humbling the mightiest heroes of the foe and butchering them in the name of the Lord of Battle. Breathing jets of hellfire, wielding a bloodflail and monstrous axe of Khorne, there is no greater champion of war.

### THE BLOOD CRUSADE

The most destructive of all Daemon incursions in the aftermath of the Great Rift was undoubtedly the Blood Crusade of Khorne. At the fore of the first invasion wave were Skarbrand and Kharkexx, an Exalted Bloodthirster whose vanguard included eight Bloodthirsters of each rank beneath him. Entire populations were put to the sword, sacrificed to the eternal glory of the Lord of Battle.

# SKARBRAND

## THE EXILED ONE

No Daemon ever served Khorne more faithfully, nor shed blood more enthusiastically, than Skarbrand. This Bloodthirster was a king amongst kings in the eyes of Khorne, and led the greatest of Khorne's commanders to battle, slaughtering untold millions in the cause of carnage. Skarbrand left star systems desolated in his wake and ravaged the realms of the other gods with equal rage. It was this utter dedication that proved to be Skarbrand's undoing.

Tzeentch noted the prowess of Khorne's favoured butcher and, with his devious whispers, fanned the embers of his martial pride. So great did Skarbrand's rage grow that when Khorne's attention was elsewhere, Skarbrand took up his axes and struck a mighty blow against the Blood God himself. Though powerful enough to have felled any Daemon, Skarbrand's strike succeeded only in opening a small chink in the Blood God's armour. Filled with a terrible fury that made Skarbrand's own rage seem meek, Khorne snatched up the wayward Bloodthirster in his clawed grip. The Lord of Battle choked his defiant servant until all vestige of personality and thought had been driven out, leaving only the flaming ire that had powered that fateful axe stroke. Khorne then dragged Skarbrand to the pinnacle of the Brass Citadel, and as an example to all who dared challenge the Blood God's might, Khorne hurled Skarbrand across the Realm of Chaos.

For eight days and nights Skarbrand blazed a trail of fiery destruction across the warp, leaving a scorched waste in his wake. As a rage-filled meteor, he plunged down into the ground, carving a great canyon with his landing, his wings torn to shreds by the force of the impact. Exiled, the earthbound Skarbrand bellowed his wrath to the skies, and set about stalking the mortal and immortal lands, earning redemption by unleashing an eternity of slaughter.

Roused only by the anger that spurred his mindless betrayal, Skarbrand exudes anarchy and death, and where he treads, bloodshed and war follow. No loyalty or logic can defy Skarbrand's aura of destruction. No cowardice survives the overwhelming need to slay. Driven on by his geas of obliteration, Skarbrand and his two legendary Daemon axes have shed oceans of blood in the name of Khorne. It is all for nothing, for Khorne has no mercy in his black heart, and the Bloodthirster's exile is eternal.

Even in his banishment, Skarbrand continues to serve his lord and further the ends of Chaos. He played a crucial role in the shattering of Craftworld Biel-Tan, although unwittingly, and fought a titanic duel with Roboute Guilliman as the Primarch sought to reach Terra. Since the Great Rift, he moves erratically across the galaxy, his sheer fury manifesting terrible warp storms around him.



# HERALDS OF KHORNE

**Leading the cohorts of the Blood Legions are the Heralds of Khorne, leering visions of damnation brought to life. Whether marching at the head of the warriors they lead, or riding to war atop a Juggernaut, the Daemons of Khorne fight all the harder in their presence.**

The Heralds of Khorne are the strongest and most brutal of the Bloodletters, chosen from the ranks of their brethren by the Blood God himself. It is said that upon selection they are set against other aspiring Heralds in a vast arena of the Brass Citadel known as the Skullpit, forced to participate in a contest of champions to wean out the undeserving. The energies of those who fall are reclaimed by Khorne and given to those that remain. Thus the victor becomes swollen with power, and their hellblade, having leeched a measure of this new strength, becomes known henceforth as a blade of blood. Its wielder too is given a title, one that befits their achievements and preferred method of warfare. Whether a Bloodmaster, Skullmaster, Sacred Executioner, Rendmaster or any other type of Herald, each is a ferocious warrior, and leads the Daemon packs beneath them to enact the will of their ruling Bloodthirster.

## BLOODMASTERS

Those Heralds who have performed particularly noteworthy acts of violence are given the title of Bloodmaster. Rampaging masters of combat, each delights in decapitating their prey and plunging their wailing blade of blood deep into the beating hearts of their enemies. A Bloodmaster cannot simply give in to its desire for slaughter, however, for the Herald's primary role on the battlefield is as a director of the massacre. To this end, these champions imbue the Daemons of the cohort they lead with a portion of their own eternal malice, heightening the inherent bloodlust of the minions of Khorne to fever pitch.

## SKULLMASTERS

There are those amongst the Heralds of Khorne that favour the headlong charge of daemonic cavalry, that relish the sensation of skulls shattering beneath brazen hooves, and will thunder into the thick of battle to seek out the worthiest opponents. These champions are known as Skullmasters, and are forces of utter devastation on the battlefield, Mounted atop a Juggernaut – a steed of living brass and boiling blood – a Skullmaster is most often found in Khorne's armies leading a cohort of a Brazen Thunder Legion, and in battle is always at the forefront of a Bloodcrusher cavalry charge. What foes their daemonic mount does not gore or crush underfoot are quickly dispatched by the Skullmaster's blade of blood, which lashes out with spiteful ferocity.

*'BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!*
*SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!'*

*- War cry of Khorne's minions*



# SKULLTAKER

## THE CHAMPION OF KHORNE

It is said that when Khorne first created the Daemon that would become Skulltaker, the Bloodletter immediately chopped the head from the first creature he met – another Bloodletter. So began an existence of decapitation that has spread terror throughout the mortal and immortal universes.

After his bloody awakening, the Daemon named U'zhul wandered the realms of the warp and of reality in search of the mightiest foes against which to test his martial skill, and mortal or not, all warriors fell to his blade. When the Bloodletter took his eight hundred and eighty-eighth skull, the champion in the making was chosen by his god to enter the Skullpit, the proving ground of all Khorne's Bloodletter champions. There U'zhul was not only unmatched, but beheaded every one of his opponents without receiving so much as a scratch in return.

In recognition of U'zhul's achievement, Khorne not only anointed him as both a Herald and Sacred Executioner, but bestowed the singular title of Skulltaker. The Daemon's body swelled with warp energies, and as an extension of his form, his hellblade also grew in power. Thus was formed the Slayer Sword, a formidable weapon capable of cutting through reinforced plasteel and felling even the most monstrous of beasts with a single blow.



Since his ascension, the Champion of Khorne has carved a bloody path through the millennia. Skulltaker fought alongside the Daemon Primarch Angron on Armageddon, cutting down several Grey Knights Brother-Captains in his infinite wrath. On Agrippina-6, Skulltaker slew the Ork Grimsnag Urk in a titanic duel that lasted a day and a night, the combatants wading through the mutilated corpses of the Warlord's once unstoppable horde. A full score of Aeldari Exarchs fell to his blade during the fighting at Haranshemash, even their prodigious skill and experience falling short of the Herald's. Indeed, every race in the galaxy has its fearful legends concerning Skulltaker and his horrific exploits.

Skulltaker often goes to war at the head of the Cohort of Blood, an assemblage of the greatest Bloodletters selected from amongst the daemonic legions' ranks. The Herald's mere presence on the field of battle drives Khorne's Lesser Daemons to impossible heights of frenzy, as all Bloodletters regard him as the pinnacle of their kind and an exemplar of all that their bloodthirsty god demands. Whether battling against the armies of realspace, the legions of Khorne's rivals, or even against fellow warriors of the Blood God, Skulltaker will always seek out the greatest champions of the enemy. Upon sighting one worthy of his skills, he will strike down all who stand between him and his quarry, contemptuously hacking his way through the press of melee so that he may confront his chosen opponent and offer them the rite of single combat. Those that flee are cut down or beheaded without thought, not worthy of any greater ceremony. Those brave or foolhardy enough to accept the Champion of Khorne's bellowed challenge suffer an even worse fate.

A duellist beyond compare, Skulltaker weaves his blade in bloody crescents that dismember, but rarely slay. Only when his foe is limbless upon the ground does the Sacred Executioner offer a final release. He grasps their head in his hand and, uttering the eight Words of Sacrifice, wreathes his victim's head in magical flames until only bare skull remains. With a savage twist, he tears free the naked trophy, snapping it from the spine and holding it aloft for all to see. Skulltaker places his prize in the great sack he carries upon his back, alongside the other skull-trophies taken in that battle. He then butchers his way towards his next victim, and proceeds to enact the same ritual, over and over again, until no foe worthy of his undivided attentions remains.

When he eventually returns to the Brass Citadel, Skulltaker presents his trophies to his master. Most, Khorne takes for himself; they are impaled upon brass spikes that adorn his keep. A few – those belonging to warriors that offered their killer a real challenge before they fell – Khorne begrudgingly allows the greatest of his Sacred Executioners to keep. Skulltaker weaves these into his cloak using bloody sinew, to sit alongside his other great triumphs.



# BLOODLETTERS

## THE WARMONGERS OF KHORNE, KHORNE'S CHOSEN, TEETH OF DEATH

Acts of violent rage and deeds of bloody murder resound through the warp like a thunderous drumbeat, a booming echo that calls the Daemons of Khorne to war. Endless packs of Bloodletters rush to answer the summons, their stooped forms eager to join in the slaughter. Filled with an insatiable desire for blood, these Lesser Daemons of Khorne are amongst the most aggressive creatures in the warp. Their unholy howls of triumph when spilling blood chill the hearts of all who hear them. Simply put, Bloodletters are violence and murder given physical form and purpose by an enraged god of war unending.

Bloodletters are Khorne's most numerous warriors, the foot soldiers of his Blood Legions. Their every aspect is designed for their gory craft, and their horrific appearance is an assault upon mortal sensibilities. Their skin is the colour of hot blood, and their pitiless eyes resemble burning coals. Corded with muscle, each is possessed of an inhuman strength, able to rip a mortal apart with cold-blooded ease. In one hand they carry long, jagged hellblades that glow with the heinous energies of the warp, vicious weapons said to be as sharp as Khorne's hatred. As the swords cut through flesh and bone, they become coated with the blood of the slain, and the rudimentary sentience within them becomes invigorated by the rich taste of death.

Unlike the foot soldiers of Khorne's rival gods, Bloodletters march to war in regimented formations, accompanied by an overwhelming charnel stench and proudly displaying the blood-soaked banners of the Lord of Battle. Though they might materialise out of the warp and even manoeuvre in rank-like precision, once they draw close to their prey, it becomes apparent that they are barely restrained killers that bay for the blood of their foes. To the sound of brass war-horns they charge, quickly breaking formation as they enter a battle furore. There is a reason the Blood Legion most centred upon cohorts of Bloodletters is called the Red Tide; most caught in the Lesser Daemons' wave are instantly washed away in a sea of blood.

Few foes can withstand such an onslaught, for the sight of their own comrades cut in half and butchered by howling Bloodletters is enough to break even the stoutest soldiers. Those combatants not instantly slain or fled are greeted with a frenzied rage, the Bloodletters screaming with fury as they fall upon them with dark blades, teeth and claws. As they slash at their opponents, the Daemons spit obscene promises of death and suffering, their guttural voices inspiring dread in all who hear them. It is not uncommon for Bloodletters to fall upon each other in their competition to spill the most vital fluid or claim the skulls of the greatest warriors on the battlefields; in such a way, each strives to distinguish himself before the eyes of the their legion's Heralds or Bloodthirster, as well as before the almighty Khorne himself.



### HELLBLADES

Hellblades are carried by the core of Khorne's soldiery – his Bloodletters and many of his Heralds. Jagged iron swords whose blackened blades glow with the red-hot warp energies of Khorne's domain, each of these weapons is formed from its wielder's own essence, and can never be discarded nor torn from the Daemon's grasp. A mere flesh wound from a hellblade can slay even the most resilient of mortals, as the sword drains their soul and bleeds their corpse dry. Every life taken in such a way fuels the bearer's power and rage, and, having gorged itself on slaughter, a carrier of a hellblade is even more terrifying at a battle's close than its start. Be that as it may, there is never enough carnage to sate the appetite of a Daemon of Khorne, nor that of the god they worship or the blade they wield.

# BLOODCRUSHERS

## BRASS KNIGHTS OF THE BLOOD GOD

Bloodcrushers are the shock cavalry of Khorne's daemonic legions, a deadly combination of Bloodletter rider and Juggernaut steed. The mounts of Khorne are neither beasts nor machines, but daemonic fusions of both. They are massive creatures whose flesh is brass, whose sinews are iron and whose blood is fire. Their breath is fear and their every step is thunder. As Juggernauts prepare to charge, they roar with the fury of a thousand dead souls. Said to be the most brutal of all the Blood God's many Daemons, they are reflections of their creator's aggression, unstoppable force and mindless violence made manifest.

Only the most favoured of Khorne's followers are granted the boon of a Juggernaut to ride to battle. Such an undertaking is not for the weak, for a Bloodletter must drag forth its chosen mount from the Blood God's stockade and survive long enough to break the homicidal steed. Many an aspiring Daemon has leapt upon the back of an enraged Juggernaut, only to be thrown and crushed into an unrecognisable smear. However, once mastered, a Juggernaut becomes the most lethal of all war-mounts. Small arms fire patters harmlessly from its hide, merely serving to enrage the daemonic beast further. Only the heaviest weapons have a chance of piercing its armoured skin, and by the time such armaments are brought to bear, it is usually too late.

Once the armoured cavalry of Khorne begin their lumbering charge, nothing can deter them from their course. With broad heads lowered and powerful legs pistoning them ever onwards, Bloodcrushers are likened to unstoppable battering rams, momentum embodied. They smash their way through stone walls and steel barricades alike without ever slowing down. Sparks cascade in their wake as they batter through obstacles, lowering their bladed and brutal heads for the collision they know is coming. The ground itself shakes with fear under the daemonic cavalry's heavy treads and, directed by the murderous intent of the Bloodletters atop them, they crash into their terrified foes with the force of gigantic sledgehammers, sending lifeless bodies flying in all directions and trampling underfoot anything foolish enough to remain in their way.

Once embroiled in the press of combat, Juggernauts will crush those that stand before them with the ease of a man wading through long grass, each new kill coating their legs with fresh blood and gore. Horns gashing and gutting, teeth gouging and tearing, the daemonic mounts bull their way through any melee. From their broad backs the Bloodletters bring their hellblades down in great arcs to behead those enemies still standing. Bloodcrushers take no prisoners and show no mercy – all are fodder to their insatiable appetite for slaughter.

Bloodcrushers can be found in any of Khorne's armies, used as a bludgeoning wedge to break enemy battle lines or smash through fortifications. The Brazen Thunder Legions are particularly formidable, for they are based upon cohorts made up of Bloodcrushers and led by the mounted Heralds known as Skullmasters. Their earth-shaking stampedes create the bass sound for which these legions are named, a gut-churning reverberation that has eroded the resolve and sanity of many great warriors and generals. Any brave or foolish enough to stand their ground in the face of this stampede are crushed beneath the pitiless brass hooves of the cavalry of Khorne. Entire Astra Militarum tank companies are as nothing to them. Their wrecking-ball charges have levelled fortresses, flattened Exodite temples and brought down Imperial Knights. While a single pack of Bloodcrushers can annihilate an army, an entire legion of them can decimate a world.



# FLESH HOUNDS

## IMPLACABLE HUNTERS OF SOULS, FLESH-RENDERS, INEVITABLE ONES

The babbling tales of maniacs who have been exposed to the unshielded horrors of the warp speak of the blood-red hounds of Khorne, whose howls of rage haunt their sleep and the memory of which stalks their every waking moment. The baying of the hounds chills the heart, spreading icy tendrils of fear through mortal souls. With twisted crimson frames, these beasts lope across the warp and the blighted lands of reality both, tracking the terror-spoor of their prey, driven by the insatiable bloodlust of their kind. They are the Flesh Hounds, the attack beasts of Khorne, and they are created to endlessly hunt down cowards, traitors and other fools who have dared to offend the Blood God.

Those marked as quarry for the Flesh Hounds are doomed to be run to ground and torn to shreds by their red, dripping fangs. Faultless trackers and merciless in the chase, the hounds of Khorne make implacable foes, and only a few ever live to recount their gory pursuit. With their prey slain, the Flesh Hounds growl and snap at each other as they compete for cuts of meat; once stripped of flesh, the choicest bones are then carried back and buried amidst the huge collection of diverse skulls that festoons their master's Brass Citadel.

In the realm of Khorne, the Flesh Hounds are a threat to all creatures. Even Greater Daemons must tread warily when out on the plains of powdered bone, for in their domain the Flesh Hounds are territorial, and pounce on intruders in ravenous packs hundreds-strong. Flesh Hounds are led by the largest and most vicious of their kind, invariably a slavering beast of pure aggression that has survived centuries of challenges for supremacy in the pack.

One of the most recognisable features of a Flesh Hound is the large brass collar that seems to grow out of its neck. The Collars of Khorne that hang about the throat of every Flesh Hound are forged at the very foot of the Blood God's throne, shaped from the heat of Khorne's loathing for witchcraft. The collar has the power to suck the warp energy from the psychic attacks of their foes, protecting the Flesh Hounds from the cowardly attacks of enemy psykers, without diminishing the unnatural power of the beasts themselves. This anti-psychic defence makes the Flesh Hounds the bane of all sorcerers, and because of this there is not a single psyker in the galaxy who does not fear the hunting beasts of the Blood God.

It is common to find Flesh Hounds fighting in the Blood Legions. Some are incorporated as fast flanking units, vanguards sent to probe enemy lines or savage vulnerable targets. The cohorts of the Execution Legions are filled with Flesh Hound packs, directed by Heralds to hunt down specific targets or swarm an enemy position.

***'First I heard the howling in my sleep, when I still could afford to rest, but now I hear it in my wake, continuous, growing ever louder as they get nearer. I have been running for weeks, but now I'm tired, so tired, and the Hounds are almost upon me.'***

*- Last record in the log of Librarian Agapemachus before his disappearance*

### DAEMON WORLDS

The power of Chaos infuses worlds trapped within a warp rift, entwining the impossibilities of the warp and the realm of the physical. When this corruption is sustained for an age, it creates planets known as Daemon worlds. These straddle the universes, and, like the nightmarish territories of the Dark Powers, are moulded by the caprice of their daemonic rulers. Worlds of living silk, giant spheres of thought, foetal titans the size of small moons, clattering worlds of rusted clockwork; all these and more dot the penumbra where the warp and the material universe overlap. On Kathalon, in the Eye of Terror, the Bloodthirster Vangash'hagash holds sway over a great burning lake criss-crossed with arching bridges of brass and bone. The World of Immortal Sorrows, once at the heart of Aeldari civilisation, is now a crone world where Slaaneshi Daemons boil Aeldari souls in rivers of tears. Across the galaxy are many other bizarre and monstrous worlds; upon those closest to the warp, Daemon armies fight amongst themselves, whilst nearer to realspace, Imperial strike forces fight desperate crusades against their own dark reflections.



# KARANAK

## THE HOUND OF VENGEANCE

For those that incur the wrath of Khorne, there is but one fate. Those who insult his pride, warriors that break his creed, cowards that refuse to shed blood – Khorne's anger reaches them all. From the ends of realspace to the depths of the immaterium, across space and time, Karanak is Khorne's favoured hound, the incarnation of the Blood God's vengeance. Relentless, vicious and single-minded, Karanak is an implacable hunter who tracks his prey across the warped Daemon realms and through the depths of realspace. No army can defend against him, and no wall can bar his path.

When not hunting, Karanak prowls the shadows of the Blood God's throne room. Karanak is vigilant above all other Flesh Hounds, for he has no less than three heads above his brass collar. While one feeds on the bones of those sacrificed to his master, the other two keep watch. None pass into Khorne's throne chamber without the leave of this watchful guardian. Sometimes, an unwary Bloodletter or Fury will stray too close, and Karanak pounces; it is a brutal end signalled by the crunching of bones, the spattering of blood and a tri-throated chorus of chilling snarls. This restless guardianship is oft interrupted, for Khorne's ire is eternal, and when he is particularly offended by a mortal, he will seal their doom by loosing Karanak upon them. The beast can sense his master's rage, and lopes to his side. Then, with a roar, the Blood God unleashes Karanak, and the great hound lifts his heads, nostrils flaring as he catches the scent of his prey. Each of his heads tracks his quarry in a different fashion: the first head follows the trail through space; the second tracks the scent through time; the third head, the most dangerous, senses the quarry through his thoughts and feelings, tracking them through dreamscapes and delusions. This guarantees that no prey eludes Karanak; those with wit, skill and technology can avoid spatial and temporal detection, but only the insane can outrun their own minds.

As Karanak lopes forth on his course, bounding from realm to realm, his multiple, dissonant growls echo and grow louder in the thoughts of his prey. Karanak's howls resound across space and time, leading the Blood Hunt of Khorne to the chase. As the pursuit covers leagues and light years, a pack of slavering beasts, thundering Juggernauts and battle-hungry Bloodletters forms around Karanak, eager for the kill. In a frenzy of fangs and blood, Karanak and the hunt strike, tearing through anything in their path before cornering the Blood God's quarry and ripping it apart. With the flopping, shredded remains of his hapless victim clasped tightly in all three jaws, Karanak leaves the other Daemons of Khorne to continue their bloodthirsty and cruel sport in realspace, and hurtles back to Khorne's throne room to present this gift to his master. There, a pleased Blood God adds the freshly collected skull to the ever-growing pile upon which his throne sits, whilst his faithful Hound is rewarded with the remainder of the corpse on which to feast.

As befits Karanak's favoured status, he has been gifted with a superior version of the Brass Collar worn by other Flesh Hounds. Possessed of Khorne's hatred for sorcery, but the Blood God's wrathful vengeance, the thick metal band withstands psychic powers as easily as its wearer's scaled skin repels rainwater. Karanak always remembers those psykers who dare cast their despised magics at him in battle; though it may take years, the hound will inevitably have his vengeance, and once his prey has been killed, will take great satisfaction in chewing upon its sorcerous bones.

### LORD OF THE SLAUGHTER

According to the whim of Khorne, the Daemons of his realm take part in an immense tournament. Khorne takes the Daemonsword known as Khartoth the Bloodhunger, which is capable of cutting through not only matter but also time, and hides it within one of his Flesh Hounds. The legions of Khorne fall upon each other with sword and axe, slaughtering and butchering whilst hunting the Flesh Hounds, who tear apart any Daemon who approaches. The Daemon brave, strong or fortunate enough to slay the Flesh Hound containing the Daemonsword becomes the Lord of the Slaughter, and may wield the Bloodhunger. For a day or an age, as Khorne sees fit, the Lord of the Slaughter enjoys great privilege in battle. When Khorne wearies of his Lord of the Slaughter's exploits, the Blood God begins the tournament again. A Flesh Hound devours both wielder and sword, combining their essence, and the Daemons battle again until Khorne finds a new Lord of the Slaughter.



# BLOOD THRONES

## NEXUSES OF SACRED SLAUGHTER

The Blood Throne is a baleful echo of the mighty dais upon which Khorne himself resides. It is a terrifying Daemon Engine, armoured in brass and driven into battle by iron wheels that crush and mangle all who stand in its path. The bloody carnage left in the engine's wake is all but obscured by the choking black cloud of acrid soul-smoke that billows from its exhausts. The screams of its victims are almost drowned out by the sounds of industry harnessed to battle – the grinding of gears, the clanking of pistons and the roar of the Daemon furnace.

Few can comprehend the countless acts of slaughter and atrocity that a Herald of Khorne must commit to earn its place upon a Blood Throne, for such profane gifts are not given lightly. Legend tells that each of the Blood Thrones is forged from a sliver of brass taken from the Blood God's own hallowed throne, infused with a fraction of his own ever-simmering rage. Whether or not these tales are true, it cannot be denied that the daemonic vessels bound to each engine are amongst the most prideful and vicious of all those in Khorne's service. None but the Heralds of Khorne known as Rendmasters possess the will to keep their murderous rage upon the leash. Standing atop the throne's pinnacle, a Rendmaster does not rest or repose as would another in his position, but prowls restlessly as his chariot advances, his eyes and tongue twitching madly as he anticipates his next kill.



High in Khorne's favour, a Rendmaster embodies a locus of the Blood God's power, and his blessing ripples outward from the throne. So does a portion of Khorne's unbridled wrath become infused within the veins of nearby Daemons, lending ferocity to their blows and driving them into a maddened frenzy. Thus, a conflict fought in the Blood Throne's shadow is inevitably an example of battle at its hardest and most unforgiving.

From atop his macabre perch, the Rendmaster searches for those foes whose plundered skulls will make the most audacious offerings. Then, the Herald spurs his Blood Throne forward, howling with unspeakable joy as he readies his blade of blood for the kill. When the Blood Throne arrives at the enemy lines, the hurtling mass of brass and spikes ploughs through entire formations, leaving only mangled flesh behind. The two Bloodletters and the Rendmaster atop the hellish engine are well practised at hacking down those that survive the impact. The sight of such butchery often causes a potential victim to turn tail, but such desperate survival tactics rarely succeed, for they are swiftly run to ground. Khorne cares naught from where the blood flows – the death of a shamed warrior offers praise just as surely as that of an honoured hero.

That said, whilst all blood is equal in Khorne's eyes, the skulls of the slain are not. Those of cowards are fed into the Blood Throne's baleful workings, consumed in fire to bring the Daemon Engine fresh vigour. Those taken from the truly valiant are claimed by the Rendmaster and fused with the throne itself, eternal monuments to the futility of opposing Khorne. In this way, the oldest Blood Thrones bear the skulls of Space Marine Chapter Masters, the Archons of Commorragh and the Warbosses of the Ork race stacked side by side.

### ENGINES INFERNAL

A Daemon Engine is a nightmarish amalgamation of the real and unreal – a malevolent creature of the warp bound inside a construct of metal, animated by both the Daemon's spirit and the machinery within. Driven insane by its imprisonment, the immortal sentience within a Daemon Engine makes such war machines difficult to control; in a state of constant, apoplectic fury, they will often break free of their moorings and rampage across the battlefield, slaughtering indiscriminately and turning their massively destructive weaponry on friend and foe alike.

While Khorne is especially fond of these killing machines, every Chaos God employs Daemon Engines. They range in scale from constructs such as the Blood Throne to the enormous Lord of Skulls. There are larger ones still, including the colossal Legionus Engines – towering conglomerations into which are bound entire Daemon legions. These dwarf even the Chaos Titans maintained by the Warpsmiths. Such Daemon Engines of world-obliterating power require so much warp energy to sustain themselves that they are rarely seen outside of the immaterium, although with massive warp storms raging in the wake of the Great Rift, it is only a matter of time before these abominations emerge.

# SKULL CANNONS

## HELLFORGED SKULL-HURLERS

There are records in the Black Library that speak of daemonic Skull Cannons, war machines forged in the furnaces at the foot of the Blood God's throne. These engines are so murderously efficient and sinister that some amongst the Ordo Malleus believe that they have been forged by Khorne's own hand. Much like Khorne's Juggernauts, the Skull Cannons are monstrous fusions of daemonic spirit and hellforged machine. Their twisted and clinkered forms burn with the desire to shed blood and crush bones, to exalt Khorne with every trampled foe.

Atop the Skull Cannon ride a pair of Bloodletters, howling with battle-lust and chanting Khorne's praises as their armoured steed rumbles towards the enemy. These are the same Daemons that oversaw the machine's creation, now charged with guiding it in furtherance of the Blood God's unholy purpose. The Skull Cannon hardly needs encouragement to maim and slay – the Daemon bound within its black heart is as wrathful and murderous as any in Khorne's service. Indeed, a Skull Cannon is more wilful and proud than the wildest of Juggernauts, and pays little heed to the snarling creatures harnessed to its mechanical glory.

As the Skull Cannon grinds across the battlefield, its spiked wheels mangle everything in its path. Those who die instantly as the engine rumbles over them can be counted the most fortunate of its victims. Others, crippled and broken, and are fed screaming into the Skull Cannon's gaping maw, there to be roasted by daemonic fire and ground into fragments. Most of the remains are ejected at the Skull Cannon's rear in a red wake of bone splinters and blood. Only the skulls are retained, fleshless and scorched, but otherwise whole. They are infused with the Blood God's endless and abiding wrath until their empty eye sockets weep blood and their slack jaws gibber with rage. Only then, with an echoing boom, does the cannon discharge its payload.

### THE BURNING BOOKS OF KHORNE

The eight Burning Books of Khorne, bound in brass and etched in fresh blood, are said to decree the eight unholy aspects of the Blood God and name his foremost Daemons. These grimoires are much searched for by sorcerers and even the Inquisition, for knowledge of a Daemon's true name is believed to render it servile to mortal command. Such an acquisition is not easily made, for the Burning Books are scattered across existence.





# LORDS OF CHANGE

## SUPREME MUTATORS, EYES OF TZEENTCH

Sorcery, deception and knowledge are the greatest tools used by Tzeentch to manipulate the future, and his Greater Daemons, the Lords of Change, are the embodiments of all of these. The Architect of Fate has many ranks for his chief agents, but unlike Khorne's simple metric of martial strength, his favour is eternally shifting based on not only his servants' past actions, but the role they will play in the future; despite possessing a small fragment of the immeasurable wisdom of their master, even they are unwitting pawns in Tzeentch's great and unfathomable plan – a plot of limitless complexity that will come to fruition at the end of time.

A Lord of Change's appearance is as bewildering as it is terrifying – an ever-changing, multi-hued form that defies mortal reasoning or logic. However, his most haunting features are his eyes. Within their infinite depths lies the paradoxical wisdom of Tzeentch, and none can withstand the sustained scrutiny of a Lord of Change's gaze without losing their sanity. It is said that when a Lord of Change looks upon a man, that man's soul is opened like a book, revealing his hopes and his dreams, as well as the truth of his ultimate failure or success. A Greater Daemon of Tzeentch is driven by the need to redirect the predictable course of history itself and to set it upon a new, unexpected path. Because of this, a Lord of Change revels in dashing the hopes of the ambitious upon the ground even while raising penniless nobodies to the pinnacle of power.

Each of these Greater Daemons are blessed with multi-layered cunning and blazing intelligence, as well as a deep understanding of the causality that drives the galaxy in its well-worn rut. There is nothing a Lord of Change despises more than the entrapping comforts of stability and familiarity, and nothing that will please one more than to see worlds broken and made anew. A Greater Daemon of Tzeentch delights in bringing order to ruin so that all may be reshaped and directed to a new path, before that, too, is changed. His minions move throughout realspace, undertaking whatever task he has set them: the killing of a minor mortal, a whisper in a commander's ear, the stealing of a worthless artefact, leading a Scintillating Legion into open war, and a thousand other seemingly unrelated occurrences that are mistaken for happenstance. Yet each falls into the Greater Daemon's own devious plan and furthers his labyrinthine schemes.

This constant appraisal of the galaxy and interference in its progress is not always so subtle. Change can also be sudden and violent, and Greater Daemons of Tzeentch will readily wage war to further their unknowable aims. Their most potent weapons are the magic that flows in their immortal veins and their masterful manipulation of mortal men. Though these Daemons prefer to remain uncommitted in battle, it is not through lack of courage or ferocity, but because they wish to direct their hosts and control the ebb and flow of the fighting. However, Lords of Change are masters of magic, amongst the most powerful sorcerers in the galaxy. With a flick of a finger, a Lord of Change can engulf a score of warriors in flickering warp flames, inflicting a fate that is as unpredictable as it is deadly. With a single word, it can transform a mighty hero into a gibbering pile of mutated spawn-flesh. What are blades and bullets compared to such power?

# KAIROS FATEWEAVER

## THE ORACLE OF TZEENTCH

Of all the puzzles in the multiverse, there is but one that escapes Tzeentch's ability to solve – the Well of Eternity. Lying in the heart of the Impossible Fortress, the mystic Well is said to be the place where space and time originate and end. To understand it, the Changer of Ways would need only to enter its infinite depths, but even he cannot be sure of surviving the raging maelstrom. Unable to resist the temptation of unravelling the riddle, but unwilling to risk himself, Tzeentch grabbed his vizier, a powerful Lord of Change known as Kairos Fateweaver, and cast him into the roiling currents of the Well.

To Tzeentch's delight, Kairos survived his ordeal, but only just. When Kairos resurfaced, his body was unnaturally aged and ragged for such an immortal creature, and his neck had split along its length, now supporting two heads where there had been only one. After an eternity within the Well, these two heads can see things that remain hidden from even Tzeentch's gaze. Kairos' right head sees visions of all possible futures, whilst his left witnesses the entirety of the past. However, these gifts were not bestowed to Kairos without a price, for whilst his heads perceive everything that has ever happened, and everything that ever will, he is blind to the present. This makes the Fateweaver vulnerable to physical attack, for the future does not always reveal itself quickly enough to predict the frantic to and fro of melee.



Kairos spends most of his days at Tzeentch's right hand, his twin heads babbling knowledge of the past and murmuring secrets of the future. Nine times nine Lords of Change record every word the Fateweaver utters, so that Tzeentch's understanding of eternity comes ever closer. On those rare occasions when Tzeentch sends Kairos to a battlefield, it is always in the service of some critical juncture in his grand ineffable scheme. There, Kairos uses his perspective and prescience to influence the course of the battle, directing his master's Scintillating Legions along the most desired path.

Kairos delights in pitting his foes against each other, subtly twisting the strands of fate so that one mortal dies when he should have lived, and vice-versa. However, Kairos is also a psyker of supreme power; when the wholesale destruction of Tzeentch's foes is required, Kairos unleashes torrents of warping energy that can twist and change the very battlefield into a vista of death and devastation.

While the Oracle prefers to avoid the dangers of close combat, should the forces of the enemy make it through his minions, Kairos is more than capable of striking them down. With an iridescent burst of power, the Staff of Tomorrow can transmute the greatest of mortals into a gibbering spawn with but a single strike.

### THE STAFF OF TOMORROW

The Staff of Tomorrow was constructed by Kairos Fateweaver himself, its core imbued with the arcane essence of rival Lords of Change. The rod is wrought of changefire, and is saturated with prophetic visions glimpsed in the Well of Eternity. It is a foundation worthy of bearing that which rests atop it – the artefact known as Kairos' Tome of Destiny. This book records what both of the Fateweaver's heads proclaim, mixing insights into the shrouded past with visions of possible futures. As Kairos croaks, new text scribes across the pages, morphing and rewriting itself even as time and events unfold. To look upon those pages induces madness, but to be struck by the staff itself is worse, for it is flux made manifest. Those blessed by its touch ripple with agonising transmutations. As he is blind to the present, Kairos often uses the book as reference, judging his position in time by the pages currently being written.



# THE CHANGELING

## THE TRICKSTER OF TZEENTCH

The most accomplished trickster amongst Tzeentch's Daemons is the Changeling, the embodiment of the Great Schemer's need to meddle and deceive. The Changeling is possessed of a supernatural ability to assume the shape of any other creature with unfailing precision. He is the ultimate doppelganger; there is no form the Changeling cannot duplicate, no mannerism he cannot adopt. From small animals to towering alien monsters, common citizens to planetary commanders, the Changeling has impersonated them all. Indeed, the only image that the Changeling will not replicate is that of Tzeentch himself, for the very idea of mimicking the identity of the Great Schemer is anathema to all his creations.

The Changeling is a restless and mischievous Daemon who roams the galaxy and the warp alike, playing devastating practical jokes upon the unwary. He lives to sow discord and conflict, and delights in breeding mistrust and confusion. Many lords throughout the galaxy have made unusual and disastrous decisions, only to later deny they were even there. On many battlefields, an esteemed warrior has fought an opponent that was his mirror-image, his comrades unable to tell the difference between the two until it was too late. It was the Changeling who, in the image of Lord Solar Macharius, ordered the retreat on Goranna just as the real Warmaster was directing his forces forwards on front lines. In the guise of a lowly Grot, the Changeling made a few alterations to Warboss Gitsmasha's favoured megashoota – a fact that only became apparent when it next fired, blowing Gitsmasha and his retinue to smithereens.



On one occasion, he took the shape of a Keeper of Secrets and answered the summoning of an Imperial commander whose vast palace was besieged by the vengeful Dark Angels Space Marines. The Changeling traded the souls of the desperate man's daughters for a 'powerful artefact', which in the fool's own words "would put an end to the siege". The moment the commander activated the device, the shadowy forms of several Deathwing Terminator squads materialised around him, locking onto the device he was holding in his hands – a teleport homer the Changeling had stolen from the Ravenwing. The siege was indeed soon over.

The majority of the Changeling's adventures are carried out according to his own motivations. Only rarely does Tzeentch direct his trickster, for the Great Schemer enjoys watching his pranks with amusement. As the Changeling weaves his uneven tapestry of mayhem, terrible wars and unrest follow, and while he would prefer to be long gone before the fighting begins, he is well prepared to defend himself; when cornered, he will blast apart foes with his sorcerous powers or, in close combat, take the form of his attacker and use his own powerful weapon against him.

### THE NAMING OF DAEMONS

Daemons are chaos incarnate, unfathomable beings of a shifting nature, but there is one constant about each of them, from the lowliest imp to the most towering Greater Daemon: they each conceal a true name. Most such names are a rolling tide of nigh unpronounceable syllables beyond the wit and sanity of most to speak aloud, but to do so is the greatest defence against the unnatural creatures of the warp; to know a Daemon's true name is to hold ultimate power over it, and so their bearers keep them secret, even from each other.

To this end, use-names and titles are utilised instead. These follow certain patterns, although they are recurring themes as opposed to rules. Khorne Daemon use-names are guttural and violent sounding, and those of the Bloodthirsters are often composed of eight syllables or letters, like Khazdrak. Their titles are bold and typically descriptive: the High-handed Slayer, Skullrender, the Unstoppable Fury, and so on. Tzeentch Daemons are most likely to change names and titles, for it often suits their needs to do so; a single Lord of Change might go by many different names and titles at any given time. Nurgle's creations favour names with seven letters, and their epithets are either grandiose or descriptive, such as Feculux the Master Mucanoid. Slaaneshi Daemon use-names utilise sibilant sounds,such as Sslythri or Dryzla, while they have a preference for long, grandiloquent titles such as the Exquisite Matriarch of Agonising Delights.

# THE BLUE SCRIBES

## AZURE ARCANOLOGISTS

There was a time when Tzeentch ruled supreme over the warp, his powers vastly superior to those of any of his brothers (or so maintain his followers). In their envy and arrogance, the other Dark Gods set aside their differences and joined forces to overthrow the Architect of Fate. Territories too vast and maddening to comprehend were devastated in the cataclysmic conflict that followed. During the final battle, with defeat seeming inevitable, Tzeentch cast a great conjuration upon himself, crystallising his thoughts and body even as he was lifted up from his perch and hurled against the Endless Mountains. Upon impact, his mighty form was shattered into ten thousand pieces. Each of these shards contained a tiny fragment of the Arch-Sorcerer's essence – a single spell or word of change – and flung as they were across every corner of space and time, Tzeentch's power was irremediably weakened. The legends of many races suggest this momentous event marked the beginning of the use of sorcery in realspace.

*'Ygethmor's Flaming Blizzard, say thee? Bumbleheaded no-brain! This calls for the Vaunted Transmogrification of Colchis. Watch this!'*

*- Xirat'p the Blue Scribe, to his brother P'tarix*

After his defeat, Tzeentch created two Blue Horrors, P'tarix and Xirat'p, and tasked them with retrieving every single shard by travelling through the many dimensions to find and record all of his lost spells. Tzeentch has given his Blue Scribes one of his flying Discs, both for speed and to carry the huge amount of parchment and ink that the two require for their quest. Not by chance has Tzeentch chosen two lowly Blue Horrors for such an important task. The Great Schemer, as always, was wary of what one of his more formidable or ambitious servants, such as a Lord of Change, could do if they ever gained such a terrible power. With their limited intelligence, and their being eternally in conflict with one another, the wandering P'tarix and Xirat'p will never constitute a problem for long.

Since then, the Blue Scribes have appeared across the warp, throughout time, and in the remotest corners of the galaxy as they search for lost grimoires or skilled practitioners of sorcery to interrogate. Their peregrinations often lead them to the battlefields of both the immaterium and realspace, where the two invariably end up helping whatever side has Tzeentch's favour. P'tarix siphons the power of enemy psykers to learn and catalogue their secrets, whilst Xirat'p unleashes a sorcerous barrage by reading from the huge collection of scrolls they have collected through the centuries, always arguing with his twin about which spell to use next. If a foe happens to get close enough to strike them in melee, the Blue Horrors will begin to blame each other for allowing such a terrible situation to occur, all the while keeping their attackers at bay with petulant stabs of their quills. On the rare occasions they best a foe in such a way at close quarters, inevitable arguments begin about which of the pair was more heroic. Should the Blue Scribes' improvised weapons prove ineffective, however – as they usually do – they will hastily make their escape upon their Disc, careening off in search of easier wins.



It is fortunate for the mortal races of the galaxy that the Blue Scribes are almost constantly interrupted in their quest by the conflicts of Tzeentch's enemies and by each other, for if they ever accomplish their mission, Tzeentch will undoubtedly regain his supremacy in the Great Game and once more rule over all creation.

### DISCS OF TZEENTCH

Each Disc of Tzeentch was once a flying Daemon-beast known as a Screamer. The animal instincts of such creatures in their natural form make them ill suited to serve as mounts, and so transformative change-magic is used to morph a Screamer into something more controllable. In its new shape of a Disc of Tzeentch, the Daemon maintains its strange, manta-like appearance, but the process creates any number of bizarre mutations, such as tentacles, eye-stalks and spikes. These floating Discs are gifted to favoured Heralds, and, rarely, the greatest of mortal sorcerers. Incredibly mobile, the Discs of Tzeentch elevate their riders above the battlefield, allowing them to better cast spells and direct their followers.

# HERALDS OF TZEENTCH

**Leading the hosts of the Scintillating Legions into wars across the galaxy are the Heralds of Tzeentch. Whether moving amongst the capering hordes of Lesser Daemons, hurtling across the battlefield on a Burning Chariot or soaring through the skies atop a Disc of Tzeentch, each is an expert at weaving cunning illusions and blasting their opponents into oblivion.**

In the case of such deeply magical beings as the Daemons of Tzeentch, power directly equates to a superior knowledge of their master's great art. The most intelligent, devious and skilled amongst the Pink Horrors are chosen by the Changer of Ways to lead the hosts of his daemonic legions, and by the blessings of their patron, they are raised higher still in arcane knowledge and ability. So elevated, they radiate the eldritch might of their master, and uniquely amongst Horror-kind, they are able to reform their two halves should they be dealt a mortal blow. Each is also gifted a ritual dagger, an ensorcelled weapon that can transfer a slain foe's energies into the wielder, While there are a number of specific titles for these daemonic lieutenants, they are collectively known as Heralds of Tzeentch.

## CHANGECASTERS

The most common type of Herald is the Changecaster, named for the mutating magics they wield. They can often be found leading packs of Horrors within a host of a Scintillating Legion, a task much akin to herding beasts, for the Horrors are wont to caper off at any moment. Other Changecasters serve in more mundane and less frustrating roles, guarding sources of magical power or overseeing repairs within the Crystal Labyrinth.

## FLUXMASTERS

The title of Fluxmaster is borne by those Heralds who ride a Disc of Tzeentch, so named because as they fly across the battlefields at great speed, reality reshapes itself in their wake. They are often used as messengers and outriders within the Scintillating Legions, and will frequently use their speed to dash into cover before using their psychic powers to hurl changebolts to smite the foe. Some will lead packs of Screamers in charges on the enemy's flanks, while others take charge of groups of Horrors, using their speed and advantageous position to better augment and direct their charges or confound their foes.

## FATESKIMMERS

Those Tzeentch Heralds that acquire a Burning Chariot – usually through trickery – are known as Fateskimmers. These Daemons will swoop and dive across the battlefield, cackling madly as they unleash fearsome sorceries from their lofty perches before smashing their bizarre contraption into the enemy lines. The most cautious and controlling of the Fateskimmers lurk upon the battle's edge, moving along the back lines of their host and yelling orders amidst the madness and change-fire. There have been several instances of Fateskimmers leading entire formations of Burning Chariots to war.



# HORRORS

## CORUSCATING SPELLBINDERS

Lesser Daemons of Tzeentch are literally magic made manifest, and they form the bulk of a great many of the Scintillating Legions of Tzeentch. Horrors, sometimes referred to as Pink Horrors, frolic together in cheerful, brightly coloured mobs that caper and whirl, cackling insanely at their own incomprehensible jokes as they blur and cartwheel across the battlefield. As bright bolts of raw sorcery leap from their outstretched fingers, the Pink Horrors are filled with an increased joy, emitting squeals of laughter supplemented with many 'oohs' and 'ahhs' of delight as the magical light show screams overhead. These energies have a tendency to engulf the Pink Horrors' enemies in searing conflagrations of mutation, much to the joy of the Daemons themselves.

The principal weapon of this Lesser Daemon of Tzeentch is not its scrabbling claws or the gaping, fang-lined maw that sits amidst its rubbery torso – though one bitten or scratched by a Horror will be forever changed by the experience. Instead it is the raw warp energy that flows in the creature's veins. With a cackled word or gibbered phrase, the Horror throws balls of multicoloured flame at the enemy. Where these strike home they do not merely burn, but also wreak the most disturbing and peculiar changes, turning enemies to statues of screaming glass, to clouds of butterflies with anguished human faces, to strains of maddening music, mewling infants or horrific mounds of tentacled flesh. Only Tzeentch can know what strange fate awaits those kissed by warpfire; even the Horrors themselves are oblivious, and take great joy in each sanity-shattering change as it is wrought.

The only known way to end a Pink Horror's jubilant mood is to blow it to pieces or otherwise cut it apart. It is then that the Pink Horror undergoes a total transformation, splitting into halves that reshape themselves into smaller copies of the original. These new Daemons are different from their predecessor in two respects. The first is that their colour changes from pink to vivid blue, earning them the name of Blue Horrors. The second change is that the gleeful attitude of the Pink Horror is reversed – Blue Horrors are morose, whining and petty, eternally squabbling about whose fault it was that they lost their pink status once again. These replacement forms are miserable and sullen to the point of aggression, and will vengefully call upon the destructive energies of the warp to decimate those with the temerity to have killed them first, or else lurch up to the enemy to stab and throttle them to death.

Should a Blue Horror be killed, the creature will emit a long, drawn-out and fatalistic groan before vanishing in a cloud of smoke. From out of those unnatural fumes prance living flames – two tiny Brimstone Horrors. These diminutive Daemons are blazing yellow manifestations of pure spite and bitterness. They sizzle and pop while they seek to burn their enemies, or, at the very least, claw and nip at them with tiny flame talons and fangs.



# FLAMERS

## BEARERS OF THE TRUE FIRE OF CHANGE

Flamers are amongst the most strange and disturbing of all Tzeentch's Daemons, and their absurd physiologies are more than most mortals can stand. In spite of their unnatural, awkward appearance, Flamers are agile creatures. They have no feet, but instead move by bumping and hopping around, leaping high in the air in a disturbing and gravity-defying fashion. This unusual method of locomotion allows the Flamers to bound over low obstacles or even bounce across bodies of water with little effort. They may even appear amusing to the unknowing observer, but laughter soon turns to panic as the Flamers suddenly close in at unexpected speed, the multi-coloured warpflames that dribble constantly from their outstretched arm-stumps roaring to life like living blowtorches as the Daemons attack.

Flamers do not spout normal fire, but instead issue forth the raw stuff of magic and change. This is nothing like the fire mortals have experienced on their own worlds, where the laws of nature apply. The effects of the fires of change are as unpredictable as they are devastating, wreaking countless mutations upon their victims in the blink of an eye. The magical energies might turn flesh into ice, or metal into wood, only to change again into crumbling stone, burning ash, or molten wax an instant later. As the warpflame crackles and hisses, smaller magical fires spill to the ground and take on an imitative form. This eldritch marionette impersonates whatever occurs nearby, in a manner both mocking and disturbing. The Flamers usually ignore these little parodies of reality, but occasionally become irritated by the yowling and obliterate the simulacrum before searching for fresh prey.



A victim may undergo many thousands of transformations before the mutating energies of the warpflame die down entirely. Sometimes a Flamer's attacks leave not a mark upon the physical body, but instead set the soul ablaze with spiritual corruption. On occasion, the psychic flame has even been known to heal and regenerate mortal wounds, revitalising those bathed in the iridescent glow – much to the bafflement of all concerned. Episodes like this never fail to cause great bouts of uncontrollable laughter and much clapping and cheering from any Pink Horrors nearby.

The Pyrodaemons of Tzeentch, as they are sometimes known, are not gifted with great intelligence. Flamers have rudimentary and instinctive minds, but are finely attuned to the thoughts of Tzeentch's Greater Daemons, who easily control their minions' actions. However, unless commanded by a Lord of Change, an Exalted Flamer or a particularly strong-willed Herald, Flamers will do what comes naturally to them – course across the battlefield setting alight anything in their path.

Flamers can be found in many of the different armies of Tzeentch, and make up the key formations in some, such as the hosts that make up the majority of the Conflagration Legions. Whether deployed en masse or as support units, they contribute with dangerous ranged attacks and terrifying killing power. Flamers are also ideal creatures to lead assaults against defensive positions; there is no fortification that can protect against their billowing clouds of magic flames. For their part, the Lords of Change invariably view Flamers as utterly inconsequential, and expend them as such: great swathes of Flamers will be hurled at a strongpoint's walls, overwhelming with sheer numbers that which their warpflame cannot destroy.

### EXALTED FLAMERS

Exalted Flamers are champions of their kind, and exude warp energies and change-magic from every pore of their fungoid flesh. They are far more capable of independent thought than their lesser kin, and often lead other Flamers or Horrors into battle. The fires of Tzeentch manifested by these beings are more powerful and varied than those of typical Flamers, coming in two distinct varieties, each with its own corresponding colour: singular blasts of blue that have greater range and striking force, and gouts of pink that cover a wider area and can slay more creatures at once. Should any foe survive these ranged attacks and draw close, the Exalted Flamer will attempt to bite them with its fire-ringed maw, lashing out with its formidable tongue of flame.

Some Exalted Flamers are carried into battle upon Burning Chariots, disc-like vehicles pulled by a pair of swift-flying Screamers. From aboard this hovering craft, the Exalted Flamer rains down billowing sheets of warpfire from on high, carpeting the battlefield with the flames of change. Such Daemons tend to lord it over those beneath them, performing attention-grabbing pyromantic displays as they race across the sky.

# SCREAMERS

## TZEENTCH'S SOARING PREDATORS

Screamers of Tzeentch are magical creatures that normally swim through the vast sea of the immaterium on currents of psychic energy, hunting in shoals for vulnerable, wayward souls to prey upon. As they slice through the ether, they weave multi-coloured, sparkling trails, and emit the high-pitched screeching sound that earns them their name. Screamers have no real conscious thought and are instead driven by a powerful hunting instinct. Once a pack of Screamers has the scent of a mortal's shadow-self, they pursue it ruthlessly through the myriad immaterial planes that compose the Realm of Chaos, and when the Daemon-beasts catch their doomed prey it is torn to pieces in a blink. These same hunting instincts often draw Screamers to starships as they travel through the warp. Driven mad by the delicious mortal essences within, the Screamers burrow through the vessel's energy fields. Once through, they latch onto the hull beyond and use their powerful jaws to prise apart the armoured skin. When it gives way, the Screamers burst through the breach to feast on the terrified souls inside.

Screamers gather in shoals around war zones, lured from the Realm of Chaos by the pulses of emotion and carnage. Adapted as they are to hunting amongst the otherworldly tides in the Realm of Chaos, Screamers might seem peculiar in the mortal realm, yet they are fearsome opponents nonetheless. They use their great speed and manoeuvrability to flit past their prey, slashing open throats and severing tendons with their horns and spiked tails. As each victim slumps to the ground, lifeblood pouring from their torn body and their soul released from its mortal shackles, the Screamers sweep around to consume the incorporeal morsel. However, these creatures do not confine themselves to defenceless prey; if a Screamer's instincts tell it that a particular foe can be overwhelmed, it pounces without hesitation. Especially bold shoals of Screamers have even been known to attack Greater Daemons, latching onto them with bristle-toothed maws and sucking the prey's magical life-force out through the wound. Little wonder, then, that Pink Horrors tread carefully when passing through the Screamer-roosts amidst the spires of the Crystal Labyrinth.

## BURNING CHARIOTS

The Burning Chariots hurtle across the Realm of Chaos like incandescent meteors, bringing Tzeentch's chosen emissaries to every corner of existence. As they blaze through the heavens, the Screamer-pulled chariots are commonly mistaken for comets, which are often interpreted as omens of doom upon the superstitious worlds of the Imperium. Burning Chariots are usually mounted by Exalted Flamers, but on occasion, a particularly bold Herald of Tzeentch will steal one of these contraptions for their own use. The hosts of the Burning Sky Legions are commanded by such thieving Daemons, who will lead multiple Burning Chariots to war. Whether the Exalted Flamers are simply following the Herald to recover the stolen chariot is uncertain, but their ability to devastate an enemy army in the process is not.



# GREAT UNCLEAN ONES

## NURGLE'S LORDS OF BOUNTEOUS FILTH

To the mortal eye, a Greater Daemon of Nurgle is undoubtedly the foulest of all the daemonic servants of the Ruinous Powers. Each of these Great Unclean Ones is shaped in the fashion of Nurgle himself; flyblown, maggot-ridden innards spill into view through the tears and gashes in his swollen belly as he lumbers forwards. Clusters of pustules and weeping buboes erupt from his hide, birthing small swarms of giggling Nurglings. Noxious juices seep from dozens of infected sores, leaving a glistening trail of mucus in the Great Unclean One's wake. Few mortals have the stomach, let alone the will, to oppose such a being.

Great Unclean Ones are Nurgle's lieutenants, the field generals of his Plague Legions. As monstrous and horrific as their appearance is, these Greater Daemons are possessed of a paternal affection at odds with this nightmarish form. Gregarious and sentimental, a Great Unclean One takes pride in the achievements of his followers and looks upon all the creatures in his legion as his 'children', and his underlings look upon him as an embodiment of Grandfather Nurgle. Each Greater Daemon pays careful attention to all of his followers, and is noticeably proud of their appearance and endearing behaviour. A Great Unclean One takes delight in his minions' smallest boils, revelling in the variety and effulgence of their poxes and heaping praise upon them with vociferous proclamations. With a wave of his arms such a monstrosity sends forth his Tallybands, booming words of encouragement and gurgling guffaws across the battlefield. This boundless energy and drive is possessed by all Great Unclean Ones; constantly working to extend the process of rot and decay, they are heedless of their own comfort while parts of the galaxy still remain untouched by Nurgle's bounty.

*'Sing, sweet choir of ailments, let voices and buboes rise. Riddle them with juicy poxes, and ooze out their rotting eyes.'*

*- Ghrubex, Poxlord, Greater Daemon of Nurgle*

Where the Greater Daemons of Nurgle's rival gods are disproportionate in their master's favour, the Lord of Decay loves all his children equally – even if some are clearly more accomplished than others. Rather than operating as part of a hierarchical structure, Great Unclean Ones are given epithets and tasks in accordance with the stage of growth and fecundity that they currently represent. Those given the title of Lord Fecundus are chiefly concerned with propagating diseases, and lead Fecundus Legions or serve in the Garden of Nurgle. A Grand Impoxenator title signifies that the Great Unclean One commands an Infecticus Legion, tasked with the spreading of glorious malignancies. It is said that before a Great Unclean One can gain Exalted status, he must first successfully lead a Plague Legion of each stage of the cycle.

Great Unclean Ones are motivated by all the trivial mortal enthusiasms that drive the living. They are ebullient and raucous, full of a natural impulse to organise and achieve. Driven to coordinate Nurgle's chaotic endeavours, a Great Unclean One seeks to instil purpose and function in the daemonic rabble under his command. Globules of yellowy-green spittle fly from his wide mouth as the Great Unclean One urges his minions onwards. With chiding grumbles, the Greater Daemon harries those who are tardy in advancing or who seem less energetic in the pursuit of the goals of Grandfather Nurgle. The love of their minions fills a Great Unclean One with joy, but they are consumed with indignation when a foe seeks to thwart Nurgle, and this escalates to paternal rage when his underlings are harmed.

When roused to war, a Great Unclean One is terrifying to behold. Though ponderous, they are all but unstoppable on the advance, shrugging off the bolts and blades of the foe as though they were naught but bothersome insects. Aided by the momentum of his charge, a Great Unclean One will throw his immense bulk upon his victims with all the force it can muster, the selfless act of generosity warming its rotten heart. Those that survive are met with a combination of diseased plague flails, iron-bladed bileswords, filth-encrusted bileblades and rusted doomsday bells. It is not physical attack alone, however, that makes a Great Unclean One so dangerous; by breathing deeply of the festering powers of the warp, he can summon a pestilent wind to wither his foes, vomit forth a steaming tide of filth, maggots and mucus, or bless his underlings with new tumorous growths that cover over the worst of wounds.



# ROTIGUS

## THE GENEROUS ONE

The Great Unclean One known as Rotigus is the epitome of Nurgle's generosity and fecundity. None, save for the Lord of Decay himself, is more attuned to the woes of the world. In their despair, the most defiant of mortals vow to endeavour onwards, despite the utter hopelessness of their situation. Thus do the barren pray for fertility, the growers of crops plead for rain, the starving beg for sustenance. Rotigus listens to each supplication, and to those desperate enough to pledge anything in exchange for life, he promises salvation. And the Rainfather always delivers.

Humming merrily – for he enjoys his work – Rotigus lavishes his attentions upon those that beseech him. With their beasts gone sterile, the agri world of Ullden stood upon the brink of ruin. When the animals began to breed once more, the citizens believed their prayers to an ancient fertility god had been answered. Only when the wretched beasts kept giving birth, covering the ground in mewling, mutated newborns that shrieked to the skies did they realise their doom. When their hydro-tech broke, the T'au Earth caste farmers of Dh'artan were so desperate for rain that they ignored protocol and gave in to the superstitions of the primitive tribes from whom they had usurped the planet. When the downpour first came it was welcome, but soon enough the entire planet became a foetid swamp rife with plague.

Rotigus manifests Nurgle's Deluge – a diseased storm that eternally hovers over him, drenching the Great Unclean One to his innermost folds as they wobble with thunderous laughter. Those foes that do not drown in the presence of Rotigus' generosity find themselves crushed by his massive bulk. As befits his giving personality, Rotigus has also been blessed with a fountain of plenty – the ability to vomit an endless stream of filth. A foul soup of brackish plague water, half-digested rotten flesh and the most acidic biles of the galaxy, the liquid can melt ceramite armour and cause ferrocrete to rot and crumble. Alarmingly, the projectile vomit issues not only from his gaping mouth, but also from his belly maw. Random toothed orifices open up all over Rotigus' voluminous body, snapping and retching septic fluids that seethe with contagion.

With such defences, Rotigus feels no need to carry weapons. Instead he bears a gnarlrod, a branch from the hornbeam tree. Of all the strange and unusual plants within his master's garden, the hornbeam is Nurgle's favourite. In a constant cycle, the tree begins as a seed, sprouts, grows to maturity, sickens with disease, declines and dies in rapid fashion. Every time, its withered corpse sloughs away to reveal a seed from which the cycle begins again. With every rebirth comes a different disease that causes the hornbeam to die in some new and horrific way. The curled branch of Nurgle's beloved tree is a powerful symbol of favour, and the ensorcelled wood is rich in regenerative magic.

Since his participation in the Skull Lands War, Rotigus has been in ascension, claiming thousands of worlds for the Fly Lord. The other Great Unclean Ones look upon the Rainfather's works with a sibling jealousy, knowing it will not be long before he achieves Exalted status.



# HERALDS OF NURGLE

**In the Garden of Nurgle it is a great honour to serve amongst the foot soldiery of the God of Decay, but there are some amongst the ranks of the Plaguebearers that are destined for still greater things. Those that prove exceptional in terms of power, ability or capacity to bear the most loathsome of diseases are granted further blessings from Grandfather Nurgle.**

In the vast shadows of the Great Unclean Ones are Nurgle's Heralds, the commanders of the Plague Legions' Tallybands. These champions of plague and misery use their grotesque abilities to lead and augment the Lesser Daemons beneath them, or to perform the most vital duties throughout their god's garden. The Heralds of Nurgle each have their own proclivities and armaments, and are given impressive titles based on these.

## POXBRINGERS

A mortal who resists the ravages of Nurgle's Rot for a significant time transforms into an unusually resilient Plaguebearer, resulting in a larger, tougher individual destined to one day reach the rank of Herald as a Poxbringer. Such warriors are testament to the futility of denying Nurgle's embrace, but speak volumes about how much the Lord of Decay values determination and the most obstinate perseverance. Through their will and defiance, the Heralds-to-be stand taller and broader than the Plaguebearers that surround them. Upon proving themselves in battle or service, each is rewarded by Nurgle himself. The first sign is a lengthening of the single horn that juts out of their misshapen heads, followed by the sprouting of a magnificent set of rotting antlers as if to crown such malformed glory. Further engorged by the touch of blessed diseases, Poxbringers grow stronger and tougher still, becoming true champions of their kind. With their newfound strength, a Poxbringer can hack down multiple Bloodletters with a single swing of their balesword.



The change undergone by Poxbringers is more than just a physical one. Imbued with a generous portion of the unnatural vitality of Nurgle, Poxbringers project an aura of disease. This vile atmosphere is sometimes visible as a hazy fug that surrounds them. So noxious are these emanations that they can empower fellow minions of Nurgle. This ability makes Poxbringers the ideal lieutenants to lead a unit of Plaguebearers into battle, for the Herald's energies invest his charges' plagueswords with further virulent might, allowing for a greater spread of disease. With a single bale-eye glowing, Poxbringers can also tap into psychic powers, using them to vomit forth diseases or smite down the foe with horrific viruses.

Unlike the jolly Great Unclean Ones, Poxbringers are closer in temperament to Plaguebearers, but even less morose. As they are filled with a greater portion of the curdled energies of Nurgle, Poxbringers are gifted with far more personality than any of the droning Lesser Daemons they lead, most typically expressed in their gallows sense of humour. The Poxbringers pit their mumbling gripes against the boisterous, booming voices of the Greater Daemons that lead them, one side hopeful and ebullient about what might be done, the other grousing as they are the ones tasked with actually doing it.

In addition to leading Plaguebearer formations, Poxbringers can also be found in a variety of other roles, both in the Plague Legions and throughout the Garden of Nurgle. Powerful Great Unclean Ones use Heralds as subordinates, personal disease-tasters or right-hand advisers. Lord Dhripit the Grand Ulseer – a rising favourite of Nurgle – often deploys seven Heralds as his own formidable honour guard. The Poxbringer Ghlub'tar fell out of favour due to his unceasing stream of glum retorts, and was put in charge of the Nurgling masses that followed the legion into battle during the final stages of the Plague Wars in Ultramar. While originally envisioned as a punishment for his sour attitude, the results of his Nurgling assault waves were so impressive that the position has since become a permanent one. Ghlub'tar, naturally, grumbles about this constantly.

Always watchful of his minions, Nurgle himself selects the most accomplished of his Poxbringers and amply rewards them with special tasks. This is a true honour and such duties are discharged

with solemn pride, be it as guardian of a sacred site in the garden, or as an observer of some new disease. One such individual is Wretch Gab'larr, who is tasked with studying the effects of Nurgle's plagues upon specimens never before encountered, then describing them to his master upon the porch of Nurgle's manse.

*'Grumbling? I'm not grumbling. I should be grumbling, though, leading this lot of stumbler-mites. 'Tis the chanting I can't abide. Always the Eyerot ditty, never willing to give another disease a chance. And there they go again, not even worthy of their mucus…'*

*- Ghlub'tar, a sample of his stream of invective*

## SLOPPITY BILEPIPERS

Not all of the plagues created by Nurgle turn out as planned, many of them being just a minor inconvenience rather than a world-sweeping contagion. Some attempts prove even more disastrous, such as the pox that was meant to gnaw flesh but instead proved to be something of a disinfectant. That catastrophe was never spoken of again, not even by the boldest of Great Unclean Ones. The disease that eventually became known as the Chortling Murrain was at first believed to be a damp squib, but, when it was re-purposed as a punishment, it swiftly became one of the Lord of Plagues' favoured creations.

The Chortling Murrain becomes truly infectious when it settles into a Plaguebearer. Ever the most organised and glum of Nurgle's creations, a Daemon infected with Chortling Murrain – usually as a result of failing in his counting – abandons his characteristic shuffling gait and steady, measured droning as he falls into what can only be described as a comedic fever. So infected, he capers and quips, jabbering light-heartedly at any who will listen. Amidst the dour, endless counting of Plaguebearers it is only too obvious to pick out one who is so afflicted.

Once the symptoms of the Chortling Murrain fully manifest, its victim is given the title of Sloppity Bilepiper and a new task. Gifted with a gutpipe and marotter, these budding Heralds are sent to amuse Nurgle's Tallybands as they march to war. Admittedly, the antics of the Bilepipers wholeheartedly fail to impress the gloom-ridden Plaguebearers, but Great Unclean Ones and Nurglings find the steady stream of jokes and nonsense-songs hilarious. The Greater Daemons unleash booming belly laughs that send rotted innards splashing out in waves, while Nurglings shriek with laughter. Even Beasts of Nurgle flop about with extra enthusiasm, not understanding but eager to join the fun. Invigorated by the Bilepiper's exploits, Great Unclean Ones and Nurglings set about their vile work with extra vigour.

Unfortunately for Nurgle's foes, Daemons with the Chortling Murrain are infectious, and the warp-borne disease can cause mortals and the Daemons of other gods to laugh with ever-growing hysterics until their hearts burst or their sides split open. Despite their augmentative roles, Bilepipers themselves are doomed, for the Chortling Murrain always gets the last laugh – or not. As the disease goes into remission and the bearer fails to raise the least of titters from even the jolliest of Great Unclean Ones, the Herald is subjected to cruel magic that devolves him in twisting agony, reshaping him into a set of pestilential gutpipes – the tools of the trade that will eventually be given to his desperately grinning replacement.

## SPOILPOX SCRIVENERS

The Heralds known as Spoilpox Scriveners are given a specific task by Grandfather Nurgle. It is their lot to tally the Tallyband, to audit their ceaseless counting, and to ensure that their calculations are accurate. To accomplish their role, Scriveners are equipped with endless hidebound scrolls upon which they use special quills made from the plucked tail feathers of a Lord of Change. They record the number of diseases counted by the Plaguebearers – to double-check later – and scribble down the names of any Plaguebearers that lose count. All the while, Scriveners verbally browbeat those around them, their nasal voices amplified by their distended jaws, which can bite a man in half. Such constant abuse has a strange motivational effect upon the Plaguebearers, forcing them to concentrate upon their chanting count and move with all the haste their swollen, fluid-ridden joints can muster. Spoilpox Scriveners themselves are sullen and spiteful creatures; they long to catch their fellows out with a mistake or, even better, to record enough wrongdoing to actually punish them. Those found to make repeated mistakes are slated for the dread fate of the Chortling Murrain.



# EPIDEMIUS

## THE TALLYMAN OF NURGLE

The task of cataloguing the potency of Nurgle's many diseases falls to Epidemius, the Lord of Decay's chosen Tallyman. Epidemius is one of the seven Proctors of Pestilence who preside over the massed legions of Plaguebearers that answer Nurgle's call. Borne aloft on a rotten palanquin by a horde of Nurglings, Epidemius moves amongst the Daemons of Nurgle, making note of all the varied afflictions and poxes unleashed into the universe. It is a never-ending task, for Nurgle is constantly creative and his anarchic hordes are ever keen to spread new and wonderful diseases.

Epidemius' Nurglings are not only his means of transportation, but also act as his assistants, secreting ink for his quill, growing parchment-like strips of skin from their backs for their master to tear free, and counting upon a great death's head abacus that grows from the planks of the palanquin. The Nurglings also serve as guards for the Tallyman, biting at the ankles and shins of any who threaten their beloved master. Unlike the usual babble and giggling that accompanies most Nurglings, Epidemius' brood are almost silent. They understand the importance of Epidemius' task and suffer his ire when an ill-timed titter or rasping belch breaks his concentration. Nurgle's Tallyman brooks no idleness or foolishness; hence his passage is accompanied only by the slimy squelching of the palanquin and the gnawing scratch of his quill.

Nurgle's diseases afflict souls as well as bodies, destroying a being's sense of self and moral direction as thoroughly as they ravage the flesh. Epidemius can track the crumbling soul trail of the recently slain, gleaning all manner of knowledge from it, as well as siphoning a portion of the spirit's strength to aid his master's cause. As an offer of thanks, Epidemius' entourage strike bells, the doleful sound celebrating as the spirit leaves for Nurgle's welcoming embrace.

Epidemius can be found wherever Nurgle's pestilent gifts are most bountiful. His corpulent frame – resembling that of an extremely bloated Plaguebearer – is often seen upon the battlefields of realspace, for infected injuries and fresh corpses are fecund breeding grounds for contagion, and the stench attracts Epidemius like a fly to a rotten wound. Amidst the raging conflict, Epidemius surveys the spread of filth and decay from his lofty perch, taking careful note of every bubo, pustule and sore. Even as Epidemius writes, Grandfather Nurgle becomes aware of his findings, distilling the information for future experiments and brews. The more notes Epidemius makes, the more the Lord of Decay's attention is drawn to him, and the greater the blessings bestowed upon his pestilent legions. To better observe the spread of disease, Epidemius orders his palanquin carried to the front lines, where the Nurgling bearers and the obese Herald angrily strike out at any foes that get close enough to disturb the Tallyman's work.



### THE SKULL LANDS

At the zenith of one of the Blood God's reigns of dominance in the Great Game, Tzeentch encouraged Nurgle to invade the realm of his brother Khorne, assuring him that both his own legions and those of Slaanesh would aid him. Convinced, the Great Corrupter sent his most faithful servants to the Skull Lands, instructing them to take the bounty of his garden with them. Sure enough, powerful Tzeentchian illusions drew many Blood Legions away to chase phantom armies, rendering Khorne's armies vulnerable to the combined forces of his rivals. So great were the Blood God's losses in the ensuing conflict that the minions of Khorne were pushed back to the very walls of the Brass Citadel.

All around that indomitable fortress, vast swathes of the Garden of Nurgle had sprouted, the land ploughed and seeded by Horticulous Slimux and watered by Rotigus the Rainfather. With victory seeming certain, a supposedly stray spark of warpflame from a Herald of Tzeentch ignited Nurgle's flora, dried out as it was by the desert heat of Khorne's underground forges. The resultant inferno created a wall of flame around the citadel that utterly engulfed Nurgle and Slaanesh's legions, and began to spread uncontrollably back to the centre of the Plague God's domain. Only by Rotigus' quick thinking was the blaze prevented from reaching all the way back to his master's manse, as he called forth a bigger deluge than he had ever previously manifested. Seeing the towering flames around the citadel, Khorne's Blood Legions realised they had been tricked, and returned to repel the last of the invaders.

# HORTICULOUS SLIMUX

## THE GRAND CULTIVATOR

With a thump of his tumour-hardened foot upon the shell of his faithful mount, a snail-like creature known affectionately as Mulch, Horticulous Slimux rides to battle. It is not the quickest of charges, but what it lacks in speed it makes up for with sheer toxicity.

Horticulous Slimux has been Nurgle's head gardener since before time. A Herald of special powers, Horticulous has an eye for tending the diseased plant-growths so beloved by Nurgle. None knows better when to deadhead a skullrose, divide up a witchspike shrub, or graft new tendrils together to make entire new flora. Indeed, if he had his way, Horticulous would spend all his time tending and pruning the endless vegetation fields around Nurgle's great manse. The Lord of Plagues, however, has other ideas.

Nurgle moves in cycles, and after seeing his Grand Cultivator at work in his garden for a time, the God of Decay senses the need for a change, and sends Horticulous into realspace to plant his seeds. There is none better at spreading the glorious growths of the garden. Horticulous is a pragmatic and humourless being, and goes about his task – whatever it may be – with the same no-nonsense approach. He finds the uncontaminated regions of reality disturbing, and seeks to garnish them as quickly as possible with Nurgle's blessing, although he will grumble as he does so of his 'beauties back home', for he trusts no one to tend his prized plants in his absence. But no sooner has Horticulous set his grundleplough working than Nurgle grows restless again. He decides that now is not the time for planting, but instead the time for reaping. And so, hefting his rusty pair of pruning shears, Horticulous joins the Plague Legions for battle. Heads and limbs are snipped with the same precision and skill he shows when trimming down a bleeding marrowtree.



As he goes about his duties, Horticulous conjures the tendrils and mutated fronds of Nurgle's garden and ushers them into reality as if with only a thought. Within moments of sowing a seed, a boundless fecundity erupts, creating a small facsimile of his master's garden. Such infested areas, populated by the likes of daemonic Feculent Gnarlmaws, augment the diseased hordes of Nurgle and cause all others to weaken in the unnatural miasma.

It is rare to see Horticulous alone, for he is almost always accompanied by bounding packs of Beasts of Nurgle. The creatures frolic in the slimy and poisonous wake left behind by the Grand Culvitator's squelching mount, and will respond to the Herald's call with unmatched enthusiasm. Horticulous tolerates the Beasts' antics, but the same cannot be said for Nurglings. When no Great Unclean Ones are watching, Horticulous has been known to feed the imps to Mulch. This foul diet ensures Mulch's bite is extremely toxic.

# PLAGUEBEARERS

## ROTTEN PALADINS OF THE PLAGUE GOD, TAINTED ONES

The dull knell of bells and the humming of flies herald the arrival of Nurgle's Plaguebearers, the rank-and-file of the Plague Legions. Each Plaguebearer is formed from the corrupted soul of a mortal that contracted Nurgle's Rot. The longer a victim endures against the soul-gnawing disease – which varies in virulence – the greater the boon of power granted by the Lord of Decay. The Daemon shuffles forwards, its ripe body swollen and bursting open with contagion. The stench of unnatural decay hangs heavy, surrounding the Plaguebearer like a fug. Each Daemon has a single rheumy eye and a horn sprouting from its skull – the mark of Nurgle's Rot that each bears through eternity. What little flesh it has remaining is stretched over ruptured organs and marked with innumerable sores and dripping cysts.

It is the Plaguebearers' role to keep stock of new diseases, and to maintain some semblance of order amongst Nurgle's naturally mischievous hordes. The Plaguebearers' obsessive need to organise is characterised by their constant counting as they try to calculate every new outbreak of plague, an onerous duty that they carry out begrudgingly. In truth, their monotonous chanting achieves very little save for making mortals feel nauseous – it is practically impossible to catalogue anything amidst the ever-changing nature of Chaos. This in no way discourages them, however, for they are the embodiment of the need to impose order upon a meaningless and uncaring world. Unfortunately for the Plaguebearers, they are prone to losing count during the back-and-forth mayhem of combat, and the glum Daemons groan in frustration before starting their count all over again. Such sights rarely escape the eye of any nearby Spoilpox Scriveners, who are eager to punish any they can for their failings.

In battle, Plaguebearers shamble purposefully towards their foes. Packs of these Lesser Daemons – often up to seven of them – are known as the Tallybands, and form the core of many of Nurgle's Plague Legions. Each Plaguebearer wields a rusted blade that corrupts flesh in an instant. Should a foe endure the stench and not be struck down, they will find their own blows hampered by swarming flies. When strikes do land upon Plaguebearers they seem to have little effect, for the minions of Nurgle feel no pain, and shrug off what should be lethal strokes.

### PLAGUESWORDS

Each Plaguebearer carries a gnarled and spike-ridden blade – an infamous plaguesword. Although corroded and battered, these blades drip with a coating of loathsome slime whose touch brings disease and death. As Grandfather Nurgle enjoys each of the wide variety of splendid aliments at his command, there is no telling exactly what might be contracted from a scratch suffered from a plaguesword. Victims not slain outright have been known to come down with all manner of gruesome and deadly maladies.



# NURGLINGS

## MITES OF FATHER NURGLE

The innards of a Great Unclean One are best not pondered, for such gastric caverns are not places that sane men wish to consider for too long. It is in these churning depths that the Nurglings are created. Starting as small blobs of indescribably foul matter, Nurglings are nourished by the pulsating juices of a Great Unclean One's inner organs, growing into small facsimiles of Nurgle himself until they plop into existence as spiteful, rotund imps.

For most of their existence, Nurglings congregate around the Great Unclean One that created them. They clamber across his bulk seeking comfortable pools of liquids and warm spots under the folds of rotting flesh. Eager for attention, Nurglings chatter to their master incessantly, picking at his scabs and hoping for a fatherly belch of appreciation. Some of Nurgle's favoured Heralds are accompanied to battle by seething tides of these diminutive monsters; those most vaunted in his sight are carried in a palanquin which is borne aloft on a carpet of Nurglings. When not moving the palanquin, the grotesque imps will scurry around making gifts of small trinkets they find; dead animals, rotting bones, particularly splendid fungi and other such presents as they think will please their master.

Nurglings are mischievous little creatures, and when they aren't squabbling with each other or vying for attention, they are typically making a nuisance of themselves by spreading boils, spoiling foodstuffs, or else leaving slippery piles of filth for unsuspecting mortals to step in. Of all Daemons, it is Nurglings that most vex the Plaguebearers; driven by the instinct to record and codify, the Lesser Daemons of Nurgle find the capricious, trouble-causing nature of Nurglings impossible to fathom. Whilst Great Unclean Ones look upon their pestilent children with affection, the sombre Plaguebearers view them as a constant distraction.

Nurglings are rarely a formal part of any of the Plague Legions, but instead they tag along, cavorting upon the heels of the commanding Great Unclean One or scampering amongst the Heralds and troop formations. They are very protective creatures and will gleefully launch themselves at foes that threaten them or their friends. They swarm forwards in a rush of malevolence, spilling over their victims like an irrepressible tide. Possessed of pointed teeth and sharp claws, the Nurglings swallow up their enemies in a mound of biting, scratching bodies. Such small wounds as are inflicted by these minuscule creatures would be inconsequential were it not for the lively toxins and contagions from which the Nurglings are made, which quickly infect and mortify even the slightest injury.

Since the coming of the Great Rift and the outpouring of warp energies into the galaxy, Nurglings have become far more prevalent in realspace. Several new diseases, including the latest strains of the Zombie Plague, are so virulent that they allow Nurglings to develop inside those afflicted. When the malevolent creatures slop forth – eating their way out or perhaps bursting from a cyst – they do their best to spread even more diseases.



# BEASTS OF NURGLE

## SLITHERING VESSELS OF CONTAGION, SLIME HOUNDS

The creatures known as Beasts of Nurgle are so ugly that a mere glimpse of their diseased forms is enough to make a mortal vomit. However, it is an appearance that is totally at odds with their friendly and energetic demeanour. This is because Beasts of Nurgle are incarnations of the Plague Lord's own bountiful exuberance, which is in turn a manifestation of all mortals' desire for vigorous life, social interaction, affection and fertile endeavour.

In character, Beasts of Nurgle are much like energetic, attention-starved puppies. They often accompany Nurgle's Legions into battle, flyblown tongues lolling out of putrid mouths as they bounce back and forth to attract the attention of Grandfather Nurgle's favourite sons, hoping for a pat on the back, a rub of the belly or some other scrap of attention. When happy, Beasts of Nurgle wag their slug-like tails back and forth. When over-excited (which is most of the time) they leave little puddles of caustic slime behind them. Beasts of Nurgle are affectionate creatures that love nothing more than to bound up to potential new playmates and slobber all over them. Those who foolishly run away from the Beasts of Nurgle in an attempt to escape only serve in rousing the creatures' instinctive enthusiasm, for they simply cannot resist a good game of chase, bounding after their panicked friends with phlegm-choked barks of excitement.

Unbeknownst to the cheerful but dim-witted Daemons, their bodies are dripping with a whole host of virulent plagues and contagions. Even the proximity of a Beast of Nurgle is enough to spell death for small animals and plants. The mere touch of a such a creature is quickly fatal to most mortals, causing aggressive diseases to run rampant through their bodies at an accelerated pace. Soon the victim falls silent and still, already decaying under the malign influence of Nurgle's infections.

The Beasts of Nurgle only register a fleeting sense of disappointment at their new friend's lack of spirit, and will quickly grow bored of their game, eagerly searching for new playmates upon which to lavish their lethal devotion. More gruesome still are those times when the simple-minded Beasts of Nurgle mistake their victim's convulsive throes for a new game – eager to join in the fun, they quickly drop to the ground to roll around as well, crushing their poor friends' ravaged bodies to a pulp in the process. When the Beasts of Nurgle finally right themselves, they find that their playmates have mysteriously disappeared from sight. Assuming that they've been abandoned, they set about a pathetic, heartfelt whimpering – that is until they are distracted by the pool of gruesome fluids that has inexplicably appeared about them, which they set to lapping up with relish.

*'By the time ye bones begin to rot,*
*Gribbleworms are still there,*
*But you are not…'*
*- Nonsense rhyme of Gryst, the ill-fated Sloppity Bilepiper*





# PLAGUE DRONES

## ROTTING RIDERS

High-ranking Plaguebearers are known amongst Nurgle's legions as Plague Drones, a title that conveys commendable humility. These overseers of Nurgle's realm ride into realspace mounted upon Rot Flies – colossal daemonic insects whose appearance is so repugnant it scars the mind. From their lofty positions, the Plague Drones can properly tally the diseases running rife across the battlefield, as well as swiftly intervene should Nurgle's divine plans meet with heavily armed resistance.

The Rot Flies themselves are amongst Nurgle's most loathsome creations. Only the forbidden tomes of the Black Library speak of the vile process by which these creatures are birthed, for they hatch in the sticky depths of the Garden of Nurgle, where the visionary and the loon wander in their dreams and nightmares. Some Beasts of Nurgle, disappointed by the rag-doll inactivity of their mortal playthings, develop a kernel of bitterness in their ebullient souls. Crestfallen puzzlement leads to frustration and ultimately an aching resentment. Over the millennia, a thin seed of malice grows in such a Beast's heart, feeding upon the energies of its depression and angst until it throbs like a pus-filled canker.

The final straw comes when the Beast is betrayed unto death by those it wishes to call its friends. Seeking reconciliation, the Beast will put aside its doubts and bound optimistically towards the ranks of those mortals it has cornered. Should one of these ingrate warriors slay the Beast with a lucky sword thrust or well-aimed plasma blast, the creature will vanish howling into the warp. Called back to the immaterium, the Beast lollops and huffs, splashing down into the mire of Nurgle's garden with an aggrieved sigh. The knowledge that it cannot return to the delights of the mortal realm festers within it as it wallows in the sheer unfairness of the universe.

Over the centuries the Beast pupates, protected from harsh reality by a crawling shroud of Nurgle's fattest flies. A daemonic metamorphosis takes place as the chitinous nub of hate that lurks within the Beast grows strong on the sallow bulk of its former incarnation. Eventually, the creature within bursts out of its cocoon as a full-grown Rot Fly, a creature of pitiless malice hell-bent on wreaking its revenge upon an uncaring universe. Plaguebearers prize such steeds highly, for in their haste to punish the mortals that once spurned them, Rot Flies speed into battle at a great pace.

As the Rot Flies fall upon their prey, leathery wings buzz in a flapping purr of motion and clouds of deathbottles fill the air above, choking airborne warriors and clogging engine intakes. Prehensile probosces and posterior mouth-parts latch onto the faces of their victims, and the Rot Flies let out titters of mean-spirited laughter as they pluck heads from necks and swallow them down. When facing the common soldiery of realspace, a Rot Fly will slowly digest all meat from a skull before extruding a plague-infused death's head that its Plaguebearer rider can hurl at the foe. Given the chance, though, Rot Flies will hunt down the heroic warriors that slew their previous incarnations. A special fate is reserved for such individuals – opening their maws wider than physical law should allow, the Rot Flies swallow their prey whole, keeping them trapped in their mucous-filled abdomens for eternity.

# KEEPERS OF SECRETS

## BRINGERS OF TEMPTATIONS, FEASTERS OF PAIN

There is nothing so loathsome yet beguiling as the Greater Daemons known as Keepers of Secrets, the closest companions and servants of Slaanesh and the leaders of his Legions of Excess. Wreathed in glamours and mind-dulling musks, this monstrous Daemon masks his true form with supernatural allure. His powerfully muscled body is decked with jewels that hold the souls of his choicest victims, and his razor sharp claws are decorated with brightly coloured lacquers.

A Keeper of Secrets is a highly intelligent creature, a being whose silvered words and languid gestures belie his true power. It is claimed these are the most entrancing of all immortals, and that to look upon one is to surrender every last shred of self-will. A Greater Daemon of Slaanesh knows the most intimate desires of every mortal being, and he will use this horrific knowledge to gain power over his foes, seducing them with whispered promises they cannot hope to resist. Few who have encountered this Daemon can describe the shame of their desire, nor the lust for violence and depravity that overwhelms their rational senses in his presence, but the Keeper of Secrets is more than just a master of the psyche; on the field of battle he is a graceful yet vicious killer that delights in the excessive, wanton violence he unleashes.

Pain and pleasure are irrevocably blended in the minds of Slaanesh's Greater Daemons, meaning that their blissful enjoyment of battle is unmatched in or outside of the warp. However, Keepers of Secrets are only used by Slaanesh when all else has failed, for violence is but a small element of the Dark Prince's nature. When sheer, uncompromising force is the only course left, Slaanesh tasks his Greater Daemons to deliver it in excess. Keepers of Secrets take gloating, sadistic pleasure in all acts of killing and torture, considering excruciatingly painful death in battle as another form of creative expression. They take delight in the interplay of explosions, blood and horror, feeding upon the strong emotions triggered by mortals as they are torn apart. Their limbs, at the same time delicate and hideously strong, move in blinding strikes as they eviscerate their opponents, spilling blood in pleasing patterns and spreading body parts in an exotic tapestry. The desperate pleas for mercy and the berserk battle cries of blood-crazed warriors are sonorous music to the Greater Daemons' ears, a delectable opera that honours Slaanesh. The ways of murder are myriad, and the Greater Daemon must explore them all.

As well as being a lightning-fast and vicious warrior, a Keeper of Secrets possesses knowledge of many mystical arts, weaving psychic powers that lead the weak-willed to their doom. A Greater Daemon of Slaanesh invades the thoughts and senses of its prey, penetrating their every mental defence, sending them visions of glory, titillating their egos and caressing their inner desires to lead them astray. There is nothing more satisfying for a Keeper of Secrets than to corrupt a warrior of noble heart, turning his quest for glory into a sacrifice upon the altar of Slaanesh's perverse will.

While Greater Daemons of Slaanesh take particular pleasure in destroying the daemonic creatures of Khorne, the arch rival of the Dark Prince, it is a mortal delicacy that holds the most delight. They thirst for the radiant spirits of the Aeldari above all others, the sheer terror that the race holds within its heart for the Dark God they birthed at the time of the Fall making their souls the headiest of draughts. A Keeper of Secrets will stop at nothing to glut upon such morsels over and over again, a fact that haunts the Aeldari people's every waking moment.



# HERALDS OF SLAANESH

Off all the Chaos Gods, it is Slaanesh whose desires and practises are most alike those of a mortal ruler, and to this end he surrounds himself with a court to attend and entertain him. Made up of the immortal and the immoral alike, only those in great favour are given the honour of basking in his presence. The more privileged a Daemonette is – the more she pleases the Dark Prince – the closer to his throne she is allowed to approach, and the most favoured of all such Lesser Daemons of Slaanesh are instilled with a greater measure of his divine power. These are the handmaidens, fastest and most deadly of his courtesans, creatures of impossible grace and horrifying cruelty. Also known as the Heralds of Slaanesh, these Daemons are more powerful than their sisters, and are allowed free reign within the Pleasure Palace. The greatest of their kind are even privileged enough to ascend Slaanesh's dais, where they feed their twisted patron sweetmeats and stroke his body with their oiled claws.

When they are not reclining around their master's throne, the Heralds of Slaanesh serve him in other ways. Primarily, the handmaidens act as lieutenants in the Dark Prince's Legions of Excess, leading the Lesser Daemons of the cavalcades to fulfil the desires of the legion's ruling Keeper of Secrets. There are a number of titles borne by the Heralds of Slaanesh, such as Artisan of Pain, Abbess of Avarice, or a High Bacchante of Glut. Whatever the epithet, a Slaaneshi Herald is a beacon of depravity, and wherever she goes, she whips the other minions of the Dark Prince into a hedonistic furore, inspiring them to new heights of depravity. To them, battle is but an ongoing dance, and the Heralds are accomplished choreographers and performers both; on the battlefield, they cast agonising psychic powers to render their foes insensate and inspire them to give in to their deepest needs, before nimbly falling upon them with bladed limbs.

While they are masterful warriors and leaders, it is also to these depraved creatures that the Lord of Excess entrusts his more subtle machinations – such as acting as temptresses within the varied circles of torment that surround the Pleasure Palace, or seducing weak-willed mortals to their god's cause – as of all his Daemons, they are most sensitive to the delicacy that the Dark Prince's ploys require on occasion. They might establish Slaaneshi cults, corrupt planetary governors, or simply assassinate a commander in his quarters. With promises of glory and self-fulfilment, the Herald twists the aspirations and ambitions of her prey into self-obsession, paranoia and madness, luring the victim onto the indulgent road towards self-destruction and the furtherance of the Dark Prince's desires.

*'I can show you a portal that can take you to a special place.*
*There you will experience pleasure without conscience,*
*Delights without boundaries.*
*There you will find wealth without working,*
*Gratifications beyond count. Won't you come with me?'*

*- Siren song of Sha'ris, Deacon of Lust*



## HARLEQUINS

When Slaanesh consumed the Aeldari empire in the event known as the Fall, its people became splintered as different factions amongst the survivors sought to avoid the continuing predations of Slaanesh. Perhaps the strangest of all those Aeldari who escaped are the Harlequins of the Laughing God.

In the mythology of the Aeldari, the Laughing God Cegorach eluded Slaanesh when the newly birthed Dark Prince destroyed the race's pantheon by disappearing into the webway – a network of tunnels through the warp and realspace. Since that time, Slaanesh has hunted the Laughing God, but has never succeeded in catching him. The Harlequins are devotees of Cegorach, and Aeldari legend states that when they die, the Laughing God steals their souls before Slaanesh can consume them.

Guided by far-seeing Shadowseers and ancient prophecies, the Harlequins' loathing of Chaos in all its forms leads them across the galaxy to battle against daemonic incursions. When they are not fighting, troupes of Harlequins visit the remnants of their race, from the dark city of Commorragh to the craftworlds that sail in the depths of space. At each stop, the troupes put on performances that warn of the lures of Chaos and re-enact the Fall of the Aeldari.

# THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

## ETERNAL DANCER OF SLAANESH

Once the chief handmaiden of Slaanesh, the Masque used to comb the Dark Prince's shining hair and oil it with fragrant balms. When Slaanesh's mood was grim, the Masque would dance to lighten his thoughts, enrapturing her god with the most dazzling and acrobatic displays. Yet for all of Slaanesh's indulgence, the Masque was to become the most despised of all the Prince of Pleasure's servants.

During the eternal wrangling and wars that make up the Great Game, it came about that Tzeentch tricked Slaanesh into an unwinnable battle against both Khorne and Nurgle – the ill-fated Provocation Wars. It was a hard-fought series of campaigns that ended only with the Dark Prince's utter defeat and subsequent humiliation. Seeing the dark mood of her master, the Masque took it upon herself to ease his heart with her most energetic and scintillating dance ever. Where once her leaps and pirouettes had brought laughter and joy, now Slaanesh's bitter heart saw mockery, each perfect combination of moves calculated to be barbs to his pierced pride. Enraged, Slaanesh cast the Masque aside, condemning her as a traitor. He cursed her, saying that if she wanted to dance, she must dance forever more.

Such has been the Masque's doom, to dance across eternity. In the circles of Slaanesh's realm, she pirouettes for other Daemonettes, entrancing them with her sinuous movements until they are so enraptured they can no longer move or speak. She dances at the gates of Khorne, mocking the Bloodletters who snarl and growl at her impudence. The Masque dances across the mortal worlds of the galaxy, trapping those who witness her. Where mortals indulge their senses, where excess overcomes restraint, the Masque appears to lead the incautious on a dance of doom.

As she enacts the tales of Slaanesh's glorious history, his bespoke destiny and his most unholy conquests, her golden mask flickers and changes, matching the roles of the characters she plays. So powerful is the lure of the Masque's display that all who see it feel compelled to join in the performance. Immortal Daemons and crude mortals alike feel this calling in their hearts and are powerless to resist, joining the show as if they had rehearsed their parts for an eternity. In the 'Dance of Dreaming', where the character of the slumbering prince awaits to be born, the Masque's troupe is lulled into a lethargic trance, whilst in the 'Dance of Death', a re-enactment of one of Slaanesh's great victories over Khorne, the cast leap and flail and claw at their eyes and throats. Consumed by the ecstasy and agony of the Masque's aura, they will happily dance themselves to death, using up their last ounce of energy, their dying breath, to keep pace with her twirls and somersaults.

The Masque has been known to turn up unheralded on battlefields across the galaxy. She has danced to the screams of those massacred by Khorne's Bloodletters, and pirouetted to the droning count of Nurgle's Plaguebearers, a figure of grace amongst the brutal and the bloated. More often, however, the Masque will appear alongside the cavalcades of her master's Legions of Excess. Her insane prancing reaches new heights when she is at the centre of a Courante Legion, surrounded by cavorting Daemonettes. There, her dazzling acrobatics inspire her sisters to magnificent performances of bloodshed. If she could follow her own will that is where she might stay, but Slaanesh can be petulant, and still refuses to remove the hex upon her. So does the Masque continue dancing wherever the fickle whims of her curse takes her.



### THE LAST DANCE

One of the more recent tales told by the Harlequins concerns the lost troupe – the Masque of the Sunset Reflection. Gathered to close off a contaminated section of the webway, they found themselves ambushed by a legion led by the Masque of Slaanesh. Far from the light of any star, the two sides spun, flipped and contorted themselves in a deadly yet beautiful battle that seemed more like a courtier's ball. Even Slaanesh was delighted at the breath-taking feats of acrobatics, and ordered his Herald to ensure the Sunset Reflection's survival as a reward for their impressive grace. The intricately fought conflict lasted for days, until every Harlequin but one was slain; the Shadowseer of the Sunset Reflection skipped through a portal, never to be seen again.

# DAEMONETTES

## MAIDENS OF ECSTASY, CHILDREN OF SLAANESH

Most numerous of Slaanesh's servants are his Bringers of Joyous Degradation, his Maidens of Excess, his Daemonettes. They serve as courtiers and courtesans in the Palace of Pleasure, created to fulfil Slaanesh's every passing whim. They fill Slaanesh's throne room, lounging upon silken cushions, gossiping endlessly as they scheme to earn greater favour from their wilful master.

The Daemonettes are Slaanesh's warriors and messengers beyond his realm, and packs of such Daemons serve as a core for many of the Legions of Excess. Slaanesh is given to extreme changes of mood, and when frustrated he lashes out with his legions, sending his Daemonettes to tear down everything he finds repugnant, unsubtle and crude, and replace them with artistic vistas of destruction.

In battle, Daemonettes can be seen in a swift surge dancing across the blood-soaked ground, dead bodies forming a carpet beneath their feet. Their honeyed voices are raised in joyous, trilling songs of praise to Slaanesh as they slay and maim in the name of agony and pleasure. They are lithe, dextrous killers, gifting their victims with a mixture of excruciatingly painful caresses and the most delicate and tender of killing strokes. Even in the most gruesome of conflicts, the Daemonettes smile in secret ecstasy as they go about their deadly work, delighting in the raw waves of emotion emanating from their enemies. They are vicious in the extreme, and never miss an opportunity to inflict a last twist on a foe's wounds before they can die. Indeed, Daemonettes enjoy nothing more than 'playing' with their prey, such as holding up an enemy's severed limb to show the shocked victim or using their serpent-strike speed to inflict dozens of cosmetic wounds to trace rude words in their target's blood. Each act of disfigurement and humiliation is met with shrill keening excitement by all the Daemonettes, each trying to out perform the other in some extravagance. By doing such horrific acts they can then drink in the terror and despair, tasting the raw emotions that fill the air.

In appearance, the Daemonettes are both beautiful and revolting. They have slender, clean-limbed bodies with pale smooth skin, and an androgynous charm that is heightened by a permeating sense of beguilement. This is heightened by the strange musk that hangs about them like a cloying perfume. Yet there is something about admiring their charms that causes self-loathing amongst any who view them. Daemonettes are possessed of a hypnotic glamour, an aura that disguises their true forms, rendering them as alluring visions of perfection. Though their true forms are repulsive and terrifying, this supernatural power makes them appear as the ultimate beauty and object of desire in the eyes of mortals, regardless of their race, gender or morality. None exposed to the Daemonettes forget the tide of living sensuality that washes over them as they gaze upon those graceful forms; the strange feelings evokes both repugnance and a perverse longing that forever gnaws at the minds of those who see them.

### FEAR THE DARK PRINCE

Of all the complexities of the Great Game, the most compelling is perhaps the relationship between Slaanesh and his brother gods. None can amplify Khorne's fury like the Lord of Excess, whose earthly luxuries and lusts defy the Blood God's desire for indiscriminate slaughter. The mere mention of Slaanesh or his schemes is enough to cause volcanoes to erupt across the Blood God's domain. Though Khorne is the only god openly hostile to the Dark Prince, Nurgle and Tzeentch are also ill at ease in his presence, despite the fact that the most typical hierarchy of power between the four Chaos Gods sees Slaanesh at the bottom. Even they feel the magnetic pull of his matchless charisma, and are both attracted and repelled by their younger brother.

This is due, in part, to the fact that all the Chaos Gods embody the excess for which Slaanesh is known: Khorne with his bloodlust, Tzeentch with his scheming, and Nurgle with his spreading of plague. Each is an obsession that Dark Prince can turn to his will with merely a whispered promise. Lurking deep within the psyche of each of his brothers is the suspicion that the influence of the Dark Prince is rapidly growing, and that Slaanesh will perhaps one day eclipse them all in strength. With this thought in mind, any alliance of convenience with Slaanesh is especially short-lived; while this could be attributed to simple distrust of one who changes sides at a whim, there is an argument that the Dark Prince's rivals fear the secret power he holds over them.



# SEEKERS

## SWIFT RIDERS OF SLAANESH

Hidden within the circles of Slaanesh's domain within the Realm of Chaos are great meadows of gold and silver that crest into rolling hills and idyllic dales. Here roam herds of Steeds of Slaanesh, running uninhibited across the iridescent plains. They are incarnations of the Dark Prince's free spirit, allowed to flit and gallop as they please. Like birds on the wing they migrate across the arcane pastures, changing direction at the blink of an eye.

A Steed of Slaanesh is a swift and powerful bipedal creature, with a serpentine body propelled on two long, muscular legs. The colour of its hide eternally shifts from soft blues to pastel purples and gentle ochres. Its head is extremely narrow, little more than a slender snout with eyes, from which a tongue several metres long darts. The Steed's tongue can taste the desires of mortals, and so swollen are their sensoriums that they can trace fear, joy and lust on the breeze from a mile away. Their eyes glint with the energies of the god that created them.

Sometimes a Daemonette or, rarer still, a mortal champion, will steal into Slaanesh's glorious pastures to secure themselves a Steed from amongst the herds. Such an endeavour is arduous, for the beasts do not tire and can run at great speed for an eternity if required, outpacing any pursuer. To succeed, the hunter must be wily and exploit the creature's insatiable curiosity. Like all Daemons of Slaanesh, the Steeds crave sensory experiences, and they will quickly investigate something that is new or different. A cunning pursuer can lure a Steed with shining gems or a silvery bauble, or ambush them as they drink from rivers of exotic spirits or scented oils.

If a Daemonette can sneak close to a Steed while it is distracted, she can use a chain of fine gold or silver to ensnare it. Steeds are vicious, and their clawed feet kick and their tongues lash out like whips as they seek to escape. Once chained, however, a Daemonette has many ways to placate the beast and calm its anger, making it her own. With her new mount secured, the Daemonette will ride to war as a Seeker of Slaanesh, one of the Dark Prince's immortal huntresses.

Seekers of Slaanesh form the vanguard of many of the Dark Prince's Legions of Excess, and are the core of his Hunter Legions. The Steeds of Slaanesh are swift beyond belief, their long, sinuous bodies undulating as they speed towards the foe on delicate, bird-like feet. With their unnatural tracking ability, there is little sense in running from a Seeker, and few of their chosen quarry ever escape. The Daemons often back off in their pursuit so as to prolong the terror of their victim, fanning the flames of false hope for a little longer. When they go for the kill, the Steeds' long, toxin-coated tongues dart out to ensnare their victims, shuddering in delight as they taste the mortals' souls. Before the horrified morsel can struggle free, they are dragged towards the daemonic beasts and their riders, whose fanged smiles and curving claws welcome them to an agonising oblivion.



# SEEKER CHARIOTS

## MACHINERIES OF BLISSFUL PAIN

As the straining Steeds of a Seeker Chariot pull their death-machine to full speed, swirling shapes sear the air with blinding streaks of vibrant, luxurious colour. The metal axles screech in a disharmony akin to the wailing of tormented souls. When the chariot finally crashes home, the Daemonettes dance from yoke to spar, laughing as their every disembowelling strike weaves bloody trails in the air.

### EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOTS

Exalted Seeker Chariots are larger and even more festooned with razor-sharp blades. Indeed, the entire rear axle is a giant whirling mass of flensing metal; anything that falls beneath the chariot's wheels is destined to emerge as a fine red mist. Though a victim's body may perish in a spectacular fashion, their unfortunate soul endures much longer. The chariot's ensorcelled blades hook deep into the spiritual remains of its victims, drawing them ever deeper into the maelstrom of metal. Exalted Chariots seek the foe wherever they are most numerous, ploughing into them with abandon.

### HELLFLAYERS

The constant warfare that defines the Realm of Chaos works against Slaanesh's pursuit of perfection by leaving battle-slain corpses littered across his lands. Strange machineries known as Hellflayers ride across the alabaster plains, their reaping blades cutting the distaff flesh into small pieces that Slaanesh's otherworldly flora can easily devour. Of course, with Daemonettes being the selfish creatures they are, the menial work of feeding their lord's garden is considered a weighty chore and only those creatures who had displeased Slaanesh were sent to crew the Hellflayers.

Yet Daemonettes are as wily as they are cruel, and it wasn't long before a wilful pair of Daemonettes defied their master. During the Slaughter of Scintilla Prime, the rebellious pair brought their Hellflayer not to the battle's aftermath, but to its gory height. Blades prepared for corpses proved just as keen when set upon the living flesh of the Guardsmen sent to stop them. Severed heads and limbs flew like chaffed wheat; ichor spattered across the Hellflayer's Steeds and crew. Yet all this went unnoticed by the Daemonettes. They were gripped by a battle-rapture such as they had never known.

When Slaanesh learnt what had transpired, he was angered, yet also pleased, for that lone Hellflayer had wrought much carnage. The Dark Prince decreed that to ride a Hellflayer would no longer be a punishment, but an honour. Hellflayers now drive in the vanguard, blades mangling and maiming foes caught in their path. As for the two rebellious Daemonettes, Slaanesh transmuted them into unfeeling marble and set them on his causeway, their backs forever to the decadent glories they had once enjoyed, a silent reminder of what happens to those who flout the Dark Prince's will.

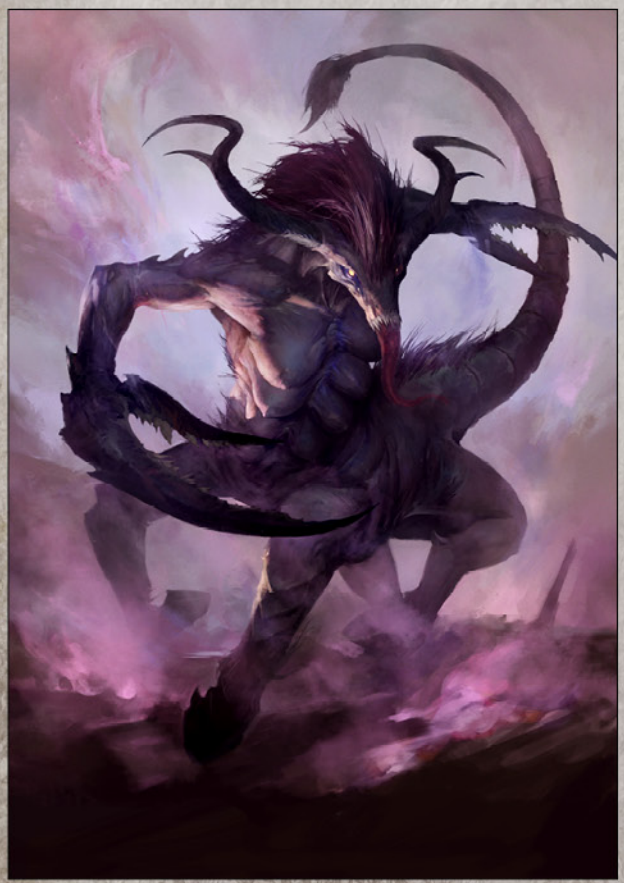


# FIENDS

## HARBINGERS OF DEADLY FRAGRANCE, RAMS OF SLAANESH

Fiends of Slaanesh appear as an unholy mixture of creatures, chimerical beings from warp-induced nightmares given physical shape. Such a collage of forms should by all rights repulse the sane mind, but Fiends exude an unnatural soporific musk, a heady fragrance that attracts and immobilises their prey. The narcotic pleasures they exude are reserved only for their enemies, lacing mortal thoughts with the most rapturous of dreams. As a mortal succumbs to the pervasive sweet state of euphoria, their limbs grow heavy and their minds drift dreamily elsewhere. It is then that Fiends close, moving like a wafting breeze given form until the Daemon's razor-sharp claws sweep down and rend its unresisting victim apart with luxurious care.

Only a superhuman feat of willpower has any hope of fighting through a Fiend of Slaanesh's bewitching aura, and a mortal who somehow emerges from the nightmare alive will never truly be the same again. Though they recall little of the experience – their mind unable to recollect the Fiend's dreams without inviting insanity – they are left with dim impressions of writhing limbs and long, lashing tongues, of inhuman squeals of delight and impossible faces contorted with the ecstasy of pain. Even worse than this is the overwhelming sense of sweet suffocation that haunts their every waking moment – a cloying, seductive scent that sends dark desires into their heart and an irresistible urge that beckons their soul to certain destruction.



Within the warp, Fiends wander and prowl the circles of Slaanesh's magnificent realm, frolicking in the warm, ever-present glow of the Dark Prince's adoration. They amuse themselves by hunting each other and interlopers through the winding forests and along the beautiful shores. Attacking and then withdrawing, the Fiends carefully dissect their prey with precise cuts from their claws, toying for an age with those they chase until the final deathblow comes as an ecstatic release to their victim's agony. In addition to their snipping claws, each Fiend has a barbed tail that waves sinuously behind it. This formidable appendage can lash out with force powerful enough to crack open ceramite armour, and its stinger is loaded with a potent venom that brings agony and death.

When war calls, the Fiends are summoned through disturbing rituals and grouped into formations. These packs stalk alongside the Daemonettes and run alongside the Slaaneshi chariots, dashing forth to strike vulnerable targets. Fiends are unnaturally swift, moving with a strange and scuttling gait as they pursue those who would refuse Slaanesh's intoxicating embrace. As the daemonic beasts close for the kill, they let out a keening song to each other – a haunting discordance interweaved with melodic riffs and a throbbing, bass beat. This call is not merely sonic, but also psychic, resonating in warp space all the way back to the Palace of Pleasure. As Slaanesh sprawls across his throne, his mind is caught by these distant hymns and lullabies, his eyes glazed with the disturbing beauty of his Fiends' music. For mortals – especially those psykers attuned to the warp – the siren call of the Fiends of Slaanesh is far less pleasurable, and the rapidly shifting scale and pitch can cause eyes to vitrify, noses to bleed and eardrums to burst.

### ORDO MALLEUS – THE GREY KNIGHTS

The Ordo Malleus is one of the most secretive and powerful branches of the Emperor's Inquisition. They are Daemon hunters supreme – dedicated to seeking out and destroying beings from the immaterium. In order to combat the evils from the warp, members of the Ordo Malleus have made a study of Daemon lore, in particular the signs of possession, rituals and the spoor of daemonic activity. They are trained in the many ways that Daemons can be banished, and to this end are armed with many bizarre weapons and items of wargear created solely for this purpose.

The Ordo Malleus has a Chamber Militant comprising an entire Chapter of Space Marines. These are the Grey Knights, the cutting edge of the Emperor's Daemon-slaying sword. All Grey Knights are psykers who have passed the most rigorous tests and training regimes, ensuring they are both the most elite of warriors and also strong enough to resist the temptations of Chaos. Incorruptible, the Grey Knights scour the galaxy for their daemonic nemeses, a line of shining steel protecting Mankind from the darkness of the warp. With the opening of the Great Rift and the influx of warp energies into the galaxy, however, that line is growing thin, and these stalwart defenders of Humanity are struggling to respond to the unprecedented number of daemonic incursions.

# SOUL GRINDERS

## IRON DOOMSTRIDERS OF CHAOS

Soul Grinders are diabolic fusions of Daemons and machines, gigantic war engines fuelled by dark malevolence and the desire to destroy. Matching even some of the Greater Daemons in stature, these ironclad Daemon Engines are nigh unstoppable – great metal behemoths whose many limbs are armed with piston-powered claws and daemonic weapons. Even the battle-tanks and chitin-plated monstrosities of the mortal races are swatted aside, crushed or ripped in half.

Soul Grinders form the armoured spearhead of many of the Ruinous Powers' legions. Their daemonic nature allows them to appear out of thin air where least expected, and their warp-metal hulls, animated and protected by the supernatural energies of the immaterium, make them invulnerable to all but the most powerful anti-tank weapons. As Soul Grinders advance towards the enemy, the deadly siege guns fused into their wrists hammer their foes with a storm of metal. These cannons were built by artisans of Chaos who enchanted them to fire bolts of pure hatred, but even these are not the most powerful weapons in a Soul Grinder's arsenal – their smoking maws are capable of unleashing the baleful energies of the warp itself. These attacks take many different forms, all as lethal as they are bizarre. Sometimes, the Soul Grinders vomit gouts of warp fire, while at other times, their whip-like tongues lash out like searing energy rays. They have even been known to spit huge roiling masses of mutating ichor incredible distances, annihilating entire enemy squads in one great blast.

Soul Grinders are created within the limbo realm known as the Forge of Souls. Whilst Daemons can never truly be destroyed, their essence can languish for countless centuries before reforming. Such a non-existence is intolerable to Daemons, and one that they take great efforts to circumvent. The most common schemes involve sacrificing a number of mortal souls in exchange for a new corporeal body. Those Daemons that have a sufficient tally of dead to their name thus avoid the purgatory of the Forge, but the soul-price is invariably great. Occasionally, however, the Forge of Souls will offer a desperate Daemon a boon, promising to craft for it a body capable of great destruction. This boon comes at a cost, of course; the price the Forge asks can range from a mere handful of slain mortals to countless thousands of souls; the repayment required is never the same. If the bargain is agreed upon, the Daemon surrenders his true name to the Forge, and speaks the Oaths of the Iron Pact. With the dark pact sealed, the Daemon's essence is fused into a warp-metal body and reborn as a Soul Grinder. If the Soul Grinder can harvest the agreed number of mortal souls, the Daemon within will be freed from its mechanical prison. However, it is not a debt that is easily settled. Even as the Daemon slaughters and butchers his way across the galaxy, the price demanded erratically rises, sometimes forever remaining elusively out of reach. Should the Soul Grinder be destroyed before the full price can be garnered, the Daemon will be offered another reincarnation as a Soul Grinder, only at a much steeper price. So begins an inescapable cycle of soul-debt that damns the Daemon as eternally as any of the souls he reaps.



# DAEMON PRINCES

## IMMORTAL CHAMPIONS OF CHAOS

The rewards that the Dark Gods bestow upon the mortal champions of Chaos are many and varied. However, there is one prize for which their followers in realspace thirst for above all others, the ultimate goal of their dark endeavours – daemonhood, the dark promise of unimaginable powers, incredible strength and immortality itself.

Whilst other Daemons are fragments of their master's psyche, a Daemon Prince retains much of their own personality and the thirst for power that drove them in their mortal existence. Eager to carve out a realm of their own, many lead the mortal armies of Chaos, the massacres unleashed in their name sustaining them in the realm of reality. The oldest and most powerful of Daemon Princes are even worshipped as deities in their own right on some worlds. Most Daemon Princes eventually discard their material form altogether and pass beyond mortal concerns to join the ranks of their patron's Daemons, only to come back and haunt the galaxy an age later at the head of daemonic host. Though these Daemon Princes are powerful warriors and forceful leaders, they are always considered by Greater Daemons as inferiors who are irrevocably tainted by their mortal origins. Despite this, they are often put to use in the daemonic legions, leading formations of Lesser Daemons on the battlefield.

Daemon Princes can vary enormously in appearance, each mutated according the whims of their patron god. A follower of Khorne turns crimson or brass, their every aspect bent towards rage and brutality. A devotee of Tzeentch shimmers, a glowing ephemeral aura of raw magic exuding from their being. Nurgle's followers are blessed with disease, their rotting form swollen with power. A Daemon Prince raised up by Slaanesh moves with the same unnatural grace and speed as do the Dark Prince's Daemons. Yet the changes are often far more than simply assuming the traits of their benefactor. Some Daemon Princes bear additional arms, horns, tentacles, wings or any manner of other oddities, from scaled skin to bodies wreathed in chains of warp lightnings. Each possesses murderously sharp talons, but some choose to carry weapons – gifts from their deity or corrupted versions of their mortal armaments. Indeed, many Daemon Princes still bear vestiges of their mortal selves; former Traitor Space Marines might still wear elements of their armour, or carry bolters, twisted in form but still recognisable. Those who were cult leaders might wield the staves of their past office, symbols rife with the sigils of their allegiance.

The galaxy is filled with tales of Daemon Princes and their vile deeds. Besides Be'lakor – perhaps the most infamous of Daemon Princes – the most renowned of these beings are the Primarchs of the Traitor Space Marine Legions, for their dark gifts were layered atop the frames of mortals akin to demigods. Although frequent allies of the Chaos Gods' legions, the Daemon Primarchs prefer to lead their own corrupted Space Marine Legions against the Imperium they betrayed.

# FURIES

## SLAVES TO DARKNESS, WARP-FETTERED THRALLS

Known as the Crows of Chaos, Furies are Daemons formed from scraps of warp energy and emotion that coalesce together. They are amongst the lowliest denizens of the Realm of Chaos, making their home in the Formless Wastes that lie outside the domains of the Ruinous Powers.

Furies are easily subjugated by the Dark Gods when they desire these creatures to fight alongside their armies in realspace or the warp. In such cases, the unformed wastelands of the immaterium are swept with the sentience of one or another of the Ruinous Powers, and any Furies that might be hunting there are collected. Transported to the Chaos God's domain, the Furies' appearance shifts to reflect the vast intellect that now guides their actions. Those in thrall to Khorne are typically red-skinned and wrathful, whilst those subsumed by Nurgle exude disease and corruption, their bodies hardened by warp boils and congealed ooze from weeping sores. Those under Tzeentch's control are imbued with iridescent energies, shimmering with arcane protective forces. When Slaanesh controls a flock, the Furies gain a new quickness and surety of motion.

How Furies fight as part of a Daemon legion, and how many do so, varies. Lords of Change make the most frequent use of Fury flocks, creating aerial wings that shimmer above the capering masses, often screening the presence of Screamers behind their flapping wings. They are also welcome additions to Slaanesh's Hunter Legions, diving down to distract any prey that seek to escape the packs of Seeker cavalry. In Nurgle's Plague Legions they tend to fly ahead of the Tallybands, seeking to consume meat while it is still fresh, while they move in the wake of the armies of Khorne, picking apart the carrion-feast left behind by the Blood God's cohorts.

Without specific commands, flocks of Furies circle above a battlefield like vultures, waiting for any hint of weakness. As with some scavengers in realspace, the Crows of Chaos can sense fear and smell weakness, and will generally only attack wounded, isolated or fleeing targets. Enemies brave enough to stand their ground often find they can dissuade the Furies, causing the screeching Daemons to break off their dive in search of easier prey. Those who cower or lack the strength to continue fighting are not so lucky, and are fallen upon with deadly claws that hook and tear their prey apart in a flurry of violence.

Even in triumph, Furies rarely survive a single battle, for as they sate their hunger upon the fallen, the very Daemons that fought alongside them often turn upon their former allies. Even those Bloodthirsters that find the flocks most useful in battle occasionally grow disgusted with their cowardly actions, and will order the Lesser Daemons of Khorne to massacre every last one of the carrion-feeders. After all, there is no end to the Formless Wastes, nor the wretched creatures that inhabit it.

# BE'LAKOR

## THE DARK MASTER

Be'lakor was the first mortal bestowed with Daemon Prince-hood, though what sacrifices he made and what horrors he inflicted to secure such a reward are not described in even the oldest of tales. What is known is that Be'lakor somehow managed to draw the gaze of all four of the Dark Gods, pleasing them sufficiently that each granted him a portion of their godly might. This soon was show to be a dire mistake; the Chaos Gods seldom share anything for long, and so it was with Be'lakor.

For a time, the gods fought over the winged Daemon Prince, feuding as children might squabble over a favoured toy. However, they soon realised the folly of combining their might into a single vessel, as Be'lakor was nearly uncontrollable. It was not long before the Ruinous Powers began to raise up new Daemon Princes, each god choosing only champions that would be loyal to them, and to them alone. Although Be'lakor remained the strongest of the Daemon Princes, his might was diminished as the gods spread their power among their other servants. Nevertheless, Be'lakor remains a master of shadows, moving behind the veil of history and exerting the will of the Chaos Gods upon the universe.

The origins of Be'lakor are spoken of only as myths and rumour, tales torn from the tongues of captive Daemons or forbidden lore recorded on ancient crypt walls. Crude pictographs found in the caves of dry, dead worlds or primitive statues hidden in the sunken depths of death world oceans speak to Be'lakor's immortal reign within the galaxy. Scholars have been driven mad looking for hints of the Daemon's presence woven into the history of the universe, always lurking in the shadows behind the rise and expansion of the mortal races. Even the secretive Grey Knights Space Marine Chapter, created by the Emperor to combat the daemonic forces of the warp, know little of Be'lakor's true history, only conflicting lies and impossible fabrications.

Legends tell of Be'lakor ruling over mortal empires since the dawn of time, the Daemon Prince conquering a world and subjugating its people, forcing them to worship him as a god during the time men know as Old Night or the Age of Strife. When the race would fall into decline, ruined by Be'lakor's greed and malevolence, the Daemon would move on, finding a new burgeoning race to be his playthings. Several times, the Daemon Prince is said to have been the lord of sector-spanning empires, a dark daemonic god ruling over a thousand worlds and billions of loyal followers. Relics and the ruins of dead worlds still exist that suggest there may be some truth to these legends; whether their source was Be'lakor or not is more difficult to say.

Like a petulant first-born son, Be'lakor has always had a bitter jealousy towards anything or anyone that wins the favour of the Dark Gods. For millennia, the Daemon Prince undermined the plots and schemes of the daemonic and mortal servants of Chaos. However, what Be'lakor mistook for free will, and a measure of revenge against those that have usurped his power, was merely the Great Game between the Chaos Gods. When the Daemon brought down a champion of Nurgle, invariably he was doing Tzeentch's bidding, and while laying a warrior of the Blood God low he was the fulfilling the will of Slaanesh. Be'lakor remains blind to these manipulations of the gods, or perhaps, chooses to ignore them. His own thirst for power and the pleasure of proving his mastery over rival champions of Chaos seems enough to make him forget the sorcerous tethers the gods continually try and wind tightly around his neck. Hidden behind a veil of secrets and lies, it is impossible to know for sure if Be'lakor is doing the bidding of the Chaos Gods or simply working towards his own profits in power and souls.

In battle, Be'lakor strikes with his mighty claws and wields the Blade of Shadows, a massive sword that shifts in and out of focus, slipping from shape to shadow. As the weapon blinks between solidity and mere silhouette it slices through armour, scale, flesh or ferrocrete with ease. Whether the blade is a part of the Daemon itself, or perhaps an ancient gift bestowed upon him by the Dark Gods that Be'lakor somehow retained in spite of his fall from favour, none can truly say.

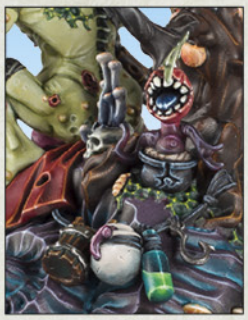
An opportunist, Be'lakor has been sighted fighting alongside the Daemon legions of each of the gods since the opening of the Great Rift. He has pledged aid to several renegade Chapters, even fighting in the company of Abaddon the Despoiler and his Black Legion. Exactly what his winding plots seek to achieve is, like so much about the shadowy Daemon Prince, unknown.

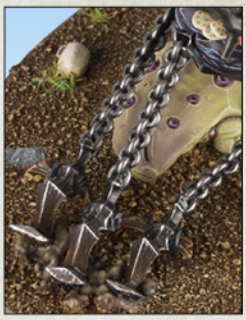


# THE COLOURS OF CHAOS

**Bearing the colours and foul symbols of their creators, Daemons are nightmares made manifest. From the sleek servants of Slaanesh to the bloated minions of Nurgle, the creatures of the Dark Gods' legions are as varied as they are terrifying.**









**Horticulous Slimux, the Grand Cultivator**





From the warp they come, bearing gifts of destruction and corruption. An army composed of Daemons from each of the Chaos Gods bears down upon the Ultramarines' defence line, seeking to smash it asunder. No one will be spared on this planet, or any other, and the wars will continue until the forces of Chaos hold sway over the entire galaxy.



Skulltaker, Champion of Khorne



Karanak, Hound of Vengeance



Slaughter

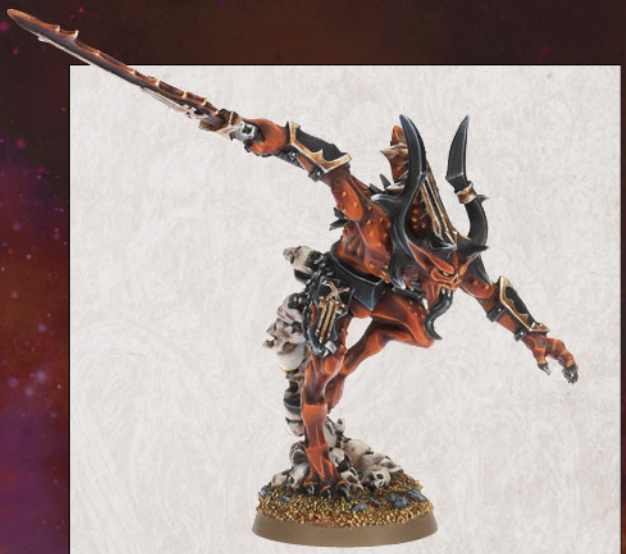


Carnage





Skarbrand, the Exiled One



Bloodmaster, Herald of Khorne



The Blood Throne is crewed by two Bloodletters and a Rendmaster, and can carve a path of red ruin through any foe.



As with all the Chaos God's servants, the colouration of Khorne's Bloodletters often varies depending on the legion they belong to.



Bloodletters often ride into battle on the hulking mounts known as Juggernauts.



Summoned into reality by the Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons Traitor Legion, the Daemons of Tzeentch bound towards the enemy lines.



The Blue Scribes







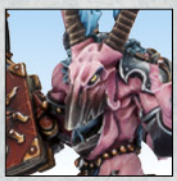
The Changeling



Pink Horror



Blue Horror





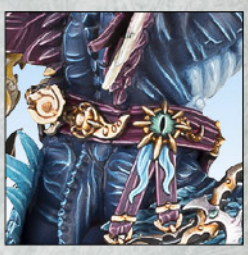
Brimstone Horrors



Fluxmaster, Herald of Tzeentch







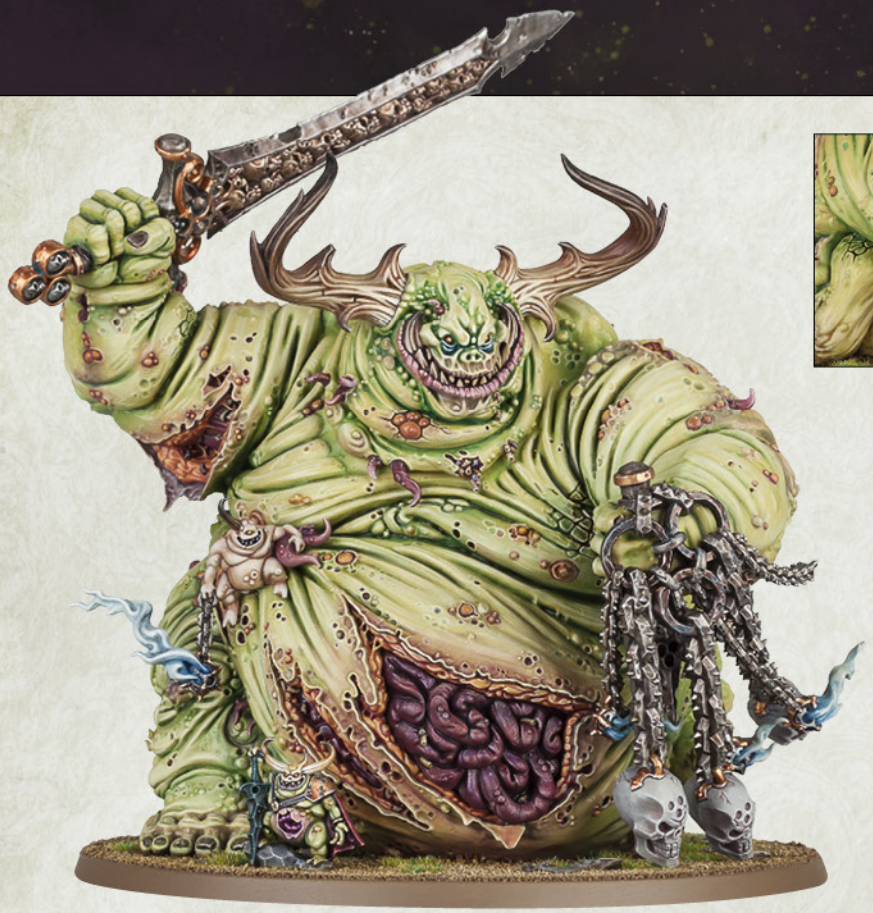
Kairos Fateweaver, the Oracle of Tzeentch



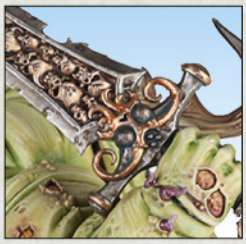
Flamer of Tzeentch



Screamers of Tzeentch









Great Unclean One with bilesword and plague flail



Poxbringer



Spoilpox Scrivener



Beast of Nurgle





Plaguebearers of Nurgle



Sloppity Bilepiper



Nurgling Swarm



**The cavalry known as Plague Drones are formed of Plaguebearers mounted upon Rot Flies. The colouration of both rider and mount often reflects a particular stage of Nurgle's cycle of decay and regeneration.**



**Rotigus the Generous One leads the shambling and ooze dripping hordes of Nurgle to pollute another world beyond all hopes of redemption. Truly does the monstrous Great Unclean One bring a foetid tide of filth wherever he strides.**



Herald of Slaanesh



Seekers ride Steeds of Slaanesh, and can carry the daemonic icon of the Dark Prince they serve.



Daemonettes are Slaanesh's Maidens of Excess, and will manifest in different hues of their god's associated colours.



With shrill shrieks of rapture from its Daemonette crew, a Seeker Chariot streaks across the battlefield, its riders eager to grind the contraption's hellish blades through the very midst of enemy formations.

# BRINGERS OF DOOM

**Nothing in realspace can compare to the horrors of the warp. With a range of units to choose from, Chaos Daemon armies can be assembled in a number of ways. The two forces detailed below are both great starting points for any collector.**

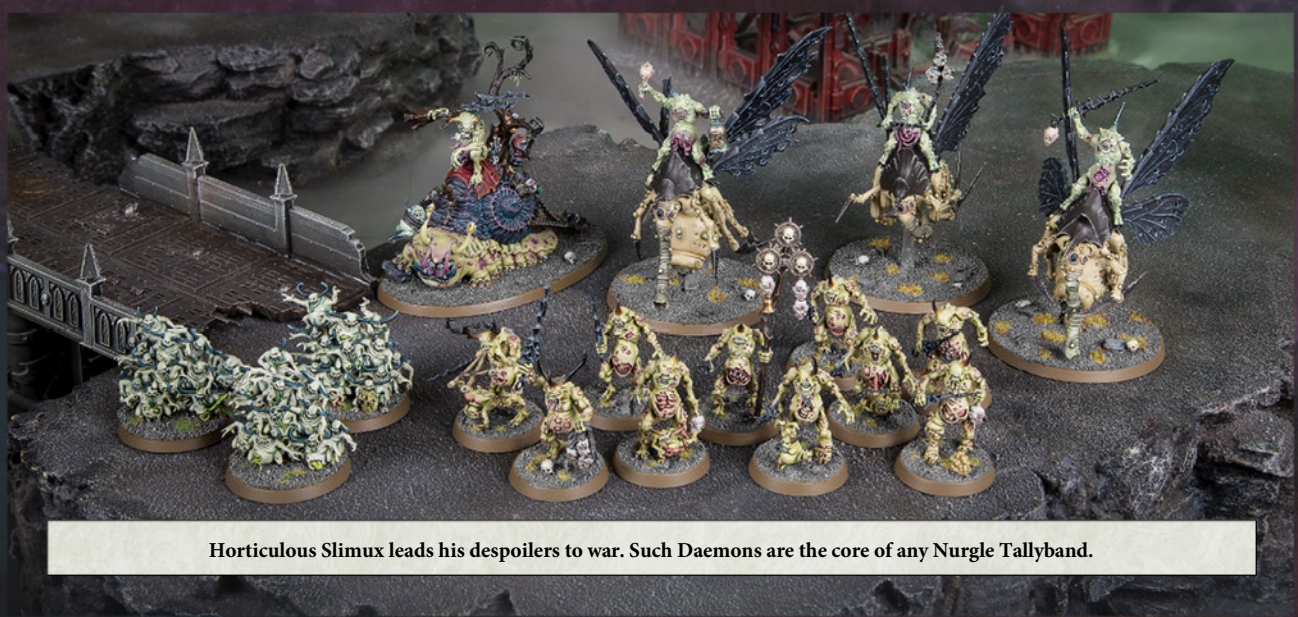
Many start collecting a Warhammer 40,000 army based on the models or background they like best, while others are drawn to the rules of specific units. Shown here are two different approaches to getting started.

The first collection is made of Skall'uk's Slaughterband, a Start Collecting! boxed set. The force is led by Skall'uk, a Herald of Khorne atop a Blood Throne. He makes for an impressive centrepiece and can wreak havoc upon the foe. None strike harder than the Bloodcrushers – a unit of three Bloodletters riding atop the monstrous creatures known as Juggernauts. The Slaughterband also contains a unit of ten Bloodletters, replete with a banner bearer and horn blower so that all foes might know who is coming to claim their skulls. As this force comprises one HQ unit, one Troops unit and one Elites unit, it meets the requirements of a Patrol Detachment as described in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. They are therefore Battle-forged, ensuring they have access to Command Points to spend on Stratagems.

The second force is a Nurgle contingent, led to battle by the infamous Horticulous Slimux. Plaguebearers act as a tenacious centre, while Plague Drones serve as loathsome airborne cavalry and Nurglings are able to bog down the foe's most dangerous units. Comprising one HQ unit, two Troops units and one Fast Attack unit, this collection also fulfils the requirements of a Patrol Detachment.



**Skall'uk's Slaughterband is an ideal example of a starter army – a formidable force with a variety of deadly troops.**



**Horticulous Slimux leads his despoilers to war. Such Daemons are the core of any Nurgle Tallyband.**




# COALITION OF CHAOS

**When a common goal unites the Dark Gods, their minions put aside their eternal rivalry for a time and join forces on the battlefield. Combined, the Chaos Daemons are unstoppable, each combatant's strengths mitigating the weaknesses of another.**

Above can be seen a sizeable Chaos Daemons army, representing an impressive and inspirational collection that includes the models from the previously detailed Nurgle starter force. Those who choose to assemble a Chaos Daemons army are spoiled for choice, with a vast variety of troops, champions and war machines available. As such, it can be difficult to decide between the forces of the different Chaos Gods, and this collection, which includes the minions of every Ruinous Power, shows you don't have to.

At the heart of the army are the Greater Daemons – a Bloodthirster, Great Unclean One and Lord of Change, each an absolute terror upon the battlefield. To further showcase this temporary alliance, the army's core is built upon one of each of the Chaos Gods' core troops – Bloodletters, Horrors, Plaguebearers and Daemonettes. Not only does this provide an interesting and varied collection, but it also assures there is no battlefield role the army cannot fulfil. To augment the Plaguebearers, a Sloppity Bilepiper and a Spoilpox Scrivener have been added, while Beasts of Nurgle and Nurglings will be shepherded on the battlefield by Horticulous Slimux.

Beyond their core infantry, Chaos Daemons have access to a number of wildly different specialist forces. Here, airborne units include Screamers and Plague Drones, both ideal to attack the foe's flanks or respond to the enemy's own aerial threats. There




is also plenty of fast and hard-hitting support on the ground, with a Hellflayer Chariot more than capable of quickly traversing the battlefield to capture key objectives or slice through an enemy line. Yet no matter how quickly an army's elements can move, or how fearsome they are in close combat, on the battlefields of the 41st Millennium it is always a good idea to bring along some heavy firepower; the Skullcannon, Burning Chariot and Soul Grinder fulfil this need well.

The Coalition of Chaos is a Battle-forged army, and consists of a Battalion, a Spearhead and an Outrider Detachment, granting it an impressive total of eight Command Points. These could be spent on Stratagems that increase the number of Daemons summoned to the battlefield through Daemonic Rituals, improve the Bloodletters' chances of hitting in close combat, better the odds of the Lord of Change manifesting a psychic power, or simply provide a re-roll at a critical moment. With such power at the Daemons' disposal, it is only a matter of time before Chaos reigns supreme.

1. **Shog'glr the Magnificent (Great Unclean One)**
2. **Drollr Bleedeye (Poxbringer)**
3. **Growlx (Sloppity Bilepiper)**
4. **Biliousness (Spoilpox Scrivener)**
5. **Horticulous Slimux, the Grand Cultivator**
6. **Tolltakers (Plaguebearers)**
7. **Legbiters (Nurglings)**
8. **Airfoulers (Plague Drones)**
9. **Khorg'gux the Unconquerable (Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster)**
10. **Ix'thar'num (Lord of Change)**
11. **Goreblades (Bloodletters)**
12. **Luminauts (Pink Horrors)**
13. **Manflayers (Daemonettes)**
14. **Shrieker Corps (Screamers)**
15. **Doomrider (Hellflayer)**
16. **Sloppers (Beasts of Nurgle)**
17. **Voice of Fire (Skull Cannon)**
18. **Tzark Charger (Burning Chariot)**
19. **Hak (Soul Grinder)**

# ARMIES OF THE IMMATERIUM

**This section contains all of the datasheets that you will need to fight battles with your Chaos Daemons miniatures, and the rules for all of the weapons they can wield in battle. Each datasheet includes the characteristics profiles of the unit it describes, as well as any wargear and special abilities it may have. Any abilities that are common to several units are described below and referenced on the datasheets themselves.**

## KEYWORDS

Throughout this book you will come across a keyword that is within angular brackets, specifically **<ALLEGIANCE>**. This is shorthand for a keyword of your own choosing, as described below:

## <ALLEGIANCE>

With the exception of Be'lakor, all Chaos Daemons owe allegiance to one of the four Chaos Gods. Most datasheets specify which Chaos God the unit owes allegiance to (e.g. a Great Unclean One has the **NURGLE** keyword, so owes allegiance to Nurgle). If a Chaos Daemons datasheet does not specify which Chaos God it owes allegiance to, it will have the **<ALLEGIANCE>** keyword. When you include such a unit in your army, you must choose which of the Chaos Gods it owes its allegiance to. It then replaces its **<ALLEGIANCE>** keyword in every instance on its datasheet with the name of its patron Chaos God: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

For example, if you were to include a Daemon Prince of Chaos in your army, and you decided it owed allegiance to Khorne, its **<ALLEGIANCE>** Faction keyword is changed to **KHORNE** and its Prince of Chaos ability would say: 'You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 made for friendly **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of this model.'



*'Hear me, mortal creature. Should you dare to gaze into the eye of fate, be prepared for what shall stare back at you. You think you act of your own accord, but that is the greatest of lies. You are no more than a puppet on my strings, your destiny mine to decide.'*

*- T'chaz'narr, Great Herald of Variegated Fortune*



## ABILITIES

The following abilities are common to several Chaos Daemon units.

## DAEMONIC

***The denizens of the warp do not have a true physical form; they are beings of energy, given fell shape and terrible purpose. Such a creature defies the natural laws of the universe, and many of the most powerful weapons are all but useless against them.***

Units with this ability have a 5+ invulnerable save.

## UNSTOPPABLE FEROCITY

***Khorne Daemons hunger to spill blood and claim skulls, and their fury in the midst of battle is without limit.***

If this unit charges, is charged, or performs a Heroic Intervention, add 1 to the Strength and Attacks characteristics of all its models until the end of the turn.

## EPHEMERAL FORM

***Daemons of Tzeentch reflect their master's manipulative and capricious nature, their immortal forms forever in flux.***

Add 1 to any invulnerable saving throws made for this unit.

## DISGUSTINGLY RESILIENT

***Daemons of Nurgle are inured to pain, their rotting bodies shrugging off all but the most traumatic damage with ease.***

Each time a model with this ability loses a wound, roll a dice; on a 5+, the model does not lose that wound.

## QUICKSILVER SWIFTNESS

***Slaanesh's Daemons are graceful and impossibly quick, moving to strike their foes faster than the eye can see.***

This unit always fight first in the Fight phase, even if it didn't charge. If the enemy has units that have charged, or that have a similar ability, then alternate choosing units to fight with, starting with the player whose turn is taking place.

## DAEMONIC RITUAL

***Through dark pacts and blasphemous rituals, a champion of Chaos can weaken the fabric of reality to create a gateway to the warp. From this rent pour forth the Daemons of that realm, ready to rend and tear those who stand against the Ruinous Powers.***

Instead of moving in their Movement phase, any **CHAOS CHARACTER** can, at the end of their Movement phase, attempt to summon a **DAEMON** unit with this ability by performing a Daemonic Ritual (the character cannot do so if they arrived as reinforcements this turn, or if they were themselves summoned to the battlefield this turn).

If they do so, first choose one of the four Chaos Gods – **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**. A **CHARACTER** who owes allegiance to one of the Dark Gods can only attempt to summon the units of their patron – for example, a **KHORNE CHARACTER** could only attempt to summon **KHORNE DAEMONS**.

Roll up to 3 dice – this is your summoning roll. You can summon one new unit with the Daemonic Ritual ability to the battlefield that has a Power Rating equal to or less than the total result so long as it has the same Chaos God keyword you chose at the start (in the case of units that have a choice of allegiance, such as Furies, the unit when summoned will have this keyword). This unit is treated as reinforcements for your army and can be placed anywhere on the battlefield that is wholly within 12" of the character and more than 9" from any enemy model. If the total rolled is insufficient to summon any unit, the ritual fails and no new unit is summoned.

If your summoning roll included any doubles, your character then suffers a mortal wound. If it contained any triples, it instead suffers D3 mortal wounds.



18 POWER

# SKARBRAND

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Skarbrand** | * | * | 2+ | 7 | 7 | 16 | * | 9 | 3+ |

Skarbrand is a single model armed with Slaughter and Carnage, and attacks with a bellow of endless fury. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

**DAMAGE**
Some of Skarbrand's characteristics change as he suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | WS | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9-16+ | 8" | 2+ | 6 |
| 5-8 | 6" | 3+ | 7 |
| 1-4 | 4" | 4+ | 8 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bellow of endless fury | 8" | Assault D6 | 5 | -1 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Slaughter and Carnage | When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. | | | | | |
| - Mighty strike | Melee | Melee | x2 | -4 | D6 | You can re-roll failed hit rolls for this weapon. |
| - Sweeping blow | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 1 | Make 2 hit rolls instead of 1 for each attack made with this weapon. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Deathbringer:** Each unmodified hit roll of 6 made for Skarbrand's attacks in the Fight phase scores 2 hits instead of 1.

**Rage Embodied:** All units, friend or foe, within 8" of Skarbrand do not take Morale tests and add 1 to their Attacks characteristic. Furthermore, any unit that wishes to Fall Back whilst within 8" of Skarbrand must first roll 3D6. If the total is greater than the highest Leadership characteristic in that unit then it cannot Fall Back this turn.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, BLOODTHIRSTER, SKARBRAND



17 POWER

# BLOODTHIRSTER OF INSENSATE RAGE

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage** | * | * | 2+ | 7 | 7 | 16 | * | 10 | 3+ |

A Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage is a single model armed with a great axe of Khorne.

**DAMAGE**
Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | WS | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9-16+ | 12" | 2+ | 6 |
| 5-8 | 8" | 3+ | 4 |
| 1-4 | 6" | 4+ | 2 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Great axe of Khorne | When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. | | | | | |
| - Mighty strike | Melee | Melee | x2 | -4 | D6 | Each time you roll to determine how much damage this weapon inflicts, roll 2 dice and discard the lowest result. |
| - Sweeping blow | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 1 | Make 2 hit rolls instead of 1 for each attack made with this weapon. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of this model when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own.

**Deathbringer:** Each unmodified hit roll of 6 made for this model's attacks in the Fight phase scores 2 hits instead of 1.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, BLOODTHIRSTER, FLY

*'Gut them! Slaughter them!*
*Slay them! Butcher them!*
*Kill! Kill! Kill!*
*Never stop, never tire!*
*Keep doing the Lord's work!'*
- Khar-Har the Undefeatable



With a thunderous bellow of fury, a Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster leads a cohort into glorious battle.

17 POWER

# WRATH OF KHORNE BLOODTHIRSTER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster** | * | 2+ | * | 7 | 7 | 16 | * | 10 | 3+ |

A Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster is a single model armed with a bloodflail and an axe of Khorne, and attacks with hellfire.

**DAMAGE**
Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | BS | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9-16+ | 12" | 2+ | 6 |
| 5-8 | 8" | 4+ | 4 |
| 1-4 | 6" | 6+ | 2 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bloodflail | 8" | Assault 1 | +1 | -3 | 3 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Hellfire | 8" | Assault D6 | 5 | -1 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Axe of Khorne | Melee | Melee | +3 | -4 | D6 | - |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of this model when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own.

**Relentless Hunter:** You can re-roll any failed hit rolls for attacks made by this model against **CHARACTERS**.

**Deathbringer:** Each unmodified hit roll of 6 made for this model's attacks in the Fight phase scores 2 hits instead of 1.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, BLOODTHIRSTER, FLY

## BLOODTHIRSTER OF UNFETTERED FURY

17 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury | * | 2+ | * | 7 | 7 | 16 | * | 10 | 3+ |

A Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury is a single model armed with a lash of Khorne and an axe of Khorne.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lash of Khorne | 8" | Assault D3 | User | -3 | D3 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Axe of Khorne | Melee | Melee | +3 | -4 | D6 | - |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of this model when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own.

**Deathbringer:** Each unmodified hit roll of 6 made for this model's attacks in the Fight phase scores 2 hits instead of 1.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, BLOODTHIRSTER, FLY

**DAMAGE**

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | BS | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9-16+ | 12" | 2+ | 6 |
| 5-8 | 8" | 3+ | 4 |
| 1-4 | 6" | 4+ | 2 |

## SKULLTAKER

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Skulltaker | 7" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 3+ |

Skulltaker is a single model armed with the Slayer Sword. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Slayer Sword | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 3 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of D3+3 instead of 3. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Skulls for Khorne:** You can re-roll failed hit and wound rolls for attacks made by Skulltaker that target a **CHARACTER**.

**Locus of Decapitation:** You can add 1 to hit rolls made for friendly **BLOODLETTER** units that are within 8" of Skulltaker in the Fight phase.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, INFANTRY, BLOODLETTER, HERALD OF KHORNE, SKULLTAKER



**Skulltaker surveys the carnage of the battlefield, forever seeking out a foe worthy enough to meet their end upon the Slayer Sword's edge.**

# BLOODMASTER

3 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Bloodmaster** | 6" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 6+ |

A Bloodmaster is a single model armed with a blade of blood.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Blade of blood | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 3 instead of D3. |

| | |
|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)<br><br>**Locus of Khorne:** Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability. |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON** |
| **KEYWORDS** | **CHARACTER, INFANTRY, BLOODLETTER, HERALD OF KHORNE, BLOODMASTER** |

*'Heed me, wretches, for thy doom cometh. All who pass before my gaze shall die in offering to Khorne. But before the slaughter begins, I bid thee all to fight – to strain thine utmost against us in glorious combat. While all thy skulls shall be taken for the almighty, those who die on their feet may yet find the Blood God's favour. Thou may think the manner in which thy lifeblood runs out meaningless, but I can assure thee that a coward's suffering shall never end – never! So raise whatever weapons thou can muster and hope that thy feeble offering is worthy. I relish the carnage that shall be… now, my Crimson Cohort, begin! Let the blood flow!'*

*- Kzar'tark, Bloodmaster of the Crimson Cohort, before the epic slaughter of the hive city of Skyreen*



# SKULLMASTER

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Skullmaster** | 8" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 8 | 4+ |

A Skullmaster is a single model armed with a blade of blood, and rides atop a Juggernaut of Khorne that attacks with its bladed horn.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Skullmaster** | | | | | | |
| Blade of blood | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 3 instead of D3. |
| **Juggernaut** | | | | | | |
| Bladed horn | Melee | Melee | 5 | -1 | 1 | After a model riding a Juggernaut makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 3 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)<br><br>**Locus of Khorne:** Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability. | **Devastating Charge:** Add 2 to the Strength of a Juggernaut's bladed horn attack if this model charged in the same turn. |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON** | |
| **KEYWORDS** | **CAVALRY, CHARACTER, BLOODLETTER, HERALD OF KHORNE, SKULLMASTER** | |

## BLOOD THRONE

6 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Blood Throne** | **6"** | **2+** | **2+** | **5** | **7** | **7** | **5** | **8** | **5+** |

A Blood Throne is a single model. The Rendmaster atop it is armed with a blade of blood, and its attendants are armed with hellblades.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Rendmaster** | | | | | | |
| Blade of blood | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 3 instead of D3. |
| **Attendants** | | | | | | |
| Hellblades | Melee | Melee | 4 | -3 | 1 | After a Blood Throne makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its attendants. Make 2 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 2 instead of 1. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)<br><br>**Crushing Impact:** Each time this model finishes a charge move, roll a D6 for each enemy model within 1" of it; that model's unit suffers a mortal wound for each roll of 5+. | **Locus of Khorne:** Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability.<br><br>**Gorefeast:** If this model slays any models with its Crushing Impact ability, it immediately regains one lost wound. |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON** | |
| **KEYWORDS** | **CHARACTER, CHARIOT, BLOODLETTER, HERALD OF KHORNE, BLOOD THRONE** | |

## KARANAK

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Karanak** | **10"** | **2+** | **-** | **5** | **5** | **6** | **4** | **8** | **6+** |

Karanak is a single model that attacks with its soul-rending fangs. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Soul-rending fangs | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | - |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)<br><br>**Brass Collar of Bloody Vengeance:** Karanak can attempt to deny two psychic powers in each enemy Psychic phase. | **Prey of the Blood God:** When both armies have been set up, choose one enemy **CHARACTER** on the battlefield. You can add 1 to hit and wound rolls for Karanak's attacks when they target this character. |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON** | |
| **KEYWORDS** | **BEAST, CHARACTER, FLESH HOUND, KARANAK** | |



19 POWER

# KAIROS FATEWEAVER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kairos Fateweaver | * | 3+ | 2+ | 6 | 7 | 16 | * | 10 | 6+ |

Kairos Fateweaver is a single model armed with the Staff of Tomorrow. Your army can only include one of this model.

**DAMAGE**
Some of Kairos Fateweaver's characteristics change as he suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | A | PSYCHIC TEST BONUS |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9-16+ | 12" | 5 | +2 |
| 5-8 | 8" | 3 | +1 |
| 1-4 | 6" | 1 | 0 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Staff of Tomorrow | Melee | Melee | +2 | -3 | D6 | Each time a **CHARACTER** is slain by this weapon, you can add a Chaos Spawn model to your army. Set up the Chaos Spawn within 1" of the character before it is removed. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units within 6" of this model when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own.

**Foretell:** If your army is Battle-forged, you receive an additional D3 Command Points if Kairos Fateweaver is your Warlord.

**PSYKER**

Kairos Fateweaver can attempt to manifest three psychic powers in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny three psychic powers in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power and all psychic powers from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132). Whenever Kairos Fateweaver attempts to manifest or deny a psychic power, add the bonus shown in its Damage table. In addition, increase the range of the *Smite* power from 18" to 36" for this model.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, FLY, PSYKER, LORD OF CHANGE, KAIROS FATEWEAVER



17 POWER

# LORD OF CHANGE

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lord of Change | * | 2+ | 2+ | 6 | 7 | 16 | * | 10 | 6+ |

A Lord of Change is a single model armed with a staff of Tzeentch.

**DAMAGE**
Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | A | PSYCHIC TEST BONUS |
|---|---|---|---|
| 9-16+ | 12" | 5 | +2 |
| 5-8 | 8" | 4 | +1 |
| 1-4 | 6" | 3 | 0 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Baleful sword | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | D6 | When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll. |
| Staff of Tzeentch | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 3 | Each time a **CHARACTER** is slain by this weapon, you can add a Chaos Spawn model to your army. Set up the Chaos Spawn within 1" of the character before it is removed. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- This model may take a baleful sword or a rod of sorcery.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Rod of Sorcery:** Increase the range of this model's *Smite* power from 18"to 30" if it has a rod of sorcery.

**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units within 6" of this model when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own.

**PSYKER**

This model can attempt to manifest two psychic powers in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny two psychic powers in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power and three psychic powers from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132). Whenever a Lord of Change attempts to manifest or deny a psychic power, add the bonus shown in its Damage table.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, FLY, PSYKER, LORD OF CHANGE

# THE CHANGELING

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Changeling | 6" | 4+ | 3+ | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 6+ |

The Changeling is a single model armed with the Trickster's Staff. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Trickster's Staff | Melee | Melee | * | * | * | When the Changeling fights, choose a melee weapon carried by any enemy **INFANTRY** model within 1" of it. The Trickster's Staff uses that weapon's profile until the end of the phase. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Formless Horror:** When the Changeling fights, you can choose an enemy **INFANTRY** model within 1" of it. The Changeling has that model's Weapon Skill, Strength, Toughness and Attacks characteristics until the end of the phase.

**Locus of Transmogrification:** Roll a D6 each time a friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** model within 9" of the Changeling loses a wound; on a 6 the model is surrounded by a twisting aura of change and does not lose that wound.

**PSYKER**

The Changeling can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power and one psychic power from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132).

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, INFANTRY, PSYKER, HERALD OF TZEENTCH, HORROR, THE CHANGELING



# THE BLUE SCRIBES

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Blue Scribes | 12" | 4+ | 4+ | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 6+ |

The Blue Scribes are a single model armed with sharp quills and borne aloft on a Disc of Tzeentch that attacks with its blades. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Blue Scribes** | | | | | | |
| Sharp quills | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | - |
| **Disc of Tzeentch** | | | | | | |
| Blades | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After a model riding a Disc of Tzeentch makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 1 additional attack, using this weapon profile. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**P'tarix's Sorcerous Syphon:** Enemy **PSYKERS** within 12" of the Blue Scribes subtract 1 from their Psychic tests. If an enemy **PSYKER** within 12" fails a Psychic test, their psychic power is syphoned and they cannot attempt to manifest it again in this battle.

**Xirat'p's Sorcerous Barrage:** Though not a **PSYKER**, the Blue Scribes automatically manifest one randomly selected psychic power from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132) in your Psychic phase. In addition, if the Blue Scribes syphoned any psychic powers in the last enemy Psychic phase, they will also automatically manifest the *Smite* psychic power. No Psychic test is taken to use any of these powers, and they cannot be denied. Where the result of the Psychic test matters, the psychic power is treated as having been manifested with the minimum roll possible and without rolling a double.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CAVALRY, CHARACTER, HORROR, FLY, THE BLUE SCRIBES

# CHANGECASTER

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Changecaster | 6" | 4+ | 3+ | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 6+ |

A Changecaster is a single model armed with a ritual dagger.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ritual dagger | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time this weapon slays an enemy model, the bearer regains 1 lost wound. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**
- This model may take a staff of change.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Staff of Change:** Increase the range of this model's *Smite* power from 18" to 24" if it has a staff of change.

**Locus of Tzeentch:** Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability.

**PSYKER**

This model can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power and two psychic powers from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132).

**FACTION KEYWORDS**

CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**

CHARACTER, INFANTRY, HORROR, PSYKER, HERALD OF TZEENTCH, CHANGECASTER

# FATESKIMMER

8 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fateskimmer | 14" | 4+ | 3+ | 3 | 5 | 8 | 3 | 8 | 5+ |

A Fateskimmer is a single model armed with a ritual dagger. It is borne aloft on a Burning Chariot drawn by Screamers that attack with their lamprey bites.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Fateskimmer** | | | | | | |
| Ritual dagger | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time this weapon slays an enemy model, the bearer regains 1 lost wound. |
| **Screamers** | | | | | | |
| Lamprey bite | Melee | Melee | 6 | -3 | 2 | After a model riding a Burning Chariot makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 6 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**
- This model may take a staff of change.
- A Burning Chariot may also be ridden by Chanting Horrors.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Locus of Tzeentch:** Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability.

**Irritating Chant:** If a Burning Chariot is ridden by Chanting Horrors, your opponent must subtract 1 from Psychic tests made for enemy units within 9" of any such models.

**Staff of Change:** Increase the range of this model's *Smite* power from 18" to 24" if it has a staff of change.

**PSYKER**

This model can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power and two psychic powers from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132).

**FACTION KEYWORDS**

CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**

CHARACTER, CHARIOT, HORROR, FLY, PSYKER, HERALD OF TZEENTCH, FATESKIMMER

# FLUXMASTER

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fluxmaster | 12" | 4+ | 3+ | 3 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 8 | 6+ |

A Fluxmaster is a single model armed with a ritual dagger and borne aloft on a Disc of Tzeentch that attacks with its blades.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Fluxmaster** | | | | | | |
| Ritual dagger | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time this weapon slays an enemy model, the bearer regains 1 lost wound. |
| **Disc of Tzeentch** | | | | | | |
| Blades | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After a model riding a Disc of Tzeentch makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 1 additional attack, using this weapon profile. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- This model may take a staff of change.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Staff of Change:** Increase the range of this model's *Smite* power from 18" to 24" if it has a staff of change.

**Locus of Tzeentch:** Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability.

**PSYKER**

This model can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power and two psychic powers from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132).

**FACTION KEYWORDS**

CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**

CAVALRY, CHARACTER, HORROR, FLY, PSYKER, HERALD OF TZEENTCH, FLUXMASTER



**A coven of Tzeentchian Heralds prepares to rain wyrdfires and change-magics upon their hapless foes.**



Rotigus arrives upon the worlds of realspace in a deluge of blight and infectious disease. Those who will not submit must wither…

# ROTIGUS

17 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rotigus | * | 2+ | 3+ | * | 7 | 18 | * | 10 | 6+ |

Rotigus is a single model that attacks with streams of brackish filth, a gnarlrod and a fanged maw. He is attended by Nurglings that attack with their claws and teeth. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

**DAMAGE**

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | S | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 10-18+ | 7" | 7 | 5 |
| 5-9 | 5" | 6 | 4 |
| 1-4 | 3" | 5 | 3 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Rotigus** | | | | | | |
| Streams of brackish filth | 7" | Assault 2D6 | User | -3 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Fanged maw | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time Rotigus fights, he can make D6 additional attacks with this weapon. |
| Gnarlrod | Melee | Melee | +1 | -2 | 3 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| **Nurglings** | | | | | | |
| Attendants' claws and teeth | Melee | Melee | 2 | 0 | 1 | Each time a model attended by Nurglings fights, it can make D6 additional attacks with this weapon. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for these attacks. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ABILITIES | **Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)<br><br>**Deluge of Nurgle:** Each time Rotigus successfully manifests a psychic power with a Psychic test of 7 or more, the closest enemy unit to him suffers a mortal wound after the effects of the psychic power have been resolved. | **Crushing Bulk:** Roll a D6 at the end of your Charge phase if Rotigus made a successful charge during that phase; on a 4+ you can select one enemy unit within 1" of Rotigus to suffer a mortal wound.<br><br>**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **NURGLE DAEMON** units within 6" of Rotigus when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own. |
| PSYKER | This model can attempt to manifest two psychic powers in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny two psychic powers in each enemy Psychic phase. He knows the *Smite* psychic power and three psychic powers from the Nurgle discipline (pg 133). | |
| FACTION KEYWORDS | CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON | |
| KEYWORDS | CHARACTER, MONSTER, PSYKER, GREAT UNCLEAN ONE, ROTIGUS | |

17 POWER

# GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Great Unclean One | * | 2+ | 3+ | * | 7 | 18 | * | 10 | 6+ |

A Great Unclean One is a single model armed with a plague flail and a bilesword. It is attended by Nurglings that attack with their claws and teeth.

**DAMAGE**
Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | S | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 10-18+ | 7" | 7 | 5 |
| 5-9 | 5" | 6 | 4 |
| 1-4 | 3" | 5 | 3 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Great Unclean One** | | | | | | |
| Plague flail | 7" | Assault 3 | User | -3 | 2 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. Excess damage from this weapon is not lost; instead, keep allocating damage to another model in the target unit until either all the damage has been allocated or the unit has been destroyed. |
| Bileblade | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Bilesword | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | D6 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Doomsday bell | Melee | Melee | +1 | -1 | D3 | - |
| **Nurglings** | | | | | | |
| Attendants' claws and teeth | Melee | Melee | 2 | 0 | 1 | Each time a model attended by Nurglings fights, it can make D6 additional attacks with this weapon. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for these attacks. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**
- This model may replace its bilesword with a doomsday bell.
- This model may replace its plague flail with a bileblade.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **NURGLE DAEMON** units within 6" of this model when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own.

**Putrid Offering:** If a Great Unclean One is armed with a bileblade, it can use it to hook out a portion of its own rotting guts as an offering to Nurgle each time it attempts to manifest a psychic power. If it does so, the Great Unclean One immediately suffers a mortal wound (which you may attempt to ignore due to being Disgustingly Resilient) before you take the Psychic test, but you can then add 1 to the result.

**Crushing Bulk:** Roll a D6 at the end of your Charge phase if this model made a successful charge during that phase; on a 4+ you can select one enemy unit within 1" to suffer a mortal wound.

**Reverberating Summons:** If a Great Unclean One with a doomsday bell attempts to summon a unit of **NURGLE DAEMONS** to the battlefield using a Daemonic Ritual (pg 85) you can roll 4 dice instead of 3 for the summoning roll. In addition, at the start of each of your turns, you may roll a D6 for each **NURGLE DAEMON** unit within 7" of any friendly Great Unclean Ones with a doomsday bell; on a 4+ a single slain model is returned to that unit.

**PSYKER**
This model can attempt to manifest two psychic powers in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* psychic power and two psychic powers from the Nurgle discipline (pg 133).

**FACTION KEYWORDS**
CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**
CHARACTER, MONSTER, PSYKER, GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

*'Wither when you stand, toll the bells of the Tallyman.*
*Sores that run with pus, toll the bells of Epidemius.*
*Boils that grow and pop, toll the bells of Gru'glop.*
*Come rains of gristle-pus, toll the bells of Rotigus.*
*Seeds that are bibulous, toll the bells of Horticulous.*
*The tallow is lit to light you to bed, the plaguesword is coming to chop off your head.*
*Chip chop, chip chop, 'til the last of them are dead.'*

*- Drone-chant led by Gru'glop, Poxbringer of the Dirgebells*



# EPIDEMIUS

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Epidemius | 5" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 5 | 8 | 4 | 8 | 6+ |

Epidemius is a single model armed with a balesword and attended by Nurglings that carry him into battle and attack the enemy with their claws and teeth. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Epidemius** | | | | | | |
| Balesword | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 1 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| **Nurglings** | | | | | | |
| Attendants' claws and teeth | Melee | Melee | 2 | 0 | 1 | Each time a model attended by Nurglings fights, it can make D6 additional attacks with this weapon. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for these attacks. |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Tally of Pestilence:** The Tally of Pestilence starts the battle at 0. Add 1 to the Tally whenever a unit (friend or foe) is destroyed by a **NURGLE DAEMON** unit, and look up the result on the chart below. The results are cumulative.

| Tally | Effect |
|---|---|
| 0-1 | No effect. |
| 2 | Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for all friendly **NURGLE DAEMONS**. |
| 3 | Increase the Move characteristic of friendly **NURGLE DAEMONS** by 1. |
| 4 | Increase the Strength characteristic of friendly **NURGLE DAEMONS** by 1. |
| 5 | Increase the Toughness characteristic of friendly **NURGLE DAEMONS** by 1. |
| 6 | Increase the Attacks characteristic of friendly **NURGLE DAEMONS** by 1. |
| 7 or more | Re-roll rolls of 1 for friendly **NURGLE DAEMONS**' Disgustingly Resilient ability (pg 85). |

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** CHARACTER, CAVALRY, HERALD OF NURGLE, PLAGUEBEARER, EPIDEMIUS



**Carried upon a palanquin by Nurglings, Epidemius is Nurgle's Tallyman, and it is his task to count the souls of the diseased.**

# HORTICULOUS SLIMUX

9 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Horticulous Slimux | 5" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 6 | 9 | 4 | 8 | 4+ |

Horticulous Slimux is a single model armed with lopping shears and borne into battle by Mulch, which attacks with its acidic maw. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Horticulous Slimux** | | | | | | |
| Lopping shears | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | D3 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| **Mulch** | | | | | | |
| Mulch's acidic maw | Melee | Melee | 7 | -4 | 3 | After Horticulous makes his close combat attacks, you can attack with Mulch. Make 1 additional attack, using this weapon profile. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Beast Handler:** You can re-roll failed charge rolls for friendly units of Beasts of Nurgle that are within 6" of Horticulous Slimux. In addition, you can add 1 to all hit rolls made for friendly units of Beasts of Nurgle that are within 12" of Horticulous Slimux.

**Ploughed Slime Trail:** Roll a D6 for each enemy unit that Falls Back within 1" of Horticulous Slimux; on a 4+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

**In Death There is Life:** At the start of your turn, if any models (friend or foe) were slain during the last turn, one **NURGLE DAEMON** model within 7" of Horticulous Slimux regains 1 lost wound.

**Seed the Garden of Nurgle:** At the end of your Movement phase, you can add a new Feculent Gnarlmaw (pg 118) to your army (containing 1 Feculent Gnarlmaw). Set it up within 3" of Horticulous Slimux and more than 1" away from any other models and terrain features. Horticulous Slimux cannot use this ability if he performed a Daemonic Ritual this turn.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, CAVALRY, HERALD OF NURGLE, PLAGUEBEARER, HORTICULOUS SLIMUX



# POXBRINGER

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Poxbringer | 5" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 6+ |

A Poxbringer is a single model armed with a balesword.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Balesword | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 1 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Locus** of Nurgle: Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **NURGLE DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability.

**PSYKER**

This model can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* psychic power and one psychic power from the Nurgle discipline (pg 133).

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, INFANTRY, PLAGUEBEARER, PSYKER, HERALD OF NURGLE, POXBRINGER

3 POWER

# SLOPPITY BILEPIPER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sloppity Bilepiper | 5" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 6+ |

A Sloppity Bilepiper is a single model armed with a marotter.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Marotter | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 made for this weapon. |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Disease of Mirth:** Whenever a **NURGLE DAEMON** unit takes a Morale test within 6" of any friendly Sloppity Bilepipers, roll 2 dice instead of 1 and discard the highest result. In addition, each time a unit fails a Morale test within 6" of any enemy Sloppity Bilepipers, one additional model is removed from that unit.

**Jolly Gutpipes:** Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of Nurglings and **GREAT UNCLEAN ONE** units that are within 6" of any friendly Sloppity Bilepipers. In addition, Nurglings and **GREAT UNCLEAN ONE** units can declare a charge even if they advanced in their Movement phase if they are within 6" of any friendly Sloppity Bilepipers.

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** CHARACTER, INFANTRY, PLAGUEBEARER, HERALD OF NURGLE, SLOPPITY BILEPIPER

*'The seed has been well planted. I can feel spines curving in crookbacked pain, straight shoulders lurching 'neath the weight of newly grown mounds. I hear the sound of diseased bellies bloating near to bursting, straining as they fill with glorious fumes. The sprouting of bulbous growths is like a divine chorus. Rotflies buzz, their mating song ensuring worm-spores will soon burrow out of flesh in their writhing multitudes. And the smells… oh, the smells! They are best of all. I detect an air of pungent necrosis, sweet like the glorious wafts from overripe fruit, yet underneath there resides a sour tang of spoiled milk. The scent is so rich I can almost taste it. Yes, my children, my splendid children – we have done good work here. This world will be a fine addition to Grandfather's garden. I congratulate you all on your earnest efforts.'*

*- Lord Guttrol, commander of the Bacillus Legion, upon viewing the aftermath of his Rot Legion's attack upon Iax in Ultramar*



4 POWER

# SPOILPOX SCRIVENER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Spoilpox Scrivener | 5" | 2+ | 2+ | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 6+ |

A Spoilpox Scrivener is a single model that attacks with a plaguesword, a distended maw and disgusting sneezes.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Disgusting sneezes | 6" | Pistol D3 | 3 | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Distended maw | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Plaguesword | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Stern Taskmaster:** Add 2" to the Movement characteristic of all **PLAGUEBEARER INFANTRY** units within 6" of one or more models with this ability.

**Keep Counting! Meet your Quota!:** Add 1 to all hit rolls made for **PLAGUEBEARER** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability. In addition, if you make a hit roll of 7+ for a **PLAGUEBEARER** within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability, you can immediately make one additional attack at the same target with the same weapon (these bonus attacks cannot themselves generate any further attacks).

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** CHARACTER, INFANTRY, PLAGUEBEARER, HERALD OF NURGLE, SPOILPOX SCRIVENER

12 POWER

# KEEPER OF SECRETS

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Keeper of Secrets | * | 2+ | 3+ | * | 7 | 12 | * | 10 | 6+ |

A Keeper of Secrets is a single model that attacks with a witstealer sword and snapping claws.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Snapping claws | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 3 | Each time a Keeper of Secrets fights, it can make D3 additional attacks with this weapon. Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -2. |
| Witstealer sword | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | 3 | Subtract 1 from hit rolls made for a model that has suffered any wounds from this weapon. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Greater Daemon:** Friendly **SLAANESH DAEMON** units within 6" of this model when they take a Morale test can use this model's Leadership instead of their own.

**Mesmerising Aura:** Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls in the Fight phase that target this model.

**PSYKER**

This model can attempt to manifest two psychic powers in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* psychic power and two psychic powers from the Slaanesh discipline (pg 133).

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, PSYKER, KEEPER OF SECRETS

**DAMAGE**

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | S | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 7-12+ | 12" | 6 | 6 |
| 4-6 | 9" | 5 | 5 |
| 1-3 | 6" | 4 | 4 |

*'You might wonder why we left you alive while we had such sport with your comrades. I do not expect you to appreciate our artistry in producing such exquisite splatter-patterns, for only the handmaidens can truly perceive the splendour in the intricacies of such arterial paintings. Nor could we expect your brute and insensate mind to fathom the finer aural points – the hell-song chorus of sheared limbs, agonised cries and splashing disembowelments. We made you watch our play because we value your fear… your shock and terror is to us the sweetest of delicacies. We have truly feasted here. As always, it is over far too soon.'*

*- Ssli'tha, Herald of the 6th Cavalcade of the Xtasiacs (Courante Legion)*



4 POWER

# THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Masque of Slaanesh | 8" | 2+ | 2+ | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 8 | 6+ |

The Masque of Slaanesh is a single model that attacks with its serrated claws. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Serrated claws | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -2. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**The Eternal Dance:** At the beginning of each Fight phase, choose an enemy unit within 1" of the Masque of Slaanesh. For the rest of the phase, add 1 to any hit rolls that target the chosen unit.

**Locus of Beguilement:** Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls in the Fight phase that target a **DAEMONETTE** unit within 6" of the Masque of Slaanesh.

**Dazzling Acrobatics:** The Masque of Slaanesh can Advance and/or Fall Back and still charge in the same turn.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, INFANTRY, DAEMONETTE, HERALD OF SLAANESH, THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

# HERALD OF SLAANESH

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Herald of Slaanesh | 7" | 2+ | 2+ | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 8 | 6+ |

A Herald of Slaanesh is a single model that attacks with its ravaging claws.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ravaging claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 2 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |

| | |
|---|---|
| ABILITIES | **Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)<br><br>**Locus of Slaanesh:** Add 1 to the Strength characteristic of **SLAANESH DAEMON** units within 6" of one or more friendly models with this ability. |
| PSYKER | This model can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* psychic power and one psychic power from the Slaanesh discipline (pg 133). |
| FACTION KEYWORDS | CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON |
| KEYWORDS | CHARACTER, INFANTRY, PSYKER, DAEMONETTE, HERALD OF SLAANESH |

*'Hope, love, hate. All are but desire by other names. Thus it is that desire is always foremost amongst the concerns of mortals, and through their desires we shall lead them into our benighted paradise.'*

*- Proclamations of Elsand'daa'arai*



**Heralds of Slaanesh appear to mortals as figures of horrifying beauty, beguiling their minds before rending their bodies.**

# BE'LAKOR

14 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Be'lakor | 14" | 2+ | 2+ | 6 | 6 | 8 | 6 | 9 | 4+ |

Be'lakor is a single model armed with the Blade of Shadows and a set of malefic talons. Only one of this model may be included in your army.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Blade of Shadows | Melee | Melee | +1 | -5 | 3 | - |
| Malefic talons | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Lord of Torment:** Subtract 1 from the Leadership of enemy units that are within 12" of Be'lakor in the Morale phase.

**Prince of Chaos:** You can re-roll any failed hit rolls of 1 made for friendly **DAEMON** units within 6" of Be'lakor.

**Shadow Form:** You can re-roll failed saving throws for Be'lakor.

**PSYKER**

Be'lakor can attempt to manifest two psychic powers in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. He knows the *Smite* power and two psychic powers from the Dark Hereticus discipline (pg 134).

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, DAEMON PRINCE, FLY, PSYKER, BE'LAKOR

# DAEMON PRINCE OF CHAOS

8 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daemon Prince of Chaos | 8" | 2+ | 2+ | 7 | 6 | 8 | 4 | 9 | 3+ |

A Daemon Prince of Chaos is a single model armed with a hellforged sword and a set of malefic talons.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daemonic axe | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | 3 | When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll. |
| Hellforged sword | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 3 | - |
| Malefic talons | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. A model armed with two sets of malefic talons can make 3 additional attacks with them instead. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- This model may replace its hellforged sword with a daemonic axe or second set of malefic talons.
- This model may have wings **(Power Rating +1)**. If it does, its Move characteristic is increased to 12" and it gains the **FLY** keyword.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic, Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Prince of Chaos:** You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 made for friendly <**ALLEGIANCE**> **DAEMON** units within 6" of this model.

**Might over Magic:** **KHORNE** Daemon Princes have an Attacks characteristic of 5, instead of 4..

**Daemonic Rewards:** **KHORNE** Daemon Princes have the Unstoppable Ferocity ability (pg 85). **TZEENTCH** Daemon Princes gain the Ephemeral Form ability (pg 85). **NURGLE** Daemon Princes gain the Disgustingly Resilient ability (pg 85). **SLAANESH** Daemon Princes gain the Quicksilver Swiftness ability (pg 85).

**PSYKER**

A **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH** Daemon Prince gains the **PSYKER** keyword. It can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power and one psychic power from the appropriate Chaos Daemons discipline (pg 132-133).

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, DAEMON, <ALLEGIANCE>

**KEYWORDS:** CHARACTER, MONSTER, DAEMON PRINCE OF CHAOS



A Bloodletter pack charges into battle, eager to slaughter any foe foolish enough to stand their ground against them.

4 POWER

# BLOODLETTERS

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Bloodletter** | 6" | 3+ | 3+ | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 6+ |
| **Bloodreaper** | 6" | 3+ | 3+ | 4 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Bloodreaper and 9 Bloodletters. It can include up to 10 additional Bloodletters **(Power Rating +4)** or up to 20 additional Bloodletters **(Power Rating +8)**. Each model is armed with a hellblade.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hellblade | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 1 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 2 instead of 1. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- For every ten models in the unit, one Bloodletter may take an Instrument of Chaos.
- For every ten models in the unit, one Bloodletter may take a Daemonic Icon.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Daemonic Icon:** If you roll a 1 when taking a Morale test for a unit with any Daemonic Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. No models flee and D6 slain Bloodletters are instead added to the unit.

**Murderous Tide:** You can add 1 to hit rolls made for this unit whilst it contains 20 or more models.

**Instrument of Chaos:** A unit that includes any Instruments of Chaos adds 1 to their Advance and charge rolls.

**FACTION KEYWORDS**

CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**

INFANTRY, BLOODLETTERS

# HORRORS

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pink Horror | 6" | 4+ | 4+ | 3 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 6+ |
| Blue Horror | 6" | 5+ | - | 2 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 6+ |
| Pair of Brimstone Horrors | 6" | 5+ | - | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 10 Pink, Blue or pairs of Brimstone Horrors, in any combination. It can include up to 10 additional Horrors **(Power Rating +4)** or up to 20 additional Horrors **(Power Rating +8)**. Pink Horrors attack with coruscating flames, while Blue Horrors and Brimstone Horrors simply scrabble at anyone who comes too close.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Coruscating flames | 18" | Assault 2 | User | 0 | 1 | - |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- For every ten models in the unit, one Pink Horror may take an Instrument of Chaos.
- For every ten models in the unit, one Pink Horror may take a Daemonic Icon.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Daemonic Icon:** If you roll a 1 when taking a Morale test for a unit with any Daemonic Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. No models flee and D6 slain Pink Horrors are instead added to the unit.

**Split:** Each time a Pink Horror is slain, you can add up to two Blue Horrors to its unit before you remove the slain model. Each time a Blue Horror is slain, you can add one pair of Brimstone Horrors to its unit before you remove the slain model. The replacement models cannot be placed within 1" of an enemy model. Note that Horrors that flee do not generate any extra models for their unit.

*Matched Play: In matched play you must pay reinforcement points for each and every Blue and Brimstone Horror model that you add to a unit of Horrors, but the additional models can take the unit above its starting strength.*

**Instrument of Chaos:** A unit that includes any Instruments of Chaos adds 1 to their Advance and charge rolls.

**Iridescent Horror:** When you set up this unit for the first time, you may select a single Pink Horror in the unit – that model has an Attacks characteristic of 2, instead of 1.

**Magic Made Manifest:** A unit of Horrors can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. However, when you do so, only roll a single D6 for the Psychic test or Deny the Witch test, and use the result to determine the outcome. Note that this means the Horrors cannot roll a double 1 or 6 to suffer Perils of the Warp. In addition, if the unit manifests the *Smite* psychic power whilst it contains less than 10 Pink Horror models, it only inflicts 1 mortal wound rather than D3.

**Ephemeral Daemons:** Pink Horrors have an invulnerable save of 4+. Blue Horrors have an invulnerable save of 5+. Pairs of Brimstone Horrors have an invulnerable save of 6+.

**Magical Horde:** Change the Type of this unit's coruscating flames to Assault 3 whilst the unit contains 20 or more Pink Horrors.

**PSYKER**

This unit can attempt to manifest one psychic power in each friendly Psychic phase, and attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase. It knows the *Smite* power. When manifesting or denying a psychic power, first select a model in the unit – measure range, visibility etc. from this model. If a Brimstone Horror is selected, it is slain after the psychic power has been attempted and, if successful, resolved.

**FACTION KEYWORDS**

CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**

INFANTRY, PSYKER, HORRORS

# PLAGUEBEARERS

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Plaguebearer | 5" | 4+ | 4+ | 4 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 6+ |
| Plagueridden | 5" | 4+ | 4+ | 4 | 4 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Plagueridden and 9 Plaguebearers. It can include up to 10 additional Plaguebearers **(Power Rating +4)** or up to 20 additional Plaguebearers **(Power Rating +8)**. Each model is armed with a plaguesword.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Plaguesword | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- For every ten models in the unit, one Plaguebearer may take an Instrument of Chaos.
- For every ten models in the unit, one Plaguebearer may take a Daemonic Icon.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Daemonic Icon:** If you roll a 1 when taking a Morale test for a unit with any Daemonic Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. No models flee and D6 slain Plaguebearers are instead added to the unit.

**Cloud of Flies:** If this unit contains 20 or more models at the start of a phase, your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls for attacks that target them.

**Instrument of Chaos:** A unit that includes any Instruments of Chaos adds 1 to their Advance and charge rolls.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** INFANTRY, PLAGUEBEARERS

# NURGLINGS

3 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nurgling Swarm | 5" | 4+ | 4+ | 2 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 3 Nurgling Swarms. It can include up to 3 additional Nurgling Swarms **(Power Rating +3)** or up to 6 additional Nurgling Swarms **(Power Rating +6)**. Each model attacks with diseased claws and teeth.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Diseased claws and teeth | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Squishable:** Because of their diminutive size, Nurglings only receive the benefits of their Disgustingly Resilient ability against attacks with a Damage characteristic of 1.

**Mischief Makers:** When you set up a unit of Nurglings during deployment, they can either be set up in their deployment zone, or anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from the enemy deployment zone and any enemy models.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** SWARM, NURGLINGS



# DAEMONETTES

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daemonette | 7" | 3+ | 3+ | 3 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |
| Alluress | 7" | 3+ | 3+ | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Alluress and 9 Daemonettes. It can include up to 10 additional Daemonettes **(Power Rating +4)** or up to 20 additional Daemonettes **(Power Rating +8)**. Each model attacks with its piercing claws.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Piercing claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- For every ten models in the unit, one Daemonette may take an Instrument of Chaos.
- For every ten models in the unit, one Daemonette may take a Daemonic Icon.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Daemonic Icon:** If you roll a 1 when taking a Morale test for a unit with any Daemonic Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. No models flee and D6 slain Daemonettes are instead added to the unit.

Graceful Killers: Whilst this unit contains 20 or more models, increase their Attacks characteristic by 1.

**Instrument of Chaos:** A unit that includes any Instruments of Chaos adds 1 to their Advance and charge rolls.

**FACTION KEYWORDS**: CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**: INFANTRY, DAEMONETTES



# BLOODCRUSHERS

8 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bloodcrusher | 8" | 3+ | 3+ | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 4+ |
| Bloodhunter | 8" | 3+ | 3+ | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 4+ |

This unit contains 1 Bloodhunter and 2 Bloodcrushers. It can include up to 3 additional Bloodcrushers **(Power Rating +7)**, up to 6 additional Bloodcrushers **(Power Rating +14)** or up to 9 additional Bloodcrushers **(Power Rating +21)**. Each model is armed with a hellblade and rides a snorting Juggernaut that attacks with its bladed horn.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Rider** | | | | | | |
| Hellblade | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 1 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 2 instead of 1. |
| **Juggernaut** | | | | | | |
| Juggernaut's bladed horn | Melee | Melee | 5 | -1 | 1 | After a model riding a Juggernaut makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 3 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- One Bloodcrusher may take an Instrument of Chaos.
- One Bloodcrusher may take a Daemonic Icon.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Daemonic Icon:** If you roll a 1 when taking a Morale test for a unit with any Daemonic Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. No models flee and 1 slain Bloodcrusher is instead added to the unit.

**Devastating Charge:** Add 2 to the Strength of a Juggernaut's bladed horn attack if its unit charged in the same turn.

**Instrument of Chaos:** A unit that includes any Instruments of Chaos adds 1 to their Advance and charge rolls.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CAVALRY, BLOODCRUSHERS



## FLAMERS

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flamer | 12" | 5+ | 3+ | 4 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |
| Pyrocaster | 12" | 5+ | 3+ | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Pyrocaster and 2 Flamers. It can include up to 3 additional Flamers **(Power Rating +4)** or up to 6 additional Flamers **(Power Rating +8)**. All models attack with flickering flames.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flickering flames | 12" | Pistol D6 | User | -1 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |

| | |
|---|---|
| ABILITIES | **Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85) |
| FACTION KEYWORDS | CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON |
| KEYWORDS | INFANTRY, FLY, FLAMERS |

## EXALTED FLAMER

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Exalted Flamer | 10" | 3+ | 3+ | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 8 | 6+ |

An Exalted Flamer is a single model which attacks with the pink and blue fires of Tzeentch and tongues of flame.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fire of Tzeentch | When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. | | | | | |
| - Blue | 18" | Heavy 3 | +4 | -4 | D3 | - |
| - Pink | 12" | Pistol D6 | User | -2 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Tongues of flame | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | - |

| | |
|---|---|
| ABILITIES | **Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85) |
| FACTION KEYWORDS | CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON |
| KEYWORDS | CHARACTER, INFANTRY, FLAMER, FLY, EXALTED FLAMER |



Surrounded by Brimstone Horrors, an Exalted Flamer conjures forth an inferno of changefire to engulf the enemy lines.

2 POWER

# BEASTS OF NURGLE

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Beast of Nurgle | 6" | 4+ | - | 4 | 5 | 5 | D6 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Beast of Nurgle. It can include up to 8 additional Beasts of Nurgle (**Power Rating +2 per model**). Each model attacks with its putrid appendages.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Putrid appendages | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 2 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Attention Seeker:** Beasts of Nurgle sometimes feel left out of the fun, and so bound forth to join in whenever they can. This unit can perform Heroic Interventions as if they were **CHARACTERS**.

**Deadly Slime Trail:** Roll a D6 for each enemy unit that Falls Back within 1" of this unit; on a 4+ that unit suffers a mortal wound.

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** BEAST, BEASTS OF NURGLE



Although their bounding personality is more akin to that of a domesticated pet, a Beast of Nurgle's attention brings only death and agony.



2 POWER

# FIENDS OF SLAANESH

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fiend of Slaanesh | 14" | 3+ | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Fiend of Slaanesh. It can include up to 8 additional Fiends of Slaanesh (**Power Rating +2 per model**). Each model attacks with dissecting claws and a vicious barbed tail.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dissecting claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 2 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| Vicious barbed tail | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | A model can only make a single attack with this weapon each time it fights. |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic, Quicksilver Swiftness, Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Disruptive Song:** **PSYKERS** within 12" of any enemy Fiends of Slaanesh must subtract 1 from the result of any Psychic tests they take.

**Soporific Musk:** Units within 1" of any enemy Fiends of Slaanesh cannot Fall Back unless they can **FLY**.

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** BEAST, FIENDS OF SLAANESH

## FLESH HOUNDS

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Flesh Hound | 10" | 3+ | - | 4 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 5 Flesh Hounds of Khorne. It can include up to 5 additional Flesh Hounds **(Power Rating +4)**, up to 10 additional Flesh Hounds **(Power Rating +8)** or up to 15 additional Flesh Hounds **(Power Rating +12)**. Each model attacks with gore-drenched fangs.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Gore-drenched fangs | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | - |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Collar of Khorne:** This unit can attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase.

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** BEAST, FLESH HOUNDS

## SCREAMERS

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Screamer | 16" | 4+ | - | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 3 Screamers. It can include up to 3 additional Screamers **(Power Rating +4)** or up to 6 additional Screamers **(Power Rating +8)**. Each model attacks with a lamprey bite.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lamprey bite | Melee | Melee | +2 | -3 | 2 | - |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Slashing Attack:** If this unit moves over any enemy units in its Movement phase (and it did not Fall Back), you can choose one of those enemy units and roll a D6 for each Screamer in this unit. Each roll of a 6 inflicts a mortal wound on the enemy unit.

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** BEAST, FLY, SCREAMERS



Screamers can often be found using their speed to launch sudden strikes, darting over other daemonic units.



With a sickening buzz, the Plague Drones of Nurgle drop out of the skies to begin an assault.

6 POWER

# PLAGUE DRONES

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Plague Drone | 10" | 4+ | 4+ | 4 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 7 | 6+ |
| Plaguebringer | 10" | 4+ | 4+ | 4 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Plaguebringer and 2 Plague Drones. It can include up to 3 additional Plague Drones **(Power Rating +5)** or up to 6 additional Plague Drones **(Power Rating +10)**. Each model is armed with death's heads and a plaguesword, and rides a Rot Fly that attacks with its prehensile proboscis.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Rider** | | | | | | |
| Death's heads | 12" | Assault 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Plaguesword | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| **Rot Fly** | | | | | | |
| Prehensile proboscis | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 2 | After a model riding a Rot Fly makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 4 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. You can re-roll failed wound rolls for these attacks. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- One Plague Drone may take an Instrument of Chaos.
- One Plague Drone may take a Daemonic Icon.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Disgustingly Resilient**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Daemonic Icon:** If you roll a 1 when taking a Morale test for a unit with any Daemonic Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. No models flee and 1 slain Plague Drone is instead added to the unit.

**Instrument of Chaos:** A unit that includes any Instruments of Chaos adds 1 to their Advance and charge rolls.

**FACTION KEYWORDS**

CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS**

CAVALRY, FLY, PLAGUE DRONES

# SEEKERS

6 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Seeker | 14" | 3+ | 3+ | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 7 | 6+ |
| Heartseeker | 14" | 3+ | 3+ | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 | 6+ |

This unit contains 1 Heartseeker and 4 Seekers. It can include up to 5 additional Seekers (**Power Rating +5**), up to 10 additional Seekers (**Power Rating +10**) or up to 15 additional Seekers (**Power Rating +14**). Each model attacks with piercing claws and rides a Steed of Slaanesh that attacks with its lashing tongue.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Rider** | | | | | | |
| Piercing claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| **Steed of Slaanesh** | | | | | | |
| Lashing tongue | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After a model riding a Steed of Slaanesh makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 2 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- One Seeker may take an Instrument of Chaos.
- One Seeker may take a Daemonic Icon.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual**(pg 85)

**Daemonic Icon:** If you roll a 1 when taking a Morale test for a unit with any Daemonic Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. No models flee and D3 slain Seekers are instead added to the unit.

**Unholy Speed:** Re-roll failed charge rolls for this unit.

**Instrument of Chaos:** A unit that includes any Instruments of Chaos adds 1 to their Advance and charge rolls.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CAVALRY, SEEKERS



No place on the battlefield is safe from the swift, probing attacks of the Seekers of Slaanesh.

# HELLFLAYER

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Hellflayer** | **12"** | **3+** | **3+** | **4** | **5** | **6** | **5** | **8** | **4+** |

A Hellflayer is a single model that atacks with its bladed axle. It is ridden by an Exalted Alluress that attacks with its piercing claws, and drawn by two Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their lashing tongues. Each steed is ridden by Seekers that attack with their piercing claws and lashes of torment.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Riders** | | | | | | |
| Lashes of torment | 6" | Assault D6 | 4 | 0 | 1 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Piercing claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| **Hellflayer** | | | | | | |
| Bladed axle | Melee | Melee | x2 | -1 | 2 | After models riding a Hellflayer makes their close combat attacks, you can attack with the chariot's bladed axle. Make D6 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |
| **Steeds of Slaanesh** | | | | | | |
| Lashing tongue | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After models riding a Hellflayer make their close combat attacks, you can attack with the Steeds of Slaanesh. Make 4 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

| | |
|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85) |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON** |
| **KEYWORDS** | **CHARIOT, HELLFLAYER** |



# FURIES

3 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Fury** | **12"** | **4+** | **-** | **4** | **3** | **1** | **2** | **6** | **6+** |

This unit contains 5 Furies. It can include up to 5 additional Furies **(Power Rating +2)**, up to 10 additional Furies **(Power Rating +5)** or up to 15 additional Furies **(Power Rating +7)**. Each model attacks with its daemonic claws.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daemonic claws | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | - |

| | |
|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Daemonic**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)<br><br>**Daemonic Rewards:** **KHORNE** Furies have the Unstoppable Ferocity ability (pg 85). **TZEENTCH** Furies gain the Ephemeral Form ability (pg 85. **NURGLE** Furies gain the Disgustingly Resilient ability (pg 85). **SLAANESH** Furies gain the Quicksilver Swiftness ability (pg 85).<br><br>**Prey on the Weak:** Roll a dice each time a unit fails a Morale test within 12" of any enemy Furies. On a roll of 4+ an additional model from the unit is slain. |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, DAEMON, <ALLEGIANCE>** |
| **KEYWORDS** | **INFANTRY, FLY, FURIES** |

# SKULL CANNON

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Skull Cannon** | **6"** | **3+** | **3+** | **5** | **7** | **7** | **2** | **7** | **3+** |

A Skull Cannon is a single model equipped with a skull cannon and crewed by two Bloodletters that attack with their hellblades.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Skull cannon | 48" | Heavy D6 | 8 | -2 | D3 | Units targeted by this weapon do not gain any bonus to their saving throws for being in cover. |
| Hellblade | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 1 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 2 instead of 1. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Daemonic**, **Unstoppable Ferocity**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)<br><br>**Gorefeast:** If this model slays any models with its Crushing Impact ability, it immediately regains one lost wound. | **Crushing Impact:** Each time this model finishes a charge move, roll a D6 for each enemy model within 1" of it; that model's unit suffers a mortal wound for each roll of 5+. |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, KHORNE, DAEMON** | |
| **KEYWORDS** | **CHARIOT, BLOODLETTER, SKULL CANNON** | |



**The Skull Cannon rains Khorne's fury upon the foe, the wrathful Daemon trapped within its hell-forged metal revelling in the bloodshed.**



Amidst the capering madness and crackling change-fire, a Burning Chariot brings ruination to the Imperium's defenders.

# BURNING CHARIOT

6 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Burning Chariot** | 14" | 4+ | 3+ | 5 | 5 | 8 | 3 | 8 | 5+ |

A Burning Chariot is a single model. It is ridden by an Exalted Flamer that attacks with the pink and blue fires of Tzeentch and tongues of flame, and it is drawn by Screamers that attack with their lamprey bites.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Exalted Flamer** | | | | | | |
| Fire of Tzeentch | When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. | | | | | |
| - Blue | 18" | Heavy 3 | +4 | -4 | D3 | - |
| - Pink | 12" | Pistol D6 | User | -2 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Tongues of Flame | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | - |
| **Screamers** | | | | | | |
| Lamprey bite | Melee | Melee | 6 | -3 | 2 | After a model riding a Burning Chariot makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 6 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- A Burning Chariot may also be ridden by three Chanting Horrors.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Ephemeral Form**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Irritating Chant:** If a Burning Chariot is ridden by Chanting Horrors, your opponent must subtract 1 from Psychic tests made for enemy units within 9" of any such models.

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, TZEENTCH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS:** CHARIOT, EXALTED FLAMER, FLAMER, FLY, BURNING CHARIOT

# SEEKER CHARIOT

4 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Seeker Chariot | 12" | 3+ | 3+ | 4 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 8 | 4+ |

A Seeker Chariot is a single model ridden by an Exalted Alluress and a Daemonette Charioteer that attack with their lashes of torment and piercing claws. It is drawn by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their lashing tongues.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Chariot Riders** | | | | | | |
| Lashes of torment | 6" | Assault D6 | 4 | 0 | 1 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Piercing claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| **Steeds of Slaanesh** | | | | | | |
| Lashing tongue | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After models riding a Seeker Chariot make their close combat attacks, you can attack with the Steeds of Slaanesh. Make 4 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Scything Impact:** Each time a Seeker Chariot finishes a charge move, roll a D6 for each enemy model within 1" of it; that model's unit suffers a mortal wound for each roll of 6.

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** CHARIOT, DAEMONETTE, SEEKER CHARIOT



# EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOT

5 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Exalted Seeker Chariot | * | * | 3+ | 4 | 5 | 12 | * | 8 | 4+ |

An Exalted Seeker Chariot is a single model ridden by an Exalted Alluress armed with lashes of torment, and is crewed by three Daemonette Charioteers who attack with their piercing claws. It is drawn into battle by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their lashing tongues.

**DAMAGE**

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | WS | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 7-12+ | 12" | 2+ | 8 |
| 4-6 | 10" | 3+ | 6 |
| 1-3 | 8" | 4+ | 4 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Chariot Riders** | | | | | | |
| Lashes of torment | 6" | Assault D6 | 4 | 0 | 1 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Piercing claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ with this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| **Steeds of Slaanesh** | | | | | | |
| Lashing tongue | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After models riding an Exalted Seeker Chariot make their close combat attacks, you can attack with the Steeds of Slaanesh. Make 8 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |

**ABILITIES** **Daemonic**, **Quicksilver Swiftness**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Scything Impact:** Each time an Exalted Seeker Chariot finishes a charge move, roll a D6 for each enemy model within 1" of it; that model's unit suffers a mortal wound for each roll of 6.

**FACTION KEYWORDS** CHAOS, SLAANESH, DAEMON

**KEYWORDS** CHARIOT, DAEMONETTE, EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOT

# SOUL GRINDER

12 POWER

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Soul Grinder | * | 4+ | * | 8 | 7 | 14 | * | 7 | 3+ |

A Soul Grinder is a single model that attacks with a harvester cannon, phlegm bombardment, an iron claw and a warpsword.

**DAMAGE**

Some of this model's characteristics change as it suffers damage, as shown below:

| REMAINING W | M | BS | A |
|---|---|---|---|
| 8-14+ | 8" | 4+ | 5 |
| 4-7 | 6" | 5+ | 3 |
| 1-3 | 4" | 5+ | D3 |

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Harvester cannon | 48" | Heavy 3 | 7 | -1 | D3 | - |
| Phlegm bombardment | 36" | Heavy D6 | 8 | -2 | 3 | - |
| Iron claw | Melee | Melee | x2 | -3 | D6 | - |
| Warpclaw | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | D3 | Make 2 hit rolls for each attack made with this weapon, instead of 1. |
| Warpsword | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 3 | You can re-roll failed hit rolls for this weapon. |

**WARGEAR OPTIONS**

- This model may replace its warpsword with a warpclaw.

**ABILITIES**

**Daemonic**, **Daemonic Ritual** (pg 85)

**Daemonic Rewards:** **KHORNE** Soul Grinders have the Unstoppable Ferocity ability (pg 85). **TZEENTCH** Soul Grinders gain the Ephemeral Form ability (pg 85). **NURGLE** Soul Grinders gain the Disgustingly Resilient ability (pg 85). **SLAANESH** Soul Grinders gain the Quicksilver Swiftness ability (pg 85).

**Explodes:** If this model is reduced to 0 wounds, roll a D6 before removing it from the battlefield; on a 6 it explodes, and each unit within 6" suffers D3 mortal wounds.

**FACTION KEYWORDS**

CHAOS, DAEMON, <ALLEGIANCE>

**KEYWORDS**

VEHICLE, SOUL GRINDER



**In their fury to rip apart the foe, Soul Grinders dedicated to Khorne can often be found at the forefront of a Blood Legion's charge.**

# FECULENT GNARLMAWS

3 POWER

This unit contains 1 Feculent Gnarlmaw. It can consist of one additional Feculent Gnarlmaw **(Power Rating +2)**, or 2 additional Feculent Gnarlmaws **(Power Rating + 4)**. Each Feculent Gnarlmaw in this unit must be set up within 6" of each other.

| | |
|---|---|
| **ABILITIES** | **Pestilent Garden:** After it is set up, a Feculent Gnarlmaw is treated as a terrain feature. It cannot move for any reason, is not treated as a friendly or enemy model, and cannot be targeted or affected by any attacks or abilities.<br><br>**Shroud of Flies:** All **NURGLE DAEMON** units – except **VEHICLES** and **MONSTERS** – that are completely within 7" of any Feculent Gnarlmaws receive the benefit of cover, but you add 2 to their saving throws instead of 1 (remember, invulnerable saves are not benefitted by cover).<br><br>**Sickness Blossoms:** At the start of your turn, roll a D6 for every unit that is within 3" of any Feculent Gnarlmaws; on a 4+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound, but on a 6 it suffer D3 mortal wounds instead. **NURGLE** units are unaffected by this ability.<br><br>**The Plague Bells Chime: NURGLE DAEMON** units that are within 7" of any Feculent Gnarlmaws at the start of their turn can shoot and/or charge this turn, even if they Fell Back or Advanced.<br><br>**Conduit to Nurgle's Domain:** You can re-roll any of the dice used in the summoning roll when a **CHAOS CHARACTER** from your army that is within 7" of any Feculent Gnarlmaw attempts to summon a unit of **NURGLE DAEMONS** to the battlefield using a Daemonic Ritual. |
| **FACTION KEYWORDS** | **CHAOS, NURGLE, DAEMON** |
| **KEYWORDS** | **FECULENT GNARLMAW** |



**The unnatural tolling of the Gnarlmaw's bells invigorates Nurgle's Daemons, while calling more of their foul number into realspace.**

# DAEMONIC GIFTS

**Daemons slay their foes with fang, talon and dread armaments forged out of pure warp energy. The weapons of Khorne are etched with burning runes of slaughter, whilst those of Tzeentch are renowned for their aetheric power. The tools of Nurgle drip with virulent toxins, while the blades of Slaanesh are impossibly sharp, cutting through flesh with a light caress.**

**RANGED WEAPONS**

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bellow of endless fury | 8" | Assault D6 | 5 | -1 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Bloodflail | 8" | Assault 1 | +1 | -3 | 3 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Coruscating flames | 18" | Assault 2 | User | 0 | 1 | - |
| Death's heads | 12" | Assault 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Disgusting sneezes | 6" | Pistol D3 | 3 | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Fire of Tzeentch | When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. | | | | | |
| - Blue | 18" | Heavy 3 | +4 | -4 | D3 | - |
| - Pink | 12" | Pistol D6 | User | -2 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Flickering flames | 12" | Pistol D6 | User | -1 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Harvester cannon | 48" | Heavy 3 | 7 | -1 | D3 | - |
| Hellfire | 8" | Assault D6 | 5 | -1 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. |
| Lash of Khorne | 8" | Assault D3 | User | -3 | D3 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Lashes of torment | 6" | Assault D6 | 4 | 0 | 1 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. |
| Phlegm bombardment | 36" | Heavy D6 | 8 | -2 | 3 | - |
| Plague flail | 7" | Assault 3 | User | -3 | 2 | This weapon can be fired within 1" of an enemy unit, and can target enemy units within 1" of friendly units. Excess damage from this weapon is not lost; instead, keep allocating damage to another model in the target unit until either all the damage has been allocated or the unit has been destroyed. |
| Skull cannon | 48" | Heavy D6 | 8 | -2 | D3 | Units targeted by this weapon do not gain any bonus to their saving throws for being in cover. |
| Streams of brackish filth | 7" | Assault 2D6 | User | -3 | 1 | This weapon automatically hits its target. You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |

**MELEE WEAPONS**

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Attendants' claws and teeth | Melee | Melee | 2 | 0 | 1 | Each time a model attended by Nurglings fights, it can make D6 additional attacks with this weapon. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for these attacks. |
| Axe of Khorne | Melee | Melee | +3 | -4 | D6 | - |
| Baleful sword | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | D6 | When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll. |
| Balesword | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 1 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Bileblade | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Bilesword | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | D6 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Blade of blood | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 3 instead of D3. |
| The Blade of Shadows | Melee | Melee | +1 | -5 | 3 | - |
| Daemonic axe | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | 3 | When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll. |
| Daemonic claws | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | - |
| Diseased claws and teeth | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Dissecting claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 2 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| Distended maw | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Doomsday bell | Melee | Melee | +1 | -1 | D3 | - |
| Fanged maw | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time Rotigus fights, he can make D6 additional attacks with this weapon. |

| MELEE WEAPONS | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **WEAPON** | **RANGE** | **TYPE** | **S** | **AP** | **D** | **ABILITIES** |
| Gnarlrod | Melee | Melee | +1 | -2 | 3 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Gore-drenched fangs | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | - |
| Great axe of Khorne | When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. | | | | | |
| - Mighty strike | Melee | Melee | x2 | -4 | D6 | Each time you roll to determine how much damage this weapon inflicts, roll 2 dice and discard the lowest result. |
| - Sweeping blow | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 1 | Make 2 hit rolls instead of 1 for each attack made with this weapon. |
| Hellblade | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 1 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 2 instead of 1. |
| Hellforged sword | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 3 | - |
| Hideous mutations | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | - |
| Iron claw | Melee | Melee | x2 | -3 | D6 | - |
| Lamprey bite | Melee | Melee | +2 | -3 | 2 | - |
| Lopping shears | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | D3 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Malefic talons | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | Each time the bearer fights, it can make 1 additional attack with this weapon. A model armed with two sets of malefic talons can make 3 additional attacks with them instead. |
| Marotter | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for this weapon. |
| Piercing claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| Plaguesword | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Putrid appendages | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 2 | You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this weapon. |
| Ravaging claws | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 2 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -1. |
| Ritual dagger | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | Each time this weapon slays an enemy model, the bearer regains 1 lost wound. |
| Serrated claws | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -2. |
| Sharp quills | Melee | Melee | User | 0 | 1 | - |
| Slaughter and Carnage | When attacking with this weapon, choose one of the profiles below. | | | | | |
| - Mighty strike | Melee | Melee | x2 | -4 | D6 | You can re-roll failed hit rolls for this weapon. |
| - Sweeping blow | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 1 | Make 2 hit rolls instead of 1 for each attack made with this weapon. |
| The Slayer Sword | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 3 | Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of D3+3 instead of 3. |
| Snapping claws | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 3 | Each time a Keeper of Secrets fights, it can make D3 additional attacks with this weapon. Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with an AP of -4 instead of -2. |
| Soul-rending fangs | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | - |
| Staff of Tomorrow | Melee | Melee | +2 | -3 | D6 | Each time a **CHARACTER** is slain by this weapon, you can add a Chaos Spawn model to your army. Set up the Chaos Spawn within 1" of the character before it is removed. |
| Staff of Tzeentch | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 3 | Each time a **CHARACTER** is slain by this weapon, you can add a Chaos Spawn model to your army. Set up the Chaos Spawn within 1" of the character before it is removed. |
| Tongues of flame | Melee | Melee | User | -1 | 1 | - |
| The Trickster's Staff | Melee | Melee | * | * | * | When the Changeling fights, choose a melee weapon carried by any enemy **INFANTRY** model within 1" of it. The Trickster's Staff uses that weapon's profile until the end of the phase. |
| Vicious barbed tail | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | D3 | A model can only make a single attack with this weapon each time it fights. |
| Warpclaw | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | D3 | Make 2 hit rolls for each attack made with this weapon, instead of 1. |
| Warpsword | Melee | Melee | User | -3 | 3 | You can re-roll failed hit rolls for this weapon. |
| Witstealer sword | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | 3 | Subtract 1 from hit rolls made for a model that has suffered any wounds from this weapon. |

| CHARIOT AND CAVALRY MELEE WEAPONS | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **WEAPON** | **RANGE** | **TYPE** | **S** | **AP** | **D** | **ABILITIES** |
| Blood Throne's hellblades | Melee | Melee | 4 | -3 | 1 | After a Blood Throne makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its attendants. Make 2 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. Any attacks with a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon have a Damage characteristic of 2. |
| Disc of Tzeentch's blades | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After a model riding a Disc of Tzeentch makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 1 additional attack, using this weapon profile. |
| Hellflayer's bladed axle | Melee | Melee | x2 | -1 | 2 | After models riding a Hellflayer make their close combat attacks, you can attack with the chariot's bladed axle. Make D6 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |
| Juggernaut's bladed horn | Melee | Melee | 5 | -1 | 1 | After a model riding a Juggernaut makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 3 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |
| Mulch's acidic maw | Melee | Melee | 7 | -4 | 3 | After Horticulous makes his close combat attacks, you can attack with Mulch. Make 1 additional attack, using this weapon profile. |
| Rot Fly's prehensile proboscis | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 2 | After a model riding a Rot Fly makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 4 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. You can re-roll failed wound rolls for these attacks. |
| Screamer's lamprey bite | Melee | Melee | 6 | -3 | 2 | After a model riding a Burning Chariot makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 6 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. |
| Steed of Slaanesh's lashing tongue | Melee | Melee | 4 | 0 | 1 | After a model riding a Steed of Slaanesh makes its close combat attacks, you can attack with its mount. Make 2 additional attacks, using this weapon profile. Seeker Chariots and Hellflayers instead make 4 attacks with this weapon, and Exalted Seeker Chariots instead make 8 attacks with this weapon. |

***With the War in the Rift deadlocked, the Chaos Gods arranged a formal contest to end the conflict – a great gladiatorial fight between their champions. Few mortal creatures know much of that battle, save for the disturbed dreams of prophets or insane sermons spouted by sorcerous cultists.***

***The battlefield itself was created when Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle and Slaanesh each ceded part of their realms to create a hellplane all its own. So was Amalgrimm born, a prize that would be claimed by the winner.***

***Tzeentch sought to define the criteria by which the contest would be judged. The others, most vehemently Khorne, refused to be bound by such arbitrations, believing the last Daemon standing should decide the victor. The Blood God's only concession to the long list of Tzeentch's stipulations was to agree to limit the number of combatants, believing martial honour to be paramount. It is unknown exactly how many took part in that battle; some claim every god chose one hundred champions, each supported by a legion, while others suggest the size of the forces were based around each power's sacred number.***

***It was Slaanesh that attacked first, his Lashscourge Host led to battle by Ssi'lsh the Dominator, and it was they that swept away the vanguard of both Tzeentch and Khorne. However, Blothar, the most hulking of all Great Unclean Ones, deployed alongside his legion, and their advance could not be halted. More of Slaanesh's Legions of Excess took to the field, each of the Dark Prince's Daemons scoring a hundred blows for every one the diseased followers of Nurgle dealt, yet still it was not enough.***

***Back and forth the contest swayed, growing in scale and intensity. Upon heaving waves of fire, Skarbrand and Ghorgrax led the Rage Legions to annihilate Gol'grul and his seven Great Unclean One bodyguards. The Feathered Lord Tzax'lan-tar was struck from the skies by the Exalted Keeper of Secrets Prr-fra, and scores of individual duels erupted amidst the clash of legions. Bolts of change-magic felled Skulltaker, but Karanak, the Hound of Vengeance, reaped revenge, leading a charge that tore apart a coven of Lords of Change.***

***On it went, a swirling maelstrom for which each of the Chaos Gods cursed his brothers while channelling titanic energies to aid their embattled minions. Strange beasts were unleashed and powers of such magnitude unleashed that the warp itself shuddered. As the hellish attrition took its toll, it seemed that Khorne's champions would stand triumphant, until final trickery by Kairos Fateweaver stole the victory for his master. With victory slipping away due to his Tzeentch's deceits, Khorne intervened, his bellow of rage sundering the Amalgrimm.***

***Thus concluded the War in the Rift, with each god declaring victory and disputing the claims of their brothers. The Great Game resumed, and realspace once more thundered to the sound of battle.***





# THE ETERNAL HORDES

**In this section you'll find rules for Battle-forged armies that include Chaos Daemons Detachments – that is, any Detachment which only includes units with both the CHAOS and DAEMON Faction keywords. These rules include the abilities below and a series of Stratagems. This section also includes the Chaos Daemons' unique Warlord Traits, Psychic Disciplines, Relics and Tactical Objectives. Together, these rules reflect the character and fighting style of Chaos Daemons in your games of Warhammer 40,000.**

## DAEMONIC LEGIONS

***When the armies of the Ruinous Powers go to war, waves of daemonic infantry march across the battlefield, corrupting the ground itself with their very presence.***

If your army is Battle-forged, all Troops units in Chaos Daemons Detachments gain this ability. Such a unit that is within range of an objective marker controls it even if there are more enemy models within range of it. If an enemy unit within range of the objective marker has a similar ability, then it is controlled by the player who has the most models within range as normal.

## DAEMONIC LOCI

***The champions of the Daemonic legions act as focal points for the will of the Chaos Gods themselves, infusing nearby minions with a measure of their master's power.***

If your army is Battle-forged, all **CHARACTERS** in Chaos Daemons Detachments gain a Daemonic Locus, so long as every unit in that Detachment owes its allegiance to the same Chaos God. The Daemonic Locus gained depends upon their allegiance, as shown in the table opposite. For example, all **CHARACTERS** in a **NURGLE** Chaos Daemons Detachment gain the Locus of Virulence.

***'Woe to all who hear what I hear, a baying that chills the heart and spreads icy fear through my mortal soul. More terrible are the crimson hunters that follow those howls, they who would take our skulls to lay them at the foot of their master's throne. I see deformed shapes, unnatural creatures driven by an insatiable hunger for blood, twisted bodies that lope with their heads lowered to better follow the scent of their prey's terror. They are coming… And there is no place on this world, or any other, to run.'***

*- Albrecht the Blind, Oracle of Denzhak, before the arrival of the Blood Crusade*



# DAEMONIC LOCI

### KHORNE: LOCUS OF RAGE

*The Daemons of Khorne perceive everything through a red mist of undiluted rage. They cannot wait to spill blood, and so surge across the battlefield to get to grips with their foes as quickly as possible so that the slaughter can begin in earnest.*

You can re-roll charge rolls for **KHORNE DAEMON** units that are within 6" of a friendly model with the Locus of Rage in the Charge phase.

### TZEENTCH: LOCUS OF TRICKERY

*The Daemons of Tzeentch surround themselves in layer upon layer of mind-traps and illusions, each mirage shifting into the next. The result utterly confounds those nearby that would do the Daemons harm, and means their attacks are often ineffective.*

Roll 2 dice at the start of each Fight phase and discard the highest result. Until the end of that phase, each time your opponent targets a **TZEENTCH DAEMON** unit within 6" of a friendly model with the Locus of Trickery and makes a hit roll that, after re-rolls but before modifiers, matches your remaining dice result, that hit roll fails.

### NURGLE: LOCUS OF VIRULENCE

*The Daemons of Nurgle are surrounded by an aura of pestilence and disease that infects all nearby, and their talons and blades drip with thrice-ripened plagues. The merest touch of such a weapon in the presence of such a creature can cause a mortal to wither and die in seconds.*

Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for a **NURGLE DAEMON** unit within 6" of any friendly model with the Locus of Virulence, that attack inflicts 1 additional damage.

### SLAANESH: LOCUS OF SWIFTNESS

*The Daemons of Slaanesh dance across the battlefield with a grace and speed that belies belief. They can close the killing fields of a battlefield in a heartbeat, falling upon their surprised and panic-stricken prey with psychotic delight.*

All **SLAANESH DAEMON** units within 6" of a friendly model with the Locus of Swiftness in the Charge phase can declare a charge even if they advanced in their Movement phase.



# STRATAGEMS

**If your army is Battle-forged and includes any Chaos Daemons Detachments (excluding Auxiliary Support Detachments), you have access to the Stratagems shown here, meaning you can spend Command Points to activate them. These help to reflect the unique strategies used by Chaos Daemons on the battlefield.**

## DENIZENS OF THE WARP

**1CP/2CP**

***Chaos Daemons Stratagem***

*Ever lurking in the warp, Daemons will wait until the barriers between realms thin before tearing their way into realspace.*

Use this Stratagem during deployment. If you spent 1 CP, set up one of your **DAEMON** units that has a Power Rating of 8 or less in the warp instead of placing it on the battlefield. If you spent 2 CPs, you can choose a **DAEMON** unit that has a Power Rating of 9 or more instead. At the end of any of your Movement phases that unit can tear its way into reality – set it up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" away from any enemy models.

## DAEMONIC INCURSION

**2CP**

***Chaos Daemons Stratagem***

*When the Knights of Titan deploy to battle, it is often to combat a full-blown daemonic invasion.*

Use this Stratagem when one of your **DAEMON** units (other than a named character) is destroyed by a **GREY KNIGHTS** unit. The destroyed unit is returned to your army at full strength, and is set up on the battlefield at the end of your next Movement phase, anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from any enemy models. This does not cost you any reinforcement points in a matched play game.

## SOUL SACRIFICE

**2CP**

***Chaos Daemons Stratagem***

*A daemonic pact of terrible power can be assured for a price…*

Use this Stratagem before a **CHAOS CHARACTER** from your army attempts to summon a unit of **DAEMONS** to the battlefield using a Daemonic Ritual. That character suffers D3 mortal wounds, but you can roll up to 4 dice rather than 3 for the summoning roll. In addition, re-roll hit rolls of 1 for the summoned unit while it is within 6" of the character that performed the Daemonic Ritual.

## REWARDS OF CHAOS

**1CP/3CP**

***Chaos Daemons Stratagem***

*The Dark Gods sometimes bestow their daemonic lieutenants with powerful artefacts and rewards.*

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Your army can have one extra Hellforged Artefact for 1 CP, or two extra Hellforged Artefacts for 3 CPs. All of the Hellforged Artefacts that you include must be different and be given to different **DAEMON CHARACTERS**. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

## DAEMONIC PACT

**1CP**

***Chaos Daemons Stratagem***

*Many foul champions are adept at summoning daemonic allies.*

Use this Stratagem after a **CHAOS CHARACTER** from your army summons a unit of **DAEMONS** to the battlefield using a Daemonic Ritual. That character can immediately attempt to summon a second unit of **Daemons** to the battlefield by performing another Daemonic Ritual.

## DAEMONIC POSSESSION

**1CP**

***Chaos Daemons Stratagem***

*Every time a psyker draws upon the warp, they disturb its flow and attract the attention of those that dwell within.*

Use this Stratagem when an enemy **PSYKER** unit suffers Perils of the Warp. That unit suffers 2D3 mortal wounds instead of D3.

## WARP SURGE

**2CP**

***Chaos Daemons Stratagem***

*The winds of the warp blow strong, invigorating daemonkind.*

Use this Stratagem at the start of any phase. Select a unit of **DAEMONS**; until the end of the phase, you cannot re-roll saving throws for this unit, but its invulnerable save is improved by 1 (to a maximum of 3+).

## BANNER OF BLOOD

**1CP**

***Khorne Daemons Stratagem***

*This brass standard constantly drips with blood, the smell of which drives Khorne's Daemons into an unbridled battle-lust.*

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Choose one of your **KHORNE** models with a Daemonic Icon. That icon is upgraded to a Banner of Blood. In addition to its normal ability, the power of the banner can be used once per battle, just before the bearer's unit declares a charge. When used, the bearer's unit can charge 3D6" instead of 2D6".

## LOCUS OF WRATH

**2CP**

***Khorne Daemons Stratagem***

*Khorne's wrath empowers those who fight beside his champions.*

Use this Stratagem at the start of any Fight phase. Select a **KHORNE DAEMON CHARACTER** from your army – until the end of the phase you can re-roll any failed hit rolls made for friendly **KHORNE DAEMON** units within 6" of that model.

### 3CP FRENETIC BLOODLUST

***Khorne Daemons Stratagem***

*The bloodlust of Khorne's Daemons is never sated.*

Use this Stratagem at the end of any Fight phase. Select one of your **KHORNE DAEMON** units – that unit can immediately fight again.

### 2CP REVOLTING REGENERATION

***Nurgle Daemons Stratagem***

*As the tolling of bells echoes through the warp, the flesh of Nurgle's Daemons flows like wax to seal gaping wounds.*

Use this Stratagem at the end of your Movement phase. Select one of your **NURGLE DAEMON** units. One model in the unit regains D3 lost wounds. If there are no wounded models in the unit, and that unit has suffered any casualties, a single slain model from the unit is returned to play with one wound remaining.

### 1CP PLAGUE BANNER

***Nurgle Daemons Stratagem***

*A pervasive aura of pestilence surrounds this icon, causing rusted blades to weep with even fouler and more toxic diseases.*

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Choose one of your **NURGLE** models with a Daemonic Icon. That icon is upgraded to a Plague Banner. In addition to its normal ability, the power of the banner can be used once per battle, just before the bearer's unit fights. When used, increase the Damage characteristic of all plagueswords carried by the bearer's unit to 2 until the end of the phase.

### 2CP LOCUS OF FECUNDITY

***Nurgle Daemons Stratagem***

*Wherever Nurgle's champions walk, disease blooms and maggots hatch from rotten flesh, sustaining his minions.*

Use this Stratagem at the start of any phase. Select a **NURGLE DAEMON CHARACTER** from your army– until the end of the phase you can re-roll Disgustingly Resilient rolls of 1 made for friendly **NURGLE DAEMON** units within 6" of that model.

### 1CP BLASTED STANDARD

***Tzeentch Daemons Stratagem***

*So saturated is this icon with the power of change that it is wreathed in warpfire that leaps out to consume Tzeentch's foes.*

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Choose one of your **TZEENTCH** models with a Daemonic Icon. That icon is upgraded to a Blasted Standard. In addition to its normal ability, the power of the banner can be used once per battle, at the beginning of any Psychic phase. When used, roll 9 dice; for each roll of 6, the closest visible enemy unit within 9" suffers a mortal wound.

### 1CP MAGICAL BOON

***Tzeentch Daemons Stratagem***

*Arcane knowledge and mystical power have ever been the domain of Tzeentch and his minions.*

Use this Stratagem at the end of your Psychic phase. Select a **TZEENTCH DAEMON PSYKER** from your army; it can immediately attempt to manifest one additional psychic power this turn.

### 2CP LOCUS OF CONJURATION

***Tzeentch Daemons Stratagem***

*Sorcerous power surrounds Tzeentch's chosen champions.*

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Psychic phase. Select a **TZEENTCH DAEMON CHARACTER** from your army – until the end of the phase you can re-roll any failed Psychic tests made for friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units within 6" of that model.

### 1CP LOCUS OF GRACE

***Slaanesh Daemons Stratagem***

*Slaanesh's favoured Daemons lead their minions in an exquisite choreographed dance, every movement of which severs an enemy's limb or lops off their head.*

Use this Stratagem at the start of any Fight phase. Select a **SLAANESH DAEMON CHARACTER** from your army – until the end of the phase, each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for a friendly **SLAANESH DAEMON** unit within 6" of that character, the model that made that attack can immediately make an extra attack against the same target using the same weapon. These bonus attacks cannot themselves generate any further attacks.

### 1CP AURA OF ACQUIESCENCE

***Slaanesh Daemons Stratagem***

*Dark whispers speak to the minds of those that oppose Slaanesh, promising pleasures should they lower their weapons.*

Use this Stratagem at the start of any Fight phase. Select a **SLAANESH DAEMON** unit from your army – enemy units within 3" of that unit reduce their Attacks characteristic by 1 (to a minimum of 1) until the end of that phase.

### 1CP RAPTUROUS STANDARD

***Slaanesh Daemons Stratagem***

*This icon fills all who gaze upon it with such euphoria that they lower their guard and forget to defend themselves from attack.*

Use this Stratagem before the battle. Choose one of your **SLAANESH** models with a Daemonic Icon. That icon is upgraded to a Rapturous Standard. In addition to its normal ability, the power of the banner can be used once per battle, just before the bearer's unit fights. When used, you can re-roll all failed hit rolls made for the bearer's unit until the end of the phase.

# WARLORD TRAITS

**A general of a daemonic legion is mighty champion, chosen by their dark master to bring ruin and destruction upon their foes. Possessed of dire power, they epitomise an aspect of the Chaos God in whose image they were created.**

If a **CHARACTER** with the **DAEMON** Faction keyword is your Warlord, it can generate a Warlord Trait from one of the following tables instead of the one in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. You can either roll on the appropriate table to randomly generate a Warlord Trait, or you can select the one that best suits the Warlord's temperament and preferred style of warfare. Warlords can only generate Warlord Traits from their own Chaos God (e.g. **KHORNE** Warlords can only have a Khorne Warlord Trait).

## KHORNE

| D6 | RESULT |
|---|---|
| 1 | **ASPECT OF DEATH**<br>*Such is the palpable aura of dread this Daemon emanates that its enemies often die of sheer terror.*<br>Each time an enemy unit fails a Morale test within 8" of your Warlord, one additional model flees from that unit. |
| 2 | **GLORY OF BATTLE**<br>*This Daemon knows no greater pleasure than being surrounded by foes in battle.*<br>Add 1 to your Warlord's Attacks characteristic whilst there are more enemy models within 8" of it than there are friendly models. |
| 3 | **OBLIVIOUS TO PAIN**<br>*Nothing will keep this Daemon from the slaughter; not even injury will slow his advance, and only serves to stoke its anger.*<br>Roll a dice each time your Warlord loses a wound. On a roll of 6, your Warlord does not lose that wound and you can re-roll all failed hit and wound rolls made for it until the end of your next turn. |
| 4 | **IMMENSE POWER**<br>*The molten fury of the Lord of Battle has been poured into this Daemon, and its body is swollen with Khorne's might.*<br>Add 1 to your Warlord's Strength characteristic. |
| 5 | **DEVASTATING BLOW**<br>*The Blood God has granted this Daemon the strength to fell even the greatest enemies with a single, almighty blow.*<br>Each time your Warlord fights, it can make a single Devastating Blow attack instead of its normal close combat attacks. If it does, make a single hit roll; if successful, the target suffers D3 mortal wounds. |
| 6 | **RAGE INCARNATE**<br>*The fury with which this Daemon hurls itself at the enemy serves as a beacon of wrath to its like-minded minions.*<br>Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for friendly **KHORNE DAEMON** units that charged this turn and are within 8" of your Warlord when they fight. |

## TZEENTCH

| D6 | RESULT |
|---|---|
| 1 | **BORN OF SORCERY**<br>*Tapping into the infinite power of the warp comes as easily to this Daemon as breathing air does to a mortal.*<br>Add 1 to the result of the first Psychic tests made for your Warlord in each Psychic phase. |
| 2 | **INCORPOREAL FORM**<br>*This Daemon's body flickers in and out of reality, making it difficult for adversaries to land a telling blow against it.*<br>Reduce all damage inflicted on your Warlord by 1 (to a minimum of 1). For example, if this Warlord failed a saving throw against a weapon that inflicts 3 damage, it will only lose 2 wounds. |
| 3 | **WARP TETHER**<br>*This Daemon is blessed with an iron grip on the mortal world, and is able to sustain its minions with the power of the warp.*<br>You can re-roll failed Morale tests for friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units within 9" of your Warlord. |
| 4 | **LOREKEEPER OF TZEENTCH**<br>*Tzeentch has gifted this Daemon with stewardship of the Hidden Library within the Impossible Fortress. Intimate knowledge of mystical lore are the rewards for such a duty.*<br>Add 6" to the range of the first psychic power manifested by your Warlord in each Psychic phase. |
| 5 | **TYRANT OF THE WARP**<br>*The invasive attention of warp-spawned horrors – so often fatal to mortal psykers – are as nothing to this Daemon.*<br>Roll a dice each time your Warlord suffers Perils of the Warp; on a 2+ your Warlord's psychic mastery is such that they do not suffer Perils of the Warp. |
| 6 | **DAEMONSPARK**<br>*This Daemon bears the mark of the Daemonspark, causing nearby Tzeentchian Daemons to blaze with deadly flames.*<br>Re-roll wound rolls of 1 in the Shooting phase for friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units that are within 9" of your Warlord. |

## NURGLE

| D6 | RESULT |
|---|---|
| 1 | **BLESSED WITH CORPULENCE**<br>*Nurgle's blessing upon this Daemon is plain to see, for his frame is hideously bloated and riddled with corruption.*<br>Add 1 to your Warlord's Wounds characteristic. |
| 2 | **ACIDIC ICHOR**<br>*Those that pierce this Daemon's straining flesh are sprayed with sizzling bile that melts through armour, flesh and bone.*<br>Roll a dice each time your Warlord loses a wound in the Fight phase. On a 4+ the unit that inflicted that wound is splashed by acidic ichor and suffers a mortal wound after all of its own attacks have been resolved. |
| 3 | **PLAGUEFLY HIVE**<br>*This Daemon's pockmarked hide conceals a colony of plagueflies that swarm forth to bite and bedevil the foe should they get too close.*<br>Your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls that target your Warlord if the attacking unit is within 7". |
| 4 | **VIRULENT TOUCH**<br>*So saturated with noxious toxins and vile poisons is this Daemon that its merest touch ensures a gruesome and deadly demise.*<br>Add 1 to all wound rolls made by your Warlord in the Fight phase unless it is targeting a **VEHICLE**. |
| 5 | **IMPENETRABLE HIDE**<br>*Beneath this Daemon's hide are layers of rotting blubber, a dense mass that must be dug through to reach the vitals buried beneath.*<br>Your Warlord has a Save characteristic of 4+. |
| 6 | **PESTILENT MIASMA**<br>*Those who venture too close to this Daemon find their injuries blackening in seconds and their infected flesh swiftly turning to rot.*<br>Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of your Warlord at the start of your turn. On a roll of 4+ that unit suffers a mortal wound. |

## SLAANESH

| D6 | RESULT |
|---|---|
| 1 | **CELERITY OF SLAANESH**<br>*This Daemon is possessed of an incredible swiftness, and is able to close upon its prey with impossible speed.*<br>Add 3" to your Warlord's Movement characteristic. |
| 2 | **QUICKSILVER DUELLIST**<br>*This Daemon fights with phenomenal skill and grace when confronted by another champion.*<br>You can re-roll failed hit and wound rolls for attacks made by your Warlord in the Fight phase against **CHARACTERS**. |
| 3 | **THE MURDERDANCE**<br>*A performer of the maniacal dance of death, this Daemon hacks and cavorts its way through the enemy ranks without ever missing a step.*<br>If your Warlord charges in the Charge phase, add D3 to their Attacks characteristic until the end of the ensuing Fight phase (roll at the end of the Charge phase). |
| 4 | **FATAL CARESS**<br>*With a swift flick of a blade or razor-sharp claw, this Daemon can inflict agonising pleasures that drive the victim instantly insane.*<br>Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for your Warlord in the Fight phase, the target suffers a mortal wound in addition to any other damage. |
| 5 | **SAVAGE HEDONIST**<br>*This Daemon is a glutton for violence, striking ever faster and harder to maintain the thrill of combat.*<br>Add 1 to your Warlord's Attacks characteristic. |
| 6 | **BEWITCHING AURA**<br>*Even the most disciplined warriors can succumb to this Daemon's beguilements, all thoughts of fighting lost as they stand slack-jawed in a haze of hallucinatory desire.*<br>Enemy models subtract 1 from their Attacks characteristic (to a minimum of 1) whilst they are within 6" of your Warlord. This does not affect enemy **VEHICLES**. |

## NAMED CHARACTERS AND WARLORD TRAITS

If one of the following named characters is your Warlord, they must be given the associated Warlord Trait shown below.

| NAMED CHARACTER | WARLORD TRAIT | NAMED CHARACTER | WARLORD TRAIT |
|---|---|---|---|
| Skarbrand | Rage Incarnate | The Blue Scribes | Daemonspark |
| Skulltaker | Devastating Blow | Rotigus | Pestilent Miasma |
| Karanak | Aspect of Death | Horticulous Slimux | Acidic Ichor |
| Kairos Fateweaver | Tyrant of the Warp | Epidemius | Virulent Touch |
| The Changeling | Incorporeal Form | The Masque of Slaanesh | The Murderdance |

# HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS

**Hellforged Artefacts are items of legendary rarity, gifted only to those Daemons who have proved themselves worthy. To possess such a relic immediately sets a Daemon out amongst its peers, but as is always the way with Chaos, such power comes at a price. Should the Daemon fail in its task despite the boon they have received, they risk the eternal displeasure of their master.**

If your army is led by a Warlord with the **DAEMON** Faction Keyword, you may give one of the following Hellforged Artefacts to a **DAEMON CHARACTER** in your army. Named characters such as Skarbrand already have one or more artefacts, and cannot be given any of the following artefacts. Note that some weapons replace one of the character's existing weapons, or an item of wargear. Where this is the case, you must, if you are playing a matched play game or are otherwise using points values, still pay the cost of the weapon or item of wargear that is being replaced if it is not already included in the model's points cost. Write down any Hellforged Artefacts your characters may have on your army roster.

## ARMOUR OF SCORN

*Though this armour was forged in the Brass Citadel, it was the Blood God's contempt for the weapons and sorceries of lesser warriors that gave it life. Aeons after its creation, it is this same burning scorn which shields its wearer in battle.*

**KHORNE MONSTER** *model only. The wearer of the Armour of Scorn has a 4+ invulnerable save and can attempt to deny one psychic power in each enemy Psychic phase.*

## THE CRIMSON CROWN

*It is said that this crown was created from a single drop of Khorne's blood and forged by his withering gaze. A measure of the Blood God's endless wrath is bound within the crown, and its effect upon his daemonic servants is palpable. Fuelled by the artefact's fell presence, Khorne's Daemons are driven to ever greater heights of savagery and slaughter.*

**KHORNE** model only. Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for a friendly **KHORNE DAEMON** unit within 6" of the bearer of the Crimson Crown, the model that made that attack can immediately make an extra attack against the same target using the same weapon. These bonus attacks cannot themselves generate any further attacks.

## A'RGATH, THE KING OF BLADES

*When a Daemon is bound within a weapon by its infernal master, it rarely submits willingly to this terrible incarceration. The same cannot be said for A'rgath. A lifetime of slaughter and zealous dedication saw this butcher granted daemonhood. Such was his devotion to Khorne that instead of accepting immortality as a Daemon Prince, he instead chose to take the form of a deadly blade so that he could spill the lifeblood of Khorne's greatest enemies. Their hand guided by A'rgath's spirit, the sword's wielder becomes nigh unstoppable. Countless are the rival champions and mortal heroes that have fallen to his power.*

**KHORNE** model with blade of blood or hellforged sword only. A'rgath, the King of Blades replaces the bearer's blade of blood or hellforged sword and has the following profile:

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A'rgath | Melee | Melee | +1 | -4 | D3 |
| **Abilities:** Re-roll all failed wound rolls for this weapon when targeting a **CHARACTER**. If wielded by a **MONSTER,** increase this weapon's Damage characteristic to 3. | | | | | |

## SKULLREAVER

*Carved with runes of death and ruin, the edge of this ebon blade glows with barely contained power. The Bloodthirster bound within this mighty axe channels every iota of its hate and rage into these runes until they glow with molten heat, and the greater the foe the wielder faces, the hotter the runes burn.*

**KHORNE** model with axe of Khorne, great axe of Khorne or daemonic axe only. Skullreaver replaces the bearer's axe and has the following profile:

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Skullreaver | Melee | Melee | +3 | -4 | D6 |
| **Abilities:** Re-roll all failed wound rolls for this weapon when targeting a **TITANIC** unit. Each time you make a wound roll of 6+ for this weapon, the target suffers D3 mortal wounds in addition to the normal damage. | | | | | |

## THE ENDLESS GRIMOIRE

*Within the pages of this magical tome lie the secrets of every cantrip, incantation and spell ever conceived by Tzeentch. Though the bearer of this grimoire has access to the infinite knowledge bound within, only the Changer of the Ways himself could hope to master the full scope of its power.*

**TZEENTCH PSYKER** only. The bearer of the Endless Grimoire knows one additional psychic power from the Tzeentch discipline (pg 132).

## SOUL BANE

*This incorporeal blade inflicts no harm upon its victim's physical body, instead carving its way through the stuff of his very soul. So ephemeral and unreal is this strange weapon that it is impossible to cross blades with Soul Bane, for its ghostly edge will pass straight through any guard. Those struck by Soul Bane collapse in agony, writhing and screaming as their lacerated souls slowly bleed away into the aether.*

**TZEENTCH HERALD** only. Soul Bane replaces the bearer's ritual dagger and has the following profile:

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Soul Bane | Melee | Melee | User | -5 | 1 |
| **Abilities:** Invulnerable saves cannot be taken against this weapon. | | | | | |

## THE IMPOSSIBLE ROBE

*The wearer of this robe exists between several realities at once. Thus can a daemonic commander potentially control Tzeentch's interests in multiple times and places at once to further several aspects of the Great Plan. This effect makes it hard for foes to truly harm the wearer, who flickers in and out of reality in an unpredictable fashion. However, the robe is capricious, and has been known to rip its wearer out of reality altogether should he lose control of its powers.*

**TZEENTCH** model only. The wearer of the Impossible Robe has a 4+ invulnerable save. In addition, once per game you can re-roll a single failed saving throw for the wearer, but if the re-roll results in a 1, the wearer is immediately slain.

## THE EVERSTAVE

*This staff blazes with vibrant warpflame. As soon as its master takes up this staff, he too is wreathed in the same daemonic fire, though no harm befalls him. From within this magenta inferno, the Everstave's daemonic bearer can hurl searing gouts of Tzeentch's Pink Fire, turning armour to ash and immolating or irrevocably mutating the flesh beneath with coruscating empyric flames.*

**TZEENTCH** model with rod of sorcery or staff of change only. Add 1 to the bearer's Psychic tests whenever it attempts to manifest *Smite*.

## HORN OF NURGLE'S ROT

*Those slain by a Daemon crowned with the fabled Horn of Nurgle's Rot are doomed to rise once more, their soul infected with an aggressive strain of Nurgle's Rot that decays and transforms them in a the space of a few heartbeats. The victim's altered corpse soon stands once more to join the shambling ranks of Nurgle's Plaguebearers.*

**NURGLE** model only. Roll a D6 each time the bearer kills an enemy model in the Fight phase whilst within 7" of one or more friendly units of Plaguebearers. On a 4+ you can add a single Plaguebearer model to one of those units.

## THE ENTROPIC KNELL

*To hear the grim tolling of this great bell upon the winds is a death sentence, for its sound heralds the arrival of the Plague Legions. Such is its dread power that a single peal reverberates for long minutes, spreading dread and despair even over the clangour of battle.*

**NURGLE** model only. Enemy units must subtract 1 from their Leadership characteristic whilst they are within 7" of the bearer of the Entropic Knell.

## CORRUPTION

*This fabled weapon is the literal manifestation of corruption. Constantly dripping with foul ooze, the merest scratch from its plague-ridden edge is enough to lay low the hardiest foe, and its toxins can effortlessly overcome even the resilience of a Space Marine.*

**NURGLE** model with plaguesword, balesword, bileblade or hellforged sword only. Corruption replaces the model's plaguesword, balesword, bileblade or hellforged sword and has the following profile:

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Corruption | Melee | Melee | +2 | -3 | D3 |
| **Abilities:** Re-roll all failed wound rolls made for this weapon. | | | | | |

## THE FORBIDDEN GEM

*This gem was the purest diamond in the Aeldari empire in the time before the Fall. It was a source of jealous pride to its keeper, a noble by the name of Ydrisyll, who spent ever more time transfixed by its beauty. One of Slaanesh's first deeds after his apocalyptic birth was to capture Ydrisyll's soul and cage it within the very gem he once so coveted. Gazing upon this corrupted diamond now inspires uncontrollable jealousy, leaving mortal senses hopelessly addled.*

**SLAANESH** model only. Once per game, at the start of any enemy phase, the bearer of the Forbidden Gem can use it to hypnotise a single enemy **CHARACTER** within 12". Roll 3D6; if the total exceeds that model's Leadership characteristic, it cannot act until the end of the phase (i.e. it cannot move, manifest psychic powers, shoot, charge or fight) and it cannot use any abilities on its datasheet that affect another unit (e.g. aura abilities and abilities that heal other models).

## THE MARK OF EXCESS

*A Daemon favoured with Slaanesh's own Mark of Excess faces an existence of constant, desperate addiction. Whenever the cursed recipient sheds the lifeblood of a worthy foe it is rewarded by a sensory explosion of bliss so all-consuming that the Daemon will fight harder than ever to feel such sensations again.*

**SLAANESH** models only. Add 1 to the bearer's Attacks characteristic. Add a further 1 each time the bearer slays a **CHARACTER** or **MONSTER**.

## SOULSTEALER

*This gluttonous blade gulps down the souls of its victims before invigorating body of its wielder. Its soulgreed stems from the starving Keeper of Secrets bound within – an arrogant entity that sought to devour enough Aeldari souls to challenge Slaanesh himself. As punishment for the Daemon's monstrous hubris, Slaanesh trapped it within Soulstealer, condemning the Keeper of Secrets for eternity.*

**SLAANESH** model with witstealer sword or hellforged sword only. Soulstealer replaces the sword and has the following profile:

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Soulstealer | Melee | Melee | +1 | -3 | 3 |
| **Abilities:** Each time a model is slain by this weapon, the bearer regains 1 lost wound. Re-roll all failed wound rolls made for this weapon when targeting an **AELDARI** unit. | | | | | |

## SLOTHFUL CLAWS

*Formed from the essence of a Keeper of Secrets, these claws have taken many guises and been bound to the flesh of countless Heralds over the millennia. When the Slothful Claws strike, the blow appears clumsy and ponderous to its victim. This is but an illusion; in truth, these claws strike like lightning while the foe reels in sluggish confusion.*

**SLAANESH HERALD** only. The slothful claws replace the bearer's ravaging claws and has the following profile:

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Slothful Claws | Melee | Melee | +1 | -2 | 2 |
| **Abilities:** Each time you make a wound roll of 4+ for this weapon, that hit is resolved with a AP of -4 instead of -2. | | | | | |

# PSYCHIC POWERS

**Daemons are made of the stuff of the warp, and many can wield the power of the immaterium itself in battle as easily as a mortal man can breathe. The sorcerers of the daemonic legions unleash fell energies against their enemies with but a flick of a finger, and conjure the blessings of their dark masters to bolster their minions with unnatural power.**

Before the battle, generate the psychic powers for **PSYKERS** that can use powers from the Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh discipline using the table below. You can either roll a D6 to generate their powers randomly (re-roll any duplicate results), or you can select the psychic powers you wish the psyker to have.



*'Don't you see? My master Tzeentch cares not which of the Great Powers of Chaos you serve. In the end, aren't the followers of the Blood God changing valiant warriors into headless corpses? Aren't the worshippers of the Lord of Flies changing strong, healthy bodies into rotting, diseased carcasses? Aren't the disciples of the Dark Prince changing stern, steadfast heroes into slaves to their own senses? Chaos is a struggle to change, you must agree. Change rules all.'*

*– Amon'Chakai to the Rathelian Congregation*

## TZEENTCH

### D6 RESULT

### 1 BOON OF CHANGE

*As the Daemon chants, its minions begin to twist and new forms take shape as the will of Tzeentch demands.*

*Boon of Change* has a warp charge value of 7. If manifested, select a friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** unit within 18" of the psyker and roll a D3. Consult the table below to discover what characteristic bonus all models in that unit receive until the start of your next Psychic phase.

| D3 | EFFECT |
|---|---|
| 1 | **Extra Limb:** +1 Attack |
| 2 | **Mystic Strength:** +1 Strength |
| 3 | **Iron Skin:** +1 Toughness |

### 2 BOLT OF CHANGE

*The Daemon unleashes a bolt of roiling warp energy that wracks the foe with sickening and uncontrollable mutations.*

*Bolt of Change* has a warp charge value of 8. If manifested, select an enemy unit that is within 18" of the psyker and visible to it. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. If a **CHARACTER** is slain by this psychic power, you can add a Chaos Spawn to your army, and set it up within 1" of the character before it is removed .

### 3 GAZE OF FATE

*The Daemon uses its powers of precognition to unravel the strands of destiny, and in doing so discovers the one true path to victory.*

*Gaze of Fate* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, you can re-roll a single dice roll later during your turn.

### 4 TREASON OF TZEENTCH

*The psyker reaches into the mind of its victim, subverting their will and turning them upon their own allies.*

*Treason of Tzeentch* has a warp charge value of 8. If manifested, select an enemy **CHARACTER** that is within 18" of the psyker and visible to it (excluding the opponent's Warlord) and roll 2D6. If the result is greater than the character's Leadership, you can treat the model as if it were a friendly model in your army in your Shooting, Charge and Fight phases. At the end of the Fight phase, the character reverts to being an enemy model.

### 5 FLICKERING FLAMES

*Cackling madly, the psyker's minions are wreathed in pink and blue flames that leap forth to consume their foes.*

*Flickering Flames* has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, pick a friendly **TZEENTCH DAEMON** unit within 18" of the psyker. Until your next Psychic phase, add 1 to any wound rolls made for that unit's shooting weapons.

### 6 INFERNAL GATEWAY

*The psyker opens a portal to the warp, a tear in the fabric of the mortal plane that sucks foes into certain oblivion.*

*Infernal Gateway* has a warp charge value of 8. If manifested, identify the nearest enemy model that is within 12" of the psyker and visible to it; that model's unit, and every other unit (friend and foe) within 3" of that model, suffers D3 mortal wounds. The number of mortal wounds inflicted is D6 instead if the power is manifested with a Psychic test of 12+.

## NURGLE

| D6 | RESULT |
|---|---|

### 1 STREAM OF CORRUPTION

*The psyker spews forth a stream of disease on its enemies.*

*Stream of Corruption* has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, the closest enemy unit within 7" of the psyker and visible to it suffers D3 mortal wounds if it has fewer than 10 models, or D6 mortal wounds if it has 10 or more models.

### 2 FLESHY ABUNDANCE

*Nurgle's bountiful energies surge through the target, healing their wounds beneath new growths of swollen flesh.*

*Fleshy Abundance* has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, select a friendly **NURGLE DAEMON** unit within 18" of the psyker. One model in that unit regains D3 lost wounds.

### 3 NURGLE'S ROT

*Gurgling praise to its god, the psyker exudes a wave of soul-pox that rapidly kills those who lack Nurgle's blessings.*

*Nurgle's Rot* has a warp charge value of 7. If manifested, roll a D6 for every unit (excluding **NURGLE** units) within 7" of the psyker. On a 4+ the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.

### 4 SHRIVELLING POX

*Muttering an unholy chant in a blighted tongue, the psyker calls down poxed blessings on a chosen foe.*

*Shrivelling Pox* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select an enemy unit that is within 18" of the psyker and visible to it. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, subtract one from the target unit's Toughness characteristic.

### 5 VIRULENT BLESSING

*The psyker blesses its allies with a bounty of fresh diseases with which to infect their enemies.*

*Virulent Blessing* has a warp charge value of 7. If manifested, select a friendly **NURGLE DAEMON** unit within 18" of the psyker. Add 1 to wound rolls made for that unit in the Fight phase. Furthermore, wound rolls of 7+ made for that unit in the Fight phase inflict double damage.

### 6 MIASMA OF PESTILENCE

*As the psyker chants in a phlegm-choked drone, a dark cloud of filth and flies shrouds its allies from view.*

*Miasma of Pestilence* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select a friendly **NURGLE DAEMON** unit within 18" of the psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls that target that unit.

## SLAANESH

| D6 | RESULT |
|---|---|

### 1 CACOPHONIC CHOIR

*The psyker emits an ear-piercing chorus of screams that shatters the sanity of its foes.*

*Cacophonic Choir* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, roll 2D6 (adding 2 to the result if the Psychic test result was more than 10). The closest enemy unit that is within 18" of the psyker and visible to it suffers a mortal wound for each point that the total exceeds their highest Leadership characteristic.

### 2 SYMPHONY OF PAIN

*The psyker's chants unleash destructive Chaos energy.*

*Symphony of Pain* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, the nearest enemy unit that is within 18" of the psyker and visible to it is struck by unbearable pain. Your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls made for this unit until the start of your next Psychic phase.

### 3 HYSTERICAL FRENZY

*The psyker sends out a psychic lash that goads its allies.*

*Hysterical Frenzy* has a warp charge value of 8. If manifested, select a single friendly **SLAANESH DAEMON** unit within 18" of the psyker that is within 1" of an enemy unit. That unit can fight as if it were the Fight phase.

### 4 DELIGHTFUL AGONIES

*The psyker manipulates the pleasure centres of its allies' minds, causing even great pain to register as sheer ecstasy.*

*Delightful Agonies* has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, select a single friendly **SLAANESH DAEMON** unit within 18" of the psyker. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, roll a D6 each time a model in that unit loses a wound – on a 6 that model does not lose a wound.

### 5 PAVANE OF SLAANESH

*As the psyker sings, its spasming victims' flesh tears and bones snap as they dance themselves to death.*

*Pavane of Slaanesh* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select an enemy unit that is within 18" of the psyker and visible to them. Roll a D6 for each model in the unit; the unit suffers a mortal wound for each roll of 6.

### 6 PHANTASMAGORIA

*The psyker summons illusions to terrify and entice their foes.*

*Phantasmagoria* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, enemy units must subtract 1 from their Leadership characteristic until the start of your next Psychic phase whilst they are within 12" of the psyker.

# DARK HERETICUS DISCIPLINE

If your army includes Be'lakor, then before the battle, generate the psychic powers for him using the table below. You can either roll a D3 to generate his powers randomly (re-roll any duplicate results), or you can select the psychic powers you wish Be'lakor to have.

| D3 | RESULT |
|---|---|

### 1 INFERNAL GAZE

*Unholy power streams from Be'lakor's eyes, charring and melting everything caught in its path.*

*Infernal Gaze* has a warp charge value of 5. If manifested, select an enemy unit that is within 18" of Be'lakor and is visible to him and roll 3 dice. The target suffers one mortal wound for each roll of 4+.

### 2 DEATH HEX

*Be'lakor places a dire hex upon his enemies. Wards and energised shields flicker and fail, leaving the foe exposed.*

*Death Hex* has a warp charge value of 8. If manifested, select an enemy unit that is within 12" of Be'lakor and is visible to him. Until the start of your next Psychic phase, that unit cannot take invulnerable saves.

### 3 GIFT OF CHAOS

*As the power of the warp surges through Be'lakor's victim, bones snap and flesh rips as a new form takes shape.*

*Gift of Chaos* has a warp charge value of 6. If manifested, select an enemy model that is within 6" of Be'lakor and is visible to him and roll a D6. If the result is greater than the target's Toughness characteristic, its unit suffers D3+3 mortal wounds. If a CHARACTER is slain by this power, you can add a Chaos Spawn to your army and set it up within 1" of the character before it is removed.

## CHAOS SPAWN

**There are several abilities and psychic powers available to Chaos Daemons that can transform their victims into Chaos Spawn. If such an ability or psychic power instructs you add a Chaos Spawn to your army, use the datasheet below for the model. Choose the Chaos Spawn's allegiance (pg 84) when you set it up on the battlefield. In a matched play game, you must pay reinforcement points in order to use any Chaos Spawn that are created. Each has a points value of 33 (this includes all of its weapons).**

2 POWER

## CHAOS SPAWN

| NAME | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | A | Ld | Sv |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chaos Spawn | 7" | 4+ | - | 5 | 5 | 4 | D6 | 9 | 5+ |

A Chaos Spawn is a single model that attacks with its hideous mutations.

| WEAPON | RANGE | TYPE | S | AP | D | ABILITIES |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hideous mutations | Melee | Melee | User | -2 | 2 | - |

**ABILITIES**

**Fearsome:** Enemy units within 1" of any Chaos Spawn must subtract 1 from their Leadership.

**Mutated Beyond Reason:** When a Chaos Spawn makes its close combat attacks, roll a D3 and consult the table below:

| D3 | Result |
|---|---|
| 1 | **Razor Claws:** The hideous mutations of the Chaos Spawn have an AP of -4 until the end of the Fight phase. |
| 2 | **Grasping Pseudopods:** The Chaos Spawn adds 2 to its Attacks characteristic until the end of the Fight phase. |
| 3 | **Toxic Haemorrhage:** You can re-roll failed wound rolls for this model until the end of the Fight phase. |

**FACTION KEYWORDS:** CHAOS, <ALLEGIANCE>

**KEYWORDS:** BEAST, CHAOS SPAWN

# POINTS VALUES

**If you are playing a matched play game, or a game that uses a points limit, you can use the following lists to determine the total points cost of your army. Simply add together the points costs of all your models and the wargear they are equipped with to determine your army's total points value.**

## HQ

| UNIT | MODELS PER UNIT | POINTS PER MODEL (Including weapons) |
|---|---|---|
| Be'lakor | 1 | 280 |
| Bloodmaster | 1 | 56 |
| Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage | 1 | 340 |
| Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury | 1 | 340 |
| Blood Throne | 1 | 105 |
| The Blue Scribes | 1 | 86 |
| Changecaster | 1 | 78 |
| The Changeling | 1 | 100 |
| Epidemius | 1 | 100 |
| Fateskimmer | 1 | 150 |
| Fluxmaster | 1 | 99 |
| Great Unclean one with: | | |
| - Bilesword and bileblade | 1 | 325 |
| - Bilesword and plague flail | 1 | 325 |
| - Doomsday bell and bileblade | 1 | 320 |
| - Doomsday bell and plague flail | 1 | 320 |
| Herald of Slaanesh | 1 | 66 |
| Horticulous Slimux | 1 | 165 |
| Kairos Fateweaver | 1 | 370 |
| Karanak | 1 | 70 |
| Keeper of Secrets | 1 | 223 |
| Lord of Change | 1 | 320 |
| Lord of Change with baleful sword | 1 | 330 |
| The Masque of Slaanesh | 1 | 78 |
| Poxbringer | 1 | 70 |
| Rotigus | 1 | 330 |
| Skarbrand | 1 | 360 |
| Skullmaster | 1 | 100 |
| Skulltaker | 1 | 84 |
| Sloppity Bilepiper | 1 | 60 |
| Spoilpox Scrivener | 1 | 75 |
| Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster | 1 | 340 |

## TROOPS

| UNIT | MODELS PER UNIT | POINTS PER MODEL (Including weapons) |
|---|---|---|
| Bloodletters | 10-30 | 7 |
| Daemonettes | 10-30 | 7 |
| Horrors | 10-30 | |
| - Blue Horrors | | 5 |
| - Pair of Brimstone Horrors | | 3 |
| - Pink Horrors | | 7 |
| Nurglings | 3-9 | 18 |
| Plaguebearers | 10-30 | 7 |

## FAST ATTACK

| UNIT | MODELS PER UNIT | POINTS PER MODEL (Including weapons) |
|---|---|---|
| Furies | 5-20 | 10 |
| Flesh Hounds | 5-20 | 15 |
| Hellflayer | 1 | 93 |
| Plague Drones | 3-9 | 34 |
| Screamers | 3-9 | 31 |
| Seekers | 5-20 | 19 |

## ELITES

| UNIT | MODELS PER UNIT | POINTS PER MODEL (Including weapons) |
|---|---|---|
| Beasts of Nurgle | 1-9 | 34 |
| Bloodcrushers | 3-12 | 47 |
| Exalted Flamer | 1 | 90 |
| Fiends of Slaanesh | 1-9 | 46 |
| Flamers | 3-9 | 28 |

## HEAVY SUPPORT & FORTIFICATIONS

| UNIT | MODELS PER UNIT | POINTS PER MODEL (Including weapons) |
|---|---|---|
| Burning Chariot | 1 | 120 |
| Exalted Seeker Chariot | 1 | 100 |
| Seeker Chariot | 1 | 70 |
| Skull Cannon | 1 | 100 |
| Soul Grinder | 1 | 235 |
| Feculent Gnarlmaws | 1-3 | 50 |

## DAEMON PRINCE

| UNIT | MODELS PER UNIT | POINTS PER MODEL (Does not include weapons) |
|---|---|---|
| Daemon Prince of Chaos | 1 | 146 |
| Daemon Prince with Wings | 1 | 170 |

| WEAPON | POINTS PER WEAPON |
|---|---|
| Daemonic axe | 10 |
| Hellforged sword | 10 |
| Malefic talons (one set/two sets) | 0/10 |

## OTHER WARGEAR

| WARGEAR | POINTS PER ITEM |
|---|---|
| Chanting Horrors (for Burning Chariot) | 5 |
| Daemonic Icon | 15 |
| Instrument of Chaos | 10 |
| Rod of sorcery (for Lord of Change) | 10 |
| Staff of change | 5 |

# TACTICAL OBJECTIVES

**Though the tactics employed by the Daemons of Chaos on the battlefield may defy mortal logic, they all serve to further the unfathomable ambitions and terrible desires of the Dark Gods.**

If your army is led by a Warlord with the **DAEMON** Faction Keyword, these Tactical Objectives replace the Capture and Control Tactical Objectives (numbers 11-16) in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook. If a mission uses Tactical Objectives, players use the normal rules for using Tactical Objectives with the following exception: when a Chaos Daemons player generates a Capture and Control objective (numbers 11-16), they instead generate the corresponding Chaos Daemons Tactical Objective, as shown below. Other Tactical Objectives (numbers 21-66) are generated normally.

| D66 | TACTICAL OBJECTIVE |
|---|---|
| 11 | Delight in Despair |
| 12 | Cycle of Life |
| 13 | Touched by the Warp |
| 14 | The Glory of Khorne |
| 15 | The Dominion of Chaos |
| 16 | The Great Game |

## 11 DELIGHT IN DESPAIR

*Chaos Daemons*

*The Daemons of Slaanesh revel in psychological torment, breaking the spirits of their prey and drinking in their fear and dismay like a heady brew.*

Score 1 victory point if your opponent failed a Morale test during this turn. If an enemy unit failed a Morale test during this turn whilst within 3" of any of your **SLAANESH DAEMON** units, score D3 victory points instead.

## 12 CYCLE OF LIFE

*Chaos Daemons*

*For decomposition and eventual rebirth – even in a corrupted form – to take place, death must first occur. So do Nurgle's vassals dutifully perform their part in the endless cycle of life.*

Score 1 victory point if an enemy **INFANTRY** unit was destroyed during this turn. If an enemy **INFANTRY** unit was destroyed by one of your **NURGLE DAEMON** units during this turn, score D3 victory points instead.

## 13 TOUCHED BY THE WARP

*Chaos Daemons*

*The gift of change is Tzeentch's alone to give. When his daemonic sorcerers unleash their magic, their foes succumb to the mutagenic power of the aether.*

Score 1 victory point if you manifested or denied a psychic power during this turn. If you manifested or denied a psychic power with a **TZEENTCH DAEMON** unit during this turn, score D3 victory points instead.

## 14 THE GLORY OF KHORNE

*Chaos Daemons*

*Though all daemonic champions glory in slaying their rivals in personal combat, none can deny that it is Khorne's minions that are the greatest proponents of this bloody art.*

Score 1 victory point if an enemy **CHARACTER** was destroyed during this turn. If an enemy **CHARACTER** was destroyed by one of your **KHORNE DAEMON** units during this turn, score D3 victory points instead.

## 15 THE DOMINION OF CHAOS

*Chaos Daemons*

*The ultimate goal of the Dark Gods has always been to achieve absolute victory over the races of realspace and ensure the domination of its people under the oppressive yoke of Chaos.*

Score D3 victory points if you control more objective markers than your opponent at the end of this turn.

## 16 THE GREAT GAME

*Chaos Daemons*

*The Chaos Gods rarely share a common purpose, and on those occasions they do, it is impossible to tell what they intend to achieve. Such is the inscrutable nature of the Great Game they play.*

Roll a dice at the end of each turn after generating this objective. Score that number of victory points if you control exactly that number of objective markers – for example, if you roll a 3, you will score 3 victory points if you control 3 objective markers.

*'The thoughts of mortals are the fulcrum upon which their every choice teeters, the mechanism by which they navigate the pathways of their lives. How would they react, I wonder, to the knowledge that their ideas and beliefs were not always their own? That the inner voice inside their mind belongs to another? Indeed, only the wisest amongst them have ever suspected they are but puppets…'*

*- Kairos Fateweaver, the Oracle of Tzeentch*

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