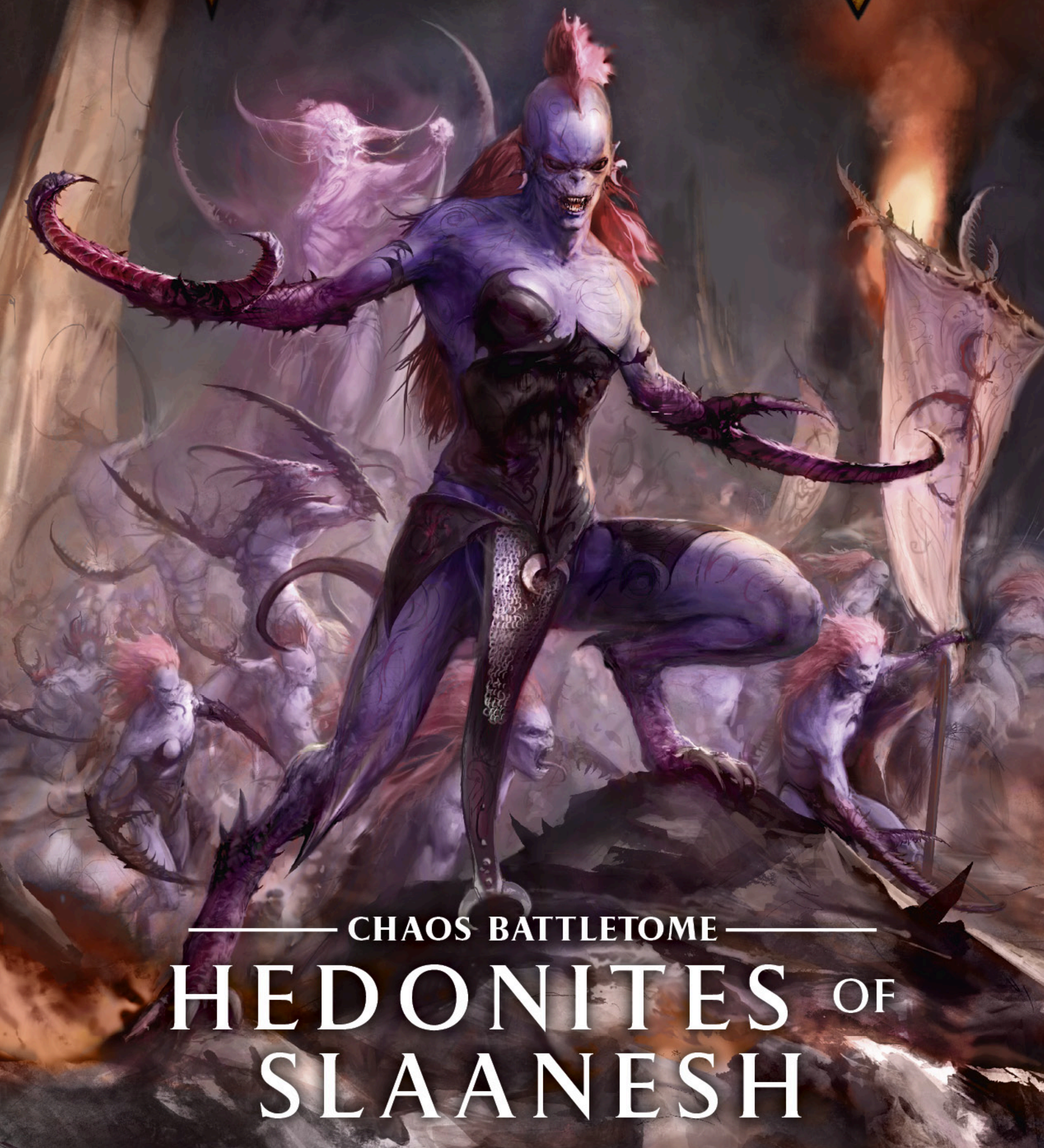
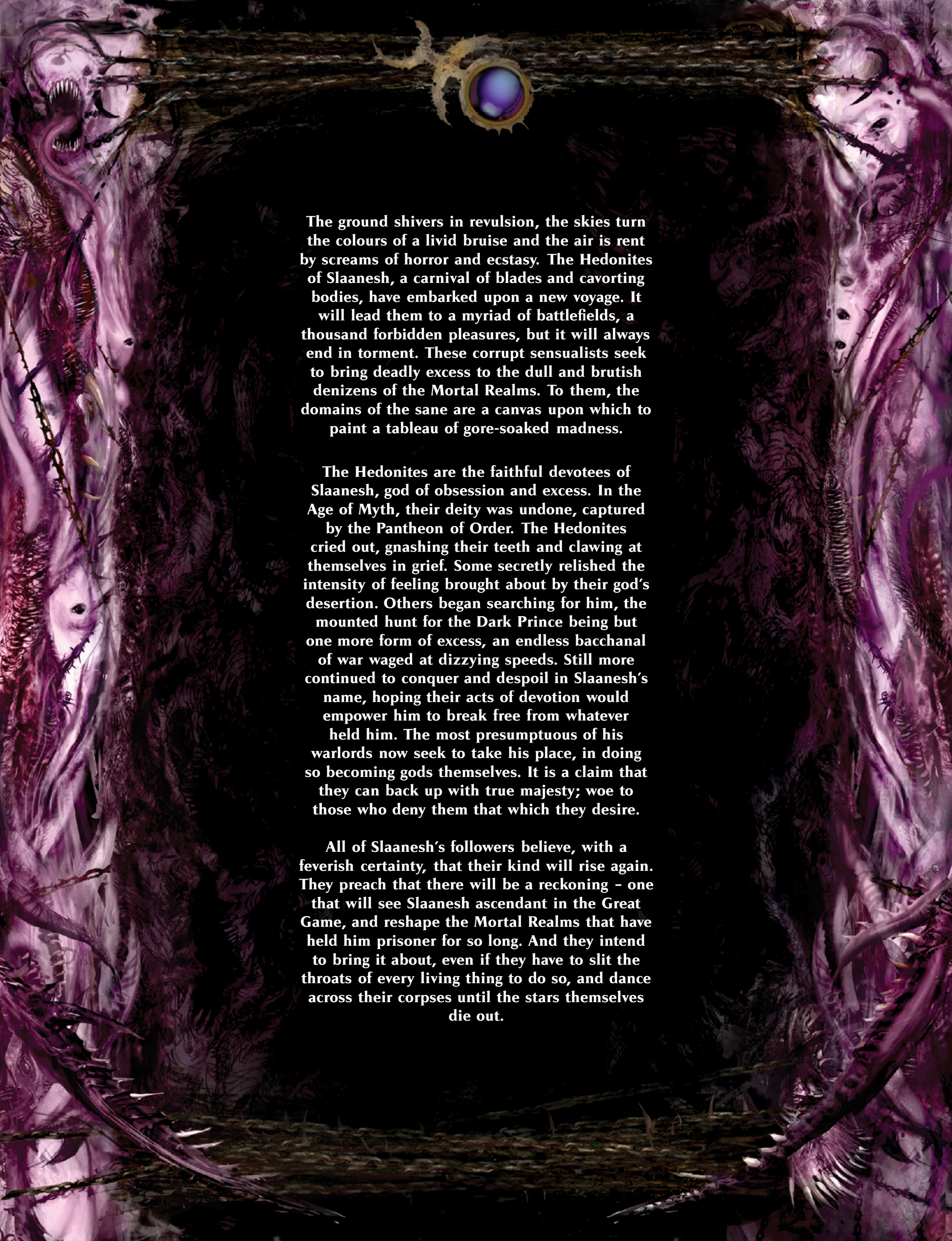


WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



— CHAOS BATTLETOME —
HEDONITES OF
SLAANESH



The ground shivers in revulsion, the skies turn the colours of a livid bruise and the air is rent by screams of horror and ecstasy. The Hedonites of Slaanesh, a carnival of blades and cavorting bodies, have embarked upon a new voyage. It will lead them to a myriad of battlefields, a thousand forbidden pleasures, but it will always end in torment. These corrupt sensualists seek to bring deadly excess to the dull and brutish denizens of the Mortal Realms. To them, the domains of the sane are a canvas upon which to paint a tableau of gore-soaked madness.

The Hedonites are the faithful devotees of Slaanesh, god of obsession and excess. In the Age of Myth, their deity was undone, captured by the Pantheon of Order. The Hedonites cried out, gnashing their teeth and clawing at themselves in grief. Some secretly relished the intensity of feeling brought about by their god's desertion. Others began searching for him, the mounted hunt for the Dark Prince being but one more form of excess, an endless bacchanal of war waged at dizzying speeds. Still more continued to conquer and despoil in Slaanesh's name, hoping their acts of devotion would empower him to break free from whatever held him. The most presumptuous of his warlords now seek to take his place, in doing so becoming gods themselves. It is a claim that they can back up with true majesty; woe to those who deny them that which they desire.

All of Slaanesh's followers believe, with a feverish certainty, that their kind will rise again. They preach that there will be a reckoning - one that will see Slaanesh ascendant in the Great Game, and reshape the Mortal Realms that have held him prisoner for so long. And they intend to bring it about, even if they have to slit the throats of every living thing to do so, and dance across their corpses until the stars themselves die out.



CONTENTS

THEY WHO SEEK EXCESS	4	Pretenders Host Battle Traits	64
THE DEITY SLAANESH	8	Pretenders Host Command Traits	64
TO CAPTURE A GOD	10	Pretenders Host Artefacts of Power	65
FIENDISH PARADISES	12	Godseekers Host Battle Traits	66
INVADERS	14	Godseekers Host Command Traits	66
PRETENDERS	16	Godseekers Host Artefacts of Power	67
GODSEEKERS	18	Spell Lores	68
A GOD IN CHAINS	20	Fane of Slaanesh	70
A LEGACY OF DEPRAVITY	24	Battleplan: Two Hosts Go To War	72
THE DEPRAVED LEGIONS	26	PATH TO GLORY	74
Keepers of Secrets	26	Slaanesh Warband Tables	76
Shalaxi Helbane	28	WARSCROLLS	78
Heralds of Slaanesh	30	Hedonite Host	78
Daemonettes	34	Supreme Sybarites	79
Chariots of Cruel Desire	36	Epicurean Revellers	79
Seekers, Fiends and Hellstriders	38	Seeker Cavalcade	79
DARK SPLENDOUR	42	Keeper of Secrets	80
HOSTS WITHOUT NUMBER	51	Syll’Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance	81
A CACOPHONOUS HOST	52	Shalaxi Helbane	82
PAINTING YOUR HEDONITES OF SLAANESH	54	The Contorted Epitome	83
THE HEDONITE HOSTS	60	Infernal Enraptureess, Herald of Slaanesh	84
ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES	61	The Masque	85
Battle Traits	61	Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh	85
Invaders Host Battle Traits	62	Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer	86
Invaders Host Command Traits	62	Hellflayer	86
Invaders Host Artefacts of Power	63	Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot	87
		Seeker Chariots	87
		Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot	88
		Exalted Chariot	89
		Fiends	90
		Daemonettes	91
		Seekers	92
		Hellstriders with Claw-spears	93
		Hellstriders with Hellscurges	93
		Wheels of Excruciation	94
		Mesmerising Mirror	94
		Dreadful Visage	95
		PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES	96

DESIGNED BY GAMES WORKSHOP IN NOTTINGHAM
With thanks to The Faithful for their additional playtesting services.

Chaos Battletome: Hedonites of Slaanesh © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2019. Chaos Battletome: Hedonites of Slaanesh, GW, Games Workshop, Warhammer, Stormcast Eternals, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world. All Rights Reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.

British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

Certain Citadel products may be dangerous if used incorrectly and Games Workshop does not recommend them for use by children under the age of 16 without adult supervision. Whatever your age, be careful when using glues, bladed equipment and sprays and make sure that you read and follow the instructions on the packaging.

ISBN: 978-1-78826-530-0

Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, United Kingdom

games-workshop.com

The endless revel of Slaanesh spills out from his palaces into the Mortal Realms. Its warriors have countless beautiful deaths to bestow upon those who do not appreciate the Dark Prince's gifts.



THEY WHO SEEK EXCESS

The followers of Slaanesh take many forms, but every one of them is consumed with the thrill of excess. In times of war their obsessions reach lethal intensity, all semblance of sanity discarded as they plumb the depths of indulgent violence. They may appear ecstatic, but the Hedonites of Slaanesh are cursed beyond all measure.

The Hedonites of Slaanesh thrill at all forms of sensation, and the more extreme that stimulus the better. Though their ranks number mortals as well as daemons, they are united by a singular, supernatural focus on their own desires for excess. Hedonites will compete among themselves to perform the most outrageous acts in service to their dark deity, hoping that in the perfection of their unrestrained behaviour, they will lend power to their god, eventually setting him free – and though it may be a horrifying thought, they are right. If the worshippers of Slaanesh bring enough wilful violence and wickedness to the Mortal Realms, in time they will restore Slaanesh to his former place in the Pantheon of Chaos. The Dark Prince could then use his calamitous imprisonment as a means to infiltrate and conquer the lands of his jailers, turning his misfortune back upon itself. If he succeeds in this, all of reality will pay the price, and the Hedonites will ride the swell of his pre-eminence and become demigods in a cosmos full to bursting with delicious, forbidden sensation.

WROUGHT IN MORTAL FLESH

Though mortal Hedonites may begin their journey to damnation as simple thrill-seekers and sensualists, they soon become enslaved to their proclivities and addictions. Everything wholesome and sound is left behind, morality and even sanity abandoned as a snake sloughs off its skin, until only a living incarnation of desire remains.

Those who regularly indulge their secret vices unwittingly empower Slaanesh, and are but a hair's breadth from his worship, whether intentional or not. Even a breathy word from a daemon of Slaanesh, crossing the aether much as a kiss blown from the lips, can

push such an individual over the edge into a spiral of obsession. A small voice may cry out within the soul, warning that all is not well – that way lies madness. But it is drowned out by the relentless tide of temptation that emanates from Slaanesh to lap against every mortal with a personality given to the slightest indulgence.

A savoured luxury or secret treat, formerly partaken of only as a reward or during a celebration, can all too easily develop into a semi-regular fixture of a person's routine. As the mortal's willpower gradually erodes, those moments of weakness become a daily occurrence, and – as the claws of excessiveness sharpen and sink in deep – the sole focus of the supplicant's existence. Preoccupation leads to intemperance, then decadence, then debauchery. All proper duties and innocent pursuits are put aside, material possessions and even loved ones bartered away so that the next fix may come a few moments sooner.



By this time it is too late, for Slaanesh's claim upon that soul is all but concrete. When all caution is thrown to the wind, and the corrupted individual reveals themselves as a seeker of extreme

experience at the exclusion of all else, a dark metamorphosis can take place, both within and without. Their unspoken pact with Slaanesh is all too often sealed with a blade, for should the obsessive feel driven to kill in order to protect or further their grotesque vice, they pass the point of no return. Those who commit murder in the name of their obsession complete their sinister transformation into a Hedonite. Their destiny from then on is to cavort alongside fiends and monsters in the service of a gloating, uncaring god until they lie torn and forgotten by the wayside.

Some, in the act of making their desires central to their existence, are rewarded with mutations and strange powers by their divine patron. These tend to further the devotee's ability to immerse themselves in that vice, encouraging them to wallow in their own madness in a self-perpetuating cycle until they embody their own corruption to a supernatural degree. Like the daemons of Slaanesh, they grow into forms perfectly suited to the acts of excess upon which they feed, just as the deep-leeches of Ghyran have adapted to feed on the blood of those who stray into their swamps.

Hedonites have grotesque anatomies clad in sumptuous clothing and bedazzling jewels. They sport artful warpaint and cosmetic flourishes, applied to features so distorted and twisted that they strike a note of horror into the heart. The mutants in their ranks often have wide, orb-like eyes, their giant pupils so dilated they appear as wells of darkest black that drink in every detail. Others are noseless, their olfactory organs gaping pits that channel every scent straight into the brain, or have long pointed ears so attuned to the hunt they twitch in time to the heartbeats of those they seek to slay. Long, fluid-slicked tongues push out

from sensuous lips and elongated maws to taste the air, delighting in the banquet of the battlefield laced with raging pheromones, the harsh spike of gunpowder, and the acrid tang of blood and sweat. Those with enhanced kinaesthetic senses thrill to the full spectrum of touch, from the gentle brushing of skin while darting through the enemy battle-lines, to the violent thrust of the blade that takes an enemy leader's life in a blink.

INDULGENCE GIVEN FORM

The daemons of Slaanesh that fight alongside mortal Hedonites are, in a sense, avatars of their god. All daemons are formed of the same spiritual essence as the deity they serve; one can get a glimpse of the beautiful yet repugnant nature of the Dark Prince by witnessing the creatures that serve him. They are all possessed of a burning need to bathe in every excessive act they can conceive of, and bring about that same need in their mortal prey.

The daemons of Slaanesh are usually lithe and pale of skin, favouring the most expensive gems, metals and silks with which to decorate their forms – even wearing tanned human skin as fine leather. A fixation upon material possessions is a vice like any other, and vanity – or, rather, outright narcissism – is among Slaanesh's favourites. Ambitious and self-aggrandising, his daemons do everything they can to increase their standing in the courts of their godly master, whether through poisoned words, infighting, dark pacts or the pursuit of genuine excellence. The vector matters little, only the result – and their elevated place among their unhallowed kind.

Multiple arms and appendages are common in the ranks of the Slaaneshi daemons, each ending in a razored claw or darting pincers that can snip straight through a victim's limb in a burst of gory sensation. Long, sinuous tails wrap around their prey like serpents, constricting to squeeze the life from them with something that is half lover's caress, half murderer's stranglehold. To a

large extent a Hedonite daemon's anatomy is determined by their own vicious drives and unwholesome lusts, their forms a catalogue of fleshy horrors that are not hidden, but proudly adorned and put on display for all to see.



THE HEDONITES AT WAR

The Hedonites of Slaanesh savour the sensations of open war as a gourmet savours rich food and wines. Small wonder, when one considers the intensity of experience to be enjoyed in the thick of open conflict. On the field of battle can be found extreme terror, agonising pain, fiercely burning hope and bloodlust given free rein, and the Hedonites delight in every nuance of hostility as they deliver one perfect kill after another. They are gluttons seeking to ingest as much sensation as they can, not caring how their blows land, only that they do – and in great measure. They often fight with several weapons at once, tongues, tails and other extremities spiking out alongside scything talons and slashing blades. The highest in status sometimes ride blade-wheeled chariots designed to deliver the maximum amount of carnage as quickly as possible.

To a devotee of Slaanesh, their particular obsession seems to them the only correct path to the glory of

the Dark Prince; those with other priorities are considered simpletons or barbarians unable to appreciate the gifts of their absent patron. To those who face the Hedonites on the battlefield, it makes little difference – they see only a cavalcade of madness racing towards them, howling and shrieking in hideous glee as they close in for the kill.

One of the strangest and most unsettling aspects of the Hedonite is that – despite the corruption they wear so openly, and despite the aura of blackest indulgence they emanate – they are somehow alluring to the mortal eye. Slender, naked limbs entwine in languid gestures as these daemons frolic and slink, an unclean mirage of attraction making it hard to tear the eyes away. Those who prove weak-willed will find themselves stumbling half-dazed into the waiting arms of the Hedonites, believing they will experience a pleasure like no other. They are soon disabused of the notion, for instead of finding sensual delights, they are slashed or torn apart by the leering monstrosity that held them spellbound a few moments before. To a Hedonite, the screams elicited by such a terrible revelation are the sweetest music.

Though they consider themselves fierce rebels and pioneers of experience, all Hedonites are united in the same ultimate agenda – to see the realms reshaped as an endless dark paradise. Unlike the servants of the other Chaos Gods, they would not have reality as a single, all-encompassing annex of their deity's home territory, for Slaanesh fears boredom and uniformity more than all other things. Instead they would engender a million forms of debauchery and over-indulgence, constantly venturing further into the depths of their own depravity – much to their master's enjoyment. Regardless of what form these new purgatories would take – and it is uncertain that even Slaanesh knows from one day to the next – they would have one thing in common. All semblance of decency, purity and restraint would be outlawed, a distant memory defined only by failure and imminent death.





There is no richer banquet than that of the battlefield, my unfaithful ones. There, one can glut oneself on carnage, drink in the screams of the agonised, and taste the dying breaths of those one has so lovingly slain. Thrill to the feeling of the blade splitting meat! Savour the wetness of the eviscerating claw! This is paradise, do you not see?



THE DEITY SLAANESH

The most insidious of the Chaos Gods, Slaanesh embodies the dark fates born from obsession. His will does not descend screaming upon his victims, nor manipulate them like some uncaring cosmic force. Instead it nestles intimately within the soul, corrupting the secret hearts of mortals until they ultimately doom themselves.

Long ago, when the dreaming cultures of the realmspheres took form, the glimmering potential of the Mortal Realms attracted the eyes of a wanton god. That entity was Slaanesh, at that point grown powerful beyond measure on a stolen ambrosia of aelven souls. At the time of the shattering of the world-that-was, Slaanesh had glutted himself on the spirits of that ancient race to the point that only a pitiful few survivors escaped his hunger. He was all but incapacitated by the act of gorging himself so deeply. Where once he might have savoured each sinful soul that fell into his clutches, by eating so many millions of spiritual essences at one time he became vast and swollen well beyond the limits of Khorne's rage, Tzeentch's machination, and even Nurgle's cosmic corpulence. Yet still Slaanesh longed for more, always more. His appetites could never be sated, just as the stars would never cease to burn.

THE TIME OF PROMISE

As Slaanesh looked upon the Mortal Realms, he felt a yearning as never before. Tongues of solid ichor licked at tapering fingers that could feel every known sensation in the universe at one time. The god shuddered in eager anticipation of the feasts to come, cascades of liminal un-light rippling through the aether to glimmer in a thousand skies.

Though he was all but stupefied by his epoch-ending feast, he had minions aplenty to do his perverse work in this new cosmos of realmspheres and criss-crossing portals, for Slaaneshi daemons of every kind had sprung into being as his power had grown. Here was a new beginning, a new stage for the endless acts of the Great Game to take place upon, to be performed with fresh vigour and imagination by those that would fall under his sway – and never break free from it.

Eight realities were slowly spinning in the void, each linked to the others by the works of long-lost civilisations – the Realmgates. They represented eight futures for Slaanesh to corrupt in his own image – eight never-ending festivals of sensation to sample, to devour, to sully and spit back out as twisted reflections of that which once had been pure. To the wide and avaricious eyes of Slaanesh, here was enough fodder to pass several aeons of decadence without once falling into repetition and ennui. Together the Mortal Realms represented a prize beyond measure.



And so Slaanesh emerged from his digestive lethargy to leer over that which would one day be his. He sent forth his minions in glorious cavalcades of excess, whooping and shrieking as they pressed hungrily against the veil between worlds. But then Slaanesh spoke, and they fell silent, billions of daemons prostrate or sprawling as his words stimulated every nerve, every sense, to the point of ecstatic agony. His command was for them to insinuate, to seduce, to inveigle and enchant – to bring about the corruption of mortals. So was the Subtle War begun, and the demise of empires put into dread motion.

THE DARK ONE COMETH

The minions of Slaanesh hunted out those individuals who would fall most easily to his influence, and softly spoke into their minds. Their whispers, these seeds of disaster, found fertile ground in which to lodge and grow – for the mortal dwellers of these new realms were no more immune to temptation, obsession and excess than the people of the world-that-was.

At first, Slaanesh sent only echoes of sensation, strange compelling scents and lilting tunes to presage his coming. As he grew more fascinated by these new realms, he bent more and more of his power towards his new feeding grounds. For a time, the mortal pitfalls of self-interest, wilful delusion and naivety did much of the work of concealing his influence. By the time Slaanesh's victims grew aware of his dark work, his cruel stoking of their obsessions had brought them to the point that they became all-consuming. As once simple people developed their civilisations, they no longer found pleasure in simple things. The laughter of their kith and kin, the feel of sunlight upon the skin, and the joy of an ale well-earned at day's end became no more thrilling than a spatter of mud as they trod their road to damnation. Slowly, but with gathering momentum, cults of luxury and selfishness blossomed behind closed doors.

Through gilded halls and exotic debauches, Slaanesh's daemons found their way in. The hidden cultist activity in the highest echelons of society, that worship-that-was-not-yet-worship, came to a head. Cities writhed with vice. Secret cliques revealed themselves, exposing the extent of their spread through civic and military subcultures alike in shocking bloodbaths. Entire societies fell into downward spirals of murderous excess. The corruption of new

empires accelerated to the point that even those who had no part in it found they could not escape. When the stuff of the Dark Prince's realm started to seep into reality, the patron god of all this degradation revealed himself through twisted works of art and mind-bending prose. Soon the name Slaanesh was spoken aloud in every realm. Daemon and mortal supplicant rode side by side, vying to cause the most carnage possible in the name of the ever-indulgent Dark Prince of Chaos.

So it was that the Hedonites were born, and a great portion of the Mortal Realms came to be claimed by Slaanesh.

THE PRINCE OF CHAOS

As with all Chaos Gods, Slaanesh is given animus by mortal emotion. Where the other dark powers are crystallisations of specific elemental concepts, Slaanesh is lent form and power not by the nature of feelings and desires, but by their degree. Everything taken to excess empowers Slaanesh.

Slaanesh is hence indefinable by mortal standards, perhaps more so than any other Chaos God, for his form and substance shift upon a whim. In the art of the depraved he is sometimes presented as a parody of human desire. The deity is often shown as a horned hermaphrodite with one half male and the other female, or a perfect, smooth-limbed youth, without flaw but for the abyssal darkness of two staring, hypnotic eyes. The Dark Prince is usually clad in sumptuous finery that exaggerates rather than conceals, though unlike his fellow gods, he takes pains never to appear the same way twice. Stranger portrayals can be found in the sculptures and drawings of Slaanesh's devotees. In the artwork of the Gelded Vizier he is Oslaan, an immensely obese glutton of indeterminate gender with every inch of flesh covered in obscene tattoos. In the scrawlings of the Lunatic Adayahn, Bhan Gaddr, he is Shlarranesh – a great white serpent made of writhing bodies, with four knife-tipped arms and a screaming face hidden by the stolen

features of an impossibly serene woman. In certain Hyshian schools of enlightenment, he is represented only by a melody, a strain of music written upon a six-bar stave – for many aelven survivors fear that the very act of speaking his name could draw his gaze. The Seraphon often depict him as an angular spiral, each twist in the icon symbolising an act or decision that leads further downward into the abyss of corruption. The Stargazers of Ulthar refer to him as Slaa-Nulthé, She who Devours, an ever-staring eye surrounded by a vortex of shrieking maws. The Dark Prince is all these things and more.

Slaanesh is drawn always to the peripheries of the Mortal Realms, for there the nature of that reality is at its most extreme. At the Perimeter Inimical can be found the purest and most lethal incarnation of that realm's nature. For a mortal to stray there is to court a transformative disaster of the most spectacular kind. These instances amuse Slaanesh no end; of all the Chaos Gods, it is Slaanesh that seeks to claim the mutable, volatile territories at the edge of each realmsphere for his own. In many places these surreal landscapes lead straight into Slaanesh's domain – and likewise, the domain of the Dark Prince bleeds ever out into the Mortal Realms.



THE SCIONS OF SLAANESH

Those who pray at the altar of excess come from all walks of life, from primitive shamans and the warlords of bloodthirsty tribes, to the richest sophisticates of the new cities. The wanton indulgence of primal lusts appeals to many barbaric cultures, as well as many civilised ones. Musicians, artists, poets and dancers can all be seduced by the desire to perfect their skills. In doing so to the exclusion of all else – even their own humanity – they find Slaanesh.

The ranks of these artful sinners are swollen by lost souls addicted to certain substances and unwholesome acts – those who gain momentary fulfilment from debauchery, only to find that they must surpass each former iteration of their indulgence to find true satisfaction. Some of those who keep their double lives or vices carefully hidden, upon reaching the point of no return, turn from secrecy to joyous and open celebration of that which they once sought so hard to hide. Those who think themselves infallible, or who rule with absolute authority, also gravitate towards Slaanesh, for the only thing true tyrants respect is an even greater tyrant with the power to depose them.

THE INEVITABLE TRUTH

Though Slaanesh is arguably the youngest of the Chaos gods, he was once the most powerful of their number, and will be again. He has learned to thrive on being underestimated, using the predictable contempt of Khorne, the generous sentimentality of Nurgle, the treachery of the Horned Rat and the self-defeating complexity of Tzeentch to his advantage. In their more paranoid moments, his brothers have watched Slaanesh's conquests with great trepidation. They secretly fear that their own obsessions empower their brother, for at their simplest and most profound level, the Dark Gods are the embodiments of all-consuming ideals, mindsets and emotions. There is always a suspicion that the Dark Prince will rise like a sin-soaked phoenix from the fires of incarceration to one day eclipse them all in power – or worse still, absorb them, making their excesses and obsessions part of his own and subsuming their territory into his sovereign realm.

Each of the Chaos Gods tells himself that could never be, but in the darkest nights of the immortal soul, scintillas of doubt glitter even in their black hearts. And with that tiny concession to his supremacy growing within the minds of each of his rival gods, Slaanesh's journey to ultimate conquest has already begun.



TO CAPTURE A GOD

In overpowering might, there is weakness, just as in humility there is strength. The master stroke of the aelven gods, whose people had suffered so greatly, was to turn Slaanesh's insatiable hunger against itself, in doing so binding the Dark Prince in a twilight prison they thought inescapable. The truth, of course, was more complex.

It was once thought by the God-King Sigmar that Slaanesh had consumed the aelven race whole, and devoured their ancestral gods alongside. There is much truth to this, for during the cosmos-racking cataclysm that ended the World Before Time, the aelven race was cut down to a fraction of its former majesty. If their empires were once vast golden paradises, after the desolation only a scorched patch of grass remained. That once puissant race would never be the same, reduced to a tattered memory of its former grandeur.

But there were those of that ancient people who, via the works of their former pantheon, had found a safe haven. They escaped the doom that awaited them in the gullet of Slaanesh, and reached the realmspheres intact. Through enchantments, miracles and sorcerous artifice, these aelves had made their way into the Mortal Realms without being changed or diminished in spirit. These determined survivors propagated in the hidden places of the realms, keeping away from the prying eyes of those they saw as lesser beings, and teaching their children the values, skills and cultures of their lost world. They might never have rejoined the wider civilisations of the age were it not for the coming of Sigmar, and his uniting of the deities of man, duardin and aelf in a single cause.

There were four aelven lords who had attained godhood at the ending of the world-that-was. These were the Everqueen Alarielle, Lord Tyrion, his brother Teclis, and the Shadow King Malerion. Bound intrinsically to the elemental forces they had once commanded, they were one with the stuff of magic. They were not destroyed by the End Times, but instead given new existences as gods, and hurled into the wilderness of Ghyran, Hysh and Ulgu. Sigmar's ambition was to unite these deities

into a Pantheon of Order: a godly assemblage with might enough to shape the realms for the good of all. With this deific body of governance he intended to rule all eight of the Mortal Realms, and fight back against the scourge of Chaos should it ever rise again. His foresight was not ill-placed, for wherever the mortal races feel intense emotion, the scourge of Chaos is never far behind.



For a time, the aelven gods worked with Sigmar to introduce civilisation to the Mortal Realms. Slaanesh, once considered the bane of the aelven race due to their innate tendency to give in to obsession, was so glutted, so inebriated on the ambrosia of souls, that the aelf gods were able to work in the open without fear of being consumed. Yet that state did not last. As the daemoniac agents of the Dark Prince began to erode the purity and sanctity of the new age, the aelf gods gathered their might for the war they knew would be coming.

Alarielle was content to look to her own defences. She had bonded with the Jade Kingdoms of Ghyran and, having taken the role of matriarch to better watch over the natural

cycles of all living things, would not abandon them. Her contemporaries, however, made a grave pact to undo the god that had devoured their race. They gathered with their closest confidantes – Tyrion, the Lord of Lumination, consulted with his brother Teclis, while Malerion, the Shadow King, conspired with his mother, the demigod Morathi. The four met in secret, and prepared for a great gamble that would either see the aelven survivors safe from Slaanesh's predations, or damn their race forever to oblivion.

THE PARADOXICAL TRAP

It speaks greatly of the vaunting confidence – some would say arrogance – of the aelven gods that they put into motion a plan of cosmic scale and ambition. In that plan, they conspired to use themselves as bait, for Slaanesh would be unable to resist the rich soul-fodder of the powerful aelf deities, nor the act of conquest that their consumption would represent. To devour such potent beings would cement Slaanesh's position at the forefront of the Great Game. And so the Dark Prince slithered from his lair, prowling the void in search of the god-scent that had awakened his all-consuming desire.

Slaanesh found his prey in Uhl-Gysh, the Hidden Gloaming, a crepuscular sub-realm suspended between those of shadow and light. The aelven gods had prepared long for his coming, and together wove arcane bindings from magical energy, the web-like snares of darkest Ulguan energy fashioned in perfect counterpoint to arithmantic nets of Hyshian light. Every aspect of the sorcerous trap was a work of genius that only deities with a consummate understanding of the nature of magic could have devised. To slay Slaanesh with realm-magic was a feat even the aelf gods would find impossible to achieve, but the woven net of shadow and light

presented another danger entirely – something that not even Slaanesh, a Chaos God and therefore one of the greatest powers in the universe, had thought to guard against.

With the culmination of a ritual sixty-six years in the making, Slaanesh was lured and bound in paradox by the aelven fetters of twilight held in perfect balance between light and dark. He found himself drawn in, enchained and incarcerated between floating obelisks inscribed with aelven rune-phrases. His essence was trapped howling in paroxysms of wrath and ecstasy, as outraged at the temerity of the newborn gods as he was disgusted at his own failure to comprehend the trap.

For a time, the cosmic snare was a fantastic success. Slaanesh was divorced from the seat of his power in the Realm of Chaos, and swiftly fell from grace. The ever-burning lilac fires in his temples, whose licking flames gave pleasure as well as pain, flickered and went out. Though Slaanesh's devotees continued to conquer

kingdom after kingdom in the Mortal Realms, though praises and sacrificial offerings were still given up to their god, the leaders of the Hedonite creed found their prayers unanswered. The Slaaneshi daemons that had forced their way into the Mortal Realms became less substantial, their connection to their divine maker dwindling to a thread. They were no longer united by his will, and became haunted by the weaknesses of division and strife, within as well as without. From the giddy heights of his victory, Slaanesh had been broken upon the altar of his own greed.

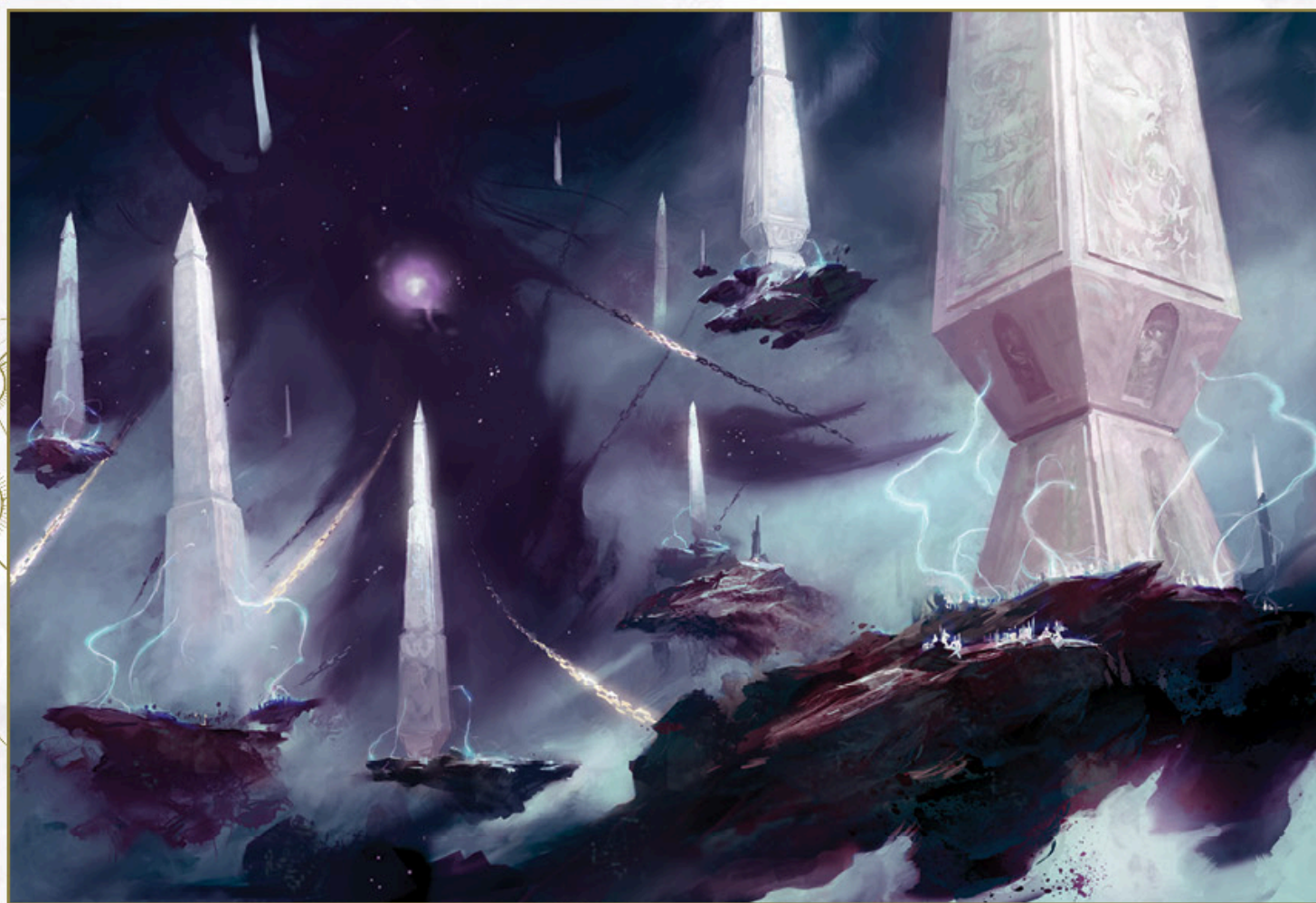
THE RESCUE BEGINS

The true price of Slaanesh's mistake became clear when the chains that bound him proved not only to be fetters, but barbed hooks.

Those magical conduits, driven deep into the heart of the Dark Prince's essence, were devised as an ingenious means by which Tyrion, Teclis, Malerion and Morathi could extract their lost kin from within Slaanesh's form.

When it became clear that Slaanesh could not escape his bounds, these aetheric chains were manipulated with rites and rituals, and carefully employed to draw out the half-digested remnants of the aelven souls that were held in hellish limbo within the Dark Prince. This was the crowning achievement of the aelf gods' great venture, and though some of those souls drawn painfully forth were too corrupted or disparate to save, others were successfully remade. Through this endeavour, the races of the Scáthborn and the Idoneth came to be.

The aelf gods told one another that they were taking back that which was rightfully theirs, freeing their beleaguered kindred from the terrible fate that had befallen them. But as time slid past, it became obvious that the rescued souls had been changed by their ordeal, inside and out. The races of light and shadow that the aelf deities had envisaged bore the trauma of their trials so deeply they could never truly be healed. Slaanesh's victory over the elves would live on in them forever.



FIENDISH PARADISES

The Realm of Chaos is a dimension of magic and raw emotion that feeds off the Mortal Realms, and each of the Dark Gods has a territory there. Slaanesh's domain is typified by elaborate architecture built on fleshy wastelands, each more disturbing than the last. At its heart, six circular sub-realms are arranged around a godly palace.

While the other Chaos Gods rarely welcome intruders to their lands within the Realm of Chaos, Slaanesh loves to tempt visitors into his unnatural domain. He takes great pleasure in watching these unfortunates fall to the wiles of his minions, or to the innate dangers of the lands themselves. The threats here are far from mundane, being snares of great subtlety and deviousness that cannot be thwarted by martial skill. They do not unfold swiftly, or with any kind of clarity, instead gradually eating away at the mind, the body and the soul. Once mortals have sampled the pleasures of Slaanesh's realm, they cannot stop themselves from seeking even more. Compelled to excess, they think nothing of the consequences – only of the pleasure that indulgence brings. The fates of those who enter Slaanesh's territory are all the more terrible, for they will never leave unchanged, if they leave at all. By straying into this realm – even for a second – a soul runs the risk of being trapped for a torturous eternity.

THE SIX CIRCLES

The heart of Slaanesh's realm is divided into six domains, arranged in concentric rings around the Palace of Slaanesh itself. Each of these is a crystallisation of one of the Dark Prince's most celebrated desires, and while they might be mistaken for paradises, nothing could be further from the truth. The domains of Slaanesh possess a hypnotic allure that can cause trespassers – even those who are followers of the other gods – to be trapped forever in their strange realities. In this way they form not only a celebration of those aspects of reality Slaanesh finds pleasing, but also act as his chief defence. An intruder can only reach the Palace of Pleasure, in the very centre of Slaanesh's territory, by passing through all six of the circles – an act of will beyond most souls, whether mortal or daemonic.

AVIDITY

The first circle of Slaanesh's palatial domain is that of Avidity. Here can be found the spectre of greed unmasked. Mountains of stacked gold reach towards rainbow mosaics made of gemstones set in the marble vaults high above, and glittering ingots and diamonds beyond count litter the ground. Many a starving wretch scrabbles among the shimmering hoard, attempting to count the innumerable gold coins. Their sallow faces twist with mounting greed until their piles topple. Weeping, they are forced to start over again. At every corner and crossroad stand gilded statues, some of beautiful Slaanesh, others of daemons and mortals trapped in blissful ecstasy. The trails in the diamond dust underfoot betray the fact that the statues were once flesh and blood. Those who so much as touch a single coin with the intention of taking it for their own will be forever damned to join the wretched misers at their feet – or the living statues that loom above them.

GLUTTONY

Beyond a strip of land comprised of trillions of golden teeth are the shores of a vast lake of dark wine. This lake is dotted with pallid islands formed from the backs of giants, each linked by criss-crossing bridges. The backwards hands of each giant hold up tables that groan under the weight of lavish feasts. Each island is dotted with mortals gorging themselves on the banquets before them, wide-eyed and desperate in their hunger, no matter how much they eat. At the shoreline, others try to gulp down the lake itself. The bloated and the obese moan in pain as they cram ever more food and drink into their wine-stained mouths, but they can never sate the gnawing void inside. The only escape is death – that is, to consume so much, and so quickly, that they join the grisly remains of those who have physically burst apart.

CARNALITY

Across the other side of this darksome lake can be found fields of golden light and soft hay, where lissom and beautiful youths of every race, gender and form frolic naked but for wisps of silk. This is the Circle of Carnality. The faces and fertile forms of the dancers are impossibly sensual, moulded to match the desires of those who witness them, and they make their sport amid the hallucinogenic musk of the lithe beasts that cavort with them. These crooning simulacra gather around those who stray among them, stroking their skin with tender caresses and whispering of the sweet, carnal pleasures they will give to them. Their beguiling beauty hides needle teeth and long claws sharpened on bone. Only those with a mind strong enough to look past these illusions to see the severed limbs and heads that lie underfoot can read the horrible truth behind the honeyed lies.

PARAMOUNTCY

Should a traveller fight their way through the suggestive contours of the foothills ahead, they might pass into the Circle of Paramountcy. There they find themselves emerging upon a balcony to be greeted by roars of adulation and approval. Armies so vast their numbers are beyond counting stretch across an endless plain, listening in fevered anticipation for their new liege's commands of conquest. Kings, nobles and master artisans nod in obsequious anticipation, and those figures of authority who once commanded the traveller's fealty stare raptly upwards from smaller balconies of their own, motioning for the new arrival to speak. But to look deep into the eyes of these facsimiles is to see the despair beneath. Behind the masks of power and self-assurance is an eternal, nagging paranoia, gnawing suspicion and hidden doubts that are acid to the soul.



The circles of Slaanesh's realm are full of hateful whispers, yells of agonised ecstasy and screams of soul-thrilling pain.

VAINGLORY

Beyond that domain of false supremacy lies the mesmerising woodland paradise that is the Circle of Vainglory. This maze of pathways is thick with scented flowers and heavy with thorns. The gentle, fragrant breeze whispers of past glories, a constant reminder of the best and most well-earned victories of the listener's life thus far. Deadliest of all are the memories of circles already conquered and temptations unheeded, and every step the traveller takes with a prideful heart leads them further astray. Mirrored pools reflect trespassers as a shining ideal of what they wish to become. In the distance, tortured figures stare at their own reflections, unable to tear their gaze away, each held immobile by the undergrowth and the whispering thorn-children that have insinuated themselves into their flesh. The only way for a trespasser to escape from this circle's lures is to think solely on their defeats, their own humility and their ultimate irrelevance. Should they be strong enough to do so, the path through the maze will writhe and straighten out before them, leading to the final test.

INDOLENCY

An endless beach stretches at the threshold of the Circle of Indolency. There, heavenly choirs sing soothing lullabies as a perfumed sea laps at the fortress walls of the mind. The wanderer's bones cry out for rest, even if only for a moment, no matter how stalwart or tireless the traveller may be. The warmth of the golden sun above calms the soul, even as the tide begins to erode the will. Here, tired eyes can barely stay open, but there are those who have vision clear enough to see the dreadful truth: the bone-white sand is made from the remains of those who have rested here and fallen into a coma of blissful inactivity.

THE PALACE OF SLAANESH

Should a trespasser leave the sands of Indolency behind, they might make their way towards the shimmering palace in the distance. There is the seat of the Dark Prince himself. An impossibly tall fortress atop a slender, twisted pillar of rock, its living towers entwine like a nest of serpents in some unnatural act of congress. To stray within its

archways is to find decadence and luxury beyond imagining.

Surrounding Slaanesh's inner sanctum is a great toroidal hall known as the Temple of Twisted Mirrors. Here, every surface is hung with mirrors that reflect one another until the point of infinity. This was once Slaanesh's favoured place of introspection, for these looking glasses distort the image of the viewer in every conceivable way, some reflecting them as a being of angelic purity, others as the darkest possible incarnation. For a mortal to gaze into one of these mirrors is to see themselves reflected over and over to the point of fractal dissolution, to witness a myriad iterations of the self – and ultimately to become no more than a screaming mirage trapped within.

Most of the sanctums and throne rooms beyond this hall, once lushly appointed and filled with echoing screams, are now empty of anything but the lingering musk of orgies past. The nigh-omnipotent god that once ruled this nightmare palace is gone, and only a garrison of his most loyal retainers waits for his return.

INVADERS

The horizon bristles with blades and icons at the coming of the Invaders, for they hoist the banners of conquest every new day. They live for the thrill of war, never stopping to rest or to build. Instead, rival warlords strive to outdo one another, sacking cities, tearing down empires and slaughtering all those in their path.

The majority of those who serve Slaanesh are known as Invaders, for they seek conquest in all its forms. It is well known among the Hedonites that a battle can be a source of intense stimulus for those addicted to raw sensation. There can be found deafening noise and blinding light, thrilling hope and crushing despair, masochistic pain and sadistic pleasure. The Invaders drink in every nuance, glutting themselves on the most extreme experiences. Of all the hosts of Slaanesh, the Invaders are the most besotted with war. They are infatuated with the act of killing, their eyes lighting with glee as they take life after life. In this, they are to be truly feared. There is no chance of escape, nor of buying time through flattery, nor of promising fealty in exchange for mercy. Once an Invader

has chosen their victim, they will do everything in their power to kill their quarry, even should it mean their own demise.

On a wider scale, the Invaders are preoccupied with the prospect of capturing territory, then defiling it and corrupting it as they pass. They lay waste to everything in their path, taking pride in the utter desolation they leave behind. This is not done in an unthinking or automatic fashion, like the red wake of those devoted to Khorne, or the repulsive corpse-swamp left in the path of the followers of Nurgle. Instead it is a work of art, the battlefield a canvas upon which the Invaders sew their tapestry of disaster.

To aid them in this endeavour, they venerate relics that were used during the grandest victories of the Dark Prince. Some have been known to wield them against their enemies, or even to summon the conjuration known as the Dreadful Visage – a living mask once worn by Slaanesh himself – to aid them in battle.

In the wake of an Invaders host, artfully dismembered cadavers are left in grisly tableaux. Some are arranged in symmetrical patterns – whorls, spirals and rows of hacked-off limbs planted in great profusion like a field of hideous cacti. Others are left entangled, decapitated heads swapped one for another, the bodies of riders entwined with those of their steeds or arranged in formal clinches as if to hint at a courtly dance of death. In this kind of act the Hedonites of Slaanesh find a hideous mirth, but also worship, for they know their deific master takes pleasure of his own in their twisted acts and black excesses.

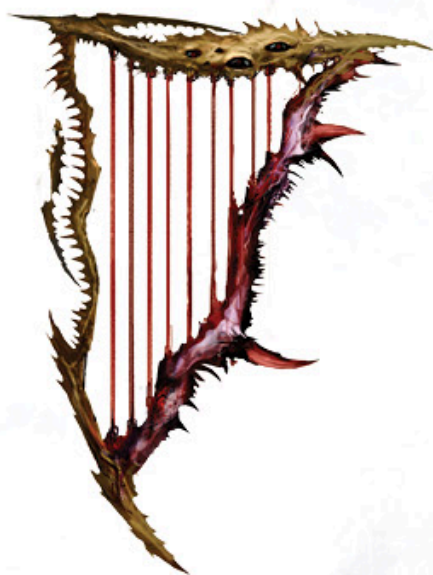
In many ways, the Invaders consider themselves traditionalists in their devotion to the Dark Prince. It is their belief that by conquering as much of the Mortal Realms as possible, they will empower Slaanesh, and give him the strength he needs to break his bonds from within. There are countless millions of these warriors abroad in the realms, at times leaving the circles of Slaanesh all but empty.

The Invader Hosts have changed their ways but little since realising their deity ruled in absentia – some even deny that he is missing at all,

and consider the whole thing an elaborate hoax staged by one of their rivals to undermine their connection to the divine. They reason that the daemons of Slaanesh are sentient extensions of their patron's will, so surely Slaanesh cannot have been destroyed if so many yet serve him.

Because the Invader hosts are so prolific throughout the Mortal Realms, they have uncounted numbers of figureheads, would-be leaders and aspiring conquerors at the forefront of their ranks. Each is a fierce rival of the others, despising and working against those that would rise above them. In times of relative peace, these competitions for influence have the Machiavellian complexity, subtlety and lethal intrigue of those that once took place in the Palace of Slaanesh. When on the warpath, however, they escalate into blistering shouting matches, in which insults and abuse are screamed in raw hatred. The intensity and inventiveness of the barbs traded by rival Invaders is so severe they would make even an Aqshian sulphur-worker gag in repulsion and shock. Some have been

known to make the ears of mortals bleed with their sheer viciousness.



Hosts of Invaders are usually led by Keepers of Secrets. These greater daemons see themselves as Slaanesh's prophets, whose duty it is to go forth to spread the word of the Dark Prince and despoil the lands to better reflect his preferences. At first, the Keepers may work well alongside their fellows, telling themselves that the ultimate goal of empowering

Slaanesh is so important they must put aside their hateful feelings about their rivals. This never lasts for long, for a Keeper of Secrets can no more be truly selfless than a Shyishan kraken can survive in the blinding deserts of Hysh. Before long, the sniping, backbiting and competing begins, each warlord trying to outdo the others and rise as supreme ruler.

Should one of the figureheads that claims leadership over an Invaders host fall, their followers are claimed by the nearest rival. The power that belonged to the defeated warlord is transferred to the leader that claimed his vanquished rival was inferior all along. Whether this happens through a natural process of the strongest surviving, or through some mystical benediction of Slaanesh, is the subject of much debate among the Hedonites. The most influential of their number are undeniably blessed, even if only with good luck, for they have seen dozens of would-be challengers perish before their eyes – and with each triumph their power base grows until they have not one army, but dozens, at their beck and call.

The ancient temple resounded to shrill screams, whooping howls and the dissonant blare of horns. The thunder of toppling rock provided a bass note to the skirling melodies and ululating war cries, as statues of the God-King were toppled, defaced, straddled and spat upon by the Slaaneshi host spilling into the vaulted naves. Three tall figures, each clad in bizarre finery, strode to the fore.

'In a matter of a few sublime moments,' said the tallest, the queenly Herald of the Gourmands, with red-lipped mouths in place of her eyes, 'I shall claim the heads of Sigmar's chosen.' The tongues of all three mouths protruded, tasting age-old stone and mildew.

'Says she who sees nothing, but licks everything, like a cataracted hound,' said the three-armed Mistress of the Slakers to her left. The cavernous nostril in the centre of her face flared wide. 'Tell me, Salia, how taste the ashes of imminent defeat?'

'You risk comparing Salia to a hound, Vence-tiss?' chuckled a third, an oil-muscled, tusked androgyne with a chain-whip in each hand. 'Too easy. It is you who snuffles at every whiff of bodily essence, and who becomes intoxicated by the scent of your own souring ordure.'

'Rather a bloodhound than a boar,' said Vence-tiss archly. 'Homonym intended.'

There was a flare of energy at the heart of the

temple, bolts of amethyst lightning crackling upwards to form a dome of force. The Slaaneshi host was already charging, weapons and banners raised, as the Stormcast Eternals strode out. Their black silhouettes resolved into grave, plate-armoured figures, ornate skulls painted upon their masks.

'Wonderful, it's the sombre ones,' said Bhavari dolefully, cracking both whips at once. 'Come, Fanebreakers, let's teach them how to live a little before they die.'

Leaping forwards, the Herald span like a top, chain-whips whirling. The spiked links slammed into three winged Stormcasts just as they took flight. Tangled, they came clattering to the ground, and Bhavari wrenched the whips back so hard the Stormcasts were pulled along the flagstones and into a nearby throng of Daemonettes. Then an arrow the size of a harpoon appeared in Bhavari's chest. The Herald toppled, and was hauled back into the ranks of its fellow daemons.

Vence-tiss breathed out a billowing cloud of musk, and the disciplined Stormcast shieldwall that had formed in front of her clattered away in disarray. She darted forwards, thin blade taking one, two, three of the armoured warriors. Then the shields of the Stormcast Eternals closed in around her.

'Well and good,' said Salia, 'All the more for me. Gourmands, let the feast begin!'

PRETENDERS

The Pretenders of Slaanesh consider themselves to be deities, and to those that see them fight, that claim has a ring of truth. These living, breathing idols can tear even drakes limb from limb. They are always in the thick of the fray, for they think themselves immortal and infallible – a notion reinforced by their faithful host of worshippers.



The Slaaneshi warlords known as Pretenders are obsessed with one thing above all else – themselves. These are individuals so completely sure of their own supremacy that they believe themselves not only to be the ultimate example of their kind, nor even to be demigods – but to be true deities in waiting. They reason that, with Slaanesh missing, they are rightful contenders to take his place in the Chaos Pantheon alongside the other Ruinous Powers – they are literally pretenders to the Dark Prince's throne.

Needless to say, Pretenders hugely overestimate their own importance in the Great Game. Should Slaanesh break his bonds, it is likely that his first act would be to swallow every claimant to his position, be they mortal or daemon. Conversely, should one of these warlords somehow become so powerful that they could pose a genuine threat to the other Chaos Gods, they would likely be undone in a matter of days. Only Slaanesh himself can rightfully claim to be the nemesis of the other Dark Gods. But that does not stop

his would-be successors from doing everything in their power to play the role, nor does it stop their egos from becoming so colossal they act as gods in everything they do. And to the followers that trail in their wake, offering adulation at every step, they may as well be.

Pretenders are universally egomaniacs, utterly psychopathic and dedicated in the pursuit of their goal. They stride into battle as if parading down the central aisle of a regal wedding, arms held out in gestures of benediction or acceptance. Their armies applaud and roar in approbation, hoping their living idol will bless them with a glance from beneath hooded, painted eyelids. Some will use their own followers as bait, as chattel, as living shields or even simply as food in the furtherance of their own glory. A Pretender thinks nothing of sacrificing a hundred adoring worshippers, for there will always be more to take their place, and callousness has ever been the province of those who are truly godly. Others know their power is linked to the strength of those who believe in them, and will seek to deliver a swift and savage death to the leader of the enemy army, hoping that in proving their right to ultimate power they will win a new congregation from among the army that once opposed them. These warlords, upon securing such a victory, give their enemies a stark choice – worship them as a god, or be tortured to death in the dirt.

Every Pretender is followed by a vast assemblage of sycophantic supporters and worshippers that consider their idol's delusion to be the unvarnished truth. These followers exist in a state of constant rapture, for they are able to look directly upon their deity at any time they choose. Simply by approaching their idol in a state of supplication, the simpering Hedonites feel the

glory of their patron shining upon them, and maybe even be graced with a touch – an act that will likely send them into ecstasies of gratification. In the hope of that semi-divine blessing, they offer servitude, body and soul, to the Pretender they worship, pouring out flattery with as much inventiveness and originality as the figureheads of the Invaders craft their insults. Ritual sacrifices, artful performances, and favours of all kinds are showered upon the Pretender, for the approval of a godling is a potent stimulant – and displeasing them is a lethal mistake.

On the battlefield, the followers of these towering idols strive to impress their patron with acts of extreme violence, hoping desperately for a word of approval – or better yet, to fight alongside their living god. Mirrors of all kinds are common in these entourages, ranging from the devices wielded by Contorted Epitomes to the Mesmerising Mirrors that can be summoned from

Slaanesh's temples to capture the souls of the foe.

Should a Pretender be slain, a great wail will rise up from the ranks of their followers. The throng will tear and rip at everything around them in their anguish, convinced that Slaanesh is truly dead, and that nothing holds any value save for utter oblivion and a sweet release from existence. They become nigh suicidal in their deep and bitter heartbreak – that is, until another Pretender strides proudly over the horizon to claim their allegiance. The false god of yesterday is forgotten, and the new incarnation of Slaanesh becomes the focal point of their existence.

Pretenders are fiercely jealous of their status, and assume that all others of the same rank seek to tear them down due to envy and bitter spite. On the few occasions that two such individuals meet, they will fight to the death, much as some rare species of fish or insect will

attack each other on sight. Their delusions of godhood cannot bear any aspersion, after all. When one is laid low, their followers too are despatched – only those with the wisdom and adroitness to quickly turn their coats and somehow ingratiate themselves into the favour of their new master will survive.



‘What in the Eight Realms is that thing?’ Odlec Rendersen looked out over the rolling, autumnal fields towards the woods beyond, squinting at the immensity that was even now emerging from the shadow of Oaken Ridge.

‘Some kind of daemon, like enough,’ replied Grigg the Shoveller, expertly reloading the cannon on the cog-fort’s dorsal cupola. ‘Whatever it is, it’s dead.’

Rendersen wasn’t so sure about that. The sound of chanting – that damnable, repetitive chanting that had robbed his sleep for the last three days – was growing louder, as if goading the monstrous thing that had emerged from the woods to action. He knew it too well, by now. Its cadence was impossible to get it out of his head.

‘Charr-Sha-Gansa Slan-a-zar!’ The same phrase, over and over. He’d found himself saying it now and again, when no-one else was around. ‘Charr-Sha-Gansa Slan-a-zar!’

‘I’ll bet a month’s wages it’s called Charsha-gansa Slarna-something,’ said Timerick, the youngster sent to act as their powder monkey. Odlec shot him a black look, then stared back out at the field. A shaft of light was streaming through the cloud-choked skies, illuminating the creature as if the heavens themselves were looking directly upon it. It was perhaps forty feet tall, with six slender limbs and an elongated, bovine head. It gave a low moan as if in anticipation as it broke into a graceful, loping run. Somehow, despite its hideous anatomy, it was the most beautiful thing

Odlec had ever seen.

Grigg’s bass tone broke his reverie. ‘Well?’

‘Right!’ said Odlec, tugging at his clothing; it felt way too tight. ‘Yes! Open fire!’

The cannon boomed a moment later, the explosive cylinder hurtling towards the thing even as its brother gun spoke a second later. The towering white daemon leaned to one side with impossible quickness, the first shot whipping past its hip, which was adorned with piercings. The other shell it caught in its claw as if it were snatching a falling leaf from the air.

‘Grungni’s beard,’ breathed Odlec. ‘That’s not good.’ He watched wide-eyed as the creature raised the iron cylinder to its maw, leaned back its head, and swallowed it, before licking its lips in satisfaction. Then, with a great roar of adulation, hundreds of pale, near-naked revellers poured out from the treeline. Some were human, some half-beast in the manner of the forest people. Others were daemoniac. Nothing else could look so vile and so alluring all at the same time. Yet they were but insects next to the magnificence of their lord.

After another few seconds of watching the titanic god stride forwards, Odlec nodded as if finally confirming a supposition. Then, slicking back his hair with spit and straightening his Ironwelder’s apron, he abandoned his position and went downstairs to open the portcullis, a singular phrase upon his lips that he muttered louder and louder until it became a shout.

‘Charr-Sha-Gansa Slan-a-zar!’

GODSEEKERS

The air is rent by shrill screams as the Godseekers hurtle towards the foe with blades and teeth bared. They believe the scent of Slaanesh is upon the wind, though perhaps it is simply the reek of their own excess. These killers are inhumanly swift, and to witness the spectacle of their mounted charge is to feel icy terror in the blood.

A Godseeker assault manifests as a thrashing storm of blades that is all but inescapable. These hellish cavaliers excel at high-speed warfare, and their long-limbed Steeds are faster than the swiftest horse. Those who turn and flee, their instinct telling them flight is their only hope, only encourage the Godseekers in their wild, unrestrained lust for the chase. For though these speed-maddened hellions claim to be searching for Slaanesh with every thought and deed, in truth they revel in the hunt, and would be bereft without it.

The Godseekers are at the fore of those who believe Slaanesh can be found, wherever or whenever he may be – and that in finding and him, they can slay those who hold him captive, and hence will be foremost in his favour. The slightest clue or rumour as to the absent god's

whereabouts will see the Godseekers driven into a frenzy of excitement, yammering and shrieking as they work themselves up into a state of religious ecstasy. Mounting up on their slender, serpentine Steeds of Slaanesh and their stripped-down, blade-wheeled chariots, the Godseekers hurtle off on their endless journey once more.



More than in any other Slaaneshi subculture, the mutations of the Godseekers tend towards exaggerated sensory organs. Flaring nostrils or raw and open nasal cavities are common, as are bulging eyes, pointed ears and

flicking tongues that wind and curl as they savour the essence of all living creatures nearby. Their senses transcend the usual mortal limits – there are those Godseekers that can taste souls, smell emotions, and even see the formation of ideas and innovations as tiny flares of light. Such extra-sensory perception only increases their skill as hunters – it is said that a Godseeker cavalcade can track flying creatures as easily as they can earth-bound prey, follow a vessel's path across open ocean, and even regain the trail of creatures that sought escape through a Realmgate.

The rumours upon which the Godseekers thrive are extracted painfully from a variety of victims, but the finest usually come from kings, sorcerers and seers. The grander and more luxuriant the prey, the more they are likely to have knowledge of some artefact,

They flee!' shouted Ferrageaux the Relentless. 'Praise Almighty Slaanesh, they flee!'

A great cry went up from the cavalry host, the air riven by a sound like a firecracker display as whips snapped out and claws clacked together by the hundred. The Steeds of Slaanesh that bore them to war accelerated, tongues lashing.

Ahead, a score of Idoneth riders bent low over their undulating Fangmoras, the eel-like things swimming through the humid air as if underwater. Ferrageaux could see their tension – their terror – in their hunched forms and shaking fingers. Here and there Akhelian gunners would turn their harpoon arrays on the Slaaneshi host from the back of a shark-like Allopex or from the pods of the giant Leviadon in their midst. The shots were hurried, badly aimed for aelven-kind. Yet the mass of Godseekers chasing them was so dense the majority hit home, pitching Daemonette riders from their saddles. They were stampeded by their fellows, caught up in the blades of the chariots, and dissipated in sprays of purple ichor.

The cliffs that represented freedom for the Idoneth were coming closer now. A glittering wave of energy cascaded from the aelves and crashed into Ferrageaux and his kin, bowling dozens of riders into the dirt – but the most dexterous leaped and vaulted over the tidal pulse as if hurdling a fence.

Ferrageaux dug in spurs fashioned in the icon of Slaanesh, feeling his Steed writhe between his thighs in a mixture of pain and pleasure. The tension as to whether they would outrun their pursuers was palpable, delicious, and mounting with every excellent second. Where the rearmost Fangmora riders struggled to keep up with their kin, Seekers and Hellflayers closed the gap, snapping their claws around the tails of the eel-creatures and yanking them backwards. Riders and Steeds alike were slashed to ribbons in gory explosions as if forced hard into a meat-churner.

'Now!' shouted Ferrageaux. Ahead of the Idoneth, a vast Keeper of Secrets crawled over the lip of the cliff, limbs scissoring the lead riders apart even as it clambered onto one knee, then the other. The Fangmora riders scattered in disarray, and in doing so, were caught by the hurtling cavalcade of Godseekers behind them. In seconds, the smell of spilt blood was thick in the air.

'Keep some alive!' shouted Ferrageaux. He prayed there would be some left; if any souls knew where Slaanesh was held, it was the Idoneth, and through the proper application of exquisite agony even they would yield their secrets eventually.

Then he shrugged, drew his blades, and joined the slaughter.

spell or facet of existence that hints towards the location of the absent god. Because of this the Godseekers quest not for lone travellers, scattered refugees or paupers that make a living from the dirt. Instead they are drawn towards the largest and most successful of the armies and processions that roam the Mortal Realms. A travelling force that makes its way through the wilderness with pomp and circumstance, pennants fluttering high and sun gleaming from polished armour, makes for a choice target for the Godseekers. Even when badly outnumbered they engage with a terrifying single-mindedness, charging pell-mell into the enemy ranks. They are no more caring of their own safety than a stampede of frenzied bulls, for even should they dash themselves to pieces on the enemy defence, they would have died in an act of sublime excess – and in that moment, come closer to Slaanesh than ever before.

The Keepers of Secrets that believe their route to ultimate power is to sit at the right hand of Slaanesh usually become Godseekers. They believe that in locating Slaanesh first, and in helping him break his bonds to rise once more to godly prominence, they will win the immortal favour of the Dark Prince and become his blessed second forever more – perhaps even share his innermost chambers, and delight in the utmost depravity alongside him for the rest of time. In this they are deluded, for Slaanesh is by his nature unfaithful, and today's favourite is tomorrow's dismal reject.

If the Godseekers realise this they do not admit it to themselves, for they would do literally anything to sit alongside Slaanesh when he returns to his throne. Those who seek to stop them will be visited with a hurricane of blades as the indignant Keeper carves its way through any standing in the way of its perceived destiny. Those they consider beneath their efforts are often set upon by the fabled Wheels of Excruciation – sorcerous flocks of living, bladed discs that spin through the air to tear mortal creatures into slivers of bleeding flesh.



Unfortunately for these would-be consorts of Slaanesh, the Dark Prince has been sequestered with sublime skill by the aelf gods, and locating him is a nigh impossible task. In truth, he is not in any of the Mortal Realms, is not present in any domain that the Godseekers comb for signs of his presence. The very idea that Slaanesh might be found trapped in some deep cavern or

within the jail of a resplendent palace is a flawed conceit, for how could a god be held in such a mundane prison? Indeed, given Slaanesh's sheer power, the truth of this seems inescapable. Yet the Godseekers never examine this too closely, instead egging each other on so that they never have to stop for long. The sumptuous, intoxicating despair that they experience when a lead is proven false is but another sensation in which to wallow, as is the slow dawn of optimism, and the gradual acceleration of hope that leads to another headlong, manic charge.

Of late, the Godseekers have gathered in Ulgu more than in any other Mortal Realm. Something has changed there, and there can be detected the faintest of scents on the wind. It is so weak that were it not for the heightened senses of the Godseekers, even these expert hunters might have remained oblivious of it. Yet word has spread via fleet-footed messengers and the fever dreams of those who have gorged themselves insensible – the divine spoor of the Dark Prince titillates the mists of Ulgu, and somewhere in that umbral realm, a clue to Slaanesh's whereabouts can be uncovered.



A GOD IN CHAINS

Slaanesh has had long centuries to dwell upon the iniquities of his imprisonment. Over that time he has sought not just to get free, but to turn the binding magic of his jail against those who keep him in chains – and in doing so, claim two of the eight Mortal Realms for his own. Of late, much progress has been made...

For centuries Slaanesh languished in the twilight sub-realm of Uhl-Gysh. During the latter part of the Age of Chaos, his brothers in darkness consolidated their grip on reality to the extent that they almost claimed it completely. Meanwhile, Slaanesh was powerless to truly capitalise on Sigmar's absence and the collapse of the Pantheon of Order. Trapped between realms where his Hedonite worshippers could not find him, his titanic emotions raged from bitter wrath to masochistic joy, from devious contemplation to roaring, oath-swearing bellicosity.

Slaanesh strained against the chains that had burrowed into his essence, feeling every soul extracted by the arts of Tyrion and Teclis as a strand of his essence pulled painfully out. The sensation of hollowness was indescribable. On a physical level it was a hundred times worse than the agony a mortal man might feel if one of his intestines was pulled slowly through a hole in his gut. On a spiritual level, it was akin to the death of beloved offspring. Over and over the process was repeated. The aelven gods gathered their people once more, altered in body and soul and sometimes unsalvageable, but free from Slaanesh nonetheless.

FROM THE PITS OF DESPAIR

No other being, not even another god, could have endured that long ordeal without losing their sanity and coming apart altogether. But Slaanesh was defined by his ability to thrive in intensity, to find satisfaction in anguish, and enlightenment in the most desperate of times. After the first few decades of simultaneously revelling in intense agony while also being tortured by it, he began to detach part of his mind, to seek a path out of his confinement. More than that, he sought to turn his situation to his advantage. Perhaps this, the

greatest of falls from grace, could be transformed into a rise to a new level of power – for in dwelling within the most secret territory of the aelves, he had a new way into their worlds. If he could overcome their most potent enchantments, they would have no chance of escaping his influence. As his plan took form, the physical aspect of Slaanesh that had been reduced to a swirling nebula – a vortex of soul energy in a vast body of twilight – pulsed brightly. There was still a chance, however slim, that through defeat he could find victory.



Over the next few centuries, Slaanesh cast forth that part of his essence he had freed from the quagmire of pain and despair. Though he was too tightly bound by sorcery to bring more than a sliver of his power to bear, he came in dreams to his most favoured Hedonites, granted visions to his sorcerers and released many of those mortals driven mad within the six circles to blight reality in his name. Always the contact he made was fleeting, and those he reached guarded their knowledge so that they alone might profit.

Still, Slaanesh set into motion a hundred schemes that would see him inch towards freedom. In his spiritual visitations he skimmed the minds of scholars who were researching him in Hysh and Ulgu. Thinking the nemesis of their forefathers a danger long past, they had let their curiosity blossom as they gazed into the abyss. And from his prison in the void, Slaanesh stared back.

The chains hooked into the Prince of Chaos, fashioned of a fusion of shadow and light magic, had no true physical form – for what material fetter could hold the strength of a raging god? Instead they were composed of pure and unsullied magic taken from the edges of their respective realms. They had been devised by the hermetic arts of the godly archmage Teclis, strengthened by the immutable truths of Tyrion, and quenched in the umbral powers of Malerion and Morathi. There was not a single microcosmic aspect of them that resonated with any kind of Chaos, for the aelven gods knew that even a mote of dark magic might have given Slaanesh the resource he needed to break them. However, though they were sorcerous in nature, they still obeyed a set of laws – and Slaanesh was adept at twisting laws into anarchy and misrule. With enough contra-magical force brought against the godly chains, they could be undone.

Slaanesh had long suspected there was a weakness in each of the chains, for it is in the nature of things to ultimately change state. Somewhere there would be a chink in the chain's construction that would allow entropy to set in. But the cloud of misdirection and shadow that surrounded the chains – a gift from Malerion that formed as much of Slaanesh's prison as the chains themselves – had been wrought to prevent him from learning their secrets.

The truths of the chains' construction were as well hidden as a daemon's true name. Yet there was hope, if not in Slaanesh's own power, then in that of his avatars stalking the realms. The greater daemons of Slaanesh, each an embodiment of their divine master, are experts in uncovering the secrets that their prey seek to hide.

THE WEAKENED LINKS

All across reality, the warlords favoured by Slaanesh found new energy in the hints and visions their god entrusted to them. His most faithful Keepers of Secrets went about their search with renewed vigour, for they had detected the scent of aelven magic at work. They did not attack the aelf gods openly, however, instead going after lesser prey. The aelven gods had used their acolytes to help them build and maintain the ritual obelisks of the Hidden Gloaming, and they had entrusted the most talented aelven mages they could amass with the unending task of watching over Slaanesh's prison. As custodians of Uhl-Gysh, these mages also saw to the maintenance of the chains their masters had forged.

Despite being powerful magic-wielders, these aelven sorcerers were but mortal, and despite the wards and spells of sanctity woven around them, they could not tolerate the presence of a Chaos God for long without slowly going mad. They fulfilled their duties for as long as they could, then were replaced by a fresh guardian, whereupon the first returned to either Ulgu or Hysh to recover before their next stint in the twilight realm. It was when these sorcerous custodians left their posts and re-entered the Mortal Realms that they became vulnerable.

Many regions of Hysh had been brought low by Slaanesh's influence in the past, and Keepers of Secrets still roamed the symbol-etched plains and deserts. Ulgu, being a land of shadows and lies, had been prowled by those who sought Slaanesh for time immemorial. By isolating the mortal seers from their fellows and preying on their minds

from afar, the greater daemons gradually uncovered that which the seers sought most to hide – in the very act of dwelling on how best to keep those secrets safe, in the act of obsessing about their duty, they left themselves more open to Slaanesh's wiles than they realised.



One by one, the greater daemons that had been sent to gather the secrets of the aelven mages quietly and artfully extracted the precious knowledge they needed. When the arcane seers manipulated by these Keepers of Secrets realised what a mistake they had made, they felt compelled to keep their error secret – perhaps through some subtle Slaaneshi spell, perhaps because they feared the wrath of their gods, spiteful Malerion and maniacal Morathi above all. Even if one chain should be compromised, the mages told themselves, the others would surely hold the trapped god fast. None could think for long on the fact that they might one day be responsible for unleashing their race's ancient nemesis upon the realms once more.

Through the artifice of his daemons, the Dark Prince learned more and more of the true nature of his fetters. Each could be undone, in theory at least, for it is in the nature of sorcery that all magical endeavours can be unmade with the right countermeasure. Though the aelven gods could not refute this immutable law, they had fashioned each of the god-chains in such a way that it

would be nigh impossible to achieve the deed that would unravel them. Only the greatest of paradoxes could undo them, for in being both shadow and light, the chains were made from the raw stuff of contradiction. In this way, the aelven gods had wrought a masterpiece. But Slaanesh had time on his side, and millions of Hedonites abroad in the Mortal Realms that were desperate to do his bidding. For the first time in centuries, Slaanesh felt a glimmer of his old, gloating nature returning to the fore.

PUREST HATRED

As the years went by, the component pieces of the cosmic riddle were gradually assembled by Slaanesh's minions. From the greater daemon Glittus, Slaanesh learned that the Chain of Purest Hatred could only be undone by the one who loathed Slaanesh the most. The aelven gods had reasoned that one of their number surely had claim to that title, for almost their entire race had been devoured by their ancestral enemy, and their anger burned fiercely indeed. But there was one whose hatred for the Dark Prince had spanned aeons – the Blood God.

Khorne would never willingly help Slaanesh, for they had long been bitter enemies – and given their contrary stances, Slaanesh would never think to seek his help. But the Dark Prince had thought long and hard on the chain's secrets. He sent a vision to his foremost Infernal Enraptureess, Allegaria Sen'sathra, bidding them to steal the sacred daemon axe Eigngrom and hence thread a melody through the Great Game that Khorne could not ignore. Enraged, the Blood God sent his three-headed hound, Karanak, across time and space to destroy the Daemonette and reclaim the axe. A merry dance of chase and counter-chase saw the two rivals hunt one another across the realms. Meanwhile, deep in the Hidden Gloaming, Slaanesh prepared himself for the moment of truth, twisting this way and that like some serpentine contortionist until the Chain of Purest Hatred was entwined around him.



When the hunt reached its conclusion atop the Serried Peaks of Aqshy, the Enraptureess Sen'sathra proved the more cunning of the two daemon Heralds. Karanak was slain in the duel, and Khorne angered beyond measure. The Blood God's volcanic, mind-shattering explosion of rage resounded across the cosmos. It was so loud and powerful it awoke billions of slumbering mortal souls in a cold sweat of terror. Khorne knew Slaanesh was behind Karanak's destruction, and hence the swell of his wrath was directed straight at the Dark Prince. The sonic blast wave that reached Uhl-Gysh was so powerful it rocked the runic obelisks like buoys in a stormy sea – and shattered the chain that was wound around Slaanesh into a million shards.

In a heartbeat, the Dark Prince fashioned an illusion of expectation and desire to replace that shattered chain. It was a risky gamble, but at that time his captors were looking to their own holdings in the war against the other Chaos Gods. The incarcerated deity knew well the

art of secrecy, and his illusion was potent enough to fool even Malerion, master of lies, and the visionary Teclis, whose mind's eye could not be everywhere at once.

THE WORST OF BETRAYALS

The next fetter that Slaanesh sought to break was known as the Chain of Utmost Betrayals. This could only be broken by an act of extreme dissonance – namely, the slaughter of thousands of unblemished souls by their own righteous protectors. It was a deed so contradictory that the aelven pantheon had thought it unlikely to the point of being impossible, but for twisted Slaanesh, it was only another challenge.

Years after Sigmar's Tempest broke upon the realms, the God-King's beachheads within the desolate Mortal Realms had been turned to fortified zones, then to towns, then to thriving cities. As these sites of civilisation grew larger and more powerful, a new hierarchy arose. Notions of nobility and privilege

imported from Azyr blended with trade, commerce and shades of capitalism, and though the new order was largely successful and self-perpetuating, in places the rich got richer and the poor paid the price. Murmurs of discontent turned to covert meetings and hidden agendas, and rivalries and intrigues blossomed in every stratum of society, among every race. It was this arena in which Slaanesh excelled more than any other.

In the fair caldera city of Vindicarum, the bloody deeds of the Celestial Vindicators inspired many hundreds of criminals to mend their ways – and scores to simply get better at hiding their nefarious activities. As Vindicarum became a city living in fear of its own protectors, and as its people sought ever humbler existences to prove their own monk-like virtue, a counterculture arose – and the cult of hidden luxury known as the Silken Revel spread far and wide. In Hammerhal Aqsha, the sorcerer Redomir worked together with merchant kings, alchemists and

Chaos worshippers to undermine the Cinderfall district and bring about a resurgence of Slaaneshi worship on both sides of the Stormrift Realmgate. In Hysh's City of Prisms, a mountain stronghold of geomantic wizards, the friendly rivalry between aspiring young mages turned sour, as the whispering of Slaanesh's daemons nudged them to seek victory over one another at any cost.

The Chaos cults that spread in the shadows of civilisation were not just the province of Slaanesh. In Excelsis, that spire-rich port city upon the Coast of Tusks, the machinations of Tzeentch saw the underbelly of the city riddled with rebellion against the Knights Excelsior and the city guard that worked alongside them. Cults that worshipped Nurgle blossomed in the darkness across the sickening cities of Invidia and Verdia, for the truly ill will often seek out any cure they can rather than face another day of agony.

Slaanesh fanned the flames of these cults, preparing the way for their expansion with whispers, dreams and artful seductions, and he also ensured that they reached a critical point all at the same time. In a realm-spanning event that would one day become known as the Fated Uprising, dozens of Chaos cults – predominantly those of Slaanesh, but also of Tzeentch and Nurgle – rose up within the heartlands of Sigmar's domains. They were met, as the Dark Prince had known they would be, with extreme measures by the very Stormcast Eternals whose duty it was to protect them.

During the infamous Purge of Vindictarum, the Celestial Vindicators took their blades to three quarters of the population, believing it the only way to expunge the Chaos cults that had infected the city. They gouged out every trace of treachery and evil, putting to the sword every single citizen with a hint of corruption or hatred in their heart – just as Sigmar had in Azyrheim so long ago.

At the same time, the Battle of Excelsis saw the Knights Excelsior butcher every citizen that stood

against them – regardless of their reason. In Hammerhal Aqsha, the investigations of the Hammers of Sigmar, which had started with a single Lord-Castellant, escalated to open war in the streets between those under the sway of Slaanesh and the golden warriors of the city's Stormkeep. In their righteous wrath, in their fervour to destroy Chaos root and stem, the Stormcast Eternals went too far, and their blades claimed lives that should never have been lost.

The screams of those unfairly slain by their own protectors echoed across the void, weakening the chain Slaanesh had drawn taut – and, as the butchery reached its peak, causing it to turn to dust. Another illusion sprang into place to hide its dissolution, and the Dark Prince smiled as he returned to quietude.



THE CHAIN OF COSMIC LAW

When the Shyish necroquake created by Nagash erupted across the cosmos, its bow waves of energy rocked every Mortal Realm, sub-realm and void-borne satellite to its foundations. One of the chains of Slaanesh's prison, that which was bound to the cosmic law of the realmspheres themselves, was shattered in that single instant, for the implosion of Shyish was an event of such magnitude it reordered the laws of reality across every realm at once. By this point, Slaanesh's skill at replacing those chains no longer holding him with

illusionary simulacra was such that he capitalised immediately. Another fetter had been broken beyond repair, and the Dark Prince grew closer to his final escape.

Had the prison not already been weakened by Slaanesh's efforts, perhaps the necroquake would not have damaged the fetters of Uhl-Gysh so badly. But in addition to the Chain of Cosmic Law being shattered, the web-like tissues of misdirection that surrounded each link were shaken and torn. Made from the spider-web realmstone of Ulgu, they had been tightly and skilfully bound by the arts of Malerion, and it was a testament to his skill that they were not dispersed entirely by that deathly cataclysm. Slaanesh spotted the damage in the lie-sheaths of each chain nonetheless, for his senses were becoming clearer by the day. He learned the secrets of dozens of chains that had been damaged by the unravelling of their fabric, and committed them to memory even as their magical integrity was repaired once more by the talented aelven mages that acted as his jailers.

Though only a fraction of the sixty-six chains that bound Slaanesh had been broken, the Dark Prince had gathered the knowledge he needed to break dozens more. Moreover, his strength was growing. The emptiness he had felt after the aelven souls had been drawn from his essence was brewing a deadly and cataclysmic hunger. Not only that, but his creeds were spreading throughout the seedy underworlds of civilisations across the realms.

There would come a point when Slaanesh was strong enough, and hungry enough, to destroy the bindings that held him – not through cunning, but with sheer might. On that day, it was his plan to spill into Ulgu and Hysh through the same magical conduits that had held him, drowning their lands in a cataclysm of excess. He would claim those realms as extensions of his sovereign domain – and with a full quarter of the Mortal Realms under his control, force his victory in the Great Game once and for all.

A LEGACY OF DEPRAVITY

Some of the most horrendous wars and atrocities ever to have befallen man, aelf and duardin have been engineered by the inventive Hedonites of Slaanesh. To them, bringing about the downfall of empires is a recreation as much as it is an act of worship.

● AGE OF MYTH ●

AN AWFUL SYMMETRY

The Hyshian cult of the Demian Seers becomes obsessed with symmetry. Its members undergo a strange surgical biomanancy known as *doppelfleisch* to ensure that one half of their bodies is an exact replica of the other, but cast in living metal. For a time, this affectation is seen as highly fashionable, but in truth the practice has been tainted by Slaanesh. The fleshly side of the body begins to rot over time, and the cursed Demian Seers are forced to wear pomanders and perfumes to cover up the stench of their own corruption. Those whose bodies reject the *doppelfleisch* surgery fall into a panic, casting around for a way to fix their broken anatomy. When the daemon Herald known as Litheclaw whispers that the Dark Prince can save them from this hideous demise, they quickly acquiesce, carving vast sigils of Slaanesh in the salt flats of Demia by way of payment for their extended lifespans. Just as Lord Tyrion hears of this travesty and mobilises his forces to eradicate the Slaaneshi sigils, thousands of Daemonettes burst through each sigil, taking a massive toll on the aelven cavalry before they are eventually driven off.

THE SACK OF THRENTICE

The capital city of the Gleaming Isle, known as Threnstice, City of the Forgiven, has long been thought unassailable. It is unreachable by land, its navy is strong, and spirits of living light protect its skies. Only when a secret cult within its walls begins to worship the Pallid Bull does its downfall approach. Summoned by the scent of burning flesh marked with the icons of Slaanesh, the Doombull Ghor-Garghorr swims across the Narrid Strait to reach Threnstice, his Bullgor brethren in his wake. He scales its walls in the dead of night, escaping the notice of the scant garrison on

the ramparts. Only when the horned figures climb over the battlements do the citizens realise that a new era of war is about to befall them.

The Slakefray of Ghor-Garghorr slaughter their way through the city guard and run rampant in the Jewellery Quarter, gorging themselves on their defeated enemies and adorning their bodies with the finest clothing and trinkets they can find, before conducting a potent ritual of corruption around the Threnstice Realmgate. Hours later, the Hedonite host of Jau Gangrel pours from the portal, turning a fiercely fought city defence into a riot. Threnstice falls three days later.



● AGE OF CHAOS ●

THE CULL OF GRANID CITY

Through little more than a desire to relieve her own boredom, the young noblewoman Vaela Angelica lures a carnival of Slaanesh to the mist-shrouded Granid City in Ulgu. With the veil of Ulgu-shade that protects the lands dissipated by her incense concoctions, she leaves the city open to attack, and joins the ensuing invasion with wild abandon. Vaela begins a new life as a champion of excess, her ennui a distant memory. She becomes involved in an escalating war with the Daughters of Khaine known as the Kraith, and finds herself in a fierce rivalry with the mutant triplets, the Faceless Three.

THE GARGANT'S HOARD

In the Varanspire, that citadel of Chaos that dominates the Eightpoints, a recumbent gargant

of colossal girth is sought out by acquisitive warrior tribes. It is said that inside the behemoth's gut is an empire's worth of jewellery and precious stones, which it has guzzled down during its wanderings. Every time the gargant's digestive system rebels against this unsavoury food-source, it causes the giant creature to vomit the bounty back up, giving the treasure-hunting tribes the chance to sift through its ejecta for valuables with which to change their fortunes. When word spreads of the riches to be had, the site becomes the centre of a sprawling battle.

WAR IN THE THIRTEEN KINGDOMS

The Daughters of Khaine launch a holy crusade known as the Cathtrar Dhule, their intent to scour Slaanesh's followers from Ulgu forever. It is an impossible goal, for the natural propensity of lies and intrigue to prosper in Ulgu make it fertile territory for the Dark Prince's influence to blossom. Nonetheless, Morathi's ascendant forces manage to expunge the Flayerhost of the whip-handed Krulla Sha'vhr, the tentacled Bovaxx the Despoiler and the towering daemon-thing known as Glittus, who was trapped in a gaiste-maze that covers the Umbral Veil. The revenge of the Hedonites was slow to come, but with the scent of Slaanesh picked up in the thirteen kingdoms, ever more Hedonite hosts have been seen invading the hinterlands of Ulgu.

● AGE OF SIGMAR ●

THE BANE OF STYGXX

The Great Pretender of Stygxx drives forwards his plans to resurrect Vultza, the Goddess of Plenty, intending to wed her and spawn dozens of half-god, half-daemon offspring that will cement his claim to Slaanesh's throne. Only a long-running and costly war with the Anvils of the Heldenhammer from

nearby Lake Lethis stops him from enslaving the populace around Deific Mons to further his strange rituals.

THE MEAT-MISER OF ODRENN

Khelorstius van Bardo, a merchant prince of Odrenn, hoards as much meat as he can – for in Chamon, gold is plentiful, and decent food scarce. His dynasty grows rich through the systematic monopoly of the meat trade and the resultant starvation of his rivals. He survived the Age of Chaos through means fair and foul – among them gathering and selling meat from the most dubious sources imaginable. Van Bardo begins to value his own wealth to the point of worship, personified in the form of the six silver cow statues that stand sentinel outside his palace.

The scent of the merchant's excess filters through the void, drawing the Keeper of Secrets known as Anacrucia, the Symphony of Torment. The daemon goes to van Bardo in disguise as a mortal seer and convinces him and his confederates that their livestock are starving and in danger of dying out. Duped by the disguise and fearful of the warning, the van Bardos accept the alchemical treatment the Keeper offers, giving it to their animals – and imbibing much of it themselves.

The next new moon, each member of the van Bardo dynasty is transformed into a lowly beast with a human head, while their animals are turned into fierce albino beastmen. With each of the strange hybrids bleating 'Sla-a-a-nesh!' over and over again, they unleash war on Odrenn's cities at Anacrucia's side.

A DARKSOME ALLIANCE

The Darkoath Warqueen Marakarr Blood-Sky makes common cause with Reshevius, a champion of Slaanesh who leads his Scarlet Cavalcade on the scent of the god Slaanesh. With the supernaturally sharp sensorium of the mutant known as the Inhilus to guide them, they make haste to Shyish – for there Marakarr claims there are clues to Slaanesh's whereabouts. In truth, she harnesses the Godseekers for her own agenda – which is to sabotage the works of Nagash before he can

tear the cosmos apart. Before she can reach Nagashizzar, Marakarr is sent tumbling into a chasm as she battles the Lord-Ordinator Vorrus Starstrike, and Reshevius takes over the assembled Chaos horde in her stead. He swiftly tires of the infantry's slow pace, however, and leads his Godseekers to the sands north of Shadespire. There the warlord finds a magnificent mirror in a heap of duardin bones. Taunted by the being held within the glass, Reshevius shatters the artefact, and sets in motion a chain of events that will see Shyish face a new evil.



A TRAIL TO DAMNATION

The sky-fleet of Admiral Barrock Hoardsplitter come across a rich seam of aether-gold that does not appear on any known map of the Chamonian airways. Beside himself with glee, he follows it to find an ivory palace borne aloft on a vast flying carpet of rippling silk. Suspicious of the haunting sound of harp music upon the winds, the Admiral plugs up his ears with duardin waxencheese and has his crew do the same. Remaining at a safe distance, Barrock mines the aether-gold until his Krontankers are full, sending word to send more cargo vessels as swiftly as possible. Over the next few months, more and more ships follow Hoardsplitter's fleet, for Barrock speaks of unimaginable riches, and he is proved right time and time again.

On goes the flying palace at its leisurely pace, the aether-gold spilling behind it in seemingly inexhaustible streams. The Kharadron Overlords cannibalise their sky-port to build more ships, using every able body and every source of metal they can find to help them harvest the bumper crop. The duardin even begin to sacrifice their own wargear, then their armour, and in some cases their own flesh to keep their engines running. When another fleet moves in to make a claim on the hoard, they turn their guns upon each other, defending the flying palace with everything they have.

Only when the daemons of Slaanesh begin to materialise upon the Kharadron ships and fall upon the duardin crews does Barrock realise the magnitude of his folly. He executes an emergency landing on the Cloudline Archipelago, a series of flying islands, and prepares to make a last stand. Divided by their own deafness to each other's orders, the Kharadron are slain to a duardin, the aether-gold they harnessed disappearing as if it were no more than a morning mist.

THE PROPHECY OF MORATHI

The Shadow Queen Morathi warns the aelven pantheon of the eventual escape of Slaanesh. She insists that although the new aelven gods are powerful indeed, they have set themselves against an elder entity that none of them truly understands, nor have the might to contain. It is not the first time she has preached that the Chaos God's ascendancy is inevitable. In response, her son Malerion shows open disrespect, and Tyrion simple indifference. Only Teclis listens to her claims, later seeking her wisdom in secret – for he hears a kernel of truth in her words.

As Morathi draws ever more Scáthborn from Slaanesh's belly for the war she fervently believes is on the horizon, Teclis begins to gather armies of his own. He amasses the martial orders of the Realm of Light, and invokes ancient pacts with the spirits of Hysh to bolster his gleaming warhosts for the new era of conflict to come.

THE DEPRAVED LEGIONS

Be they daemon or be they mortal, the twisted warriors of the Hedonite hosts are united in their constant pursuit of sensation. Some consider their cause to be holy, sacred or somehow justified, for self-deception is an art form among their ranks. To an outsider, they are naught but a hellish and despicable curse upon the Mortal Realms.

KEEPERS OF SECRETS

The thud of cloven hooves, steady and confident, punctuates the roar of the adoring crowd as the Keeper of Secrets strides from the ranks of its worshippers. Loathsome yet somehow beguiling, these greater daemons inspire both heartfelt awe and a sick feeling of terror in all who look upon them. They are the closest companions and servants of the Lord of Excess, and they carry the scent of his blessing like an aura. Wreathed in glammers and mind-dulling musks, these monstrous daemons mask their true form with supernatural allure. Their powerfully muscled bodies are bedecked with jewels that hold the souls of their choicest victims, and their 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 its devastating physical power. It is claimed that these are the most entrancing of all immortals, and that to look upon one is to surrender every last shred of willpower. The greater daemons of Slaanesh know the most intimate desires of every mortal being, and they use this knowledge to gain an undeniable power over their foes, seducing them with whispered promises they cannot hope to resist. Few who have encountered these daemons can describe the shame of their desire, nor the lust for violence and depravity that overwhelms their rational senses.

Even should such a survivor make it out alive and attempt to live a normal life, the sight of their alluring nemesis will always be waiting behind their eyes and in their dreams. The corruption that stemmed from linking thoughts

with the creature, even for a second, will be embedded so deep that sooner or later it will burst from the shadowed corners of the mind in the most horrific way. To have laid eyes on such a creature and survived becomes the most dangerous secret of all, for none can look upon a Keeper and claim to be unchanged by the experience.

The Keepers of Secrets are more than just masters of the psyche. Pain and pleasure are irrevocably blended in the minds of Slaanesh's greater daemons, meaning that the bliss they find in battle is unmatched outside Slaanesh's realm. However, they are only deployed to a war front by their patron when all else has failed, for armed conflict is but a small element of the Dark Prince's strategy. Yet when sheer, uncompromising force is the only course left, Slaanesh sends his greater daemons to deliver it in excess – and it is a task they relish to their core.

On the field of battle, Keepers are graceful yet vicious killers that delight in the excessive, wanton violence they unleash, as well as that unleashed by others. They take gloating, sadistic pleasure in all acts of killing and torture, and they consider excruciatingly painful death in battle just another form of creative expression. There is a dark delight to be found in the interplay of impact, gore and horror that follows every swing and thrust of the blade, every act of artful blood-letting. The reaction speeds of these creatures are so fast, their ability to process information so advanced, that they can stare in rapt attention at a squirt of blood from an artery for only a split second – yet in that time appreciate every nuance of motion and emotion around it, getting more satisfaction from that singular sight than a master artisan would from spending a year among the greatest works of a lost civilisation.

When the battle-lines first clash, the movements of a greater daemon of Slaanesh may seem unhurried, leisurely – even lazy – for the anticipation of the feast to come is itself a delicious meal to be savoured. As the two rival armies mingle and the battle devolves into glorious anarchy, the Keeper of Secrets will accelerate its dance of destruction until it is moving almost too fast to follow. Its many slender arms lash out to decapitate, disembowel or perhaps merely cripple its prey, depending on its diabolical whims. It feeds upon the strong emotions triggered by mortals as they are torn apart, glutting itself on a banquet of pain and terror – and in doing so, becomes inspired to ever greater feats of slaughter. Its limbs, at the same time delicate and hideously strong, move in blinding strikes as it eviscerates its 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 sorceries 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. A Keeper's very presence inspires an excess of violence in others that will not stop until all lies in ruin around the daemon's feet. Cautious sparks of passion within the ranks are inflamed to the point that their victims can think of nothing else, besotted with visions of brutality.

even as they are hacked down by crooning Daemonettes. A gentle gesture can send thuggish ogors, aelven nobles and even Stormcast Paladins stumbling forwards, the bewitched warrior abandoning his fellows in his sudden hunger to touch, smell, and taste the skin of the Keeper that has entranced him. Should he fail to shake off this glamour, he will walk willingly into the claws of his new idol, worshipping its majesty even beyond the point of death. There is nothing more satisfying for a Keeper of Secrets than to corrupt a warrior of noble heart, turning those who quest for a righteous cause into sacrifices upon the altar of Slaanesh's perverse will.

Keepers of Secrets, being made from Slaanesh's essence, are as varied as the thousand whims and moods that flit through the Dark Prince's fickle mind every day. Those greater daemons that lead each faction within the Hedonite ranks can have very different personalities, despite being fundamentally cut from the

same cloth. They each have burning desires and agendas they would do anything to achieve, toppling empires, eradicating entire species or reducing thriving metropolises to rubble as it suits them. Few realise that in doing so, they are simply fulfilling another part of the Dark Prince's own wider plan, for as extensions of his will they really have no other choice.

It is possible for devoted Hedonites to summon a Keeper of Secrets to lead them in the revels of war. Should the reek of depravity reach dizzying heights – whether that be in the feast hall, throne room or upon the battlefield, the towering daemon will stride from a tear in reality, manifesting in all its glimmering majesty as it cries out in unholy joy. It may take a moment to breathe in the heady stench of the scene before it, its hooded eyes playing across the spectacle of disaster as a maestro casts his eyes over his orchestra prior to the beginning of a symphony. Once it has assessed the greatest

opportunities for glorious slaughter in Slaanesh's name, the daemon will stride forwards for the kill.

Even unarmed, a Keeper of Secrets is surpassingly lethal, able to rip a man's heart from his chest as easily as plucking a ripe plum from an orchard tree. The creature will then devour the still-beating organ with a sickening moan of delight. With two of its four arms ending in elegant, curving pincers, it can scissor through a plate-armoured knight with a contemptuous snip. In the other two hands it will usually bear weapons of exquisite design. These range from elegant greatblades so long and sharp they can cut a charging Mournfang in half, to semi-sentient whips that curl and twist to entrap the prey. Arguably, the daemon's most potent weapon is its voice. With a honeyed promise it can turn a man's mind from his true course, offering power enough to lay low any foe – even the daemon itself. The true cost of the bargain swiftly becomes clear – the immortal soul of those fools who accept it.



The dissonant clash of sensual grace and vicious savagery reaches a crescendo. As the veil between realities thins, a Keeper of Secrets leaves its machinations in the Realm of Chaos to wreak havoc upon mortal lands instead.

SHALAXI HELBANE

Towering, statuesque, and possessed of an impossible grace, the titanic Keeper of Secrets known as Shalaxi Helbane hunts the deadliest prey in the cosmos. As one of Slaanesh's favourite greater daemons and a tracker and duellist of supreme skill, it is Shalaxi's privilege to bring war to the champions of the rival gods.

Should an enemy warlord reach sufficient prominence for the Dark Prince to become irritated by their existence, a mental impulse will burst in Shalaxi's soul. This is a raging wildfire in comparison to the spark of compulsion that might come to being in a mortal mind. It initiates a quest so all-consuming that the hunter Helbane never stops, running the prey to ground with tireless determination and the savvy of an expert tracker. Shalaxi's sensorium, exaggerated by the sheaf of strange antennae that rises from the greater daemon's head like an ornate crown, allows one sense to be perceived as if it were another. The hunter can see fear as a misting cloud that betrays a distant quarry, detect the scent of a spell before it is cast, hear the shearing sound of a mortal's life-thread being cut away, or taste the tang of cowardice as if it

were bitter citrus upon the tongue. By blending the senses at will, Helbane can see the trail of a flying quarry hanging as a swirling line in the air, and can even peer through a Realmgate, across the aetheric void, and out of the other side. This makes the Keeper of Secrets all but inescapable – once Slaanesh has set his favoured agent on the trail of a hated foe, death is the sole outcome. The only safe haven, perhaps, can be found in those abyssal regions where little to no stimuli at all can thrive – regions known well to the weaklings known as Idoneth Deepkin.



Shalaxi has ensnared and slain warrior kings, dragons, greater daemons, and hulking tyrants of destruction. Often, the hunter runs alone, for mortal followers and even Daemonettes struggle to match their leader's pace when the hunt nears its conclusion. Other times, Shalaxi is accompanied by a pack of Fiends, the beasts trilling in joyous abandon as they race with their loping alpha. At hunt's end the Keeper does not attack unseen, but speaks a challenge so carefully crafted with the subtle tongue of Slaanesh it cannot be refused. Shalaxi's Hedonite followers live in hope of witnessing the grand kill that follows. Some whisper that one day Helbane's blade will pierce the titanic heart of a godbeast, those zodiacal creatures that exist above the natural order of things, and in doing so, prove the supremacy of Chaos over the realms entire.

THE DEATH OF DAEMON KINGS

Every aspect of Shalaxi Helbane's fighting style has been devised and perfected to counter the fiercest of prey. Slaanesh has held a bitter rivalry with Khorne for aeons, and will go to impossible lengths to outdo the Blood God in matters martial – for in the Dark Prince's eyes, to outclass a rival deity in their own obsession is to secure an unforgettable victory. In many ways this is the primary reason for Shalaxi's existence – to take on the Bloodthirsters of Khorne in single combat, and to defeat them, proving that skill and subtlety can beat raw strength and fury every time.

Shalaxi's hallmark longspear, that weapon spoken of in so many obscene songs and verses among the Hedonites, is a weapon of stunning sharpness and reach. With the hunter's expertise behind it, it is able to dart in past the swing of a ruinous greataxe to impale the heart. But even with the most skilful of feints, ripostes and shield-bashes, to overcome a Bloodthirster's skill in close combat is nigh impossible. Because of this, Shalaxi wields a living whip, a pliable but unbreakable scourge that cracks out to wind like a serpent around the weapons of the enemy. Not only that, the hunter's war regalia is a long gown of pseudopod limbs that grasp, snatch and throttle like the tentacles of an octopus.

Shalaxi has learned the fighting styles of rival greater daemons through long experience. The hunter has impaled Lords of Change through the torso before they can finish their lethal incantations, pierced the blubbery chests of Great Unclean Ones to slash through the bleeding hearts within, and outfought airborne Bloodthirsters even as they hurtled through storm-choked skies. The Keeper of Secrets has long had a desire to lay low Skarbrand – that monstrosity so powerful he once sought to slay Khorne himself – and has duelled him to a standstill twice over.

On the corpse-strewn fields outside Rantula Sigmaris, Helbane's longspear impaled Skarbrand through the neck just as his axes took an arm in return – moments before the ebb and flow of a Stormcast assault forced them both apart. Under Vostargi Mont's burning mountain, Shalaxi disarmed Skarbrand, only for the Bloodthirster to hurl himself backwards into a river of lava to evade the killing blow; the incandescent heat of his rage protected him from being incinerated, while a cascade of boiling lava put Shalaxi to flight.

Now the scent of the exiled one is strong in Shalaxi's sensorium once more, and another showdown between the two greater daemons seems inevitable. It is a confrontation that not only Slaanesh, but also the Blood God, will watch most keenly.



HERALDS OF SLAANESH

Many Hedonite hosts are led by the favoured Daemonettes known as Heralds of Slaanesh. These creatures vary greatly in form and duty, from lone dancer-warriors to jealous custodians that carry powerful Slaaneshi artefacts to war. Those that rise to the heights of command bring a variety of fascinating deaths to their enemies.

Those highest in Slaanesh's regard usually hail from the ranks of his Heralds. Of all his servants, these are the most artful. They have a strong taste for violence, as do all of the Dark Prince's faithful, though it is not as all-consuming as that of the Keepers of Secrets. Instead, the Heralds of Slaanesh focus on the myriad other paths to damnation. In many ways they act as dark muses, inspiring those they latch onto – not to create works of great musical or artistic accomplishment, but to descend into a spiral of obsession and inhumanity until they reach a place they can never escape. With promises of glory and fulfilment, a Herald twists the aspirations and ambitions of its prey into narcissism, paranoia and madness, luring the victim onto the indulgent road towards self-destruction and the furtherance of the Dark Prince's desires. Each Herald fulfils a hundred and more roles in Slaanesh's service, though all of them ultimately lead to the same end – the corruption of reality, and the remaking of the Mortal Realms in the Dark Prince's image.

Though it has fallen by the wayside since Slaanesh's incarceration, there was once a fluid hierarchy governing the Heralds of Slaanesh, a way for the Hedonites to tell who was high in favour and who was spurned to the point of exile. The more privileged a Daemonette was – the more they empowered and pleased the Dark Prince – the closer to his throne they were allowed to approach whenever he sat in state. The most favoured of their number – those usually being the quickest of wit, the most graceful and the most deadly of his lesser daemons – were even allowed upon Slaanesh's dais to feed him sweetmeats and caress his body with their barbed claws. To these depraved creatures Slaanesh entrusted his more subtle machinations, for his greater daemons are created primarily for

excessive violence, rather than the delicate touch that the Dark Prince's ploys usually require.



Since Slaanesh's entrapment within Uhl-Gysh, the fickle but undeniable logic of his favouritism has fallen to an anarchic frenzy of disorder, slander and guesswork. The Heralds of Slaanesh pine so keenly for their absent god that the grief of a spurned soulmate or bereaved spouse is but a puddle next to the ocean of their heartbreak. Yet still they strive to do the dark work they were created to achieve, hoping they will please their master, wherever he may be. These once favoured sybarites tread the paths of war without the reassuring presence of their god, taking their bitterness and disappointment out on mortals who know nothing of true agony. The Heralds' every act and hope is bent towards the day when they may be reunited with their patron in ecstatic glory, a fate that they know will come in time – for who could confine their mighty god for long, if he did not wish to be so? Slaanesh abides, that much is known – for if he had dissipated entirely, they too would have gone to their ultimate oblivion – and one day he will return to them in jubilation, and bend reality to his will once and for all.

VICELEADERS

The most numerous of the Heralds of Slaanesh are known as Viceleaders. They are expert at finding immoral and impure individuals, and drawing them further into their own damnation.

Viceleaders take the Dark Prince's followers in an ongoing dance of conquest, using seductive spells to corrupt carefully chosen victims and inspire them to give in to their most despicable urges. There was a time when this process could take months, years or even decades to achieve; Daemonettes are functionally immortal, and they savour the slow blossoming of their labours much as a vintner savours the maturation of a fine wine. During the first century of the Age of Chaos, when Slaaneshi forces were responsible for the downfall of scores of kingdoms, the conquests of Slaanesh relied on these slow and subtle acts of corruption more than they did savagery and slaughter. But with the armies of Sigmar now on the march, every land has felt the kiss of war, and the gradual manipulation of a soul has become a luxury.

New cults are burgeoning in many of the cities of the realms, each devoted to a Viceleader as a conduit of Slaanesh's greater glory. Yet there is a sense of haste – perhaps even of desperation – beneath their orgiastic rituals of greed, gluttony and avarice. The faithful of the Dark Prince must work quickly if they are to seize back that which they have lost. In these times of conflict and upheaval, it is common for a Viceleader to sully a soul within a matter of moments, picking a victim to undo and then moving on to the next. With honeyed whispers and seductive motions, they can reduce their victim to a gibbering wreck, before ending the torment, right at its peak, with a swift snip of their razored claws.



As the symbiotic entity Syll'Eske strides through the fray with predatory intent, the Masque dances and the Contorted Epitome enthrals. Their very presence is a promise of agony.

CONTORTED EPITOMES

A Contorted Epitome is not a single Daemonette, but paired attendants chosen for their ability to abide one another's presence. Their close bond is cemented by sacred guardianship of an ornate Mirror of Absorption – a priceless magical artefact entrusted to them from Slaanesh's palace. This treasure is as much a daemonic being as it is an object, a living framework that writhes on striated tentacles at the Daemonettes' demand.

Legends claim the Contorted Epitome's genesis can be traced to an artificer known as Vennatan in an age long past. He strove to perfect the art of silvering glass, and each of his prototype mirrors were fought over by the rich and noble. Slaanesh was greatly pleased by the epidemic of narcissism that ensued, and plotted to capture the alchemist for his own agenda. By the end of his long and famous life, so the story goes, Vennatan was one of the wealthiest artisans of his generation. On his deathbed, as he gazed proudly at his own reflection and pondered the many successes of his life, Slaanesh reached out through the glass and drew him into the Temple of Twisted Mirrors, where he was imprisoned forever more.

Hoping to strike back against his captor, Vennatan invented the Mirror of Absorption, a looking glass with the ability to swallow excessive energies, which would slowly drain the power of Slaanesh himself. Unfortunately, that artefact was soon shattered by the sheer magnitude of Slaanesh's vanity. Recognising its worth, however, the Dark Prince forced Vennatan to make dozens more of the devices, bound them within semi-sentient frameworks that could move independently, and gifted them to his favourite Heralds. So was born the Contorted Epitome. Legend says that Vennatan is still trapped within a refractive sub-realm, and if his name is spoken six times in front of a looking glass, he will emerge as a deadly slicerghost to slay the speaker.

In battle, these artefacts harness and absorb the most excessive of enemy attacks, keeping their Slaaneshi

owners safe from harm. Only the humblest weapons can hope to shatter them; a wooden sword would have more effect upon them than a runic cannonball. To look upon such a mirror is to become spellbound by the reflection of your strongest fears and desires, and to become trapped within – if the Daemonette attendants do not slay you first.



INFERNAL ENRAPTURESSES

To a daemon of Slaanesh, there is no greater pleasure than leading a mortal soul down the path of infinite excess, and in this endeavour Infernal Enraptureesses are true virtuosos. They are music makers, weavers of sublime harmonies and mind-shattering cacophonies. Their songs ring loud over Slaanesh's domain, shifting from lilting sonatas to bombastic capriccios with jarring irregularity. Through their music they are able to convey vast arrays of emotion in quick succession, or focus on one droning note that becomes all-consuming. Only when the Dark Prince's daemon legions go to war do the songs of the Infernal Enraptureesses reach their operatic crescendo.

Infernal Enraptureesses often advance ahead of a Slaaneshi army, using their beguiling charms and glamours to infiltrate the cities of their enemies. Veiled by daemonic illusion, they present themselves as muses to artists who strive to create beauty amidst the horrors of war. In feeding the artist's passions, the Enraptureess allows their craft to flourish, bringing out of them the greatness that had always lain dormant. At first the Herald comes to the artists in their dreams, stripping them of their inhibitions and magnifying the ambition and obsession buried deep within their souls. The daemon then places in their minds a vision of the perfect piece of music that they will one day

compose, an opus so idyllic that it will end wars and unite empires, or a battle hymn so bellicose that soldiers will march in their millions just to hear its rousing notes.

Those the Enraptureess visits in person enter a state of utter bliss. Many die of starvation, having forsaken food and drink as they toil at their masterpiece. Others are reduced to gibbering lunatics, their minds and souls unable to bear the weight of their beauteous undertaking. Eventually, when only a single musician remains, the Enraptureess reveals its true self. The pupil then learns that, in order for their great work to be completed, they must become the instrument of its execution, and give over their flesh to be played by the muse.

The instrument wrought from the contorted body of that willing subject is known as a heartstring lyre. Strung with tattered fragments of that mortal's soul, the lyre emits screams of pure elation and raw torment that vibrate through the physical and spiritual essences of those who hear them. By playing a cacophonous medley of notes, the Enraptureess conducts each individual muscle and nerve fibre in the foe to dance to its own anarchic rhythm, ripping the body apart. Alternatively, the instrument can emit a focused blast of sound that resounds within the very soul, vivifying the victim's emotions to such an extent that their joy can no longer be contained, and their heart erupts in a shower of glorious gore.

When the Dark Prince's legions march, the Infernal Enraptureess takes a leading position in the battle. With every pluck of the heartstring lyre the Daemonette sends waves of oblitative sonic energy coursing through the ranks of the enemy, the creature's mood determining whether they die in a state of unbridled ecstasy or agonized despair. As the song progresses, the battlefield is brought closer into harmonic alignment with Slaanesh's domain, allowing ever more daemons to pour through the veil of reality, whereupon they join in the Enraptureess' sadistic symphony.

THE MASQUE

Once the chief attendant 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 the god with the most dazzling of acrobatic displays. Yet for all of Slaanesh's indulgence, the Masque was to become the most despised of 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, a war that ended only with the Dark Prince's defeat and humiliation. Seeing the dark mood of their master, the Masque tried to ease his heart with their most energetic and scintillating dance. Where once the performance would have brought laughter and joy, now Slaanesh's bitter heart saw mockery, each perfect combination of moves a calculated barb to pierce his wounded pride. Enraged, Slaanesh cast the Masque aside, weaving a curse over the one he condemned as a traitor. If the Masque wished so much to dance, they would dance forever more, even when there was no one to witness the show.

Such has been the Masque's fate, to dance across eternity. In the circles of Slaanesh's realm, the Herald pirouettes for other denizens, entrancing them with sinuous movements until they are so enraptured they can no longer move or speak. The Masque dances at the gates of Khorne, mocking the Bloodletters who snarl and growl at the Herald's impudence. Dancing across the Mortal Realms, the daemon enchants all who watch with the mesmerising rhythm of their movements. Wherever wanton souls indulge their senses, where excess overcomes restraint, the Masque appears to lead the incautious on a dance of doom.

As the Masque enacts the tales of Slaanesh's glorious history, his destiny and his most unholy conquests, the Herald's golden mask

flickers and changes, matching the roles of the characters being played. So powerful is the lure of the Masque's display that often those who see it are 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 age. In the Dance of Dreaming, where the character of the slumbering prince waits to be born, the Masque's troupe is lulled into a lethargic trance; while 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 into the grave, using up their last ounce of energy, expending their dying breath, to keep pace with the twirls and somersaults.



SYLL'ESKE, THE VENGEFUL ALLEGIANCE

Most of Slaanesh's muses are fickle beings. By contrast, the creature that has become Syll'Esske represents a permanent symbiotic bond between two individual entities. Syll Lewdtongue was once spurned by Slaanesh's courtiers for growing too attached to those the Herald had chosen for inspiration. When Syll set eyes upon the hulking mortal war-slave Esske fighting in the gladiatorial pits of Slaanesh's

gardens, the fates of both changed forever. The mortal warrior proved to be extremely receptive to Syll's patronage. Esske's resultant rise through the ranks of the gladiatorial pits was meteoric, for Syll spoke only wisdom. Soon the towering Esske was a champion swollen with the glory of Slaanesh, eventually becoming a Daemon Prince. But even though Esske claimed to be a native of Slaanesh's realm, as a former mortal, the warrior was considered a second-class citizen by the other daemon courtiers. Frustration and humiliation soon gave way to rage. With Syll as guide to the inner workings of the palace, and with the Herald's whip-arm proving lightning fast, the two became an unstoppable force. It seemed no feat of magic or might was beyond them as they took their revenge upon those who had ridiculed them. In front of Slaanesh's throne, a pact was made between the two – a dark ritual that empowered them both. The rite bonded them together so thoroughly that they now fight in perfect synchronicity.

BLADEBRINGERS

During the Age of Myth, the Heralds known as Bladebringers were given a sacred duty – to bear the Chaos-infused blades forged in Slaanesh's kingdom into the worlds of mortal men. At first this was done one by one, each elegantly curved weapon left in secret for a powerful warrior or warlord. Those who took up these enchanted blades found the swords whispering to them in the night, driving them ever further along the path of the oppressor or the murderer. Yet the blades took their toll on the Heralds that bore them into reality, too – they wished to bring them to bear, not merely to carry them, and wield them in greater measure than any other. The Heralds devised ways to fight with ever more Slaaneshi weapons, culminating in the invention of the bladed chariot – elegant carriages with huge arrays of blades at the rear. By riding these chariots through the thick of the foe's ranks, the Bladebringers can unleash truly gratifying amounts of carnage in a matter of heartbeats.

DAEMONETTES

Slaanesh's lesser servants are known as Daemonettes. Embodiments of the dark and twisted emotions of mortals, they throng wherever a source of anguish is to be found, and delight in fanning the flames of disaster. When the horns of war are sounded, these Hedonites will take every opportunity to rejoice in the carnage to come.

Most numerous of Slaanesh's servants are his Bringers of Joyous Degradation, his Maidens of Excess, his sadistic and sycophantic Daemonettes. They were created from echoes of mortal desire, and shaped to fulfil Slaanesh's need for constant conquest, serving as courtiers and torturers in the Palace of Pleasure while acting as soldiers and enslavers in the Mortal Realms.

Daemonettes abound throughout the Dark Prince's domain even in his absence, gathering in heaving throngs to lounge upon silken cushions and toy with the flesh of their latest mortal playthings. Their twisted minds are fixated foremost upon physical, mental and spiritual pain, and they go to great lengths to inflict it in the most inventive ways possible.

It is a common pastime among the Daemonettes to take in and divulge the most lurid and perverse secrets they have pried from mortal hearts, using this knowledge to rise ever higher in the esteem of their fellows – and perhaps even their decadently wilful master.

Daemonettes are warriors and messengers at one time, both in Slaanesh's domain and beyond. When the forces of the Dark Prince go to war, packs of Daemonettes form the core of many of his armies. As creations of Slaanesh, they are given to extreme depths of emotion. At times they can become almost incapacitated with the joy of a simple sensation, at others vampiric in their need to feast on the essence of tortured souls. When their hatefulness becomes

all-consuming it can be infectious, spreading in a tide of jealous ire and bitterness until thousands of their number are united in the same evil intent. Should they find a way into mortal lands they will gather together and go forth in vast legions to tear down that which they find repugnant, unsubtle and crude. When the killing begins, they replace the works of mortals with artistic vistas of destruction. Well-organised societies, conclaves of the chaste and phlegmatic, disciplined armies that kill without passion or joy – these are the most distasteful to Slaanesh, and so it is upon such groups that the Daemonettes loose their incandescent outrage. For this reason they have a special hatred for Hysh, the realm of intellectual order and enlightenment, and will do anything to destroy it.



THE NUMBER OF SLAANESH

To Slaanesh, there is no aspect of numerical magic more alluring than six. Six are the circles of his domain in the Realm of Chaos; six are the principal seductions by which he enthralls his devotees. When his legions go to war, they often do so in groups of this sacred number, with each army subjecting its foes to a different form of torment in accordance with a wider tapestry of disaster. The grandest plans of Slaanesh usually play out in six phases, each serving as a single movement in a symphony of anguish that, when viewed in total, is far greater and more depraved than the sum of its parts.

On some unconscious level, mortal followers of the Prince of Pleasure also consider six to be the most beautiful number, augmenting their flesh with six-fold scars, or slicing their tongues into six branching forks that they might better speak the sibilant version of the Dark Tongue that is favoured by Slaaneshi daemons. Amongst the sadists and masochists that consider themselves connoisseurs of sensation, it is said that there are six hundred and sixty-six types of pleasure and pain, all of which must be experienced to achieve true communion with their debauched god.



When at last they return to their master's domain, the Daemonettes take with them not gold or jewels, but truths learnt from the dying lips of their enemies – unique morsels of suffering borne upon terrified screams. These form a currency of sorts among those dwelling in the circles of Slaanesh – the Keepers of Secrets value the bringers of these hidden truths most of all, and will show their gratitude to those who provide them with the juiciest mortals.

In battle, Daemonettes attack in a swift, surging mass that becomes exponentially more lethal the more its number grows. The daemons dance 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, dexterous killers, gifting their victims with a combination 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 final

agony on a dying victim, twisting their claws in the mortal wound to cause the maximum amount of pain. Indeed, Daemonettes enjoy nothing more than playing with their prey, such as gleefully showing a dismembered victim their own severed limbs, or using their serpent-like speed to inflict dozens of cosmetic wounds or trace blasphemous words on their target's body. Each act of disfigurement and degradation is met with shrill keening excitement by the Daemonettes nearby, each one outwardly impressed by their kindred's red work, while secretly trying to out-perform the other in some act of grisly extravagance. By drawing out such horrific acts, the Daemonette drinks in the torment and despair, eagerly lapping up the raw emotions that fill the air.

In appearance, Daemonettes are both beautiful and revolting. They have slender, clean-limbed bodies with pale, smooth skin, and an androgynous charm that is augmented by a permeating aura of beguilement. This is heightened by the strange musk that hangs about them like a cloying perfume, a heady and intoxicating aroma. Those who face the Daemonettes in battle find themselves stricken with unnatural emotions, their martial instincts giving way to overpowering feelings of lust and adoration. Yet there is something about the Daemonettes'

charms that causes an abiding self-loathing among any who view them. The most stoic warriors find themselves overtaken by jealousy and disgust, seeing a perfection in their otherworldly foes that is impossible for them to attain for themselves.

Daemonettes are possessed of a hypnotic glamour, an aura that disguises their true form, rendering them as alluring visions of perfection. Though in reality their appearance is repulsive and terrifying, this supernatural power transforms them into the ultimate object of desire in the eyes of mortals, regardless of their race, gender or morality. None exposed to the Daemonettes forget the tide of sensuality that washes over them as they gaze upon those graceful forms; the strange feelings evoke both repugnance and a perverse longing that forever gnaws at the minds of those who see them.

It is only when a Daemonette is poised to strike that they unveil their actual appearance. Forced to look upon the grotesque disfigurements of the creature's face and body, the victim sees the barbed claws for the first time just as those cruel talons are about to tear through flesh. Those few who survive are left devastated in mind and soul, forever haunted by the monstrous beauty of the Daemonette.

CHARIOTS OF CRUEL DESIRE

The blade-wheeled war machines ridden to battle by Daemonettes and Bladebringer Heralds are weapons as much as they are conveyances. From the sleek Seeker Chariots to the multi-bladed Hellflayers and the massive, soul-threshing contraptions known as Exalted Chariots, they are fast, elegant, and deadly.

Each of the chariots that ride at the fore of the Hedonite hosts is slender yet artful in its construction, its elegant metal frame lightweight enough to reach lethal speeds and perform daring manoeuvres. At the same time it is robust enough to crash through the enemy ranks in an explosion of gore. The daemon-beasts that haul these chariots to battle have an innate recklessness and a sense of sadism, their darting tongues lashing as they taste the droplets of blood that scent the air. The Steeds will steer their chariots into the thickest concentration of enemy forces time and time again, for they fear nothing save boredom and blandness, and have not the wit to value self-preservation. In this they

make the perfect driving force for the chariots of Slaanesh's hosts.

SEEKER CHARIOTS

The fastest and most nimble of the Hedonite chariots are the war machines known as Seeker Chariots. As the straining Steeds of a Seeker Chariot pull the bladed death-machine to full speed, swirling shapes sear the air with blinding

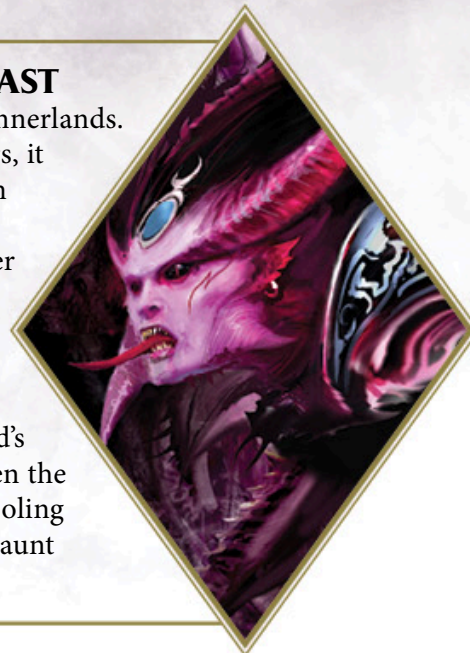
streaks of vibrant, luxurious colour. The metal axles screech in a disharmony akin to the wailing of tormented souls, a terrible cacophony that ululates between the keening of the Daemonettes and the lilting hoots of the Steeds. When the chariot darts through the chanting, sashaying ranks of the Hedonites to ram into the lines of the foe, the Daemonettes standing upon it dance from yoke to spar, laughing as their every disembowelling strike weaves bloody trails in the air.

The riders of Seeker Chariots carry long whips that end in hooks, twirling one in each hand to great effect. They can be used to flense flesh, rip out throats and tear eyes from sockets, for the skill with which their wielders employ them is supernatural. More than that, they can be used to grab nearby enemies and yank them in close as a fisherman might pluck his catch from the sea. The daemons do not seek to keep those they catch whole – quite the opposite, in fact, for



SLISHY GHEISTBANE, DARK SAVIOUR OF CHARRBONE COAST

The strange tale of Slishy Gheistbane is told along the coastlines of Shyish's Prime Innerlands. Though the Bladebringer and their cavalcade of riders are vicious and sadistic killers, it was their intervention over the course of the necroquake that saved the wider region of Charrbone. When the great ritual of Nagash's Black Pyramid sent processions of Nighthaunts cascading across the lands, the ghostly riders known as the Soul Drinker Hunt were at the fore. Buoyed by roiling waves of necromantic magic, the gheists moved as a hurricane – and in that speed, Slishy saw a challenge. The Godseekers charged pell-mell alongside the Nighthaunt spirits, racing to outpace the newcomers in a running battle as they hurtled towards the cliff-side villages that were their prey. As the hunt accelerated, Slishy got to the villages first, for the Herald's daring and swiftness were unmatched. Every living soul found there was slain. When the Soul Drinker Hunt descended to feed upon the mortal souls, they discovered only cooling corpses – robbed of their spirit-fodder, they began to dissipate and fade. The Nighthaunt invasion was over before it had truly started, and Slishy proved supreme.



they will do everything they can to pull their prey into the path of the spinning scythes and blades that form the chariot's wheels. It is seen as the height of a charioteer's expertise to pull two such individuals under the bladed wheels of their conveyance at one time.

HELLFLAYERS

The strange war machines known as Hellflayers take the principle of the Seeker Chariot one step further. Where the more traditional chariot is long and sleek, the Hellflayer is broad, its two Steeds not bound by a yoke, but ridden by Daemonette cavaliers on either end of a massive axle made of bladed wheels. Each wheel is like a star in shape, the prongs curved in such a way they impale anything they run over like a mass of elegant silver claws. The weapons of the Hellflayer are not normal blades, but ensorcelled weapons that bear a strange curse. A mortal creature that is slain by these slashing blades has its soul transmuted into an exhilarating incense that is breathed in with ecstasy by the Allurer that stands tall upon its fighting platform.

In the Realm of Chaos these strange conveyances were once used to mow through Slaanesh's hellish gardens. There were planted those souls who had wronged him, buried under the fleshy sediment with only their forearms and lower legs sticking above the ground. A curse of regrowth was cast upon these unfortunates, for none are allowed to die in Slaanesh's gardens without his permission. Each day the Hellflayers of Slaanesh had the strange task of riding over these fields of outstretched limbs, their lacerating blades cutting fingers, toes, hands and feet from the buried prisoners – for these extremities are rich in nerves, and their sudden mutilation always provoked an extreme reaction. Overnight, the limbs of the imprisoned souls regrew, ready for the Hellflayers to cut them to ribbons the next day to a chorus of sudden, outraged screams.

The first Daemonettes to bring their Hellflayer to war were rebels that did so without Slaanesh's permission. They were transformed into cold marble statues as punishment – but the machine proved so effective it has been used by the Hedonites ever since.

EXALTED CHARIOTS

Exalted Chariots are ridden to war by Daemonettes of very high status. These are not so much connoisseurs of battle as gluttons, seeking the foe wherever they are most numerous and ploughing into the enemy battle line with hysterical abandon. Given that these conveyances provide a glorious vantage point from which to view a battle, they are often chosen as mounts for preening Allurers, who like to be admired as much as they like to kill. They are festooned with razor-sharp blades, much like the Hellflayer, and 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 to suffer over and over again.



SEEKERS, FIENDS AND HELLSTRIDERS

The shock troops of the Slaaneshi hosts take many strange and sensuous forms. Whether beast, fiend or cavalier, they all thrill to the heart-pounding rush of racing into combat, and the explosion of activity that follows. To them, the visceral punch of the charge hitting home is sensory perfection itself.

SEEKERS

The swift Daemonette cavaliers known as Seekers ride to war upon Steeds of Slaanesh. This sinuous beast is a swift and powerful biped, with a serpentine body propelled by two long, muscular legs. The colour of its hide eternally shifts from soft blues to pastel purples to gentle ochres. Its head is narrow, little more than a slender snout with eyes that glint with the energies of the god that created them. From their mouth darts a tongue several feet long, capable of tasting the desires of mortals. So swollen are their sensoriums that they can trace fear, joy and lust on the breeze from a mile away.

Sometimes a Daemonette or, rarer still, a mortal champion, will steal into Slaanesh's glorious pastures to secure themselves a Steed from among the herds. Such an endeavour is arduous, for the beasts can run at great speed for an eternity, outpacing any pursuer. To succeed, the hunter must be wily and exploit the creature's insatiable curiosity. Like all daemons of the Dark Prince, the Steeds of Slaanesh 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 enough to a Steed while it is distracted, they can use a chain of fine gold or silver to ensnare it, flinging it around the beast's neck. Steeds are vicious, their clawed feet kicking and their tongues lashing out like whips as they seek to escape. Once it is chained, however, a Daemonette can swiftly subdue the beast and make it their own. With the new mount secured, the Daemonette will ride to war as a Seeker of Slaanesh, one of the Dark Prince's immortal hunters.

Seekers form the vanguard of many of the Dark Prince's armies, and the core of his hunter legions. The Steeds are swift beyond belief, their sinuous bodies undulating as they speed towards the foe on delicate, bird-like feet. Some Seekers carry elongated horns that they blow as they ride, sending out a cacophonous dirge that spurs their pack onwards and strikes terror into the hearts of their fleeing quarry. Others hold aloft graven icons or banners that bear the profane symbols of Slaanesh, and from which decadent energies exude, forming an intoxicating cloud.

Seekers possess an unnaturally advanced ability to track their foe – even from one realm to the next. There is little sense in running from these tenacious hunters, and few of their chosen quarry ever escape. Towards hunt's end, 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. The kill is practically inevitable, however, and when they close in on their prey, 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 daemoniac beasts and their riders, whose fanged smiles and curving claws welcome them to an agonising oblivion.



FIENDS

Fiends of Slaanesh appear as an unholy mixture of physical creatures and writhing nightmares. They are chimerical beings, formed from the Chaos-induced dreams of mortal minds and given shape by the Prince of Excess. Their lower limbs resemble those of a human, with one pair of legs that faces forwards and a second pair that is twisted to face backwards, and their arms end in enormous pincer-like claws. In addition, each Fiend has a barbed tail that waves sinuously behind it. This formidable appendage can lash out with force powerful enough to crack open even plate armour, and its stinger is loaded with a potent venom that brings agony and death. A Fiend's head is sleek and draconic, and from it sprout long horns, rows of insectile spines or shocks of vibrant hair.

Such a collage of forms should by all rights repulse the sane mind, but Fiends emit 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 hallucinated visions. Those whose musk is the most hypnotically potent are known as Blissbringers, and they are capable of transforming even stoic warlords into carefree dreamers, adrift with ecstasy and completely incapable of defending themselves. As a victim succumbs to the pervasive sweet state of euphoria, their limbs grow heavy and their thoughts drift dreamily elsewhere. Notions of combat, strategy and even survival are replaced by an endless, salubrious sea of delirium. It is then that the Fiends close, moving like a wafting breeze given form until the daemons' razor-sharp claws sweep down and rend their victim apart. Few foes put up any semblance of a fight – most are simply slaughtered in a state of unbridled ecstasy.

Only a superhuman feat of willpower has any hope of fighting through a Fiend's bewitching aura, and a mortal who somehow emerges from the euphoric nightmare alive will never 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 fills their heart with dark desires and an irresistible urge towards certain destruction.



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 throbbing base notes. This call is not merely sonic, but also aetheric, resonating through the veil so that it is heard all the way back in the Palace of Pleasure. The daemonic creatures within Slaanesh's domain are entranced by these distant hymns and lullabies. For mortals – especially those attempting to wield sorcerous energies – 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. This shrill chorus continues to echo long after battle, and through its song the agony and ecstasy of slaughter can be heard for days, months, or even years to come.

HELLSTRIDERS

Hellstriders are mortal devotees of torment who hunt from the back of impossibly swift daemonic Steeds. They fight to inflict pain and despair, landing grievous blows upon their victims where they are most likely to prolong the agonising moment of death. Some Hellstriders fight with blades that long ago mutated into their own flesh, while others carry writhing lashes that move with an intelligence of their own. These barbed whips strike with incredible speed, splitting skin, ripping out throats and flensing muscle from bone.

Slaanesh finds the desperation of others exhilarating, especially that of mortals who strive for greatness but possess neither the strength or cunning to achieve it. To these weak-willed men, Slaanesh offers a dark bargain – power, but at a price. The Dark Prince sends a Steed of Slaanesh to these mortals, a gift to carry him from one glorious victory to the next. In exchange, Slaanesh asks only for an offering of enemy souls. Few chosen for this path can resist it, for with such a kingly gift they will surely rise to the top of the ranks of the Hedonite hosts. However, once they sit astride the daemonic Steed and the pact is sealed, they are never again able to dismount. Though they do not yet realise it, they have become Slaanesh's willing slaves.

As a Hellstrider fells his enemies, the slaying of each new soul is rewarded by the Dark Prince. Intoxicating energy courses through the warrior's veins, invigorating his form with a potent draught that leaves him shuddering in delight. However, such pleasure does not last for long, and it is addictive in the extreme. At battle's end, all that remains are the pangs of suffering and a gnawing hunger that consumes all thoughts bar one – to feel Slaanesh's favour once again. Not even the dream of becoming a mighty warlord endures, for that too is sacrificed as the cravings take hold. The Hellstriders have cursed themselves to an eternal hunt; they must fight to feed their addiction to pain and torment, or die from its withdrawal.



*Half carnival, half blood-hunt, the Slaaneshi assault thrills at every damnable sensation of war.
Those they prey upon can only hide for so long, for the Hedonites will find them in the end...*

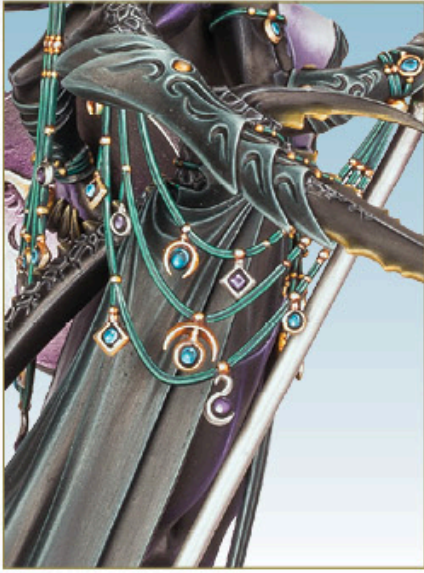


DARK SPLENDOUR

The presence and magnificence of Slaanesh's Hedonites are compelling, especially when they gather in large numbers, united by their colour schemes and iconography. Here we present a showcase of Slaanesh Hedonite Citadel Miniatures expertly painted by the 'Eavy Metal Team and Design Studio army painters.



Swathed in the scented mists of Slaanesh's palace, Shalaxi Helbane strides from a Realmgate portal, the greater daemon's admirers dancing as they revel in the anticipation of the perfect slaughter to come.



Shalaxi Helbane



Keeper of Secrets with elegant greatblade and shining aegis



The rivalry between Slaanesh and Khorne boils over into a thrashing, hacking storm of war. A Keeper of Secrets surveys the field, unleashing spells and sonic assaults before wading into the fray with a hollow laugh.

Even the duardin are not immune to the mind-shattering magic of an Infernal Enraptureess.

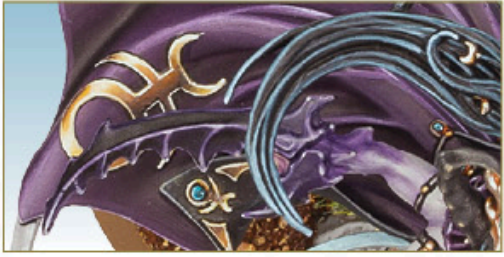


Searching for Slaanesh, the Godseekers leave a gory trail through the twisted woods of Ulgu.

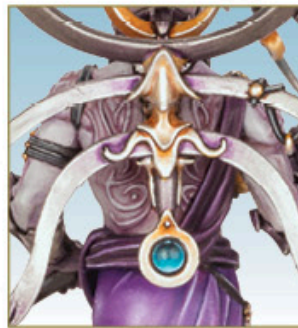


The hungry Hedonites follow the scent of mania into the grot-held Shamboch Mountains.





The Masque



Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance



Infernal Enrapture, Herald of Slaanesh



The Contorted Epitome



Fiend



Fiend



*Heartseeker**Seeker Icon Bearer**Seeker*

The Hedonites launch a devastating counter-offensive as the pestilential borders of Nurgle's Garden encroach upon the sovereign territory of the Dark Prince.



*Daemonette
Banner Bearer*



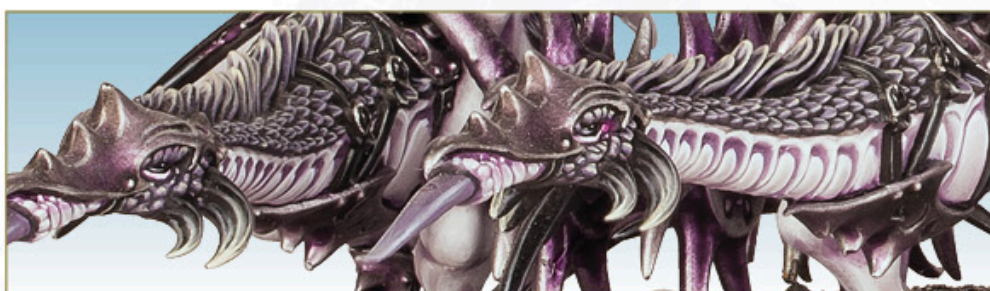
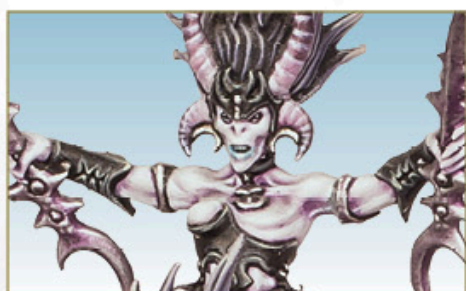
*Daemonette
Hornblower*



*Daemonette
Icon Bearer*



*Viceleader,
Herald of Slaanesh*



Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot

HOSTS WITHOUT NUMBER

51

Daemons of Slaanesh can change their appearance on a whim, shifting colours not for camouflage, but to better draw the gaze of their prey and thence hold them spellbound. The mortals that fight alongside them paint their skin in a similar fashion. The Hedonite hosts can be almost any colour – but are always striking and often lurid.



*Allurer of the
Porcelain Princedom
(Invaders)*



*Daemonette of the Onyx
Claw (Godseekers)*



*Daemonette, Host
of the Scented One
(Pretenders)*



*Daemonette of the Dark
Hunt (Godseekers)*



*Daemonette of the
Six Vices (Invaders)*



Dancing down the steps of the Alabaster Palace in Ulgu, the Invaders of the Slashing Claw host bring war to their foes.

A CACOPHONOUS HOST

One of the most important decisions you will make when collecting a Slaaneshi force is what manner of host it will be – but within those categories there is a great deal of leeway as to its composition. There are many ways to collect a Hedonites of Slaanesh army, and this spread offers one example of how a large host can be amassed for war.

When deciding what units to include in your Hedonite host, you might base your collection on the appearance of the models, how they will perform on the tabletop, or a piece of lore found in a battletome, novel or setting of your own creation. Wherever you take your inspiration from, there is no single right way to collect an army, only the way that you deem best. The goal is always the same – to field a force of Hedonites ready to unleash thrilling carnage on the foes of their god. Here are a few insights into how we assembled the collection below.

Any serious Slaanesh collection should have a Keeper of Secrets as its centrepiece, so our first step was to include one of these greater daemons to lead the force. A vicious asset in a fight and an expert spellcaster, a Keeper can cause havoc at long range as well as up close. Enhanced by a command trait and artefact of power, they will be capable of besting even an enemy Bloodthirster.

We decided to make this force an Invaders host, which fits well narratively with the panoply of hero models we have included,

each rivalling the Keeper of Secrets for dominance over the army. The named characters Syll'Esske and the Masque are backed up by a Viceleader, an Infernal Enraptureess, four Bladebringers and the Contorted Epitome. Together, they have enough magical ability to overcome almost any foe. Should one be slain, the others will only grow in power, as the player will have extra command points to concentrate on the survivors. It will be fun letting the tides of battle dictate who has the greatest claim to the title of 'Warlord Supreme'.



We've found the best way to deploy Slaanesh heroes is in groups, which each take on a single enemy unit. Where a powerful enemy model might be able to overpower a Hedonite character acting alone, working in concert they possess the speed and versatility to stack the fight in your favour. Slaanesh never fights fair, after all.

In battle, this force will aim to take the initiative with an early strike and then dictate the flow of the battle. Outrider units such as the Hellstriders and Seekers will move quickly down the flanks, seizing objectives or tying up enemy missile troops with a first turn charge – they really are that fast. They can also 'run interference' if needed by tying up enemy forces that might be seeking to tip the balance.

The vanguard elements, after launching that first devastating charge, are unlikely to break the enemy in one go. They will rely on the Hellflayers and Exalted Chariots to grind the enemy down with a steady cascade of mortal wounds. Any foes that survive this devastating onslaught will be finished off by the next wave – the Daemonettes. Though they are lesser daemons, they can be vicious in large numbers. You can use the Locus of Diversion ability to ensure they attack first, doing some damage before the enemy can act. The Fiends will be kept in the centre of the formation, able to respond rapidly as the game progresses. We intend to bulk these out to form larger units – as with all things Slaanesh, it's knowing when to stop that is the only problem!

1. Keeper of Secrets
2. Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance
3. The Masque
4. Infernal Enrapture, Herald of Slaanesh
5. The Contorted Epitome
6. Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh
7. Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot
8. Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot
9. Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot
10. Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot
11. Hellflayer
12. Hellflayer
13. Three units of Daemonettes
14. Seekers of Slaanesh
15. Hellstriders
16. Hellstriders
17. Two units of Fiends



PAINTING YOUR HEDONITES OF SLAANESH

A Hedonites of Slaanesh army is an exciting painting challenge whether you are a veteran hobbyist or you have never picked up a paintbrush in your life. On the following pages you will find stage-by-stage guides to help you get the most of your Slaanesh Citadel Miniatures, with tips and examples from the experts.

There is nothing like the sight of a fully painted army of Citadel Miniatures, and a flamboyant host of Slaanesh can be truly breathtaking. There is real satisfaction to be had in adding colour to your collection, teasing out the finely sculpted details, making your miniatures your own, and creating a unified force. After all, one painted model looks great, but an entire army brought together through shared colours, iconography and ornate heraldry is even better.

Before painting your models, you'll first need to assemble them. To begin with, we suggest you follow the advice given in the construction booklet provided with your models.

There's no right or wrong way to go about painting your collection of miniatures. Some people revel in treating each miniature as a work of art, lavishing attention on every millimetre of every model and painstakingly crafting scenic bases. Others prefer a far simpler approach with basic but consistent paint jobs that allow them to quickly complete legions of warriors. And, of course, there is plenty of middle ground for those that enjoy painting their troops but want to devote special attention to key figures such as a Keeper of Secrets. Again, there is no one way to paint, just the way that works best for you. In the end, the goal is to field a fully painted Slaaneshi army on the tabletop.

On the following pages you will find stage-by-stage guides, variant colour schemes and top tips to inspire you as you paint your Hedonite host.

WARHAMMER TV

Warhammer TV's painting tutorials have insights for everyone, as they show you how to paint Citadel Miniatures from start to finish. The guides are available for free on games-workshop.com, and can also be watched via the Warhammer TV YouTube channel. Why not take a moment to check them out?

DAEMONETTE FLESH



1 After undercoating with Corax White Spray, apply a basecoat of Slaanesh Grey.



2 Then shade the flesh areas with Druchii Violet, ensuring the paint does not pool in the recesses.



3 Reapply Slaanesh Grey to the elevated areas to create the effect of light and shadow.



4 Again focusing on the raised details, apply a highlight of Administratum Grey.



5 Finish by applying a fine highlight to the most prominent areas using Ulthuan Grey.

Top Tips: Thinning your paints with a little water will enable you to build up even layers of colour, helping the paints to blend smoothly on the model. To thin, dab your chosen paint onto your palette, then mix in a little clean water using your brush.

When applying highlights, use a light touch so that they appear soft and natural.

BANNERS AND ICONS

The following stages demonstrate how to paint an icon of Slaanesh on a purple banner. Before doing so, paint the banner as follows:

1. Basecoat with Xereus Purple.
2. Apply a wash of Nuln Oil mixed with Lahmian Medium in equal parts (1:1) to the deepest recesses of the banner.
3. Apply several thin coats of Genestealer Purple to the raised areas.
4. Apply a highlight of Pink Horror on the edges and folds.
5. Finally, apply thinner highlights of Slaanesh Grey.



Using slightly thinned Ulthuan Grey, carefully paint a circle. Position it off-centre so you have enough room for the rest of the symbol.



Paint two parallel lines coming out of the circle at around two o'clock.



Paint two crescents onto the lines, as shown above.



Fill in the shapes you've painted with a few coats of thinned-down Ulthuan Grey, and broaden the crescents.

Top Tips: We recommend sketching out your chosen design on a piece of paper prior to painting it onto the banner. This will allow you to familiarise yourself with the design, as well as providing a useful reference to copy.

It's also a good idea to use a circular transfer if you have one available, instead of drawing the circle free-hand – circles can be tricky!

Finally, don't worry if you make a mistake – these can be easily tidied up by re-applying the base colour that you used on the banner – in this case, Xereus Purple.

DAEMONETTE HAIR



Apply a basecoat of Screamer Pink.



Then shade the area with Druchii Violet.



Drybrush the raised details with Pink Horror.



Apply a fine highlight using Emperor's Children.

DAEMONETTE HAIR VARIANTS



For this blue scheme, basecoat with Stegadon Scale Green, drybrush with Sotek Green, then highlight with Temple Guard Blue.



Straight over Corax White, apply a mix of Druchii Violet/Lahmian Medium (1:1). Then drybrush White Scar and apply a further White Scar highlight using the edge of your brush.



For this red scheme, basecoat with Abaddon Black. Then apply Khorne Red to the edges of the hair strands. Finally, highlight these edges with Pink Horror.



Basecoat the hair with Naggaroth Night. Then shade with Nuln Oil. Drybrush the area first with Xereus Purple, then with Genestealer Purple.

CLOTH VARIANTS



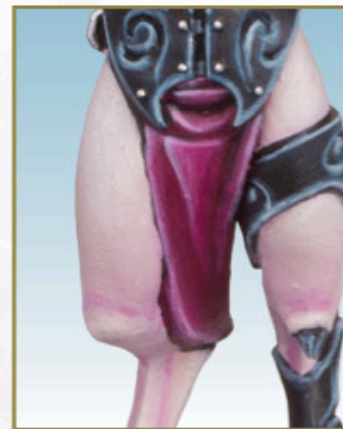
Baharroth Blue basecoat, Blue Horror edge highlight, Ulthuan Grey fine highlight.



Abaddon Black basecoat, Mechanicus Standard Grey edge highlight, Dawnstone fine highlight.



Genestealer Purple basecoat, Warpfiend Grey highlight, Slaanesh Grey fine highlight.



Screamer Pink basecoat, Nuln Oil (apply to recesses), Pink Horror and Ulthuan Grey highlights.

DAEMONETTE ARMOUR



1 Apply a basecoat of Abaddon Black.



2 Next, use Eshin Grey to apply a generous highlight to the edges and patterns.



3 Follow this with a fine highlight using Administratum Grey.



4 Dot Stormhost Silver onto the studs to give them a metallic finish.

DAEMONETTE FLESH VARIANTS



Pallid Wych Flesh basecoat, Emperor's Children/Lahmian Medium 1:1, White Scar soft highlight.



Screaming Skull basecoat, thinned Lamenters Yellow glaze, Screaming Skull layer, Pallid Wych Flesh highlight.



Ulthuan Grey basecoat, thinned Drakenhof Nightshade, Pallid Wych Flesh layer, White Scar highlight.



Cadian Fleshtone basecoat, thinned Druchii Violet shade, Cadian Fleshtone layer, Kislev Flesh highlight.

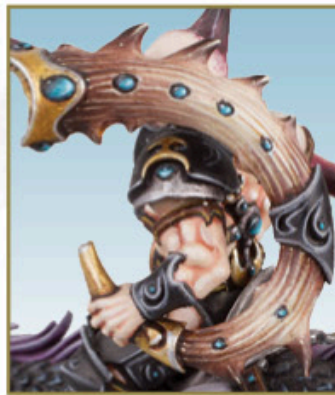
HELLSTRIDER DETAIL VARIANTS



Skin: Kislev Flesh basecoat, thinned Reikland Fleshshade (apply to recesses), Kislev Flesh layer, Flayed One Flesh highlight, Pallid Wych Flesh soft highlight.



Skin: Rhinox Hide basecoat, Doombull Brown layer, Tuskgor Fur highlight, Cadian Fleshtone highlight.



Horn: Ushabti Bone basecoat, thinned Agrax Earthshade (build up in layers so that the shade is darker at the joins). Ushabti Bone highlight, Pallid Wych Flesh highlight.



Silver Armour: Ironbreaker basecoat, thinned Druchii Violet shade, Stormhost Silver highlight.

METAL VARIANTS



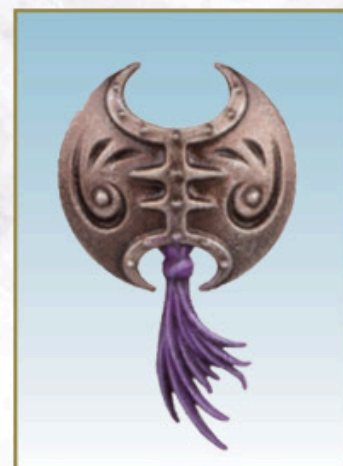
Ironbreaker basecoat, Druchii Violet/Lahmian Medium (1:1) shade, Stormhost Silver edge highlight.



Retributor Armour basecoat, Reikland Fleshshade Gloss shade, Auric Armour Gold layer, Stormhost Silver edge highlight.



Ironbreaker basecoat, Nuln Oil Gloss shade, Necron Compound drybrush.



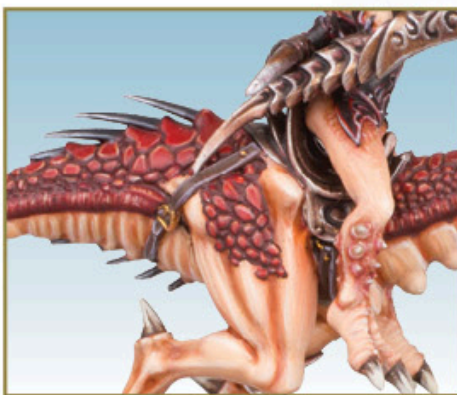
Warplock Bronze basecoat, Nuln Oil Gloss shade, Runelord Brass drybrush, Necron Compound drybrush.

SEEKER FLESH AND SCALES VARIANTS



Flesh: Pallid Wych Flesh basecoat, thinned Reikland Fleshshade recess shade, Pallid Wych Flesh layer, White Scar soft highlights.

Scales: Abaddon Black basecoat, Eshin Grey and Dawnstone highlights.



Flesh: Jokaero Orange basecoat, Fuegan Orange recess shade, Jokaero Orange layer, Kislev Flesh and Screaming Skull highlights.

Scales: Mephiston Red basecoat, Agrax Earthshade wash, Mephiston Red layer, Evil Sunz heavy highlight and Jokaero Orange fine highlight.



Flesh: Ulthuan Grey basecoat, Lothorn Blue/Lahmian Medium (1:1) recess shade, Ulthuan Grey layer, White Scar soft highlight.

Scales: Abaddon Black basecoat, Eshin Grey drybrush, Dawnstone drybrush.

CLAW VARIANTS



Caledor Sky basecoat, Drakenhof Nightshade shade, Teclis Blue highlight, Lothorn Blue fine edge highlight.



Over Abaddon Black, apply ever finer highlights of Caliban Green, Warpstone Glow and Moot Green. Finish with flicks of Yriel Yellow.



Mephiston Red basecoat, Evil Sunz Scarlet edge highlight, Fire Dragon Bright fine edge highlight.

THE CONTORTED EPITOME - MIRROR OF ABSORPTION



Basecoat with Celestra Grey.



Shade with a mix of one part Drakenhof Nightshade to two parts Lahmian Medium (1:2).



Then apply a layer of Celestra Grey mixed with Lahmian Medium (1:1), avoiding the recesses.

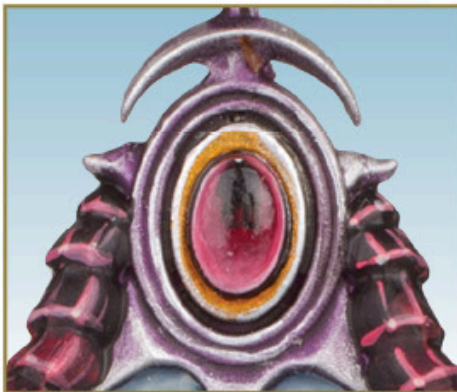


Highlight the raised ripples with an Ulthuan Grey and Lahmian Medium mix (1:1).

DETAILS



Crenellated Tentacles: Abaddon Black basecoat, Khorne Red layer, Pink Horror edge highlight, Screaming Skull fine edge highlight.



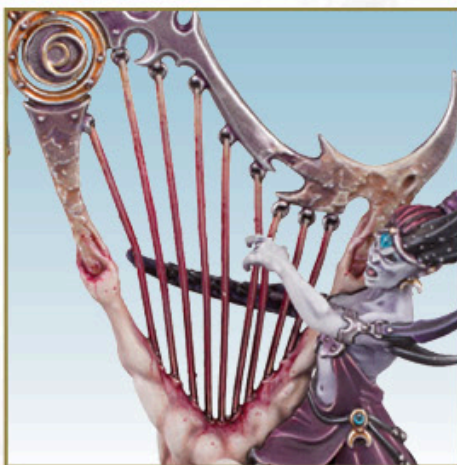
Gemstones: Over an Abaddon Black basecoat, paint ever finer layers of Khorne Red, Pink Horror and Fulgrim Pink, blending each layer and leaving a circle of black showing at the top. Add a White Scar dot at top of gem. Paint 'Ardcoat over the whole gemstone.



White Skin Markings: Use slightly thinned White Scar to draw a large swirl and then add smaller swirls that spiral off it. We recommend you practice your designs on a piece of paper first.



Dark Daemon Flesh: Abaddon Black basecoat, Dark Reaper highlight, Administratum Grey fine highlight.



Heartstring Lyre: Apply Blood For The Blood God over Cadian Fleshtone, leaving areas of fleshy colour showing for a gruesome effect.



Flesh Brands: Build up Screamer Pink and Lahmian Medium (1:1) around the area for an inflamed effect. Then paint Blood For The Blood God into the brand itself.

BASES



Affix pieces of slate around base, leaving gaps for ichor bubbles.

To make the bubbles, roll Green Stuff into small balls, leave to dry, then cut in half and glue in place.



Slate: Drybrush Mechanicus Standard Grey, Administratum Grey, then Ulthuan Grey.

Ichor: Basecoat with Naggaroth Night, layer Xereus Purple, then add Genestealer Purple and Slaanesh Grey pattern highlights.

Top Tips: When placing the slate on the base, make a note of where your model's feet are going to be positioned. It is best if you can arrange the slate so that the model is standing on one piece, or straddling two pieces, so that the model isn't standing at an angle.

When applying the pattern highlights on the purple ichor, use thinned down paint so that it is easier to control, and build up the colour in increasingly lighter layers.

THE HEDONITE HOSTS

This battletome contains all of the rules you need to field your Slaanesh miniatures on the battlefields of the Mortal Realms, from a host of exciting allegiance abilities to a range of warscrolls and warscroll battalions. The rules are split into the following sections.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

This section describes the allegiance abilities available to a Slaanesh army. The rules for using allegiance abilities can be found in the core rules.

BATTLE TRAITS

Abilities available to every unit in a Slaanesh army (pg 61), as well as abilities specific to units from an Invaders Host army (pg 62), a Pretenders Host army (pg 64), and a Godseekers Host army (pg 66).

COMMAND TRAITS

Abilities available to the general of an Invaders Host army (pg 62), a Pretenders Host army (pg 64) and a Godseekers Host army (pg 66) if it is a **HERO**.

ARTEFACTS OF POWER

Artefacts available to **HEROES** in an Invaders Host army (pg 63), a Pretenders Host army (pg 65) and a Godseekers Host army (pg 67).

SPELL LORES

Spells available to **WIZARDS** in a Slaanesh army (pg 68-69).

FANE OF SLAANESH

Here you will find the rules and scenery warscroll for the Fane of Slaanesh (pg 70-71).

BATTLEPLANS

This section includes a new narrative battleplan that can be played with a Slaanesh army (pg 72-73).

PATH TO GLORY

This section contains rules for using your Slaanesh collection in Path to Glory campaigns (pg 74-77).

WARSCROLLS

This section includes all of the warscrolls you will need to play games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar with your Slaanesh miniatures.

There are three types of warscroll included in this section:

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These are formations made up of several Slaanesh units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities (pg 78-79).

WARSCROLLS

A warscroll for each unit is included here. The rules for using a Slaanesh unit, along with its characteristics and abilities, are detailed on its warscroll (pg 80-93).

ENDLESS SPELL WARSCROLLS

There are three endless spell warscrolls that detail the rules for unique and powerful spells that can be summoned by Slaanesh **WIZARDS** (pg 94-95). The rules for playing games with endless spells can be found in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*, and in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar: Malign Sorcery*.

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

This section contains Pitched Battle profiles for the units, warscroll battalions and endless spells in this book (pg 96).

ALLIES

This section has a list of the allies a Slaanesh army can include (pg 96).



ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

BATTLE TRAITS

61

THRILLING COMPULSIONS

All units in a Slaanesh army

FEAST OF DEPRAVITIES

With violence and excess, the walls of reality can be made thin enough to draw forth Slaaneshi daemons.

You can summon units of **SLAANESH DAEMONS** to the battlefield if you collect enough depravity points (DPs). Each time a wound or mortal wound is inflicted on an enemy model by an attack made by a friendly **SLAANESH HERO** or a spell cast by a friendly **SLAANESH HERO**, and that enemy model is not slain by that wound or mortal wound, you receive 1 depravity point. In addition, every time a wound or mortal wound is allocated to a friendly **SLAANESH HERO** and not negated, and that friendly model is not slain by that wound or mortal wound, you receive 1 depravity point.

If you have any depravity points at the end of your movement phase, you can summon one or more units from the list below to the battlefield, and add them to your army. Each unit you summon costs a number of depravity points, as shown on the list, and you can only summon a unit if you have enough depravity points to pay its cost. Summoned units must be set up wholly within 12" of a friendly **SLAANESH HERO** and more than 9" from any enemy units. Subtract the cost of the summoned unit from the number of depravity points you have immediately after it has been set up.

HOSTS OF SLAANESH

The disappearance of Slaanesh has divided his followers into several factions, each with their own agenda.

After you have chosen the Slaanesh allegiance for your army, you must also choose a Host of Slaanesh keyword for your army. You can choose for your army to be an **INVADERS HOST**, a **PRETENDERS HOST**, or a **GODSEEKERS HOST**. All units in your army gain the

keyword of the host that you have chosen. All units with that keyword benefit from the host's allegiance abilities, which are presented on the following pages, in addition to the allegiance abilities they have for being from a Slaanesh army.

LOCUS OF DIVERSION

Hedonite leaders can fill the minds of those nearby with perverse and compelling desires.

At the end of the charge phase, each friendly **HEDONITE HERO** that is within 6" of an enemy unit can create a locus of diversion. If they do so, pick 1 enemy unit that is within 6" of that **HEDONITE HERO** and roll a dice, adding 2 if that **HEDONITE HERO** is a **GREATER DAEMON**. On a 4+, that enemy unit fights at the end of the following combat phase, after the players have picked any other units to fight in that combat phase. You cannot pick the same unit as the target for this ability more than once in the same charge phase (whether the roll is successful or not).

If a unit that is affected by this battle trait is also affected by any rules that would allow it to fight at the start of the following combat phase, that unit is not affected by this rule or those other rules (the effects cancel each other out).

EUPHORIC KILLERS

The followers of Slaanesh revel in slaughter, the frisson of battle driving them to strike again and again.

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by a **CHAOS SLAANESH** model is 6, that attack inflicts 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit. If the attacking model's unit has 20 or more models, its attacks inflict 3 hits on an unmodified hit roll of 6 instead.

DAEMONS OF SLAANESH UNIT	DP COST
1 Keeper of Secrets	30
3 Seeker Chariots	30
30 Daemonettes	25
1 Contorted Epitome	18
1 Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot	18
3 Fiends	18
20 Daemonettes	18
1 Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflyer	15

DAEMONS OF SLAANESH UNIT	DP COST
1 Exalted Chariot	15
1 Infernal Enraptress, Herald of Slaanesh	12
1 Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot	12
1 Hellflyer	12
1 Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh	10
1 Seeker Chariot	10
5 Seekers	10
10 Daemonettes	9

INVADERS HOST BATTLE TRAITS

THE DESPOILER'S ART

INVADERS HOST units only

FIGUREHEADS OF THE DARK PRINCE

An Invaders host is led by numerous warlords, each vying with the others for control and glory. Below these figureheads fight a whirling riot of Slaanesh's minions.

An INVADERS HOST army can have up to 3 generals instead of 1. Only 1 of the generals (your choice) can have a command trait, but all 3 are considered to be a general for the purposes of using command abilities. However, an INVADERS HOST general cannot use a command trait or command ability while they are within 12" of any other friendly INVADERS HOST generals. In addition, each time 1 of your generals is slain for the first time, you receive 1 extra command point.

ESCALATING HAVOC

Invaders wreak havoc upon the lands in their attempts to outdo one another in Slaanesh's name.

At the start of your hero phase, you receive D3 depravity points if any friendly INVADERS HOST units are wholly within enemy territory. If 3 or more friendly INVADERS HOST units are wholly within enemy territory at the start of your hero phase, you receive D6 depravity points instead of D3.

INVADERS HEDONITE HOST

An Invaders host contains a vast multitude of Daemonettes.

A Hedonite Host (pg 78) in an INVADERS HOST army must contain 2-4 Epicurean Revellers battalions and 0-2 Seeker Cavalcade battalions instead of 1-3.

INVADERS HOST COMMAND TRAITS

OBSESSIONS OF THE INVADER

INVADERS HOST HERO general only

D6 Command Trait

- 1 Best of the Best:** *This warlord has to be the apex at all times, and will fight all the harder if another threatens to eclipse them.*

You can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made by this general while this general is within 6" of another HERO.

- 2 Glory Hog:** *This warlord wants nothing more than to revel in the defeat of their enemies.*

At the end of the combat phase, if any enemy units were destroyed in that combat phase and this general is on the battlefield, you receive 1 command point.

- 3 Hurler of Obscenities:** *The wicked tongue of this warlord can drive a foe into a reckless rage.*

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy HERO within 6" of this general. Until the end of that combat phase, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that enemy HERO that target this general, but subtract 1 from save rolls for attacks that target that enemy HERO.

- 4 Territorial:** *This warlord has staked their claim, and will not relinquish it this side of the grave.*

Add 1 to the number of depravity points you receive from the Escalating Havoc battle trait if this general is wholly within enemy territory at the start of your hero phase.

- 5 Skin-taker:** *This warlord takes trophies to show their supremacy, and finds bursts of power in each act of self-aggrandisement.*

At the end of the combat phase, if any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this general's attacks in that combat phase, you can heal D3 wounds allocated to this general.

- 6** *It doesn't even enter this warlord's head that failure might be possible, and that unshakeable confidence gives them great stamina.*

Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of this general.

INVADERS HOST ARTEFACTS OF POWER

63

SACRED SPOILS OF WAR

INVADERS HOST HERO only

D6 Artefact

- 1 The Rod of Misrule:** *This bejewelled staff of office plants suggestions of megalomania in the mind of those that hold it, lending them great charisma while also spurring them on to ever greater acts of tyranny.*

At the start of your hero phase, roll a dice. On a 1, your opponent receives 1 command point. On a 2-5 you receive 1 command point. On a 6, you receive D3 command points.

- 2 Rapier of Ecstatic Conquest:** *This thin, elegant blade is engraved with thousands of whispering, red-lipped mouths. It can bestow crippling bliss with the slightest scratch.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with that weapon is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

- 3 Whip of Subversion:** *The Whip of Subversion is a snaking strap of spiked leather soaked in the spittle of a hundred lascivious daemons. With but a single caress, it can drive a victim – or a rival – to attack its own allies.*

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy HERO within 6" of the bearer. Pick 1 melee weapon that HERO is armed with, and then pick 1 other enemy unit within 1" of that HERO. The other unit suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the Attacks characteristic of the melee weapon that you picked.

- 4 Icon of Infinite Excess:** *Slaanesh's most opulent standard drives both the followers and enemies of the Dark Prince into orgiastic fits of violence.*

Once per battle, at the start of the combat phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, until the end of that combat phase, add 1 to hit rolls for units that were wholly within 12" of the bearer at the start of that combat phase.

- 5 Fallacious Gift:** *To the beholder, this cursed gewgaw appears to be a sacred weapon that must be held tightly at all costs, not the life-sapping creation that it truly is.*

After set-up is complete, but before the battle begins, pick one enemy HERO, and then pick one of their weapons. At the end of each battle round in which that HERO has attacked with that weapon, that HERO suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 6 The Beguiling Gem:** *Any that gaze upon this intricately carved talisman are transfixed by its otherworldly appearance.*

At the start of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy HERO within 3" of the bearer and roll 3D6. If the roll is greater than that HERO's Bravery characteristic, subtract 1 from the Attacks characteristic of all of that HERO's melee weapons (to a minimum of 0) until the end of that phase.

PRETENDERS HOST BATTLE TRAITS

MAGNIFICENCE MADE FLESH

PRETENDERS HOST units only

HEIR TO THE THRONE

Pretender hosts are made up of large throngs of Slaaneshi warriors led by a powerful and charismatic individual. In many cases, this will be a Keeper of Secrets, or an especially arrogant, vain and ambitious mortal champion.

If the general of a PRETENDERS HOST army is a HERO, they have 2 different command traits instead of 1 command trait. If you randomly generate the traits, roll again if the second result is the same as the first. In addition, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with melee and missile weapons by friendly PRETENDERS HOST units while they have 10 or more models.

PRETENDERS HEDONITE HOST

A Pretender will rarely brook any rivals.

A Supreme Sybarites battalion (pg 79) in a PRETENDERS HOST army must have only 1 CHAOS SLAANESH HERO instead of 3-6.

WARLORD SUPREME

Pretender warlords must constantly prove their prowess in order to deter any challengers that might otherwise rise from the ranks.

At the start of your hero phase, you receive D3 depravity points if your general is within 3" of any enemy units. If your general is within 3" of 3 or more enemy units at the start of your hero phase, you receive D6 depravity points instead of D3.

PRETENDERS HOST COMMAND TRAITS

ASPECTS OF THE PERFECT LIEGE

PRETENDERS HOST HERO general only

D6 Command Trait

- 1 Strength of Godhood:** *This warlord is so sure of their own divinity they draw physical strength from their self-belief.*

Once per combat phase, in step 4 of the attack sequence, you can add D3 to the damage inflicted by 1 successful attack made by this general.

- 2 Monarch of Lies:** *With a flicker of their hooded eyes, this warlord can learn the secrets of those around it – and whisper unsettling truths that distract their foes at a critical moment.*

At the start of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy HERO within 3" of this general. Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by that enemy HERO in that phase.

- 3 True Child of Slaanesh:** *This warlord's aura of depravity is so thick it is almost palpable.*

At the start of the first battle round, before determining which player has the first turn, roll 6 dice. You receive 1 depravity point for each roll of 5+.

- 4 Strongest Alone:** *This warlord fights most fiercely on their own, lest their followers sully their greatness with their lesser presence.*

You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by this general while there are no other friendly models within 6" of this general.

- 5 Hunter of Godbeasts:** *This warlord seeks to prove their divinity by hunting the largest prey of all, for they reason only a god can defeat a godbeast.*

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by successful attacks made by this general that target a MONSTER.

- 6 Inspirer:** *The warlord's followers are driven to acts of heroism by the sheer presence of their demigod liege – to be close to such greatness is truly inspiring.*

Do not take battleshock tests for friendly PRETENDERS HOST units while they are wholly within 9" of this general.

PRETENDERS HOST ARTEFACTS OF POWER

65

REGALIA OF THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

PRETENDERS HOST HERO only

D6 Artefact

- 1 **The Crown of Dark Secrets:** *This diadem reveals to the wearer hellish truths. Each lends power over a particular foe, but the price of learning them is eternal servitude to Slaanesh.*

At the start of the first battle round, pick 1 enemy **HERO**. You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by the bearer that target that **HERO**, and you can re-roll unbinding rolls for unbinding attempts made by the bearer for spells that were cast by that **HERO**.

- 2 **Pendant of Slaanesh:** *This pendant burrows deep into the owner's chest and nestles next to their heart, invigorating them with sublime energy whenever they feel pain.*

At the start of your hero phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to the bearer.

- 3 **Sliverslash:** *Said to be a sliver of Slaanesh's own elegant blade, this arcane sword is bathed in the energies of excess, and moves like quicksilver to slake its deadly thirst.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. Add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of that weapon.

- 4 **Sceptre of Domination:** *The bearer of this bejewelled sceptre can seduce the minds of their foes.*

At the start of the hero phase, if the bearer is within 12" of any enemy **HEROES**, and your opponent has any command points, roll a dice. On a 4+, your opponent loses 1 command point and you receive 1 command point.

- 5 **Breathtaker:** *Laced with ornate filigrees and capable of moving with unnatural grace, this gorgeous blade captivates those around it and saps their will to retaliate against attacks.*

You can re-roll the dice roll that determines if an enemy **HERO** within 3" of the bearer is affected by the Locus of Diversion battle trait (pg 61).

- 6 **Mask of Spiteful Beauty:** *This mask fills the souls of those who behold it with disgust at their own grotesque appearance.*

At the start of your hero phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 6" of the bearer. Subtract 2 from that unit's Bravery characteristic until your next hero phase.



GODSEEKERS HOST BATTLE TRAITS

BLESSINGS OF THE GLEEFUL CHASE

GODSEEKERS HOST units only

THUNDERING CAVALCADE

Hosts of Slaaneshi Godseekers are thundering cavalcades of cruel-eyed hedonists that gallop forth on Steeds of Slaanesh or ride atop whirl-bladed chariots.

Add 1 charge rolls for units in a GODSEEKERS HOST army.

GODSEEKERS HEDONITE HOST

A Godseekers host contains a vast vanguard of Seekers.

A Hedonite Host (pg 78) in a GODSEEKERS HOST army must contain 0-2 Epicurean Revellers battalions and 2-4 Seeker Cavalcade battalions instead of 1-3.

MANIACAL HUNTERS

Trilling and shrieking, laughing and groaning, Godseekers sweep down upon their prey in a wild mass.

At the end of your charge phase, you receive D3 depravity points if any friendly GODSEEKERS HOST units made a charge move in that phase. If 3 or more friendly GODSEEKERS HOST units made a charge move in that phase, you receive D6 depravity points instead of D3.

GODSEEKERS HOST COMMAND TRAITS

TRAITS OF THE SEEKER SUPREME

GODSEEKERS HOST HERO general only

D6 Command Trait

- 1 Hunter Supreme:** *The sense of ecstasy when the hunter has its prey at bay is thrilling, but to this warlord it is beyond compare – they are expert at cornering their victims before the kill.*

You can re-roll hit and wound rolls of 1 for attacks made by this general if this general made a charge move in the same turn.

- 2 Thrill-seeker:** *This warlord seeks out sensation, the more extreme the better – and will go to the ends of the realms to find it.*

This general can run and still charge later in the same turn. If this general already has an ability that allows them to run and still charge later in the same turn, add 3 to run rolls for this general instead.

- 3 Into the Fray:** *The first blow struck is the sweetest, and this warlord makes sure they slake their desire for violence with force and skill.*

The hit roll for the first attack made by this general during the battle is automatically a 6 (do not roll the dice).

- 4 Trail-sniffer:** *Finding even the tiniest hint of Slaanesh's presence sends this warlord into a violent ecstasy.*

At the start of your hero phase, roll a dice for this general if this general is wholly within enemy territory. On a 3+, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this general's melee weapons until your next hero phase.

- 5 Symphoniatic:** *The warlord is attuned to the lilting strains of Slaanesh's music – when they add their voice to the chorus of screams, the enemy's ears bleed and minds fray apart.*

At the start of the combat phase, roll 1 dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this general. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 6 Speed-chaser:** *To be slow is to die! This warlord must keep moving, going ever faster and reaching a deadly velocity that leaves a trail of corpses in their wake.*

This general can retreat and still charge later in the same turn.

GODSEEKERS HOST ARTEFACTS OF POWER

67

TREASURES OF THE HUNT

GODSEEKERS HOST HERO only

D6 Artefact

- 1 **Cameo of the Dark Prince:** *This tiny locket holds a cameo magically sculpted to emit Slaanesh's radiance. To look upon it is to feel a great surge of inspiration and resolve.*

Once per battle, at the start of your hero phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, you receive 1 command point, and until your next hero phase you do not have to take battleshock tests for friendly CHAOS SLAANESH units while they are wholly within 18" of the bearer.

- 2 **Girdle of the Realm-racer:** *This magic belt cinches in the waist, its teeth digging in painfully. It renders the wearer and their steed feather-light, allowing them to skip across their enemies and even the most hazardous terrain.*

Subtract 1 from the bearer's Wounds characteristic. In addition, the bearer can fly.

- 3 **Threnody Voicebox:** *When swallowed and held in the gullet, this tiny music box allows the bearer to let fly a mournful melody that can drive enemies into a half-manic stupor.*

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy HERO that is within 3" of the bearer. Subtract 1 from the Attacks characteristic of melee weapons used by that HERO (to a minimum of 1) until the end of that phase.

- 4 **Lash of Despair:** *The cords of this whip are span of soul-stuff, and when the lash cracks the soul-streamers splay outward, striking wildly at all nearby.*

At the start of your shooting phase, you can roll a dice for each enemy unit within 6" of the bearer. On a 4+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 5 **Enrapturing Circlet:** *The variegated tendrils exuding from this daemonic band capture and ensnare nearby warriors.*

Enemy units within 3" of the bearer cannot retreat. In addition, at the start of your hero phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of the bearer. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

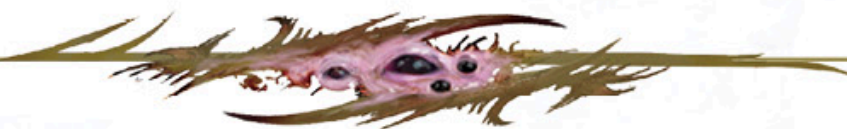
- 6 **Bindings of Slaanesh:** *This champion is clad in writhing chains and leather straps that have burrowed deep in their flesh. In combat, these bindings lash out at their foes.*

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy HERO within 3" of the bearer and roll 2D6. If the roll is greater than that enemy HERO's Move characteristic, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by that enemy HERO until the end of that phase. In addition, if the roll is greater than that enemy HERO's Wounds characteristic, that enemy HERO suffers D3 mortal wounds.



SPELL LORES

You can choose or roll for one spell from one of the following tables for each **SLAANESH WIZARD** in a Slaanesh army. In addition, any number of different **SLAANESH WIZARDS** in a Slaanesh army that have the Acquiescence spell on their warscroll can use it in the same turn, as long as the same **WIZARD** does not attempt to cast it more than once in that turn.



LORE OF SLAANESH

SLAANESH DAEMON WIZARDS only

D6 Spell

- 1 **Lash of Slaanesh:** *A long tongue-like whip of energy erupts from the caster's forehead and lashes into the ranks of the enemy.*

Lash of Slaanesh has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 point on the battlefield within 12" of the caster that is visible to them, and draw an imaginary straight line 1mm wide between that point and the closest part of the caster's base. Roll a dice for each enemy model passed across by this line. On a 4+ that model's unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 2 **Pavane of Slaanesh:** *The caster whistles the tune to one of the darkling dances of Slaanesh, causing their foe to jerk spasmodically until their bones break.*

Pavane of Slaanesh has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 6" of the caster that is visible to them, and roll a number of dice equal to that **HERO**'s Move characteristic. For each 5+, that **HERO** suffers 1 mortal wound.

- 3 **Hysterical Frenzy:** *The caster's victims are engulfed by a torrent of unreasoning emotion, causing them to claw at themselves in blissful rapture.*

Hysterical Frenzy has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them, and roll 1 dice for each model in that unit. For each 6, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

- 4 **Soulslice Shards:** *The caster flicks their wrist and a cloud of ethereal darts bursts from their hand, flensing the minds and souls of their foes.*

Soulslice Shards has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them, and roll 2D6. If the roll is higher than that unit's Bravery characteristic, that unit suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the difference between its Bravery characteristic and the roll.

- 5 **Phantasmagoria:** *The sorcerer summons illusory creatures that flit across the battlefield, seducing and bewildering the sorcerer's foes.*

Phantasmagoria has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them, and roll 6 dice. For each 5+, until your next hero phase, subtract 1 from that unit's Bravery characteristic (to a minimum of 1).

- 6 **Born of Damnation:** *The sorcerer creates a small portal through which the raw power of Slaanesh can flow.*

Born of Damnation has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **HEDONITE HERO** within 6" of the caster that is visible to them. You can heal 1 wound allocated to that **HERO**. If the casting roll was 10+, you can heal D3 wounds allocated to that **HERO** instead of 1.

FORBIDDEN SORCERIES OF SLAANESH

SLAANESH GREATER DAEMONS only

D3 Spell

- 1 **Song of Secrets:** *Everyone has deep-rooted secrets, and greater daemons of Slaanesh are adept at divining them and manipulating them to their own ends.*

Song of Secrets has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them, and roll 1 dice for each model in that unit. For each 6, you receive 1 depravity point.

- 2 **Progeny of Damnation:** *The greater daemon rips a massive portal through which the raw power of Slaanesh can flood.*

Progeny of Damnation has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly DAEMON

HEDONITE HERO within 6" of the caster that is visible to them. You can heal D3 wounds allocated to that HERO. If the casting roll was 10+, you can heal D6 wounds allocated to that HERO instead of D3.

- 3 **Slothful Stupor:** *No natural malaise is this, but a deep spiritual ennui that saps all sense of purpose and enthusiasm.*

Slothful Stupor has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy HERO within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. Until your next hero phase, that HERO cannot use command abilities, and cannot run or attempt to charge.

LORE OF PAIN AND PLEASURE

MORTAL SLAANESH WIZARDS only

D3 Spell

- 1 **Battle Rapture:** *The caster fills an ally with a glorious delight in battle that drives out any feelings of fear or need for self-preservation.*

Battle Rapture has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly MORTAL SLAANESH unit wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Do not take battleshock tests for that unit until your next hero phase. If the casting roll is 10+, you can pick up to 3 friendly MORTAL SLAANESH units that are wholly within 18" of the caster and visible to them, instead of 1.

- 2 **Dark Delusions:** *The caster creates an illusion of the enemy's darkest desire and dangles it before them, breaking their concentration and leaving them vulnerable to attack.*

Dark Delusions has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them, and roll 2D6. If the roll is equal to or greater than that unit's Bravery characteristic, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks that target that unit until your next hero phase.

- 3 **Hellshriek:** *The sorcerer summons a chorus of diabolical screams that torture the soul with a symphony of pain.*

Hellshriek has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 6" of the caster. On a 5+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

FANE OF SLAANESH

Wherever the hosts of Slaanesh gather in the Mortal Realms they raise up Fanes of Slaanesh – beautifully crafted structures that bear the icon of the Dark Prince and dominate the surrounding landscape. They act as conduits to the Palace of Slaanesh, allowing the greatest of the usurpers within to lavish blessings – or curses – on a whim.

A Slaanesh army can include 1 FANE OF SLAANESH terrain feature (see opposite).

After territories have been chosen but before armies are set up, you can set up the FANE OF SLAANESH wholly within your territory and more than 3" from any other terrain features or objectives.

If both players can set up a terrain feature before armies are set up, they must roll off, and the winner can choose the order in which the terrain features are set up.

*F*olding his fleshy wings like a cloak, Vothrons crested the ridge of the hill to see a scene of utter bedlam unfolding below. There was the sacred Fane Glorias, capping an outcrop of rock just as Vothrons' map of human skin had said it would be. It was surrounded by the milling, crashing tides of a brutal melee between his fellow Slaaneshi Hedonites and the Khorne-worshipping beasts that walked as men. Excellent, thought Vothrons. Let this be a festival of violence to honour my coronation.

'They seek to profane the sigil of the Dark Prince!' he shouted, drawing his blades and waving his warband of expert sinners forwards. He smirked, unable to contain his glee at finally having found the lodestone of power after seven years of hard searching. 'Teach these oafs the meaning of agony, before the hour is too late!' Too late for him to claim the Fane's legendary blessing for himself, he thought.

Already one of his rival Hedonites, the snake-bodied Zharaghaz, was fighting through a scrum of bare-chested Bloodreavers towards the Fane Glorias – he flung the last of the blood-worshippers from the edge of a high escarpment, slithered up to the Fane on that disgusting tail of his, and placed his gilded trident reverently atop the piles of treasure that surrounded it. Vothrons seethed with envy as Zharaghaz was limned with crackling lilac energy, before leaping back into the fray to tear the Khornate reavers limb from limb with his bare hands.

Vothrons spread his wings, leapt from the cliff's edge and soared over the thrashing, blood-spraying melee. He landed with a crunch amidst the scattered mounds of gold, glimmerings and jewel-studded bones that surrounded the Fane. A gore-spattered reaver, cut in half at the waist and with his arms severed, tried to bite at his legs; he kicked the mutilated fool over the rocky outcrop.

'Great Slaanesh, witness my offering!' Vothrons shouted, placing his finely crafted blades atop the pile. 'I claim that which is rightfully mine!'

The skies roared, more that of an angered predator than a peal of thunder. Then Vothrons began to change. Tentacles burst from his chest, then his neck, then his waist in a skirt-like frond. He grew grotesquely fat in a heartbeat, then fell backwards, bleating in terror as his head changed to that of a sheep. He was dead before he hit the rocks below.



• SCENERY WARSCROLL •

FANE OF SLAANESH

A Fane of Slaanesh is a focus of worship wrought in precious metal. Around it are laid offerings to the Dark Prince, but in truth it is one of his most exalted greater daemons that peers through. Those whose offerings meet with the creature's approval are rewarded highly – but those who offend are justly punished.

DESCRIPTION

A Fane of Slaanesh is a single terrain feature. It is an obstacle.

SCENERY RULES

Power of Slaanesh: *A Fane of Slaanesh channels arcane power to the Dark Prince's sorcerers, while filling their foes with dread.*

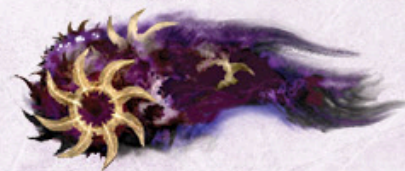
If you spend depravity points to summon a unit to the battlefield, and that unit is set up wholly within 12" of this terrain feature, you receive D3 depravity points after that unit has been set up.

Damned Conduit: *Slaanesh's minions can make sacrifices at a Fane of Slaanesh to gain martial prowess.*

At the start of your hero phase, you can pick 1 friendly **CHAOS SLAANESH HERO** within 6" of this terrain feature to make a sacrifice. If you do so, that **HERO** suffers 1 mortal wound, and you must roll a dice. On a 1, nothing happens. On a 2+ you can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by that **HERO** until your next hero phase.

If that **HERO** has an artefact of power, they can sacrifice that instead of suffering 1 mortal wound. If they

do so, that artefact of power can no longer be used (if a weapon was picked when the artefact of power was selected, that weapon reverts to normal). However, on a roll of 2+, you can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by that **HERO** for the rest of the battle instead of only until your next hero phase.



KEYWORDS SCENERY, SLAANESH, FANE OF SLAANESH

BATTLEPLAN

TWO HOSTS GO TO WAR

The hosts of Slaanesh have long held bitter rivalries. With their deity missing, many warlords hope to claim dominion over all their kith and kin, and in doing so dominate the realms and consecrate them in the name of their fell patron – or even replace him entirely. Invaders seek to conquer the territory and material possessions of their foes, while Godseekers try to get as close to Slaanesh as possible – usually through committing acts of depravity on the altar of war. Pretenders merely seek to eliminate the strongest of their rivals, and in doing so prove their right to become a living god.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army as described in the core rules. Both players must use a Slaanesh army. Neither army can include a Fane of Slaanesh.

Both players can use the following command ability.

COMMAND ABILITY

Glory of the Dark Prince: *The leaders of the host entreat their followers to fight their hardest to capture the Fane of Slaanesh.*

You can use this command ability at the end of the combat phase if there are any friendly **HEROES** within 12" of the Fane of Slaanesh (see 'The Battlefield,' below). If you do so, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 12" of the Fane of Slaanesh and within 3" of an enemy unit. That unit can pile in and attack with its melee weapons. You cannot pick the same unit to benefit from this command ability more than once per combat phase.

Designer's Note: *If both players wish to use this command ability at the end of the same combat phase, remember that the player whose turn is taking place does so first.*

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up 1 **FANE OF SLAANESH** terrain feature in centre of the battlefield, as shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The players roll off, and the winner decides which territory each side will use. The territories are shown on the map below.

The players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the player that won the roll-off. Units

must be set up wholly within their own territory.

Continue to set up units until both players have set up their armies. If one player finishes first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

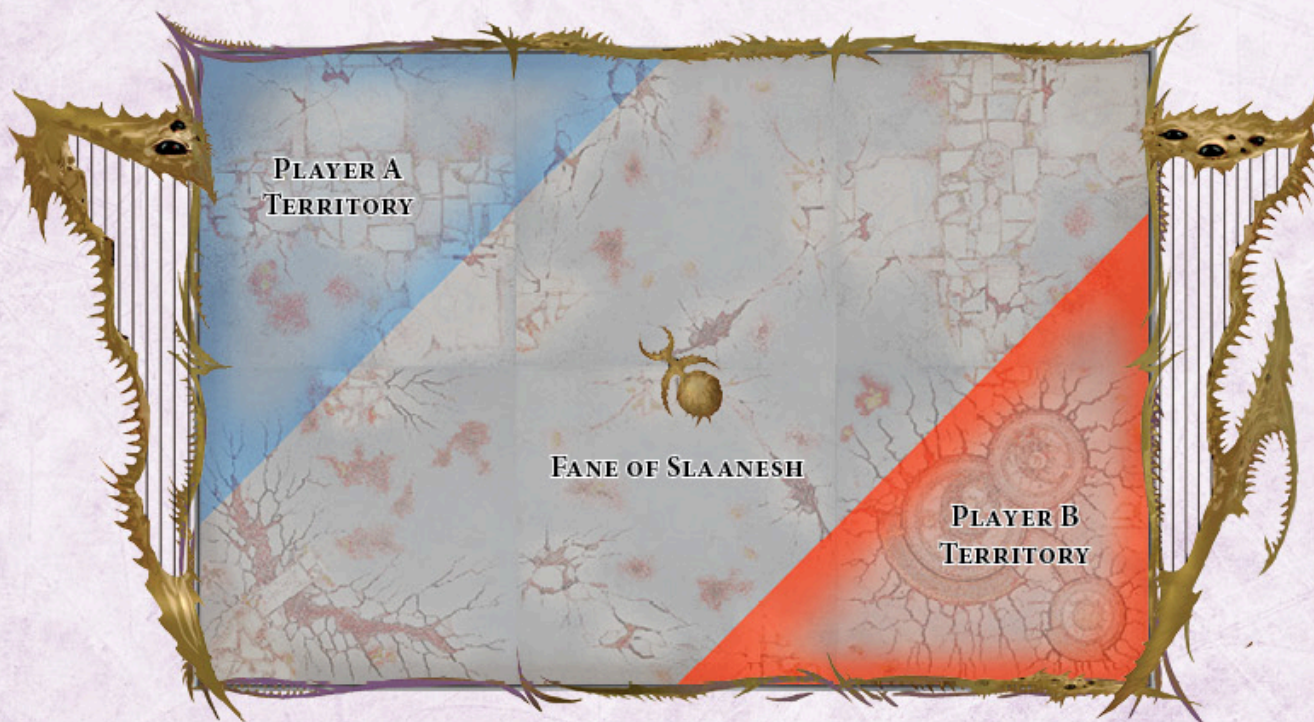
OBJECTIVES

This battle is fought to control the Fane of Slaanesh, and to achieve a quest. The Fane of Slaanesh is located at the centre of the battlefield, as shown on the map, and is treated as an objective in addition to the other rules that apply to it.

QUESTS

The quest each player is trying to achieve is determined by the Host of Slaanesh the player's army belongs to:

Invaders Host Quest: You complete your quest if any friendly units with 5 or more models are wholly within your opponent's territory at the end of the battle.





Pretenders Quest: You complete your quest if the Leader with the highest points value on your opponent's roster is slain at the end of the battle. If 2 or more models are eligible, pick 1 at the start of the first battle round.

Godseekers Quest: You complete your quest if, at the end of the battle, you have 6 or more unspent depravity points.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

Starting from the third battle round, at the end of each battle round, roll a dice and add the number of the current battle round to the roll. On a 9+ the battle ends. On any other roll, the battle continues.

When the battle ends, if one player controls the objective and has completed their quest, then that player wins a **major victory**. If

neither player controls the objective, but only one has completed their quest, then the player that has completed their quest wins a **minor victory**. Any other result is a draw.



PATH TO GLORY

Path to Glory campaigns centre around collecting and fighting battles with a warband in the Age of Sigmar. Champions fight each other and gather followers to join them in their quest for glory, taking advantage of this age of unending battle to win glory and renown.

In order to take part in a Path to Glory campaign, you will need two or more players. All players will need to have at least one **HERO**, who is their champion, and must then create a warband to follow and fight beside their champion during the campaign.

The players fight battles against each other using the warbands they have created. The results of these battles will gain their warband favour. The warband will swell in numbers as more warriors flock to their banner, while existing troops become more powerful.

After gaining enough favour or growing your warband enough to dominate all others through sheer weight of numbers, you will be granted a final test. Succeed, and your glory will be affirmed for all time, and you will be crowned as the victor of the campaign.

CREATING A WARBAND

When creating a Path to Glory warband, do not select your army in the normal manner. Instead, your army consists of a mighty champion battling to earn the favour of the gods, and their entire band of loyal followers. As you wage war against other warbands, your own warband will grow, and existing units will become grizzled veterans.

WARBAND ROSTER

The details and progress of each warband need to be recorded on a warband roster, which you can download for free from [games-workshop.com](https://www.games-workshop.com).

To create a warband, simply follow these steps and record the results on your warband roster:

1. First, pick an allegiance for your warband. Each allegiance has its own set of warband tables that are used to generate the units in

the warband and the rewards they can receive for fighting battles. The warband tables included in this battletome let you collect a warband with the Slaanesh allegiance, but other Warhammer Age of Sigmar publications include warband tables to let you collect other warbands from the Grand Alliances of Order, Chaos, Death and Destruction.



2. Next, choose your warband's champion by selecting one of the options from your allegiance's champion table. The champion you choose will determine the number of followers in your warband. Give your champion a suitably grand name, and write this down on your warband roster.
3. Having picked your champion, the next step is to generate your starting followers. These can be chosen from the followers tables for your allegiance. If your allegiance has more than one followers table you can freely choose which ones you use, selecting all of your followers from a single table or from several. Instead of choosing, you can place your destiny in the hands of fate

and roll on the followers tables instead. To make a followers roll, pick a column from one of the followers tables and then roll a dice.

4. Your followers need to be organised into units. The follower table tells you how many models the unit has. Follower units cannot include additional models, but they can otherwise take any options listed on their warscroll. Record all of the information about your followers on your warband roster.
5. Instead of generating a unit of followers, your champion can start the campaign with a Champion's Reward, or one of your units can start with a Follower's Reward. No champion or unit can start the Path to Glory campaign with more than one reward each.
6. Finally, give your warband a name, one that will inspire respect and dread in your rivals. Your warband is now complete, and you can fight your first battle. Good luck!

TO WAR!

Having created a warband, you can now fight battles with it against other warbands taking part in the campaign. You can fight battles as and when you wish, and can use any of the battleplans available for Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

The units you use for a game must be those on your roster. Units can either be fielded at their full roster strength, or broken down into smaller units, as long as no unit is smaller than the minimum size shown on its pitched battle profile.

Any casualties suffered by a warband are assumed to have been replaced in time for its next battle. If your champion is slain in a battle, it is

assumed that they were merely injured, and they are back to full strength for your next game, thirsty for vengeance!

GAINING GLORY

All of the players in the campaign are vying for glory. The amount of glory they have received is represented by the Glory Points that the warband has accumulated. Glory can be increased by fighting and winning battles, as described next. As a warband's glory increases, it will also attract additional followers, and a warband's champion may be granted rewards.

Warbands receive Glory Points after a battle is complete. If the warband drew or lost the battle, it receives 1 Glory Point. If it won the battle, it receives D3 Glory Points (re-roll a result of 1 if it won a major victory).

Add the Glory Points you scored to the total recorded on your roster. Once you have won 10 Glory Points, you will have a chance to win the campaign, as described below.

REWARDS OF BATTLE

Each allegiance has its own set of rewards tables. After each battle you can take one of the three following options. Alternatively, roll a D3 to determine which option to take:

D3 Option

- 1 **Additional Followers:** More followers flock to your banner. Either select a new unit or roll for a random one from a follower table, then add it to your warband roster. You can choose from any of your own follower tables, or from any of the follower tables from an allied warband table i.e. a warband table whose allegiance is from the same Grand Alliance as your own. In either case, if you wish to add a unit from a follower table that requires more than '1 roll', you must also reduce your Glory Points total by 1 (if you do not have enough Glory Points, you cannot choose a unit from such a table). Once 5 new units have joined your warband, you will have a chance to win the campaign, as described below.
- 2 **Champion's Reward:** Your champion's prowess grows. Roll on your allegiance's champion rewards table. Note the result on your warband roster. If you roll a result the champion has already received, roll again until you get a different result.

- 3 **Follower's Reward:** Your warriors become renowned for mighty deeds. Pick a unit of followers (not one from an allied warband table), then roll on your allegiance's followers rewards table. Note the result on your warband roster. If you roll a result the unit has already received, roll again until you get a different result.

ETERNAL GLORY

There are two ways to win a Path to Glory campaign; either by Blood or by Might. To win by Blood your warband must first have 10 Glory Points. To win by Might your warband must have at least 5 additional units of followers. In either case, you must then fight and win one more battle to win the campaign. If the next battle you fight is tied or lost, you do not receive any Glory Points – just keep on fighting battles until you either win the campaign... or another player wins first!

You can shorten or lengthen a campaign by lowering or raising the number of Glory Points needed to win by Blood, or the number of extra units that must join a warband to win by Might. For example, for a shorter campaign, you could say that a warband only needs 5 Glory Points before the final fight, or for a longer one, say that 15 are needed.

SLAANESH WARBAND TABLES

Use the following tables to determine the champion that leads your warband, the followers that make up the units which fight at their side, and the rewards they can receive after battle.

CHAMPION TABLE	
Champion	Followers
Keeper of Secrets	1 unit
Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot	3 units
The Contorted Epitome	3 units
Chaos Lord of Slaanesh	4 units
Infernal Enrapture, Herald of Slaanesh	4 units
Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer or Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot	4 units
Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh	4 units
Lord of Slaanesh on Daemonic Mount	4 units

RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE		
D6	Mortal Followers	Daemon Followers
1-3	5 Hellstriders with Claw-spears	10 Daemonettes
4	5 Hellstriders with Hellscurges	5 Seekers
5	5 Hellstriders with Hellscurges	Seeker Chariot
6	5 Hellstriders with Hellscurges	Hellflayer



ELITE RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE (uses 2 rolls, or 1 roll and 1 Glory Point)	
D6	Followers
1-4	3 Fiends
5-6	Exalted Chariot

HERO FOLLOWERS TABLE		
D6	Mortal Followers	Daemon Followers
1-4	Chaos Lord of Slaanesh	Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh
5-6	Lord of Slaanesh on Daemonic Mount	Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer or Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot



FOLLOWERS REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

- 1 Sworn Disciples:** *These loyal retainers will follow their leader to death and beyond.*

You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for this unit while it is wholly within 12" of your champion.

- 2 Rapturous Oblivion:** *The fierce joy of battle has so overwhelmed these warriors that they have forgotten the meaning of fear.*

Do not take battleshock tests for this unit.

- 3 Unnatural Swiftmess:** *Heightened senses allow these warriors to strike before all but the fastest opponent.*

Once per battle, in the combat phase, this unit can fight at the start of the combat phase, before the players pick any other units to fight with in that combat phase.

- 4 Violent Excess:** *Bloodshed causes these hedonists to commit acts of heinous violence.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by this unit is 6, add 1 to the damage inflicted by that attack.

- 5 Fuelled by Pain:** *A wound that would fell another creature only drives these warriors to fight all the harder.*

You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target this unit.

- 6 Twice-blessed Followers:** *These hedonists have the favour of Slaanesh.*

Roll twice on this table and apply both results to this unit. Re-roll any duplicates or further rolls of 6.

CHAMPION REWARDS TABLE

2D6 Reward

- 2 What the Gods Give...:** *This champion has offended the Dark Prince and is punished accordingly.*

You lose D3 Glory Points (to a minimum of 0). In addition, remove all Champion Rewards this champion has previously gained from your warband roster.

- 3 Self-obsessed:** *This champion is justifiably proud of their own incredible prowess.*

In your hero phase, roll a dice for this champion. On a 1, you lose D3 command points (to a minimum of 0). On a 2-5, you receive 1 command point. On a 6, you receive D3 command points.

- 4 Lightning Riposte:** *This champion replies to an attack with a lightning fast counter-attack.*

If the unmodified save roll for an attack that targets this champion is 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.

- 5 Ensorcelled Weapon:** *Slaanesh gifts this champion with a magical weapon.*

Pick 1 of this champion's melee weapons when you receive this reward. Improve the Rend characteristic of that weapon by 1.

- 6 Aura of Acquiescence:** *Few can resist the charms of this refined warrior.*

You can re-roll the dice roll that determines if an enemy **HERO** within 3" of the bearer is affected by the Locus of Diversion battle trait (pg 61).

- 7 Graceful Feint:** *The champion side-steps round an opponent, leaving them flat-footed and confused.*

This champion can retreat and still charge later in the same turn.

- 8 Cruel Tormentor:** *This champion glories in making their rivals writhe and flinch in pain.*

You can re-roll hit and wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this champion that target a **HERO**.

- 9 Exalted Champion of Slaanesh:** *This champion's exploits have earned them high status among Slaanesh's champions.*

In your hero phase, roll a dice for this champion. On a 1, you lose D3 depravity points (to a minimum of 0). On a 2-5, you receive 1 depravity point. On a 6, you receive D3 depravity points.

- 10 Insensate to Pain:** *This champion relishes pain, and even a terrible wound will not slow them.*

You can re-roll save rolls for attacks that target this champion.

- 11 Daemonic Armour:** *This champion's armour is infused with protective energies stolen from a daemon of Slaanesh.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this champion. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

- 12 Twice-blessed Champion:** *This champion has pleased the Dark Prince and is rewarded accordingly.*

Roll twice on this table and apply both results. Re-roll any duplicates, rolls of 2 and further rolls of 12.



WARSCROLLS

This section includes the Hedonites of Slaanesh warscrolls, warscroll battalions and endless spell warscrolls. Updated May 2019; the warscrolls printed here take precedence over any warscrolls with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

WARSCROLL BATTALION HEDONITE HOST



When gathered together in large numbers, the followers of Slaanesh wail, scream and howl in a cacophony of dark rapture. Eyes rolling and tongues lolling in bliss, the Hedonites are all but immune to fear and pain. The Supreme Sybarites leading the host are inspired as much by bitter rivalry as they are comradeship, but they still form an unstoppable nexus of command. Around them, Epicurean Revellers work together to make the feast of destruction a thing of nightmarish perfection. Dashing past them all come the riders of the Seeker Cavalcades, with the scents of slaughter thrilling in their flaring nostrils and spilt blood reflected in their wide, black eyes.

ORGANISATION

A Hedonite Host consists of the following warscroll battalions:

- 1 Supreme Sybarites
- 1-3 Epicurean Revellers
- 1-3 Seeker Cavalcades

ABILITIES

Transcendental Warriors: *A Hedonite Host strides into battle heedless of anything but their desire to transcend the limits of mortal sensation – and earn the favour of the Dark Prince in the process.*

Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of units in this battalion. In addition, if this battalion is part of a Slaanesh army, at the start of your hero phase you receive D3 depravity points.



WARSCROLL BATTALION SUPREME SYBARITES

ORGANISATION

A Supreme Sybarites battalion consists of the following units:

- 3-6 CHAOS SLAANESH HEROES

ABILITIES

Ruling Cabal: *The combined leadership skills of the Supreme Sybarites can outwit any foe.*

At the start of your hero phase, roll a dice. If the roll is less than or equal to the number of **HEROES** from this battalion that are on the battlefield, you receive 1 command point.

WARSCROLL BATTALION EPICUREAN REVELLERS

ORGANISATION

An Epicurean Revellers battalion consists of the following units:

- 2-6 units of Daemonettes
- 0-4 Hellflayers, Exalted Chariots or units of Fiends in any combination

ABILITIES

Perfect Destroyers: *The warriors that make up an Epicurean Revellers battalion cut down their foes with deadly precision.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by a **DAEMONETTE** from this battalion is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target and the attack sequence ends (do not make a save roll).

WARSCROLL BATTALION SEEKER CAVALCADE

ORGANISATION

A Seeker Cavalcade consists of the following units:

- 2-6 units of Seekers or Hellstriders in any combination
- 0-4 units of Seeker Chariots

ABILITIES

Drawn to Battle: *For the warriors of a Seeker Cavalcade, there is little as tormenting as seeing another experience the joy of battle but being too distant to take part themselves.*

A model from this battalion is eligible to fight in the combat phase if it is within 6" of an enemy unit instead of 3", and can move an extra 3" when it piles in.



KEEPER OF SECRETS



A Keeper of Secrets is a greater daemon of Slaanesh, a consummate warrior and spell-master of the Dark Prince's hosts. Their four powerful limbs move languidly as they slink forwards – only to explode into lethal motion when their prey is in reach.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Living Whip	6"	1	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ritual Knife or Sinistrous Hand	1"	1	2+	3+	-1	1
Elegant Greatblade	2"	☀	3+	3+	-1	2
Impaling Claws	3"	2	3+	3+	-2	☀

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Elegant Greatblade	Impaling Claws
0-3	14"	4	5
4-6	12"	3	4
7-9	10"	3	3
10-12	8"	2	3
13+	6"	2	2

DESCRIPTION

A Keeper of Secrets is a single model armed with an Elegant Greatblade and Impaling Claws. In addition, it is also armed with one of the following: a Ritual Knife, a Sinistrous Hand, a Living Whip, or a Shining Aegis.

ABILITIES

Ritual Knife: *The Keeper of Secrets despatches a badly wounded victim with a final dagger thrust.*

If this model is armed with a Ritual Knife, at the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy model within 1" of this model and roll a dice. On a 1, nothing happens. On a 2-5, that enemy model suffers 1 mortal wound. On a 6, that enemy model suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Dark Temptations: *Few can resist the temptations whispered by a Keeper of Secrets.*

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 3" of this model and ask your opponent if they wish that **HERO** to accept temptation. If they refuse, that **HERO** suffers D3 mortal wounds. If they accept, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that **HERO**. Then, at the start of the next combat phase, roll a dice. On 1-3, that **HERO** no longer receives this modifier to their hit rolls. On 4-6, that **HERO** is slain.

Delicate Precision: *A Keeper of Secrets attacks their foes with a dazzling array of exquisitely measured blows.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by this model is 6, that

attack inflicts a number of mortal wounds equal to the Damage characteristic of the weapon used for the attack and the attack sequence ends (do not make a save roll).

Living Whip: *A living whip can be used to entangle the weapons of a larger opponent.*

If this model is armed with a Living Whip, at the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **MONSTER** model within 6" of this model and roll a dice. On a 3+, pick 1 melee weapon that enemy **MONSTER** model is armed with. Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with that weapon until the end of that combat phase.

Shining Aegis: *This masterfully created shield can turn aside blows and magical spells.*

If this model is armed with a Shining Aegis, roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 6+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

Sinistrous Hand: *Reaching out with their long-nailed fingers, the Keeper of Secrets rips the heart from their dying victim's chest and consumes the still beating organ.*

If this model is armed with a Sinistrous Hand, at the end of the combat phase, if any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this model's attacks in that combat phase, you can heal D3 wounds allocated to this model. If any enemy **HEROES** were slain by wounds inflicted by this model's attacks in that combat phase, you can heal D6 wounds allocated to this model instead.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast two spells in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind two spells in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Cacophonic Choir spells.

Cacophonic Choir: *The Keeper of Secrets unleashes a sanity-shattering chorus of magical sound.*

Cacophonic Choir has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, roll 2D6. Each enemy unit within 6" of the caster that has a Bravery characteristic of less than the roll suffers D3 mortal wounds.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Excess of Violence: *With the most subtle of gestures, a Keeper of Secrets can order their followers to attack with redoubled aggression.*

You can use this command ability in the combat phase, when it is your turn to pick a unit to fight with. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **HEDONITE** unit that has already fought once in that combat phase and is wholly within 12" of a model with this command ability. That unit can be selected to fight for a second time if it is within 3" of any enemy units. You cannot pick the same unit to benefit from this command ability more than once in the same combat phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, GREATER DAEMON, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, MONSTER, WIZARD, KEEPER OF SECRETS



• WARSCROLL •

SYLL'ESKE

THE VENGEFUL ALLEGIANCE



Syll Lewdtongue has inspired thousands of warlords to acts of tyranny and misrule, but since uniting their powers with the megalomaniacal daemon monarch Esske, the Herald of Slaanesh has become a force of conquest like no other.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Axe of Dominion	2"	4	4+	3+	-2	D3
Scourging Whip	2"	8	3+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

Syll'Eske, the Vengeful Allegiance is a named character that is a single model. Syll is armed with a Scourging Whip.

COMPANION: Esske attacks with its Axe of Dominion. For rules purposes, Esske is treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Deadly Symbiosis: *When they attack, either Syll or Esske will strike first, creating openings that the other can take advantage of.*

When this model fights in the combat phase, you must pick either its Axe of Dominion or its Scourging Whip, and you can only make attacks with that weapon that phase. Then, after the players have picked any other units to fight, this model can pile in and attack with the other weapon, and you can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with the other weapon in that phase.

Lithe and Swift: *Spurring one another on, Syll and their consort stride across the battlefield with uncanny swiftness.*

This unit can run and still charge later in the same turn.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Subvert spells.

Subvert: *Syll torments the foe with whispers and visions, distracting them from their duties.*

Subvert has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. That **HERO** cannot use any command abilities until your next hero phase.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Regal Authority: *Syll's consort is revered as a mighty ruler by their followers.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase if this model is your general and is on the battlefield. If you do so, until the end of that phase, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for friendly **CHAOS SLAANESH** units while they are wholly with 18" of this model.

In addition, you can use this command ability at the start of the battleshock phase if this model is your general and is on the battlefield. If you do so, until the end of that phase, do not take battleshock tests for friendly **CHAOS SLAANESH** units while they are wholly with 18" of this model.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, HERALD OF SLAANESH, SYLL'ESKE, THE VENGEFUL ALLEGIANCE



SHALAXI HELBANE



Known as the Monarch of the Hunt, Shalaxi Helbane is Slaanesh's weapon against the daemons of the other Chaos Gods. Able to discern the secrets of the Dark Prince's foes through blended senses, this statuesque warrior has slain a thousand rivals and more.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Living Whip	6"	1	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Soulpiercer	3"	1	2+	☀	-3	D6
Impaling Claws	3"	2	3+	3+	-2	☀

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Soulpiercer	Impaling Claws
0-3	14"	2+	5
4-6	12"	2+	4
7-9	10"	3+	3
10-12	8"	3+	3
13+	6"	4+	2

DESCRIPTION

Shalaxi Helbane is a named character that is a single model. It is armed with Soulpiercer and Impaling Claws. In addition, it is also armed with one of the following: a Living Whip, or a Shining Aegis.

ABILITIES

Cloak of Constriction: *Any opponent that draws too close to Shalaxi Helbane finds themselves ensnared by the Cloak of Constriction, its tentacular pseudopods making it impossible to make a clean attack.*

Add 1 to save rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by enemy **HEROES** that target this model.

Delicate Precision: *A Keeper of Secrets attacks their foes with a dazzling array of exquisitely performed blows.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a missile or melee weapon by this model is 6, that attack inflicts a number of mortal wounds equal to the Damage characteristic of the weapon used for the attack and the attack sequence ends (do not make a save roll).

Irresistible Challenge: *Few can resist the sorcerous challenge delivered by Shalaxi Helbane – those who do find their cowardice rewarded with crippling agony.*

At the start of the enemy charge phase, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 12" of this model and more than 3" from any models from your army, and ask your opponent if they wish that **HERO** to accept Shalaxi Helbane's challenge. If they refuse, that **HERO** suffers D3 mortal wounds. If they accept, that **HERO** must attempt to charge, and must finish the charge move within ½" of this model if it is possible for it to do so. In addition, if the challenge is accepted, any attacks that **HERO** makes in the following combat phase must target this model.

Living Whip: *A living whip can be used to entangle the weapons used by a large enough opponent.*

If this model is armed with a Living Whip, at the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **MONSTER** model within 6" of this model and roll a dice. On a 3+, pick 1 melee weapon that enemy **MONSTER** model is armed with. Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with that melee weapon until the end of that combat phase.

Shining Aegis: *This masterfully created shield can turn aside blows and magical spells.*

If this model is armed with a Shining Aegis, roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 6+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

The Killing Stroke: *Shalaxi Helbane can out-think and outwit any foe, delivering a subtle series of attacks and feints that sets them up for a final killing blow.*

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 3" of this model. If you do so, all attacks made by this model in that combat phase must target that model, but the Damage characteristic for this model's Soulpiercer is 6 in that combat phase instead of D6.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast two spells in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind two spells in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Refine Senses spells.

Refine Senses: *The sorcerer channels magical power into their senses, so that nothing can be hidden from them, and none can escape their wrath.*

Refine Senses has a casting value of 4. If successfully cast, until your next hero phase, you can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by the caster that target a **HERO**, and you can re-roll save rolls for attacks made by **HEROES** that target the caster.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, GREATER DAEMON, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, MONSTER, WIZARD, KEEPER OF SECRETS, SHALAXI HELBANE



THE CONTORTED EPITOME



The Contorted Epitome writhes across the battlefield on lashing metallic tentacles, twisting under the control of its Daemonette attendants to reflect its enemy's darkest desires and deepest fears.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ravaging Claws	1"	9	3+	4+	-1	1
Coiled Tentacles	3"	2	3+	4+	-2	2

DESCRIPTION

The Contorted Epitome is a single model. It is armed with Ravaging Claws and Coiled Tentacles.

ABILITIES

Gift of Power: *The Heralds that guard a Contorted Epitome can use its power to enhance their own spells.*

You can re-roll casting, unbinding and dispelling rolls for this model.

Swallow Energy: *A Contorted Epitome steals the most intense and excessive energies, channelling them back to Slaanesh's Temple of Twisted Mirrors.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a mortal wound to this model. On a 2+, that mortal wound is negated.

Horrible Fascination: *When a warrior stares into the Contorted Epitome's mirror, they see all of their hopes and fears reflected there, and cannot tear their eyes away.*

At the start of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 6" of any friendly models with this ability. On a 4+, that unit fights at the end of that combat phase, after the players have picked any other units to fight with in that combat phase.

If a unit that is affected by this ability is also affected by any rules that would allow it to fight at the start of the combat phase, that unit is not affected by this rule or those other rules (the effects cancel each other out).

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast 2 spells in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind 2 spells in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Overwhelming Acquiescence spells.

Overwhelming Acquiescence: *The Herald engulfs the foe in an arcane haze of dreams and unattainable desires.*

Overwhelming Acquiescence has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, you can pick up to D3 enemy units within 24" of the caster that are visible to them. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks that target those units until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, HERALD OF SLAANESH, THE CONTORTED EPITOME



• WARSCROLL •

INFERNAL ENRAPTURESS

HERALD OF SLAANESH



Maestros of discordance, Infernal Enraptresses fill the battlefield with screams of pain and unrestrained elation. They are virtuosos among Slaanesh’s infernal choir, towards whom the Dark Prince’s daemonic legions are drawn.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Heartstring Lyre: Cacophonous Melody	18"	6	3+	4+	-1	1
Heartstring Lyre: Euphonic Blast	24"	1	2+	3+	-3	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ravaging Claw	1	3	3+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Infernal Enraptress, Herald of Slaanesh is a single model armed with a Heartstring Lyre and a Ravaging Claw.

ABILITIES

Discordant Disruption: *An Infernal Enraptress can play discordant music that is so intense it causes physical harm to those that are attuned to magic.*

Re-roll successful casting rolls for enemy **WIZARDS** that are within 24" of any friendly models with this ability. In addition, if the re-rolled casting roll is a double, that **WIZARD** suffers D3 mortal wounds after the effects of the spell (if any) have been carried out.

In addition, this model can attempt to dispel 1 endless spell at the start of your hero phase, in the same manner as a **WIZARD**. If it does so, add 1 to the dispelling roll.

Harmonic Alignment: *The music played by an Infernal Enraptress harmonically aligns the realm they are in with the realm of Slaanesh, allowing Slaaneshi daemons to manifest more easily upon the battlefield.*

At the start of your hero phase, you receive 1 depravity point for each friendly **INFERNAL ENRAPTURESS** that is on the battlefield and part of a Slaanesh army.

Versatile Instrument: *An Infernal Enraptress can quickly switch between playing a swift medley of short notes with their heartstring lyre, or a single massive blast of sound.*

Before attacking with a heartstring lyre, choose either the Cacophonous Melody or Euphonic Blast missile weapon characteristics for that shooting attack.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, HERALD OF SLAANESH, INFERNAL ENRAPTURESS



• WARSCROLL •

THE MASQUE



85

The Masque once entertained Slaanesh, but then displeased him, and was exiled. Since then the Herald has been cursed to dance across the Mortal Realms. Those drawn into this endless performance are doomed to a swift and spectacular death.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ravaging Claws	1"	6	3+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

The Masque is a named character that is single model. It is armed with Ravaging Claws.

ABILITIES

Staff of Masks: *The masks on this staff constantly flicker and change, enhancing the Masque's attacks or protecting them from harm.*

At the start of your hero phase, you can either add D3 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons until your next hero phase, or you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to this model.

The Endless Dance: *The Masque dances eternally, flying through the air and striking down the foes that stumble, flat-footed, in their wake.*

This model is eligible to fight in the combat phase if it is within 6" of an enemy unit instead of 3", and can fly and move an extra 3" when it piles in. In addition, you can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by this model that target an enemy unit with a Move characteristic of 10" or less, and you can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made by this model that target an enemy unit with a Move characteristic of 5" or less.

Lithe and Swift: *Daemonettes surge across the battlefield with impossible swiftness.*

This model can run and still charge later in the same turn.

Inhuman Reflexes: *The Masque is a constant blur of motion, stepping out of the way of the enemy's attacks with uncanny precision.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 4+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

KEYWORDS

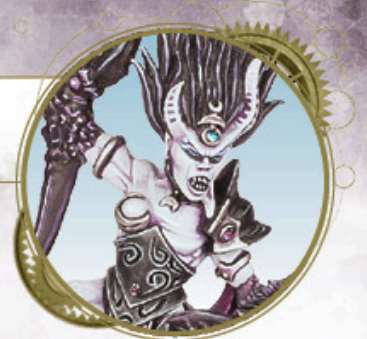
CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, HERALD OF SLAANESH, THE MASQUE



• WARSCROLL •

VICELEADER

HERALD OF SLAANESH



The Viceleader is a masterful artiste in the grand theatre of war. To look upon these surreal, quicksilver Heralds is to feel a yearning for forbidden arts and excesses that addles the mind. Woe to those who acquiesce to their strange allure.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ravaging Claws	1"	6	3+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh is a single model armed with Ravaging Claws.

ABILITIES

Lightning Reflexes: *Heralds of Slaanesh move with lightning speed, stepping out of the way of the enemy's attacks with disdainful ease.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

Lithe and Swift: *Daemonettes surge across the battlefield with impossible swiftness.*

This model can run and still charge later in the same turn.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Acquiescence spells.

Acquiescence: *The Herald engulfs the foe in an arcane haze of dreams and unattainable desires.*

Acquiescence has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks that target that unit until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, HERALD OF SLAANESH, VICELEADER



• WARSCROLL •

BLADEBRINGER

HERALD ON HELLFLAYER



Those Slaaneshi Heralds who wish to glut themselves on as much sensation as possible – and inflict the most suffering in doing so – ride to war on great threshing Hellflayer chariots. These release an intoxicating soulscent that drives the crew into ecstasies.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ravaging Claws	1"	6	3+	4+	-1	1
Piercing Claws and Flensing Whips	2"	6	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongues	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer is a single model armed with Ravaging Claws.

CREW AND STEEDS: A Hellflayer has a Daemonette crew armed with Piercing Claws and Flensing Whips, and is drawn by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their Poisoned Tongues. For rules purposes, the Daemonettes and Steeds of Slaanesh are treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Soulscent: *The whirling blades of this fearsome chariot mow down the enemy, transmuting their souls into an exhilarating incense that drives its riders into an ecstatic frenzy.*

At the start of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of this model. On a 4+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. In addition, for each 4+, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons until the end of that phase.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Acquiescence spells.

Acquiescence: *The Herald engulfs the foe in an arcane haze of dreams and unattainable desires.*

Acquiescence has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks that target that unit until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, HERALD OF SLAANESH, HELLFLAYER, BLADEBRINGER



• WARSCROLL •

HELLFLAYER



Hellflayer chariots drive through the meadows of Slaanesh's realm, dismembering those cursed to lie there in purgatory. On the battlefields of the Mortal Realms, they are roving weapons of war, their many scythes delivering death by a thousand cuts.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Piercing Claws	1"	4	3+	4+	-1	1
Piercing Claws and Flensing Whips	2"	6	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongues	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Hellflayer is a single model commanded by an Allurer, who is armed with Piercing Claws.

CREW AND STEEDS: A Hellflayer has a Daemonette crew armed with Piercing Claws and Flensing Whips, and is drawn by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their Poisoned Tongues. For rules purposes, the Daemonettes and Steeds of Slaanesh are treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Soulscent: *The whirling blades of this fearsome chariot mow down the enemy, transmuting their souls into an exhilarating incense.*

At the start of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of this model. On a 4+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. In addition, for each 4+, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons until the end of that phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HELLFLAYER



• WARSCROLL •

BLADEBRINGER

HERALD ON SEEKER CHARIOT



87

Heralds of Slaanesh that value the thrill of speed above all else will take to battle mounted on a Seeker Chariot. These bladed machineries of war smash into the foe in a blur of whirring, slashing blades, mutilating all those who stand their ground.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Flensing Whips	2"	6	3+	4+	-1	1
Piercing Claws	1"	3	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongues	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot is a single model armed with Flensing Whips.

CREW AND STEEDS: A Seeker Chariot has a Daemonette crew armed with Piercing Claws, and is drawn by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their Poisoned Tongues. For rules purposes, the Daemonettes and Steeds of Slaanesh are treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Impossibly Swift: *Seeker Chariots surge across the battlefield with unnatural swiftness.*

This model can retreat and still charge later in the same turn.

Mutilating Blades: *This deadly chariot inflicts carnage when it charges into the foe.*

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of this model when this model finishes a charge move. On a 2+ that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Acquiescence spells.

Acquiescence: *The Herald engulfs the foe in an arcane haze of dreams and unattainable desires.*

Acquiescence has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks that target that unit until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, HERALD OF SLAANESH, SEEKER CHARIOT, BLADEBRINGER



• WARSCROLL •

SEEKER CHARIOTS



Seeker Chariots lead the charge of many Hedonite armies, for the beasts that pull them to war are as fleet-footed as Aqshian cheetahs. Whips lash out to strip flesh from bone as the Allurer drives the blade-wheeled conveyance into the thick of the foe.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Flensing Whips	2"	4	3+	4+	-1	1
Piercing Claws	1"	3	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongues	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Seeker Chariots has any number of models, each commanded by an Allurer armed with Flensing Whips.

CREW AND STEEDS: A Seeker Chariot has a Daemonette crew armed with Piercing Claws, and is drawn by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their Poisoned Tongues. For rules purposes, the Daemonettes and Steeds of Slaanesh are treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Impossibly Swift: *Seeker Chariots surge across the battlefield with unnatural swiftness.*

This unit can retreat and still charge later in the same turn.

Mutilating Blades: *The bladed wheels and razor-sharp scythes of this deadly chariot inflict carnage when the chariot charges at a foe.*

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of a model from this unit after the model from this unit finishes a charge move. On a 2+ that

enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. If this unit has more than 1 model, roll to determine if mortal wounds are inflicted after each model completes its charge move, but do not allocate the mortal wounds until after all of the models in the unit have moved.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, SEEKER CHARIOTS



• WARSCROLL •

BLADEBRINGER

HERALD ON EXALTED CHARIOT



Some Heralds of Slaanesh, having tasted the illicit thrill of riding flesh-shredding chariots into the enemy, become so intoxicated by the act that they commission ever larger and grander conveyances, the better to harvest the souls of mortals.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Flensing Whips	2"	6	3+	4+	-1	1
Piercing Claws	1"	9	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongues	1"	8	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot is a single model armed with Flensing Whips.

CREW AND STEEDS: An Exalted Chariot has a Daemonette crew armed with Piercing Claws, and is drawn by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their Poisoned Tongues. For rules purposes, the Daemonettes and Steeds of Slaanesh are treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Excess of Blades: *The bladed wheels and razor-sharp scythes of this deadly chariot inflict carnage when it charges into a foe.*

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of this model after this model finishes a charge move. On a 1, nothing happens. On a 2-4, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. On a 5+, that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

Pungent Soulscent: *The whirling blades of this fearsome chariot mow down the enemy, transmuting their souls into an exhilarating incense that drives its riders into an ecstatic frenzy.*

At the start of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of this model. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. In addition, for each 2+, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons until the end of that phase.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Acquiescence spells.

Acquiescence: *The Herald engulfs the foe in an arcane haze of dreams and unattainable desires.*

Acquiescence has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks that target that unit until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, HERALD OF SLAANESH, EXALTED CHARIOT, BLADEBRINGER



EXALTED CHARIOT



89

The massive chariots ridden by Allurers of the highest rank are machineries that embody excess. Their purpose is to bring to bear the most number of blades in the shortest time, and hence fill the air with the scent of carnage.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Flensing Whips	2"	4	3+	4+	-1	1
Piercing Claws	1"	9	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongues	1"	8	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

An Exalted Chariot is a single model commanded by an Allurer, who is armed with Flensing Whips.

CREW AND STEEDS: An Exalted Chariot has a Daemonette crew armed with Piercing Claws, and is drawn by Steeds of Slaanesh that attack with their Poisoned Tongues. For rules purposes, the Daemonettes and Steeds of Slaanesh are treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Excess of Blades: *The bladed wheels and razor-sharp scythes of this deadly chariot inflict carnage when it charges into a foe.*

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of this model after this model finishes a charge move. On a 1, nothing happens. On a 2-4, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. On a 5+, that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.

Pungent Soulscent: *The whirling blades of this fearsome chariot mow down the enemy, transmuting their souls into an exhilarating incense that drives its riders into an ecstatic frenzy.*

At the start of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of this model. On a 2+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. In addition, for each 2+, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's melee weapons until the end of that phase.



KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, EXALTED CHARIOT



FIENDS



Horrific nightmares given bestial shape, Fiends of Slaanesh emit a harsh, trilling call as they race towards their prey. A cloud of dream-inducing musk hangs thick around the Fiends, reducing their foes to a stupor, and sapping them of their will to fight.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Deadly Pincers	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Barbed Stinger	2"	1	3+	3+	-1	See below

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Fiends has any number of models, each armed with Deadly Pincers and a Barbed Stinger.

BLISSBRINGER: 1 model in this unit can be a Blissbringer. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a Blissbringer's Deadly Pincers.

ABILITIES

Crushing Grip: *A Fiend's pincers are capable of inflicting immense damage on a victim that is caught in their grasp.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with Deadly Pincers is 6, the Deadly Pincers have a Damage characteristic of D3 instead of 1 for that attack.

Deadly Venom: *A Fiend of Slaanesh's stinger is laced with venom capable of sending any foe into a deep coma.*

If the target of an attack made with a Barbed Stinger has a Wounds characteristic of 1, the Barbed Stinger has a Damage characteristic of 1 for that attack; if the target of an attack made with a Barbed Stinger has a Wounds characteristic of 2-3, the Barbed Stinger has a Damage characteristic of D3 for that attack; if the target of an attack made with a Barbed Stinger has a Wounds characteristic of 4 or more, the Barbed Stinger has a Damage characteristic of D6 for that attack.

Disruptive Song: *Fiends of Slaanesh let out a keening song that disturbs the concentration of spellcasters that hear it.*

Subtract 1 from casting rolls for enemy **WIZARDS** while they are within 12" of any models with this ability.

Soporific Musk: *A Fiend exudes a pervasive and oily musk that numbs a foe to all but the most extreme of stimuli.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this unit. In addition, while this unit has 4 or more models, subtract 1 from wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this unit.



• WARSCROLL •

DAEMONETTES



Possessed of impossible grace and grotesque beauty, Daemonettes of Slaanesh bound across the battlefield with sadistic glee. They are in constant competition with one another to see who can inflict the most pain on the enemies of the Dark Prince.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Piercing Claws	1"	2	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Daemonettes has any number of models, each armed with Piercing Claws.

ALLURER: 1 model in this unit can be an Allurer. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of an Allurer's Piercing Claws.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can either be a Daemonette Banner Bearer or Daemonette Icon Bearer.

Daemonette Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Daemonette Banner Bearers.

Daemonette Icon Bearer: If an unmodified battleshock roll of 1 is made for this unit while it includes any Daemonette Icon Bearers, you can add D6 models to this unit, and no models from this unit will flee in that phase.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 10 models in this unit can be a Daemonette Hornblower. If the unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Daemonette Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

Lithe and Swift: *Daemonettes surge across the battlefield with impossible swiftness.*

This unit can run and still charge later in the same turn.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, DAEMONETTES



SEEKERS



The Seekers of Slaanesh are the vanguard of the Dark Prince’s daemon armies, insatiable outriders who track their foes with unrelenting swiftness, feeding on the growing terror of their prey.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Piercing Claws	1"	2	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongue	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Seekers has any number of models, each armed with Piercing Claws.

MOUNT: This unit’s Steeds of Slaanesh each attack with their Poisoned Tongue.

HEARTSEEKER: 1 model in this unit can be a Heartseeker. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a Heartseeker’s Piercing Claws.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Seeker Banner Bearer, and 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Seeker Icon Bearer.

Seeker Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Seeker Banner Bearers.

Seeker Icon Bearer: If an unmodified battleshock roll of 1 is made for this unit while it includes any Seeker Icon Bearers, you can add D3 models to this unit, and no models from this unit will flee in that phase.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Seeker Hornblower. If the unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Seeker Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

Quicksilver Speed: *Seekers of Slaanesh are daemonic hunters, and swift beyond belief.*

You can roll 2D6 instead of D6 when you make a run roll for this unit. In addition, this unit can run and still charge later in the same turn.

Soul Hunters: *Slaanesh rewards his Seekers and Hellstriders with intoxicating energy when they slay his foes.*

If any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this unit’s attacks in the combat phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit’s melee weapons in the next combat phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, SEEKERS



• WARSCROLL •

HELLSTRIDERS

WITH CLAW-SPEARS



Devotees of torment, the Hellstriders are mortals who have dedicated their lives to dealing out agonising pain in return for physical power. They inflict crippling and ultimately fatal wounds with the strange spear-like claws that grow on their arms.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claw-spear	1"	1	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongue	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Hellstriders with Claw-spears has any number of models, each armed with a Claw-spear.

MOUNT: This unit's Steeds of Slaanesh each attack with their Poisoned Tongue.

HELLREAYER: 1 model in this unit can be a Hellreaver. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a Hellreaver's Claw-spear.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Banner Bearer, and 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Icon Bearer.

Hellstrider Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Banner Bearers.

Hellstrider Icon Bearer: Add 2 to the Bravery characteristic of this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Icon Bearers.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Hornblower. If the unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an

enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Hellstrider Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

Soul Hunters: *Slaanesh rewards his Seekers and Hellstriders with intoxicating energy when they slay his foes.*

If any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this unit's attacks in the combat phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's melee weapons in the next combat phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HELLSTRIDERS



• WARSCROLL •

HELLSTRIDERS

WITH HELLSOURGES



Hellstriders ride daemoniac Steeds to war – indeed, they have no choice, for once they climb into the saddle they can never dismount. Those who use the long, whip-like Hellscourge as their weapon of choice are expert in inflicting painful wounds.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hellscourge	3"	1	3+	4+	-	1
Poisoned Tongue	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Hellstriders with Hellscourges has any number of models, each armed with a Hellscourge.

MOUNT: This unit's Steeds of Slaanesh each attack with their Poisoned Tongue.

HELLREAYER: 1 model in this unit can be a Hellreaver. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of a Hellreaver's Hellscourge.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Banner Bearer, and 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Icon Bearer.

Hellstrider Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Banner Bearers.

Hellstrider Icon Bearer: Add 2 to the Bravery characteristic of this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Icon Bearers.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Hornblower. If the unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an

enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Hellstrider Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

Soul Hunters: *Slaanesh rewards his Seekers and Hellstriders with intoxicating energy when they slay his foes.*

If any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this unit's attacks in the combat phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's melee weapons in the next combat phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HELLSTRIDERS

WHEELS OF EXCRUCIATION

The Wheels of Excruciation whirl around the minarets of the Dark Prince's palace as flocks of crows fly around a temple's spires. They can be called into the Mortal Realms by a devotee of Slaanesh to lacerate and even decapitate their enemies, hunting down untainted flesh and delivering the agony of uncounted cuts.

DESCRIPTION

Wheels of Excruciation is a single model.

PREDATORY: Wheels of Excruciation is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 12" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Wheels of Excruciation: *Throwing a small multi-bladed knife into the air and channelling magical energy into it, the caster summons forth a storm of swiftly moving razor-sharp blades.*

Summon Wheels of Excruciation has a casting value of 5. Only **CHAOS SLAANESH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast this spell. If successfully cast, set up 1 Wheels of Excruciation model wholly within 6" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Swirling Death: *Once unleashed, the Wheels of Excruciation scythe unchecked across the battlefield.*

When this model is set up, the player who set it up can immediately make a move with it.

Exquisite Agony: *The Wheels of Excruciation deliver death by a thousand exquisite cuts to those that get in their way.*

After this model has moved, roll 6 dice for each unit that has any models that this model passed across. That unit suffers 1 mortal wound for each roll that is less than that unit's unmodified Save characteristic.

KEYWORDS

ENDLESS SPELL, WHEELS OF EXCRUCIATION

MESMERISING MIRROR

A Mesmerising Mirror is a cursed thing indeed, sent from Slaanesh's palace to ensnare the unwary. Those who manage to tear their gaze away feel a ripping pain in their soul – but those who do not suffer an even worse fate. Their essence is drawn from their body, trapped in the mirror forever more as a plaything for Slaaneshi daemons.

DESCRIPTION

A Mesmerising Mirror is a single model.

PREDATORY: A Mesmerising Mirror is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 6" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Mesmerising Mirror: *Smashing a small glass mirror to the ground, the wizard uses magical energy to cause it to reform and grow in size.*

Summon Mesmerising Mirror has a casting value of 6. Only **CHAOS SLAANESH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast this spell. If successfully cast, set up 1 Mesmerising Mirror model wholly within 18" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Irresistible Lure: *The mirror lures mortals as a candle draws moths to its light. Those strong enough to turn away feel knives of anguish and loss driven into their hearts.*

If a unit starts a move within 12" of this model, it suffers D3 mortal wounds unless it finishes the move closer to this model than it was before the move was made. This ability has no effect on **CHAOS SLAANESH** units.

Gaze Not into its Depths: *A Mesmerising Mirror can enthrall a warrior's soul, dragging his essence screaming from his body if he looks too long upon its glory.*

After this model is set up, and after this model has moved, roll 6 dice for each **HERO** within 6"

of this model (roll separately for each **HERO**). For each 6, that **HERO** suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the number of 6s that were rolled for that **HERO**.

For example, if you rolled one 6 for a **HERO**, that **HERO** would suffer $1 \times 1 = 1$ mortal wound. If you rolled two 6s, that **HERO** would suffer $2 \times 2 = 4$ mortal wounds, if you rolled three 6s, that **HERO** would suffer $3 \times 3 = 9$ mortal wounds, and so on. This ability has no effect on **CHAOS SLAANESH HEROES**.

KEYWORDS

ENDLESS SPELL, MESMERISING MIRROR

DREADFUL VISAGE

The sorcerous entity known as the Dreadful Visage is said to be a mask that once adorned Slaanesh's own face during the Masquerade of the Palace Grandiose. On that fell night, it is said, the visage took on an evil sentience of its own, and it can be called forth to bring a measure of its wearer's horrific aura into the Mortal Realms.

DESCRIPTION

A Dreadful Visage is a single model.

PREDATORY: A Dreadful Visage is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 8" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Dreadful Visage: By inhaling great lungfuls of hallucinogenic incense, the caster can cause an aspect of their own worst fears to solidify in reality – and then set the results upon their foes.

Summon Dreadful Visage has a casting value of 7. Only **CHAOS SLAANESH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast this spell. If successfully cast, set up 1 Dreadful Visage model wholly within 12" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Swooping Horror: The dreadful face, an avatar of pure horror, descends towards its terrified foes.

When this model is set up, the player who set it up can immediately make a move with it.

Flensing Tongues: Opening its soul-sucking maw, the Dreadful Visage lets fly a plethora of hooked tongues that lash and flense the flesh of those nearby.

After this model has moved, roll 6 dice for the closest other unit within 6". If more than 1 other unit is equally close, the player that moved this model can choose which unit to roll the 6 dice for. That unit suffers 1 mortal wound for each roll of 4+.

Terrifying Entity: Gibbering, howling and shrieking with cruel pleasure, the Dreadful Visage destroys the will of Slaanesh's enemies – while his worshippers find themselves energised by its discordant barrage of noise.

Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of units while they are within 12" of this model. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of **CHAOS SLAANESH** units while they are within 12" of this model instead of subtracting 1.

KEYWORDS

ENDLESS SPELL, DREADFUL VISAGE



The dance of death intensifies as a Herald of Slaanesh summons the surreal enchantments of the Dark Prince. Whips and blades lacerate the oncoming Tzeentchian daemons even as a cursed mirror entraps the mind of their leader, the Changeling.



PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum and maximum unit sizes, and battlefield roles for the warscrolls and warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Spending the points listed on this table allows you to take a minimum-sized unit with any of its upgrades. Understrength units cost the full amount of points. Larger units are taken in multiples of their minimum unit size; multiply their cost by the same amount as you multiplied their size. If a unit has two points values separated by a slash (e.g. ‘60/200’), the second value is for a maximum sized unit. Units that are listed as ‘Unique’ are named characters and can only be taken once in an army. A unit that has any of the keywords listed on the Allies table can be taken as an allied unit by a Slaanesh army. Updated May 2019; the profiles printed here take precedence over any profiles with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

SLAANESH UNIT	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Daemonettes	10	30	110/300	Battleline	
Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot	1	1	220	Leader	
Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer	1	1	180	Leader	
Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot	1	1	160	Leader	
The Contorted Epitome	1	1	200	Leader	
Infernal Enrapturess, Herald of Slaanesh	1	1	140	Leader	
Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance	1	1	200	Leader	Unique
The Masque	1	1	120	Leader	Unique
Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh	1	1	120	Leader	
Keeper of Secrets	1	1	360	Leader, Behemoth	
Shalaxi Helbane	1	1	340	Leader, Behemoth	Unique
Exalted Chariot	1	1	180		
Fiends	3	9	210		
Hellflayer	1	1	140		
Hellstriders with Claw-spears	5	20	100		Battleline in Slaanesh army
Hellstriders with Hellscourges	5	20	100		Battleline in Slaanesh army
Seeker Chariots	1	3	120		Battleline in GODSEEKERS HOST
Seekers	5	20	120		
Epicurean Revellers	-	-	180	Warscroll Battalion	
Hedonite Host	-	-	120	Warscroll Battalion	
Supreme Sybarites	-	-	120	Warscroll Battalion	
Seeker Cavalcade	-	-	140	Warscroll Battalion	
Fane of Slaanesh	1	1	0	Scenery	
Dreadful Visage	1	1	40	Endless Spell	
Mesmerising Mirror	1	1	60	Endless Spell	
Wheels of Excruciation	1	1	40	Endless Spell	

CHAOS	ALLIES
Slaanesh	Beasts of Chaos, Everchosen, Monsters of Chaos, Nurgle, Slaves to Darkness, Tzeentch. KHORNE units cannot be taken as allies for a Slaanesh army.

WHAT'S NEXT?

As the Bad Moon fills the skies above, so the Gloomspite Gitz surge up from the darkness below in a murderous horde.

