

WARHAMMER®

DAEMONS OF CHAOS™



WARHAMMER ARMIES

DAEMONS OF CHAOS



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INTRODUCTION

The Daemons of Chaos are the ultimate enemy of all mortal creatures. From their fortresses and palaces in the Realm of Chaos they watch with envious eyes, waiting with unblinking patience for their chance to wreak destruction and dismay upon the world. When that opportunity arises, they seize it greedily, spilling forth to rampage and slaughter in the name of the Chaos Gods.

This volume is the definitive guide to the Daemons of Chaos, the ageless servants of the Chaos Gods. They are destruction incarnate, raw magic given terrible form. Wallow in the blessings of the Dark Gods, ready your legions, and prepare to do battle against the mortal world.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

If you are reading this book, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer hobby. The *Warhammer* rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel miniatures, and every army has its own army book that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer world. This book allows you to turn your collection of Daemons into a rampaging army of destruction.

DAEMONS OF CHAOS

A daemoniac host is a terrifying and awesome sight, capable of delivering death in so many ways. Blood-slicked Daemons of Khorne chant brutal praises to their dark deity before leaping forth to claim skulls in his name, whilst Daemons of Tzeentch keep their distance, favouring bolts of blazing sorcery over physical confrontation. Pestilence is the favoured weapon of Nurgle's blight-ridden Daemons. As for Slaanesh's Daemons, they have no favoured method of slaughter – they care only that the deaths they cause are as lingering and painful as possible.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Daemons of Chaos contains the following sections:

- **Terror from Beyond.** This section describes the otherworldly Realm of Chaos, and the Dark Gods and Daemons who dwell within its confines and battle over its fate. It also describes key daemoniac incursions into the mortal world and the resulting battles.
- **The Daemoniac Hosts.** Each and every troop type in the Daemons of Chaos army is examined in this section. Here you'll find a full description of each unit, alongside a complete listing of any rules and special abilities they possess. This section also includes unique Daemoniac Gifts, magic items and lore of magic employed by the Daemons of Chaos.
- **The Glory of Chaos.** Here you will see photographs of the range of Citadel miniatures available for the Daemons of Chaos army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's 'Eavy Metal team.
- **Daemons of Chaos Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors and monsters presented in the Daemoniac Hosts section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as either characters (Lord or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.







TERROR FROM BEYOND

From the Realm of Chaos they come to conquer and destroy, creatures of magic in service to the darkest of gods. Armies flee before them, because what mortal creature can hope to stand before immortals? Devastation lies behind them, for destruction is the gift they bring to warriors of all races, causes and creeds. They are the Daemons of Chaos, the servants of insane and blasphemous gods, and they will not rest until the world shares their madness.

THE DAEMONS OF CHAOS

Far beyond the boundaries of the mortal world lies an impossible domain of magic and dark wonder. This is a nightmarish landscape of desire, hatred, whimsy and terror; here no physical laws apply save for those enforced by the creatures that live within its bounds. This is the Realm of Chaos, dwelling place of the Dark Gods and the Daemons of Chaos.

None can say how long the Realm of Chaos has endured, for time has little purchase on this damnable kingdom. It may be that it is as old as history itself, formed even before the stars blazed to life and world itself was created. Yet the Realm of Chaos and all its dire minions are the hopes and fears of living creatures made manifest, so how could it exist before sentient races arose? In the end it matters little how the Chaos Gods came to be, it matters only that they exist and that they are hungry for the souls of mortals.

There are four Chaos Gods: wrathful Khorne, devious Tzeentch, pestilential Nurgle and cruel Slaanesh. They are jealous and prideful deities. Each believes himself destined to be the supreme ruler of all existence, and constantly strives to wrest control of the Realm of Chaos from his dark brothers. Yet the gods seldom lower themselves to direct confrontation – such is the business of minions, not omnipotent masters. Thus can each god call upon mighty armies of Daemons to do battle in his name.



THE DAEMONIC HOSTS

Just as the Chaos Gods are beings of magic, so too are their daemoniac servants. Each Daemon is a splinter of his divine master, a distorted reflection of mortal yearning, a shard of emotion and dark desire given form and license to destroy. Thus does every Daemon reflect something of his master's presence and personality. Daemons of Khorne are muscled and brutal, driven to slaughter and murder, whilst those that serve Tzeentch are whimsical and devious, shunning physical combat in favour of the sorcery that Khorne detests so. Nurgle's Daemons are by far the hardest of their kind, if somewhat moribund in thought and deed, whilst Slaaneshi Daemons are lithe and whip-quick, as delicate in form as they are vicious in temperament. Regardless of form, Daemons are unnaturally resilient, able to shrug off blows that would tear another creature asunder. Indeed, a Daemon cannot truly be slain. Its physical body can be destroyed, true enough, but this merely banishes the Daemon's spirit into the swirling wellspring of magical energy known as the Forge of Souls. Thus vanquished, the Daemon embarks on the process of creating a new body to inhabit, and dreams of vengeance against those that humbled it so.

Though they might share many characteristics, no two Daemons are entirely alike – all the infinite variety that Chaos commands can be found amongst the warriors of the daemoniac hosts. Many Daemons sport extra appendages, ensorcelled weapons or other, even odder, powers that are the envy – or sometimes the pity – of their peers. Such oddities are bestowed by the Daemon's patron in celebration of glorious service or in punishment for ignominious failure. It's not always possible to tell one from the other. The Chaos Gods are normally just as inattentive of the deeds of their Daemons as they are of those mortals who court their favour. Thusly, their low attention span can sometimes lead to the elevation of thoroughly undeserving minions, or the unjust punishment of their mightiest servants.

As Daemons are twisted parodies of mortal creatures, so too do their armies mirror those of the material planes. The largest of the daemoniac hosts are led by Greater Daemons, monstrous avatars of the Dark Gods whose might far eclipses that of any mortal warlord. Their footsoldiers are the Lesser Daemons, unnatural mockeries of mortal warriors that march under tattered and foreboding banners, or guide their snarling war beasts and hell-forged chariots crashing into the enemy ranks.

The Chaos Gods constantly war for control of all that is, and the power of each – and his daemoniac hosts – rises and falls according to his success in this Great Game. These contests are fought with little quarter and no convention; any tactic, any artifice and any underhanded ploy is fair game. Thus are alliances frequent and shifting, and betrayal is commonplace. Yet, however much the Chaos Gods might squabble and vie amongst themselves, there is one cause in which they stand united: the damnation of the mortal realm and all who dwell within it. In pursuit of this objective, all four of the Ruinous Powers stand shoulder to shoulder (though each ever has one eye upon his brothers), their minions marching forth as one to overwhelm the piteous defenders of the mortal realms.

Only when victory is within their grasp do the Dark Gods fall to fighting amongst themselves once again, each seeking to claim rule of the conquered lands. Daemons that moments before battled side by side against a common foe set their blades, spells and fangs against one another without hesitation. Such is the ferocity of the ensuing conflict that the gains of the gods united are swiftly bled away by the struggles of gods divided. A landscape that roiled and writhed with dark sorcery can return almost to normal in a matter of hours as the battling hordes consume the magical lifeblood to fuel their struggles, and without magic to sustain them the Daemons are inevitably sucked back into the Realm of Chaos.

Thus is the mortal world preserved from ultimate destruction – not through valour or strength at arms, but through the same godly greed that provoked the initial onslaught. This is of little comfort to those beings whose lands have been ravaged. Whether through scholarly lore or primitive superstition, they know it is only a matter of time before the Dark Gods unite once more, and the Daemons of Chaos walk the mortal world once again.



THE REALM OF CHAOS

The Realm of Chaos is a place of dreams and nightmares, where cause need not follow effect; within its bounds anything is possible. Here there are no physical laws akin to those that dominate the mortal world. Within its confines hopes and fears become real, and reality is reborn as fevered hallucination. Gravity, shape, space and reason – all are in flux and utterly mutable to the will of the Chaos Gods. Few mortals are capable of perceiving the Realm of Chaos in its true splendour, for the living mind recoils from its otherworldly landscapes. Thus, no two visions of the Realm of Chaos are exactly alike, and are often contradictory.



The Dark Gods of Chaos each have their own particular spheres of influence, their own daemonic servants, and their own territories. Yet the Realm of Chaos is not merely the home of the Dark Gods. It is also their battlefield, the arena for a Great Game of supremacy. The brothers are constantly at war with one another, vying for power amid the planes. Despite their myriad differences, the Chaos Gods share a common goal: total domination of all that is. But such absolute power cannot be shared, even amongst gods. So it is that this peculiar world is burdened by constant wars of attrition. Vast daemonic armies swarm across crystal plains, venomous forests, bone-choked swampland and rivers of churning gore, battling to the death to claim and counter-claim territory and the magical lifeblood that goes with it. In the Realm of Chaos, where magic is the stuff of being, the breadth of a domain is not merely a symbol of power, it is indeed power itself. As the minions of one god seize advantage, captured territory is moulded to the whims of its new master. If Khorne overruns a portion of Nurgle's festering garden, the diseased foliage swiftly decays down to nothing, leaving only ruddy wasteland. Similarly, should Tzeentch manage to wrest that same territory from Khorne, crystalline structures burst forth from the parched firmament.

Alliances in this eternal war are complex, but far from unknown – in fact, the Dark Gods often seek advantage through common cause. Though Khorne is the greatest of the brothers, he is not all-powerful. Tzeentch is his closest rival, but if the circumstances are right then Nurgle – and sometimes Slaanesh – can rise to be his equal or eclipse him entirely. As if this were not complicated enough, there are deep-seated rivalries amongst the gods that can further influence matters. Khorne most despises Slaanesh, whose dark designs are an affront to the Blood God's sense of honour and martial pride. Similarly, Tzeentch and Nurgle – respectively the manifestations of hope and despair – need little spurring to come to blows.

Each god strives for dominance over the others, and though one may gain ascendancy for a while, no god has yet succeeded in vanquishing another. As one god gains mastery the others combine against him, and as the allies grow in power they divide, forming new pacts of necessity until another conqueror emerges to be vanquished in his turn.

THE BLOOD GOD'S DOMAIN

The largest of the kingdoms in the Realm of Chaos is that of Khorne, the God of Battle. No subtlety has Khorne. He has no yearning for beauty of form in his black heart, for he is the Blood God, the Skulltaker. His immortal frame has room only for rage and slaughter-lust. So it is that the land of the Blood God is one of constant battle and martial challenge. It serves no other function, for to Khorne all else is trivial.

The Blood God's dominion is little more than league upon league of blasted wasteland, made ruddy by the blood spilt upon it. Here and there jagged canyons and craters break the uneven ground: the aftermath of a titanic clash where Khorne's daemonic servants battled amongst themselves or against the minions of another deity. On rare occasions, Khorne will bring mortal champions to this place and test their fighting skills. Few such contests end in victory for the mortal, but those fleshlings who endure find their feet set upon the path to daemonhood, whether it is their wish or no.

The very fabric of Khorne's kingdom is tied to his mood which, while never good, ranges between simmering rage and apocalyptic fury. When the Blood God bellows his rage, the barren ground tremors, lakes of blood boil and the very sky screams. Clouds of black ash belch forth from hidden geysers, incinerating milling combatants or propelling great boulders skyward. Yet still the Daemons battle. They fight not for honour, not for wealth, not even for victory – they fight for fighting's sake, and for the favour of their wrathful lord.

The Skull Throne

Towering over the ageless desolation of Khorne's realm is the Blood God's brass citadel. The walls of this unholy bastion are jagged, thick with crusted blood and hung with gibbets and gallows. The moat of the brass citadel is filled not with water, but with the boiling blood of Khorne's victims. Iron gargoyles snarl from every parapet, hatred flashing in their eyes and molten metal boiling in their bellies. Flesh Hounds prowl the space between the outer walls and the keep, gnawing at ancient bones and longing for fresh meat.

Khorne himself dwells within a great vault at the black heart of the citadel's central keep. Eight iron pillars vanish into the ebon gloom to shoulder the inconceivable weight of the throne room's ceiling. Each pillar is inscribed with one of the commandments of Khorne, edicts that speak to the unholy virtues of rage, martial skill and defiance. In the centre of the room the Blood God sits upon a mighty throne of brass rooted atop a vast mountain of skulls. Khorne's armour-clad body is broad and muscular, his visage that of a fierce and snarling dog with ravaged lips. When the Blood God speaks, he does so in bellows of black rage, each guttural syllable igniting the air in tainted sparks.

Upon Khorne's fingers are many brass rings. Most are blazoned with his own jagged skull rune. Upon others are mounted the severed heads of lesser gods claimed, it is said, in personal combat. What being would dare face the Blood God in the arena of martial prowess remains a mystery, so the provenance of these other rings is unknown. At Khorne's side is a mighty double-handed sword. Legend tells that the drawing of this dolorous weapon is the harbinger of great

calamity, and that Khorne could split existence asunder with but a single stroke were it his desire. Elsewhere in the citadel, mighty armouries are stocked with every weapon imaginable, from cruel-bladed daggers and serrated dirks, to fellsteel halberds and ornate cannons. Yet for reasons long since forgotten to mortals, Khorne always favours this one sword and abides no other blade.

At the foot of the throne, a carpet of splintered bone extends in all directions, the remains of those slain by the Blood God's conquering champions. Further distant, in the shadow of the chamber's eaves lies a mighty anvil, where furnace-Daemons forge weapons and armour for the Blood God's favoured followers – great warriors and mighty war leaders who kill for that which they desire. Here also lurks the great hound Karanak, a massive, three-headed Daemon-beast who prowls tirelessly about the cavernous throne room.

In the very direst of need, when his armies are overwhelmed and his citadel beset, Khorne rises from his throne, his armoured footfalls shaking the Realm of Chaos to its core. With an honour guard of Bloodthirsters, each with the power of an army in its own right, the Lord of Battle unleashes his full rage, scattering the Daemons of his rivals with each sweep of his mighty blade and trampling their broken bodies underfoot. Such willingness to take physical participation in the Great Game is what marks Khorne out from his fellow gods. Even so, his personal interventions are rare indeed, and so each calamitous occasion marks a turning of the tide in the wars of the gods.

THE REALM OF THE SORCERER

Almost as great in scale as Khorne's domain is the crystal labyrinth of Tzeentch, an iridescent plateau whose brilliance sits in stark contrast to the Blood God's wastelands. Whilst the crystal labyrinth is not so massive as Khorne's kingdom, it dominates the Realm of Chaos no less. Countless glittering pathways spring from the very heart of the labyrinth, fractal filaments that inveigle their way into the dominions of other gods and so bind the Realm of Chaos together.

No Daemons guard the crystal labyrinth, yet a journey through it remains perilous nonetheless. Only the strong-willed can negotiate its countless corridors, for the maze's walls reflect not only light, but also hope, despair, dreams, madness and terror. As if this were not challenge enough, there is no fixed path through, merely a constantly changing series of obstacles and traps created by Tzeentch's unconscious mind. Those trammelled by the labyrinth come to no physical harm, yet no one can escape these halls of infinite possibility with sanity intact. At every step the air is thick with broken dreams, and everywhere the light sparkles with fragments of shattered personality.

The Impossible Fortress

At the heart of the labyrinth, safe from all save the insane, is the Impossible Fortress of Tzeentch. As with all of Tzeentch's designs, the exact appearance of the Impossible Fortress varies according to the nature of the beholder's aspirations. Some perceive it to be crafted from the same crystal as the labyrinth, whilst others see walls of blue flame or gnarled azure stone. No matter the material, the physical structure of the Impossible Fortress is in constant flux. Spires and towers constantly writhe and burst forth from the



fortress' heart, only to collapse and be re-absorbed moments later. Gateways, windows and other portals appear in the eldritch building's flanks, only to fold inwards once more. There is no discernible pattern to this behaviour, for the writhing shape of the Impossible Fortress is somehow bound to the state of Tzeentch's current schemes and there can be no predicting such complexity.

The innards of the Impossible Fortress are no less confounding than the exterior. Different passages and rooms obey different physical laws. That which is decreed by gravity to be 'up' in one chamber may be 'down' in another; or can indeed be an alternate state of being entirely, such as sorrow or the past. Were a mortal to find himself in the Impossible Fortress he would not live long before being driven completely mad – but then, what else is to be expected in a place where a man can travel backwards in time by walking across a room? Those who succumb to the warping nature of Tzeentch's palace collapse utterly in an implosion of consciousness and form. Such creatures are reborn as sorcerous familiars and given as gifts to Tzeentch's champions in the mortal world.

Even Daemons cannot easily endure the twisted horror of the Impossible Fortress – only the Lords of Change can safely navigate its corridors. As a result, no matter how distracted Tzeentch may be by the Great Game, he is never assailed in his stronghold. The other Chaos Gods have lost too many minions just trying to get beyond the first perplexing room, and invaders must negotiate a hundred or more such chambers to come before the Hidden Library and Tzeentch himself.

The Changer of Ways

Tzeentch is the most weirdly formed of all his brothers. His skin crawls with constantly changing faces that leer and mock those who dare look upon him. These changeling faces are forever in flux, appearing and disappearing in a tide of expression that sweeps across the god's peculiar form. Tzeentch's puckered face is formed upon his upper torso, so his head and body are one. From above Tzeentch's eyes spring two sweeping horns, the spiralling extremities of which crackle with arcane fire.

Tzeentch is the Changer of the Ways, Weaver of All Fates, the Great Conspirator, the architect of the fate of the universe. He takes great delight in the plotting and politicking of others, and favours the cunning over the strong, the manipulative over the violent. None of Tzeentch's schemes are simple, and indeed often appear contradictory. Whilst he is not above sully his hands with the blood of war, Tzeentch much prefers to win his battles through guile and devastating sorcery rather than brute force. The Changer of Ways perceives every event and intention, and from this information his incomprehensible mind can determine how each and every strand will serve to influence the future. Thus Tzeentch's plans reach through time and space, and can carry through untold centuries without fulfilment. For Tzeentch, scheming is not the means to an end, it is an end in and of itself.

Occupied as he is with weighty schemes, the Great Sorcerer is not inclined to any form of undue motion – he has minions to attend to such minor concerns. Tzeentch can

pass countless centuries at a time seated in a sea of swirling, multicoloured mist, scrying the Well of Eternity's abyssal depths and examining every flicker in its shimmering surface for clues to events that have yet to pass. Much of his attention is focused upon the mortal world – of all the Chaos Gods, it is Tzeentch who is the most fascinated by this other realm.

Nevertheless, the Hidden Library is never quiet nor still, though there is about it a certain ethereal tranquillity. As the Great Conspirator contemplates infinity, feathered Lords of Change bind spells and magical utterances of all kinds within fiery tomes. Elsewhere, Pink Horrors scuttle to sculpt the Impossible Fortress, using their magics to redirect its structure, as they await the next phase of Tzeentch's great plan.

In Tzeentch's eyes, mortal creatures are immeasurably steeped in deceit and ambiguity, yet somehow live their daily lives practically unaware of their countless contradictions and hypocrisies, and the blemishes upon their souls. To the Great Conspirator, such a playground presents an irresistible lure and challenge. Unsurprisingly, Tzeentch cannot help but dabble in the mortal realm, sometimes as part of the Great Game against his brother gods, but more often just to satisfy his own instinctive urge to meddle, manipulate and control. It is entirely possible that the Great Conspirator is completely and utterly mad, conjuring schemes that are self-defeating in worlds and dreamscapes that only he can perceive. This would be the most horrifying truth of all, for if Tzeentch is mad, then what is the mortal world save for an expression of his insanity?



THE DARK PRINCE'S REALM

The final domain in the Realm of Chaos belongs to Slaanesh, the decadent Dark Prince of Chaos. Slaanesh's realm is the smallest corner of the infernal regions, for he is the youngest of the Chaos Gods, and as yet his power is much overshadowed by his brothers.

The Circles of Seduction

The Dark Prince's realm is divided into six different domains, arranged in concentric rings around Slaanesh's Palace of Pleasure. This domain is commonly thought a paradise by the mortal souls lured here, but nothing is precisely what it seems. Each region is formed around one of the six deadly seductions: Avidity, Gluttony, Carnality, Paramountcy, Vainglory and Indolency. These circles are not only a continuous celebration of Slaanesh's needs and desires, but also his chief defence. An intruder must pass through each of the six circles in turn before reaching the palace within – an act of will that few souls, mortal or daemonic, can perform. As one moves from circle to circle, the desire to succumb becomes increasingly overwhelming. Once mortals have sampled the pleasures of Slaanesh's realm, they cannot stop; compelled towards excess, they think nothing of the consequences – only of the pleasure that indulgence brings. Some, much too late, discover the trap that has been set for them, but this matters not to Slaanesh, who finds moans of ecstasy or cries of horror equally satisfactory, providing they are heartfelt.

The Circle of Avidity forms the outermost boundary of Slaanesh's domain. The temptations within its borders seek to awaken an interloper's sense of greed. Gold is here, ingots and coins beyond counting. Precious stones are sunk deep into every wall, and gilded sculptures line every path. All who attempt to seize this wealth are doomed. The gemstones hatch daemonic birthlings that burrow beneath the skin and eat their victim from inside to out. To lay but a finger upon Slaanesh's statuary is to join it, your consciousness rendered immortal, but forever trapped in an immobile golden body.

Should greed not ensnare, then the next circle is that of Gluttony, with sumptuous banquets and rivers of wine. A single taste reduces the imbibor to a bloated fool whose only desire is to gorge until his tortured body gives way under the strain. Beyond the Circle of Gluttony lies that of Carnality, a debauched place where all manner of fleshly pleasures may be sampled. Lissom maidens walk the verdant fields, their face and form seemingly sprung from heart's dearest desire. Yet to tryst with such a creature is purest folly, for there are clawed hands and serpent's teeth beneath the glamour, and an appetite for fleshly pleasures of a different sort.

Upon entering the next circle, the traveller is greeted by the roar of an adulating crowd, for this is the Circle of Paramountcy, where intruders are tempted with power and all its application. Armies, their numbers so great as to blacken the plains, greet those of martial bent, whilst the politically minded are also met in kind, with nations to guide and vassals to rule. For any traveller with a desire for personal power within his heart this is a paradise of sorts for a time, a place where every whim is obeyed, and every command fulfilled. Yet to tarry within this circle is to be overcome with paranoia, to see a dagger beneath every smile and poison in every chalice – the cheering throng becomes a tortuous and inescapable prison.

The Circle of Vainglory is a garden, its maze of paths thick with beautiful flowers and heavy with thorns. Here, unseen voices whisper reminders of past glories, of achievements great and small. Most deadly of all is the remembrance of circles conquered and temptations unheeded. Each step an intruder takes with pride in his heart leads him further from his path, drawing him deeper and deeper into the choked undergrowth. There he swiftly falls prey to the tearing briars and roots, whilst the chanting thorn-children of the garden weave his every failure into a mocking epitaph.

Last, and most dangerous, is the Circle of Indolency, a serene domain of heavenly choirs and perfumed seas. All within this circle, whether root and branch or stock and stone, works to lull the mind and senses. A single draft of the ambrosial waters can rob a mortal of purpose and will. To sleep here is to never again awaken. The lone and level sands that crunch underfoot are the desiccated husks of all those who have succumbed, and the ethereal voices are their souls in torment. If this final and most insidious of circles is traversed, then a traveller can finally ascend to the seat of Slaanesh's power.

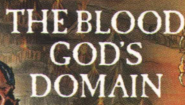
Slaanesh does not have a stronghold as such, merely a luxurious palace wherein his daemonic followers pay court. This shimmering alcazar haunts the dreams and nightmares of mortals in a way that no other place can. It is said that contests in every manner of excess are to be found within the palace and its fleshy walls pulse to the rhythms within. These debauched competitions occur in six great halls, each cavernous chamber devoted to one of the six deadly seductions of Slaanesh. Such are the incredible depths to which these earthly sins are pursued that their practitioners pass beyond pleasure into torments so terrible that only the truest devotees of Slaanesh can take joy in them.

The Prince of Chaos

Of all the Dark Gods, Slaanesh alone is divinely glamorous: long-limbed and elegant, with a haunting androgynous beauty. It is impossible for a mortal to look upon that divine face without losing his soul, for all who see Slaanesh become slaves to his slightest whim. Slaanesh can assume male, female or hermaphrodite form at will, though he mostly manifests himself as a young man – clean limbed and fresh with the vigour of youth. Slaanesh is seductive as only an immortal can be, disarming in his innocence, utterly beguiling in his manner.

The sensual pleasures of art, music and companionship fascinate Slaanesh and he is drawn to mortals possessed of physical beauty and charm. Unlike the other Chaos Gods, Slaanesh goes out of his way to court the affections of mortals, seeking to ensnare their souls in his web of excess. As such, his Palace of Pleasure is not home solely to Daemons and damned souls; it also entertains those mortals Slaanesh wishes to tempt.

Though Khorne is the only god with an open dislike of Slaanesh, both Nurgle and Tzeentch are uneasy in his presence. This is due, in part, to the fact that all the Chaos Gods embody Slaanesh's drive for excess: Khorne with his rage, Tzeentch with his schemes and Nurgle with his love of pestilence. Lurking deep within the psyche of each of Slaanesh's brother gods is the suspicion that the influence of the Dark Prince is steadily gaining in strength and that Slaanesh will perhaps one day eclipse them all.



REALM OF THE SORCERER

LAND OF THE PLAGUELORD

THE DARK PRINCE'S REALM

As I walked through that vast and maddened landscape, I sought to record my journey. Oh, the hubris of man who tries to map the whimsy of the gods! Each time I turn my eyes to this page, that which greets me is different to the previous viewing. Verily, it remains unchanging whilst my eyes are upon it, but when I close this book, the continents shift and flow, and the landmarks dance upon the page, never coming to rest twice in the same place.'

—*Liber Malefic*

INVASION FROM BEYOND

Daemons can only enter the mortal world if sustained by magic. Whilst magic flows, a Daemon is nigh unstoppable, for it cares nought for the plight of its fellows and fears nothing save the terrible wrath of the Chaos Gods themselves. Thus are the battles within the Realm of Chaos, where magic suffuses every particle of dust and air, ceaseless and interminable things, with victors but slowly determined – if indeed they are determined at all. Yet when the Daemons spill over into the mortal plane, their power waxes and wanes with the Winds of Magic, making them highly unpredictable foes. A daemonic host can vanish on the cusp of victory, cast back into the Realm of Chaos as its sustaining magic fades. Conversely, a Daemon army can be whittled away to almost nothing, only to come back stronger and fiercer than ever when the Winds of Magic howl.

Thus the greatest daemonic incursions are born of Storms of Magic, of reckless wizardly duels and other sorcerous calamities. In the frozen north, where a swirling gateway spews raw Chaos into the world, Daemons have free reign to sow terror and malice; little wonder is it then that mortal inhabitants of these climes have turned to the worship of the Daemons' masters. Yet the world is so suffused by sorcerous energy – the Winds of Magic so prone to ebb and flow – that almost any arcane event can prove sufficient to loose Daemons upon the world. Indeed, the world contains many places where the walls between reality and uncreation are particularly thin, legacies of wild magic through which the

Daemons of Chaos can bring ruination and death. There are countless other places where the tide of reckless magic is kept in check only by the careful artifice of mortal creatures – the sites of Elven waystones and Lustrian temple-cities to name but a few. The disruption – or worse, the destruction – of such places can loose so much raw magic that the resulting daemonic incursion can last years, decades or even centuries.



A TIDE OF MADNESS

Daemonic invasions are seldom motivated by territory or plunder, for the otherworldly minions of the Dark Gods have no desire for material wealth. Sometimes, incursions are a key element in some divine scheme for supremacy, the lives and deaths of mortals made over into extra pieces upon the Great Game's sprawling board. But underpinning this truth is that for both the Chaos Gods and the Daemons they command, the mortal world is another canvas upon which to paint their own madness. The destruction wrought by a Daemon is often not a means to an end, but merely the inevitable by-product of that Daemon expressing itself the only way it knows how.



Like the Dark Gods they serve, the Daemons are generous with their gifts, whether the recipient wishes to receive them or no. Nurgle's minions spread plague not to bring suffering and despair, but because they are driven to do so by the dark spark of divine essence within them. They cannot conceive of why their diseases should cause such dismay amongst their victims, for a Daemon of Nurgle finds nothing more joyous than to be afflicted by pox or pestilence. Daemons of Slaanesh revel in excess, and the torment they bring is – as far as they are concerned – the most philanthropic of blessings. Similarly, Tzeentch's Daemons subvert and mutate the natural order not out of cruelty, but are motivated by a combination of their own easily provoked boredom and the assumption that their victims must similarly be driven to ennui by their static and staid existences – something instantly cured by the mutating gift of change. Only Daemons of Khorne are truly selfish, ever seeking to claim skulls for the Skull Throne and so rise to higher status in their dread master's eyes.

In this way, Daemons are akin to malicious children who possess a box of fascinating toys that are fragile by nature but unlimited in number. After all, in its own way, the mortal world is as resilient as the Realm of Chaos. A city humbled by plague or broken by war will inevitably recover; a mortal army torn to bloody ruin by fang, blade and claw or blasted apart by sorcery will soon be replenished or replaced. This may take hundreds of years and cost untold thousands of lives along the way, but Daemons don't reckon time as mortals do, and inevitably find something else to draw their interest in the meantime. If the Daemons even comprehend the harm they are causing, they most certainly do not care.



Inevitably, and with few exceptions, the mortals of the world react unfavourably to the Daemons' beneficence, and assemble their armies to do battle. Though the Daemons are always somewhat dismayed at this most obvious rejection of their gifts (all save the Daemons of Khorne, who simply view an enemy army as a single massive offering waiting to be claimed) their innate joy of battle swiftly overtakes them. After an eternity of fighting their fellow Daemons in the Realm of Chaos, the opportunity to strive against mortals – with their shifting and unpredictable natures – is a fresh and invigorating experience all of its own.

At this point, the biggest and most powerful Daemon in the host assumes overall command. Occasionally, such primacy is guaranteed by that Daemon's standing within the dark pantheon, but most of the time it is a privilege that must be fought for. Such bouts of dominance can rage for days, as the various pretenders – and the portions of the host at their individual command – battle for control. Once his opponents have been cowed or banished, the victor enjoys unbroachable authority – for a few days at least – guaranteeing that any foe the host encounters will find the Daemons united and of a single purpose.

ARMIES OF UNREASON

For a mortal, there can be few more terrifying experiences than to be caught in the path of a daemonic army. Heraldry of the gods ride at the army's head. They spread the proclamations of their masters in a tongue so dark and twisted that it somehow pierces even the guttural battle-chants of Khorne's Bloodletters and the discordant singing of Slaaneshi Daemonettes.

As the main host grows nearer, a shadow falls across the sky, the sun's light choked from the air by the unfurled wings of roaring Bloodthirsters and squawking Furies. If there are Daemons of Nurgle amongst the host, the next thing to be noticed is a bowel-looseningly foul odour, and the baleful drone of a thousand plump black flies. Now the very ground upon which the host marches starts to ripple and flow, as Tzeentch's Daemons spread their gifts of change with rampant glee; water flows uphill, trees twist into blackened and writhing tentacles and the air is suffused with multi-hued fire. In the final moments before battle, the daemonic host falls silent, tens of thousands of eager daemonic eyes watching to see if the mortals will stand and fight, or flee in terror. Then the air rings to the sound of a hundred sonorous horns. Roaring and bellowing, shrieking and squealing, the Daemons hurl themselves forward to assail the doomed foe.

Where the enemy is strongest, there do the daemonic horde's direct warriors attack. Soul Grinders advance with clanking stride, great iron pistons thumping and harvester cannons booming. Great Unclean Ones lumber forward, bellowing joyfully with each sweep of their rust-pitted weapons, their massive bulk smothering or trampling any foolish enough not to evade their ponderous coming. Keepers of Secrets hack and tear their way through the foe, each blow exquisitely placed to ensure maximum suffering; Lords of Change send rippling waves of untrammelled sorcery arcing through the enemy ranks, mutating and incinerating all in their path. Should a particularly bold or desperate foe withstand these, then they must hold fast before the mighty Bloodthirsters of Khorne, the raging daemonic reavers whose tireless axes claim skulls by the thousand and spill rivers of blood. Few indeed are the mortals who can manage such a feat. When the enemy breaks and flees, snarling Flesh Hounds and chittering Fiends of Slaanesh bound and skitter in pursuit. Diminutive Nurglings swarm over the corpses, picking at eyeballs and playing all manner of foul games with the discarded entrails.

THE BRINK OF DOOM

As terrifying as daemonic incursions are, they are nothing as to what would occur should the Winds of Magic grow strong enough to allow Daemons to walk the world at will. On that day, the world will be subsumed into the Realm of Chaos, and all who yet live will be consumed by insanity and death.

'I see a world drowned in fire and plague, where madness is the only reason, and death is the only respite. That world will soon be ours, unless we fight these hellspawn with every weapon at our command.'

– Luthor Huss, Prophet of Sigmar



AN AGE OF DESTRUCTION

-5600 to -4420 The Great IncurSION of Legend

It was during the time of the mysterious Old Ones that the Daemons of Chaos first descended upon the mortal realm. The Old Ones were the architects of the world, able to twist the fabric of space and time to their will, and summon vast energies to be manipulated in the form of devastating magical spells.

For reasons long since lost to history, the Old Ones' great polar gate, the means by which they traversed the stars, collapsed upon itself opening rifts into the raw ether of the Realm of Chaos. As the skies burned and the earth quaked, the primal fears of a billion cowering souls took on unholy vigour. Borne forth from this maelstrom of emotion were the Dark Gods of Chaos and their daemonic servants. Raw magical energy flowed over the world in ever-increasing tides. Wherever this energy touched land it crystallised into thousands of Daemons.

Faced with annihilation, the civilisations of the world fought the incursion as best they could. Thousands upon thousands of Saurus cohorts strove with the Daemons, able to meet the ferocity of the invaders and match it in kind. The Dwarfs fell back into their underground cities. They lured the Daemons into traps and ambushes, even going so far as to collapse their mountain fortresses to crush many thousands of Daemons at a stroke. For their part, the Elves were unused to war, but learned its bloody trade quickly enough when extermination was the only alternative.

Ultimately, it was to be the Elves who defeated the Daemons and so saved the world from destruction. Caledor, wisest of the Elven Mages, created a Great Vortex that dissipated the magical energies unleashed by the polar gate's collapse. As their magical lifeblood ebbed, the Daemons were cast once more into the Realm of Chaos. The world had been delivered from Chaos – at least for a time. Yet in one stroke, the Daemons of Chaos had shattered the empire of the Slann, and decimated both the Dwarfs and the Elves. The Daemons could not be slain, only banished, and would soon return. They would be watching and waiting for any opportunity to descend into the mortal world, and finish what had been begun.



-1002 The Siege of Nehekhara

The Liche High Priest Intarep the Mad inadvertently tears open a rift to the Realm of Chaos. Thousands of Daemons rampage through the dusty streets of Nehekhara – any disappointment the Daemons of Khorne feel at the lack of blood to spill is easily overcome by the vista of naked skulls waiting to be claimed. The invasion is only halted when Settra himself returns from campaign, defeats the Great Unclean One who commands the daemonic host and bodily hurls Intarep into the rift.

-2130 The Daemon's Stump

At about this time, the Ogre Tyrant Argut Skullcrusher confronts the Bloodthirster Baaltor in single combat. The battle resounds throughout the Plains of Zharr for forty days and nights, until the mortally wounded Skullcrusher finally entombs his foe beneath the pillar of rock thereafter known as the Daemon's Stump.

-2423 Quest for the Cursed Temple-City

The scrolls of Itza record how a Lizardman expedition to the ruins of the lost temple-city of Xahutec is ambushed by a daemonic host. Many Slann Mage-Priests are slain in the ensuing battle and Xahutec itself is discovered to be located on the site of a permanent rift to the Realm of Chaos. The remaining Slann are able to close the breach, but the temple-city of Xahutec and its treasures were lost forever.

-2724

Alliance of Darkness

The Witch King Malekith attempts to destroy the Great Vortex. Seeing an opportunity to renew their claim upon the mortal world, the Chaos Gods send a great daemonic horde to the aid of the treacherous Dark Elf. Despite his otherworldly allies, Malekith is defeated by the glittering hosts of Ulthuan, and the Vortex remains functional.

'What a world you mortals inhabit! Rich in sensation, suffused with suffering and reeking of all manner of unfulfilled desire. Come, embrace me, and learn the exquisite gifts my Prince can bestow.'

– Sss'el'ari the Golden,
Keeper of Secrets,
Lord of Paramouncy

c.30

An Enemy Within

Thirty years after Sigmar ascends the throne, the Empire teeters on the brink of ruin. Vorkhan Jarl, long having coveted his Emperor's power, seeks the aid of the Chaos Gods. Briefly tired of their constant fraternal warfare, the dark brothers grant Jarl's desires.

In the battles that follow, the Daemons of Chaos slaughter their way into the legends of this new realm. Ultimately, Jarl's victory is cheated only by Sigmar's tireless courage and peerless battle-skill, and by the fact that the Chaos Gods grow bored on the very eve of victory, and recall their minions to more exciting conflicts within the Realm of Chaos. As the Dark Brothers cannot agree who has greatest claim on Jarl's black soul, they quarter the traitor; an equal share is thus apportioned to each benefactor.

111

Plaguefather's Return

A great daemonic horde sweeps over the World's Edge Mountains, bringing ruin in its wake. No one Daemon leads this host, for it is too massive to be guided by a single will, but it is Ku'gath Plaguefather who leads the attack on the Dwarf capital Karaz-a-Karak, just as he had done five thousand years before.

Under the Plaguefather's direction, the Daemons assail the Dwarfen defenders with every contagion ever to curse the world. Yet, as in Ku'gath's last assault, the tenacity of the Dwarfs proves too much for even his most prized plagues. The Daemons breach three layers of defences, but four others remained unsullied by their hands. The siege is eventually lifted and Ku'gath banished by the stout and vengeful arm of King Stromni Axehand.

231

The Battle of Glencurst

Daemonettes and Pink Horrors burst forth from the caverns below Middenheim. They wreak considerable damage to the city and lay waste to the western Drakwald before being vanquished at the Battle of Glencurst by the army of Count Reiner von Mechle.

Von Mechle suffers terrible dreams for the rest of his life. Always the same, these nightmares have him striding eternally across a blasted and twisted landscape, populated by creatures much like those he had vanquished. His remaining years are spent in the care of one temple or another as the priests work to calm his ravaged soul. Fifteen years to the day of his victory, von Mechle vanishes from a locked room – what his ultimate fate is, none can say with certainty.





1203

The Casket of Dreams

The Wood Elf Wardancer Cirienvel journeys into the Vaults of Winter to retrieve the Casket of Dreams, hoping to harness its power in her dances – unaware that her pride has attracted the attention of cruel Slaanesh.

After many battles, Cirienvel uncovers the fabled casket and returns to the King's Glade. There, infused with its power, she dances as never before. But as she dances, the blurred forms left in her wake transform into hungry daemonic figures, and a tide of Daemons is unleashed into the very heart of Athel Loren.

The Daemons gorge themselves on the magic of the Wood Elf realm before they are banished. Cirienvel is left crippled, unable to dance forevermore. For the rest of her life, she hears the dark mockery of Slaanesh echoing throughout her dreams.

c1230

A Legacy of Damnation

The mad Arabyan sorcerer Mahik al'Rak creates the Portal of Twilight from a series of enchanted mirrors. Shortly after, his body is possessed by a Lord of Change who thereafter influences the magical practices in Araby to the greater glory of Tzeentch. The land will forever bear the stain of this corruption.

'They are wickedness made flesh, cruel licentiousness given form. Truth will not save you, for truth has no hold over such aberrations. Courage cannot save you, for they sup your courage as readily as your fear. Faith is the only defence you can trust.'

– Arch Lector Markad to the Congregation of Ulric

570

The Book of Blood

The Bloodthirster Hellgrim attempts to retrieve one of the eight Burning Books of Khorne from its resting place in the Annulii Mountains. He is defeated by the army of High Mage Calahdris.

635

A Dark Bargain Denied

Epidemius, the Tallyman of Nurgle, appears in Naggaroth at high summer, seeking to claim the soul of accursed Malekith as payment for alliances past.

Safe behind sorcerous wards, the Witch King looses his armies upon Epidemius. However, prepared for treachery, the plague Daemon soon counters with a great host of his own. For a year and a day, Naggaroth is ravaged and torn between those two mighty armies. The war only ends when Malekith offers the souls of ten thousand kin in his stead – an offer Epidemius greedily accepts.

1001 The Skull Harvest

Skulltaker descends upon the mortal plane, his goal to claim the skulls of all northlanders who worship any god other than mighty Khorne.

800 Battle in a Bleak Land

The Daemon Tz'arkan leads a host of Tzeentchian and Khornate Daemons out of the Chaos Wastes and lays siege to the Altar of Ultimate Darkness. Decimating the Dark Elf defenders, Tz'arkan uses the power of the Altar to create a bridge between the Realm of Chaos and the Ironfrost Glacier. For the next two decades, until the Dark Elves finally retake the altar, the eastern domains of Naggaroth are beset by gibbering daemonic hordes. Each year thereafter, great hosts of Daemons assail the altar on the anniversary of their initial attack, seeking to recreate Tz'arkan's successes and take the realm of Naggaroth for their own.

435

The Fall of Markenhof

This is the last winter the garrison of Markenhof Castle ever see; winged Daemons sweep out of a fiery sky to slaughter everyone inside the walls. The fortress is a blasted and shunned ruin thereafter.

677 The Fires of Tiranoc

The Plague Drone infestation of Tiranoc begins at this time. In their haste to purge the Daemons, the High Elves burn acres upon acres of ancient woodland.

703 Treachery at Tlanxla

The Changeling, Trickster of Tzeentch, takes the form of the Liche King Arkhan the Black. So disguised, he promises a cabal of Necrarch Vampires untold sorcerous knowledge in exchange for their assistance in an attack on the Lustrian temple-city of Tlanxla. Whilst Zombie hordes fight Tlanxla's Lizardmen protectors to a standstill, the Changeling's Daemons ransack the treasure vaults of both sides, swiftly overwhelming defences weakened by the ongoing battle and claiming many mighty artefacts – which they then devour.

1316 The Battles of Stone and Fire

No fewer than three Dwarf holds – Karak Mar, Karak Nol and Dok Duraz – are lost to rampaging Daemons. Indeed, that Zhufbar does not fall also is due to the iron resolve of its defenders, a formidable array of emplaced war engines and the timely arrival of a relief army from Karak Kadrin. The Great Unclean One Ku'gath Plaguefather, failing to conquer where three rival Greater Daemons succeeded (and thus losing Father Nurgle a wager against his brother gods), is banished to the Forge of Souls in punishment.

c.1460 A Voyage to Unholy Shores

While crusading in Araby, Marius Hollseher, Elector Count of Stirland, uncovers the Mirror of Nightmares and inadvertently travels through it into the Realm of Chaos. For reasons of their own, the Chaos Gods allow the Count to return to the mortal world unmolested, where he writes an account of his journey in the *Liber Malefic* (shortly before being burned at the stake).

1474 The Sack of Braquiron

Hagra'xa Gorefeaster challenges his fellow Bloodthirster Krag'ulak Doomfoe to a contest of arms. The two Greater Daemons lead their mighty hosts into the mortal world with the intention of doing battle with one another. However, proceedings are interrupted when Baron Callard, seeing his castle and village under threat, leads an army of knights against the Daemons. Alas for the flower of Bretonnia, the knights are slaughtered to a man – hacked down by Hellblades, or blown apart by Skull Cannons.

Only Callard escapes alive – and that but through the cowardice of his steed. Thus free to pursue their duel, the Daemons set about one another with unrestrained fury. Soon only the Bloodthirsters remain standing, though they smite each other mightily with blows that shake the valley. Wrath waxing full in his heart, Baron Callard rides out once more and vanquishes both Bloodthirsters. Thus is the contest of arms won, not by Gorefeaster or Doomfoe, but by a mortal given over to rage. Khorne's eye falls upon Braquiron at the moment of Callard's victory, and the Lord of Skulls is pleased. So does Baron Callard pass out of the mortal realm, and begin his service as one of Khorne's chosen Daemon Princes.

GEHEIMNISNACHT

The dark moon Morrslieb is full only twice a year, and one of these occasions marks its perigee. This night is known by many names: *Geheimnisnacht* in the Empire and *Winter's Eve* in Bretonnia; it is *Twilight's Tide* to the Elves and *Ar'Uzkul* to the Dwarfs. On this night, sensible folk lock their doors and bar their windows, but for the followers of the Dark Gods this is a night of celebration. Morrslieb is accursed, a moon formed from material cast into the skies when Chaos first burst upon the world. Its proximity strengthens the Winds of Magic, weakening the borders between reality and the Realm of Chaos. On *Geheimnisnacht*, small rifts become large and large rifts become immense, allowing thousands of Daemons to walk the mortal world for one night of mayhem and destruction. Morrslieb's chaotic orbit means that *Geheimnisnacht* never falls upon the same night in subsequent years, but mortal folk take care never to be surprised by its onset. Defences are strengthened on this, the unholiest of nights, with special care given to those places rumoured to hold the favour of dark powers.

In the Drakwald and Mousillon, peasants abandon their hovels and take shelter in castles and fortified inns. In the Ogre Kingdoms, vast cauldrons of bloody meat are sacrificed to appease the Great Maw and secure its protection. Beneath Zhufbar, ill-famed caverns are sealed tight by Runesmiths, their exits guarded by dour Ironbreakers and eager Slayers. Across Ulthuan and in the depths of Athel Loren, prayers are whispered to Isha and Asuryan in the light of the sacred phoenix flames. Rich and poor, young and old, all hope that the evils of *Geheimnisnacht* will pass over them; all hope that the night of evils will leave them unmarked by its infinite malice.

Eventually darkness retreats from the sky. Morrslieb begins its slow wane and folk venture out into the new dawn. Some discover neighbouring towns razed to the ground, no trace of the inhabitants to be found save for blood on charred timbers. Others take axes to trees that have twisted into unspeakable shapes, burn crops rotten through with pestilence or empty barrels now choked thick with diseased blood. All give thanks to have survived another *Geheimnisnacht*, and fearfully begin counting the days until it is upon them once again.

'There can be no lasting victory against the servants of the Dark Gods. When they come for you, survival must be your only goal.'

– Jostro the Heretic

1851 The Long Night of Chaos

The people of the Empire suffer greatly on *Geheimnisnacht* this year. Rivers flowing from the Grey Mountains run thick with blood, and great flocks of Chaos Furies sweep over the western states, carrying men, women and livestock off into the night. Marienburg comes under siege as plague-encrusted Daemons stride forth from the filth-clogged northern seas. The army of Marshal Volshar Risbeck, locked in battle with Waaagh! Snagrak as Morrslieb rises, finds itself embattled on two fronts when a daemoniac host bursts from the Cursed Forest of Karan. Hellflayers and Flesh Hounds tear through the deserted streets of Altdorf, contesting for prey to settle a wager between their dark masters. In Talabheim, the great temple of Shallya is struck by a bolt of pink lightning and comes to terrible life. The temple drags itself across the city and attacks the Elector Count's palace with stone tentacles, ensnared finestras and warpfire-breathing gargoyles. When the city guard muster to confront it, the temple's door bursts open to disgorge a horde of cackling Daemons in its defence. Of all the Empire's chief cities, only Middenheim is spared – a fact praised by its inhabitants, but viewed with suspicion elsewhere.



2173 N'kari's Revenge

Scarcely ten years after Finubar the Seafarer ascended to the Phoenix Throne of Ulthuan, a black storm swept across the fair isle of Ulthuan. The seas boiled and the skies rained fire down upon the land. Many Elves drowned in swollen rivers, were crushed beneath collapsing buildings or incinerated by bolts of polychromatic lightning. Great was the ruin wrought on Ulthuan that night, but the worst was yet to befall the land.

At the storm's height, the great waystone atop Mount Antorec was uprooted and hurled into the valley below. Before the broken shards of the monolith had come to rest, a cloud of Chaos Furies clawed their way into the mortal world, tearing reality like wet paper. Moments later, a far more monstrous form forced its way through – the Keeper of Secrets N'kari was reborn into the mortal realm.

The first town to feel the wrath of N'kari's horde was Tor Annan, a provincial holding in the valley beneath Antorec. The defenders fought back, but could not hope to prevail against that unholy fury. Furies dove and wheeled through the sky like misshapen bats, their shrill cries freezing the blood of all who heard them. Rage-maddened Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers hurled themselves again and again at the defences, splintering wood and shattering stone, desperate to slay the Elves that cowered inside. N'kari waded through the bloodshed and the Elves scattered before his coming – all save Eanith, Lord of Tor Annan, and his household guard. They formed a wall of spears against the Daemon's onslaught, only to have their weapons splinter on his hide. Snapping Eanith's sword beneath the pincers of one massive claw, N'kari thrust his fist into the Elf's chest. Closing his fingers about Eanith's heart, the Daemon tore the still-pulsating organ from the noble's body. N'kari brandished the heart briefly before the Elf's dying eyes, bellowed in triumph and swallowed it whole. Casting the limp corpse aside, the Keeper of Secrets turned his back on the ruins of Tor Annan, and sought out his next victim.



Scarcely had the echoes of battle about Tor Annan ceased when N'kari struck once again, riding the tides of magical energy to instantly emerge on the other side of Ulthuan, scant leagues from Tor Yvresse. Once again, the Elves responded swiftly. Although sorely pressed, the defenders of the fortress were able to hold the Daemons at bay while aid arrived from Cothique and Hoeth. N'kari withdrew his forces at the battle's height, retreating into the Annulii Mountains.

Over the next month, the pattern continued. N'kari struck at outposts in the Dragon Spine mountains, Avelorn and many other provinces of Ulthuan. Indeed, few areas of the Elven realm remained unscathed. Yet each time N'kari would suddenly abandon the battle, often within minutes of achieving a devastating victory. With no end in sight, and Ulthuan in a state of terror, the Phoenix King ordered every seer in the realm to focus their powers of divination on ending the threat, lest the Daemon's dread presence befoul Ulthuan entire.

After much meditation, the cause behind the attacks became clear. With horror, the Elven seers realised that this abyssal monstrosity was the very same being who had led the invasion of Ulthuan over six thousand years ago, slaughtering millions and shaking the Elven civilisation to its core. During that great struggle, the first Phoenix King, Aenarion, destroyed N'kari's mortal form. The seers believed that N'kari had been reborn a thing of vengeance, consumed with a need to settle old scores. As such, the incursions that had recently plagued Ulthuan were far from random, they were directed by the cruellest of motives. N'kari was carving his vengeance on the descendants of Aenarion, bringing towns and fortresses to battle long enough to spirit his victims away to face the eternal torments of Slaanesh. Over the many thousands of years since the time of Aenarion the Defender, the hallowed bloodline had prospered. Not all the scions were of noble rank and had little to connect them beyond their lineage. As such, their disappearance on battlefields where many hundreds of Elves had been slain had gone unnoticed and unconsidered by all but kith and kin.

The seers believed that almost all known scions of Aenarion's line had now been accounted for – either lost to N'kari's rage, or away from Ulthuan and therefore, hopefully, safe for a time. The remaining heirs were twin princes, scarcely beyond childhood by the exacting standards of Elves. Their names were Tyrion and Teclis. Each carried Aenarion's mark, though in different ways. Tyrion had learned his lessons well and already had both the skill and confidence of a warrior born. Teclis, though weak of body, had proved himself adept at the myriad magical arts. The princes were hurriedly summoned from their home in the Cothique woodland and spirited away to the safest place in all Ulthuan – the shrine of Asuryan. There an army drawn from the finest troops the Elves could field would defend the princes against all possible peril.

As divined, N'kari's attack came soon. Scarcely a day after the Shadow Warriors first brought reports of Daemons in the mountains of the Eataine peninsula, the Keeper of Secrets' vanguard marched within sight of the shrine. As the Daemons advanced, N'kari sent intoxicating visions flowing over the walls of the shrine to bedevil the dreams of those within. Many Elves succumbed to these illusions of desire and phantasms of fulfilment. Some fell into deep comas, never to awaken. Others threw aside armour and weapons, marching blindly into the Daemon hordes and being torn to shreds, or casting themselves from the cliffs to perish on the jagged rocks below.

Within moments, the stony slopes of Asuryan's Isle were engulfed by N'kari's hordes. Daemons darted and leapt across the jagged rocks, paying no heed to the clouds of arrows launched into their ranks from the shrine's walls. Lords of Change hurled bolts of sorcerous fire at the defenders, cawing with delight as Elves twisted and burnt in multi-hued flames. Flocks of Furies swarmed across the defenders, plucking unfortunate Elves from the walls and casting them onto jagged rocks. Nurglings oozed their way through gratings and coverlets to tear and bite at the ankles of the defenders. Asuryan still watched over his shrine however, and daemonic flesh blackened and burnt wherever it touched the walls and fortifications. Yet still the horde came on.

Through it all, the Elves fought without hope, knowing that to yield was to deny the sacred trust of Aenarion. Along the walls, each strove without thought for his own life, hacking at Daemonettes and Plaguebearers until armour and stone were stained with Daemon blood. A hundred unnamed heroes struggled and died that day. Archers from Yvresse and Swordmasters from Hoeth fought alongside knights from Caledor and Ellyrion. Wherever the fighting was thickest, there fought the Phoenix Guard, striving as if to drive back the foe by their valour alone. Yet the Daemons cared not for their losses.

Finally, the Elves were undone not by a lack of courage or skill, but by the timbers of the shrine's gate. Battered by sorcery and daemonic might, the gate collapsed under the immense weight of a Beast of Nurgle. The battle now devolved into a primal contest of survival. Groups of Elves fought back to back as Daemons swirled and slaughtered their way through the shrine. Now the balance of arms began to tilt in favour of the Elves. The merest wound left Daemons vulnerable to the holy power of Asuryan's shrine, and the weakest of N'kari's horde were consumed by cleansing fire. N'kari stepped through the ruined gate and drank in the heady scent of fear and slaughter. None could stand before him, and he strode swiftly through the chaos of battle, climbing the Stair of Eternity and into the innermost sanctum of Asuryan where his prey waited.

At the last, only twenty Phoenix Guard stood between N'kari and the twin princes, yet the Elves did not yield. They fought bravely, on stones already slippery with carnage, yet N'kari would not be denied vengeance. As one arm darted to block the guards' halberds, another gracefully disembowelled half a dozen opponents. Bolts of shrivelling fire burst from N'kari's eyes to consume the rest of his foes. As the last desiccated corpse fell, the young Tyrion knew his defence, and that of his brother, fell solely in his hands. He mouthed a prayer to Asuryan, drew his sword, and went to meet his destiny.

Promising warrior though he was, Tyrion was overmatched from the first. N'kari parried Tyrion's desperate thrusts with mocking ease. In lilting tones, he taunted the Elf with every cheated blow. Yet N'kari had made one fatal misjudgment. So focused was he on Tyrion that the Daemon had all but forgotten Teclis' presence. As Tyrion was knocked sprawling by the sweep of a massive claw, Teclis unleashed an attack of his own. While Teclis did not have Tyrion's strength and vigour, his crippled frame harboured a mastery of the mystic arts. Now Teclis hammered at the Daemon with all the sorcerous fire he could muster. As the bolt struck, the creature was blasted clear off its feet. N'kari tumbled across the plinth where Asuryan's flame burned, one mighty arm passed through the eternal flame, and the Daemon screamed in agony. No ordinary flame could mark N'kari's hide, but against this, the sacred fire of Asuryan, the Daemon had no defence. The fire coursed across the Daemon's body, burning ever fiercer as it spread.

N'kari screamed as his skin blackened and crackled. Rising to his feet, Tyrion struck the Daemon again, and his sword took up the flame. Each new cut opened up fresh wounds, lancing the cleansing fire into the Daemon's core. Crippled with pain, N'kari was able to do little except stagger away from Tyrion's onslaught. With each stroke, the Elf prince drove the Daemon towards the great arch that overlooked the Sea of Dreams. With a final scream, N'kari's monstrous bulk toppled through the arch and plummeted the thousands of feet into the sea below, where the waves swiftly stole the Daemon from sight.

Tyrion and Teclis emerged from the sanctum to find the battle won. Daemons could not easily endure in that holy place, and only N'kari's maddened will had sustained them even this long. When the Keeper of Secrets was lost to the sea, the power that sustained his horde faded, and the Daemons were swiftly consumed by the power of Asuryan, leaving only piles of blackened ash. As dusk fell, the Elves celebrated their victory and mourned their losses. Through it all, Tyrion and Teclis stood in silence. They knew their destinies had been forever altered, and that one day they would have to face N'kari again.

THE SUMMONING OF DAEMONS

Over the centuries, mortals of all races have summoned Daemons. They do so to further their own goals, using knowledge gleaned from texts such as the *Grimoire Daemonicus*, the *Pandemonius* and the *Liber Malefic*. Some seek a powerful protector or an unstoppable assassin to slay their enemies. Others yearn for knowledge of magic or even insight into future events. As creatures that dwell outside of time, Daemons have a unique perspective on the real world and can prophesy far into a mortal's distant future.

For their part, Daemons are only too eager to ride a summoning's magic back to its source – though without any intention of showing gratitude to the one who opened the door. This is when the summoner discovers just how strong his spells of protection are. Any whose wards are in the slightest way insufficient are swiftly devoured, their magical skills and essence sacrificed to allow the Daemon to survive in the real world. Should the summoner prove to be protected by enchantments of a complexity and power that the Daemon cannot break, he can then assert a measure of influence over the creature.

Even a bound Daemon is a most dangerous servant, ever seeking to throw off its bonds. Any advice and wisdom it imparts are always to further its diabolic bid for freedom, although inevitably couched in terms that seem beneficial to the summoner. The most cunning beasts lure their gaoler into agreement, where the Daemon pledges itself to a period of service. Such a pact can last for days, years or even centuries, yet all end the same way: the Daemon emerges triumphant and the mortal ends up devoured.

'Terrified we were, but still would have held our ground had the Daemons attacked only with blade and fang. Yet as they approached, a strange madness filled our ranks. Men who had been comrades for decades tore at each others' eyes and throats. Yellowed pus and plump maggots dribbled from the wounds in ceaseless flow, until the ground was slippery with the putrefaction of our comrades. Those of us that survived were too busy retching and voiding our bowels to look to our own defence. Had the Knights Panther not chosen that moment to strike the Daemons' flank, we'd have been done for.'

– Sergeant Otto Kaufler

2201 A Throne Denied

The Bloodthirster Gho'rr leads a crusade of slaughter across the Badlands. In celebration of his victories, Gho'rr then builds a great tower of skulls with a throne set at the very top. However, as Gho'rr takes his seat, the sky shakes with thunder and a great brass skull slams into the tower, pulverising Gho'rr, and smashing the tower into uncounted splinters of bone.

2271-2304 The Great War Against Chaos

Daemons burst from the Realm of Chaos to march under the banner of Asavar Kul. Together, the mortal and immortal hosts ravage Kislev.

2401 The Destruction of Waaagh! Gutstompa

In this year, Waaagh! Gutstompa fell upon Stirland. With the Emperor and his closest allies embattled in the west, repelling a Bretonnian invasion, it seemed that Waaagh! Gutstompa would bring the Empire to its knees. Yet as the greenskin horde passed through the ruins of Wurtbad, its boss Shaman, Redfang, caught sight of an ancient tome lying charred, but otherwise unscathed, amidst the rubble. Though the script within those aged pages was indecipherable to the aged Orc, he could sense the sorcery locked within its pages and set about teasing it loose with magics of his own. The resulting explosion wrecked the centre of Wurtbad anew, tore asunder the fabric of reality and loosed a mighty host of Daemons into the heart of the Waaagh!

Daemonettes were the first through the breach, dancing and singing as they slashed their way through the milling and confused ranks of Orcs and Goblins. Those initial victims swiftly broke but did not get far – Hellflayers and Seeker Chariots crashed pell-mell into routing greenskins, scythed wheels and whirring blades ripping them to bloody shreds. As the Daemonettes fought their way further from the portal, more Daemons emerged to assail the greenskins. Pink Horrors giggled and cackled as they hurled bolts of weird-hued fire and Beasts of Nurgle bounded excitedly through the ruins. Towering behind them all loomed the giant figure of Kz'ar'aka, Daemon Prince, Harbinger of Sorrows and Chosen of the Blood God, his axe glinting in the dawn's light.

Yet by this point Gutstompa had managed to bellow some order into the rest of his lads. At the Warboss's command, a dozen regiments of Black Orc trampled their way forward through the chaos, paying no heed to the bellows of pain from those who fell under their iron-shod feet. Grinning wickedly, the Daemonettes turned about to face this new threat and sprang forward. The Black Orcs impassively stood their ground as the Daemonettes capered and pirouetted onward. At the last moment the brutes locked their shields, and the Daemonettes collided with an uneven wall of heavy timber, rough iron and stubborn sinew. The warpmetal of the chariots and Hellflayers buckled under the impact, hurling their crew deep into the Black Orc formations. The Daemonettes on foot fared little better. Some of their claws found chinks in the Black Orcs' armour, but most wasted their impact on shields and battle-scarred plate. In response, the Black Orcs' axes chopped down, severing limbs and heads with bloody finality. With the heart cut out of the Daemonette onslaught, the Black Orcs bellowed with the joy of their victory. This Waaagh-shout spread through the ruins of Wurtbad as all greenskins in earshot took up the cry.

The Pink Horrors were the first to suffer the newfound momentum of the Waaagh! Though their wild spells mutated hundreds of onrushing Orcs, they were swiftly hacked apart by the greenskin horde. As each Pink Horror perished, two Blue Horrors burst into existence, but those that weren't bludgeoned in the first moments of their existence quickly scurried off to find shelter amidst the tumbled stones and broken timbers. Yet even as the last Pink Horror fell, Kz'ar'aka loosed his shock troops.

Flesh Hounds hurled themselves into the Orc ranks. Driven mad by bloodscent, the Daemon hounds gave no thought to their defence. Each beast took three or four good choppa blows before it finally lay still. The Flesh Hound attack had buckled and disrupted the greenskin lines, and now Kz'ar'aka hurled his Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers into the gaps. Keening their brutal battle-songs, the gore-hued Daemons attacked with a ferocity that matched even that of the Black Orcs. Hellblades rose and fell in bloody arcs, widening the rents in the

Orc lines and allowing other Daemons to enter the fray. Fiends of Slaanesh probed the flanks, claws and stings slicing and stabbing madly. High above the rest of the fray, in the ruined bell-tower of the Temple of Sigmar, Snotlings and Nurglings exchanged volleys of faeces-flecked fungus and festering filth; this battle lacked the desperation and horror of the one being played out below, with both sides cheering each time a revolting missile hit home.

Finally, Kz'ar'aka grew bored of watching. Spreading his mighty wings, the Daemon Prince swooped into the heart of the fighting, where Gutstompa, choppa broken and abandoned, laid about himself with a Juggernaut's severed forelimb. Such a weapon could have been though laughable, but the trail of crushed and broken bodies at the Warboss's feet proved otherwise. Kz'ar'aka thought to take Gutstompa by surprise but, warned by the shadow cast by the Daemon Prince's wings, the Warboss wheeled about, his impromptu weapon connecting squarely with the Daemon Prince's torso, badly denting his armour and snapping a handful of ribs. Before the Daemon Prince could recover, Gutstompa followed up with another flurry of blows. Two, Kz'ar'aka deflected with his axe, but the third caught the Daemon Prince squarely about the head, breaking the tip from one of his magnificent horns. This last blow too robbed Gutstompa of his weapon, for the tortured Daemon-metal finally gave way. Even then, the Warboss didn't give up, but hurled himself bodily at Kz'ar'aka, kicking, butting and punching with wild determination. Grinning evilly, the Daemon Prince set aside his own axe, and latched one betaloned claw about the Orc's throat. Ignoring the fusillade of blows – apart from the one solid kick that landed against already-broken ribs – he pulled the Warboss close, and closed his needle-sharp fangs about Gutstompa's head and bit it clean off.

With Gutstompa's death, the fight finally went out of the Orc horde – almost as one, they broke and fled. Even the Snotlings beat a hasty retreat, their erstwhile Nurgling opponents warving and cheering them on. Kz'ar'aka surveyed the battlefield, and was pleased. The portal that had granted him ingress still glowed with power, bringing more Daemons to his side with every passing minute. Better still, the Winds of Magic were gusting, further buttressing his daemonic might. The Daemon Prince knew that it was only a matter of time before one of the Greater Daemons happened upon the rift and seized command of his army. But until that time, there was destruction and anarchy to unleash in the name of mighty Khorne. Waaagh! Gutstompa was but the start...



'Go forth, my children; bring our father's blessing to all living things.'

– Fluzrot the Pestilent,
Great Unclean One

2298 Something Rotten in Mousillon

The Sorceress-consort of Duke Maldred of Mousillon inadvertently opens a rift to the Realm of Chaos, loosing a host of Nurgle Daemons into the city.

2460

The Wrath of Karanak

Ricart Drallborg, aspirant wizard of the Gold Order, summons the Daemon-hound Karanak to eliminate his rivals. Alas for Drallborg, his enchantments cannot cage Karanak and the Gold Wizard is the first to feel the beast's jaws. Sustained by the stray energies within the Gold College, Karanak then hunts freely and slaughters all the wizards within its walls.

2515

Skarbrand Unleashed

The Skaven burrow of Fester Spike is attacked by a Dwarf expedition seeking to reclaim one of the lost hammers of Valaya. Grey Seer Thanquol attempts to summon a Vermin Lord of the Horned Rat. Instead, he mistakenly conjures the legion of the Bloodthirster Skarbrand, which then rampages amongst both the Dwarf and Skaven armies.

c.2520 The Year of Woe

As mortals reckon time, it was in this year that Tzeentch sent Kairos Fateweaver to steal the twelve enchanted artefacts once possessed by the companions of Gilles le Breton. So important was this goal to Tzeentch that he dispatched the greater part of his armies to the mortal plane.

So began Bretonnia's Year of Woe, where the tombs of the companions were ransacked, nearby towns razed and countless thousands of Bretonnians — high and low born alike — met their deaths at the tentacles of Tzeentchian Daemons. Castles were of no defence, for their crude stones were easily tumbled by the sorceries of Pink Horrors or transmuted by the warpfires of Flamers. Only at Grail shrines, where the power of the Lady still waxed strong, could any shelter be found. Worse, with each artefact recovered, Fateweaver's Daemons grew ever more powerful. In the initial battles about Montfort and Quenelles, the lances and valour of the Bretonnian Knights cost the daemonic hosts greatly. By the time eight artefacts had been seized, only the boldest dukes would even consider taking the field. In the twelfth month, with only a single artefact outside of Fateweaver's clutches, only King Louen chanced his arm — and he lost far more battles than he won.

The final battle of the Year of Woe was the Siege of Mousillon, for 'twas in this city that the last artefact lay. At the height of the siege, the Bretonnian armies made one last sortie against their abusers. As they did so, help arrived from a most unusual source. Nurgle had long been fond of Mousillon, for it had been the breeding ground for many of his favourite plagues. He could not bear the thought of the city being eradicated by the minions of hated Tzeentch, and so loosed his own armies. Unaware of the wider battle being fought, the Bretonnians gave no quarter that day. They saw only an army of Daemons given over to fighting amongst itself, and slaughtered everything that came before their lances. Ku'gath Plaguefather bludgeoned Kairos Fateweaver to feathered ruin, only to find himself pierced on the points of a dozen blessed lances. With the destruction of their leaders, both Daemon armies vanished — doubtless to pursue the battle on more familiar territory — leaving only their battle-ravaged fallen and the very items Fateweaver had come to steal.

2522 The End Times Cometh

Daemons of all four powers muster behind the banner of Archagon, Lord of the End Times. The combined horde marches against the armies of the Old World. The mocking laughter of the Dark Gods is heard in every land.





THE DAEMONIC HOSTS

The armies of the Chaos Gods are nothing if not varied. Regiments of Lesser Daemons march forth, flanked by packs of daemoniac beasts, echelons of baroque chariots and flocks of raucous Furies. Towering over all are the monstrous Greater Daemons, the warbringers of the Chaos Gods.

In this section, you will find details for all the different troops, beasts, heroes and monsters used in a Daemons of Chaos army. It is also an almanac of sorts, presenting all the imagery, descriptions, characteristics profiles and special rules necessary to use all the elements of the Daemons of Chaos army, from Core units to Special Characters, from Daemonic Gifts to the spell lores of Chaos.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

BY WHICH THE DAEMONS OF CHAOS SHALT DO THINE BIDDING

This section of the book describes the different units in a Daemons of Chaos army, along with their rules. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the *Warhammer* rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a special rule that is unique to it, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring 'army special rules' that apply to several Daemons of Chaos units, and these are detailed below.

DAEMONIC ALIGNMENT

Most Daemons (even chariots) are bound to one of the Chaos Gods. Only Daemonic characters can join units of Daemons. Furthermore, Daemonic characters can only join units that are solely composed of Daemons with the same allegiance as themselves. In addition, Daemons receive no benefit from the Inspiring Presence or Hold Your Ground! special rules, unless both they and the model with those rules are Daemons of the same allegiance.

Daemons of Khorne *hunger to spill blood and claim skulls.* Daemons of Khorne have the Hatred (Daemons of Slaanesh) special rule. In addition, on a turn in which a model with this special rule makes a successful charge, it has a +1 bonus to its Strength for the rest of the turn.

Daemons of Tzeentch *are empowered by Tzeentch's manipulations.* Daemons of Tzeentch have the Hatred (Daemons of Nurgle) special rule, and re-roll ward save results of 1. Wizards with the Daemon of Tzeentch special rule can also re-roll channelling results of 1.

Daemons of Nurgle *are concealed by clouds of flies.* Daemons of Nurgle have the Hatred (Daemons of Tzeentch) special rule. Enemy models targeting a Daemon of Nurgle in close combat suffer a -1 penalty To Hit.

Daemons of Slaanesh *have wicked claws that cut deep.* Daemons of Slaanesh have the Armour Piercing and Hatred (Daemons of Khorne) special rules.

DAEMONIC GIFTS

Daemonic Gifts are the Daemons' equivalent of magic items. They are chosen differently to magic items (see page 61), but otherwise follow the rules for magic items.

LOCI OF CHAOS

Several models in the Daemons of Chaos army can purchase locus upgrades. There are three tiers of locus. Rising from weakest to strongest these are: Lesser, Greater and Exalted. If a unit is affected by two or more loci, only the strongest takes effect – the rules for the others are ignored. Should a model be slain, the effect of its locus is lost immediately.

DAEMONIC

All models with the Daemonic special rule have the Fear and Immune to Psychology special rules as described in the *Warhammer* rulebook. In addition, they are also subject to the following special rules:

Daemonic Attacks

A Daemon's attacks are magical. This includes any special, ranged or Stomp attacks they make.

Daemonic Aura

All Daemons enjoy the physical and mystical protection that fluctuates with the Winds of Magic. At the start of the game, Daemons have a 5+ ward save (though this might well change as a result of the Reign of Chaos table – see opposite).

Daemonic Instability

When a unit of Daemons loses a combat it must take a special kind of Break test called a Daemonic Instability test, instead of taking a normal Break test. To do this, use the following procedure:

- 1) Calculate combat result as normal and roll 2D6.
- 2) If the dice roll is a double 1 or double 6, something unexpected happens:

Double 1 Reality Blinks. *Time folds back on itself, restoring the slain.* All Wounds suffered by the unit this Close Combat phase, including any Wounds suffered by characters that have joined it, are restored, and any models removed as casualties in this phase immediately return to play in their earlier positions. Wounds restored in this manner still count as having been inflicted for the purposes of combat results.

Double 6 Banished! *With an inrush of air and a damp 'pop!' the Daemons are sucked back into the Realm of Chaos.* Remove the unit from play as a casualty.

- 3) Now (assuming the unit has not been wiped out when resolving a double 6) apply the difference in combat results as a penalty to the Daemons' Leadership. For every point by which the 2D6 roll exceeds this modified Leadership value, the unit suffers one additional Wound, with no saves of any kind allowed.

If characters are present in the unit, the controlling player first allocates Wounds to the unit (up to their current Wounds), then divides remaining Wounds as equally as possible amongst any characters. Once all Wounds have been allocated, the penalty to the Daemons' Leadership is discounted. Note that Daemonic Instability tests **do not** benefit from Insane Courage. They can, however, be re-rolled if the battle standard is within 12", use the General's Inspiring Presence rule, and/or be tested on unmodified Leadership if the unit is Stubborn/Steadfast. If a Daemonic unit somehow has the Unbreakable special rule, it takes no Daemonic Instability test.

REIGN OF CHAOS

Whenever you roll for the Winds of Magic, total the two highest dice scores (in most games you only roll two dice for the Winds of Magic, so simply total these) and immediately resolve the result shown below:

- 2 **The Winds Recede:** *The Winds of Magic die down, drawing the Daemons of Chaos back to their otherworldly realm.* All units with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend or foe) must immediately take a Daemonic Instability test on their unmodified Leadership.
- 3 **Punished by the Gods:** *The Chaos Gods are displeased, and vent their anger upon one of their minions.* Randomly select one character with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend or foe – if there are no characters with the Daemonic Instability special rule currently on the board, count this as The Eye of the Storm instead). The selected character must immediately take a Leadership test, losing 1 Wound (with no saves of any kind allowed) for each point by which the test is failed.
- 4 **Chaotic Ebb:** *The Chaos Gods squabble, and the Daemons' presence on the mortal plane grows dim.* All models with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend or foe) suffer a -1 penalty to their ward saves (which will therefore normally be reduced to 6+) until you next roll for the Winds of Magic.
- 5 **Storm of Fire*:** *The skies erupt with magical flame as Tzeentch makes his presence known.* Roll a D6 for each enemy unit and each friendly unit that contains one or more Daemons of Nurgle, or models with the Mark of Nurgle, on the board. Do not roll for units that are engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, place a small round template centred directly over the centre of the unit – this then scatters D6". Any models wholly or partially beneath the template's final position suffer a single Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule.
- 6 **Rot, Glorious Rot*:** *Nurgle guffaws with joy, and plague blooms.* Roll a D6 for each enemy unit and each friendly unit that contains one or more Daemons of Tzeentch, or models with the Mark of Tzeentch, on the board. Do not roll for units engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, that unit suffers D6+3 Strength 3 hits, with no armour saves allowed.
- 7 **The Eye of the Storm:** *The roiling tide of Chaos slows for a moment. Nothing happens, this time...*
- 8 **The Dark Prince Thirsts*:** *Slaanesh's seductive song echoes mournfully around the battlefield, ensnaring the souls of all who hear it.* Roll a D6 for each enemy unit and each friendly unit that contains one or more Daemons of Khorne, or models with the Mark of Khorne, on the board. Do not roll for units that are engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, that unit must take a Leadership test on 3D6, adding the results together. If the test is passed, nothing happens. Otherwise, for each point by which the unit failed the test, it suffers a Wound, with no armour saves allowed.
- 9 **Khorne's Wrath*:** *With an enraged bellow that shakes the firmament of mortal and daemonic realms, Khorne bombards the battlefield with brazen skulls.* Roll a D6 for each enemy unit and each friendly unit that contains one or more Daemons of Slaanesh, or models with the Mark of Slaanesh, on the board. Do not roll for units that are engaged in close combat. On the roll of a 6, place a small round template centred directly over the centre of the unit – this then scatters 3D6". Resolve damage as you would from a stone thrower shot, with the model under the centre of the template suffering a Strength 9 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule, and all other models wholly or partially under the template suffering a Strength 3 hit.
- 10 **Chaotic Surge:** *The tide of corrupting magic grows stronger, as do the anarchic Daemons that suckle from it.* All models with the Daemonic Instability special rule (friend and foe) gain a +1 bonus to their ward saves (which will therefore normally be increased to 4+) until you next roll for the Winds of Magic.
- 11 **Daemonic Possession**:** *The incantations of an enemy wizard have drawn a Daemon's predatory gaze.* Randomly select one enemy Wizard on the board who does not have the Daemonic Instability special rule (if there are no eligible enemy Wizards currently on the board, count this as The Eye of the Storm instead). The selected Wizard must pass a Leadership test or be removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed. If the Leadership test is failed then before removing the Wizard, place a Herald of Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh (your choice) anywhere within 6" of the slain model that is more than 1" from all units and impassable terrain. If you chose a Herald of Tzeentch, generate its spell immediately. This Herald can act normally in the turn it is created. If you do not have a spare Herald of Chaos model, or if one cannot be placed on the board according to the aforementioned restrictions, the selected Wizard is removed as a casualty but no Herald is placed.
- 12 **Summoned from Beyond**:** *The barriers between mortal and immortal planes are further weakened, and yet more Daemons enter the world.* Place a new unit consisting of 2D6+3 Bloodletters, Pink Horrors, Plaguebearers or Daemonettes (you choose).

When placing this unit, it can be placed anywhere on the battlefield at least 1" away from all units, buildings and impassable terrain. It can be placed in any legal formation, so long as the unit's front rank contains at least five models. If the summoned unit cannot be placed (because there is not enough room or you do not have enough models), the unit does not enter play at all.

* Hits and Wounds caused by these results are treated as having been made by magical attacks.

** New units created by these results do not have any upgrades or award victory points, but are otherwise treated exactly as for other units of their type.

BLOODTHIRSTERS

GUARDIANS OF THE THRONE, DEATHBRINGERS OF KHORNE, BLOODED ONES

Bloodthirsters are not only the most deadly of Khorne's Daemons, but the mightiest of daemonkind entire. A single such beast is a harbinger of bellowing death, is destructive beyond telling, and lives only to slaughter, maim and destroy all that it encounters. It is the fury of war given form, the unfettered primal rage of the world made manifest. Such should be expected of a beast whose master is the god of bloodletting, slaughter and murder.

Those few who have confronted a Bloodthirster and survived commonly recall an overwhelming impression of vast size and unchecked barbarity, of roaring and snarling death riding upon stygian wings that eclipse the sun. A Bloodthirster's ruddy skin is covered with coarse fur and brass armour, slick and gleaming with the blood of innumerable victims. This armour is forged upon the Daemon's flesh by Khorne himself and thereafter becomes a living part of the Daemon, even whilst maintaining a brutal intelligence of its own. As such, even the Bloodthirster's armour is wrathful and longs for slaughter. In one hand, the Bloodthirster carries an ensorcelled axe that thirsts for blood and slaughter; in the other, the Daemon wields a cruelly barbed lash, with which it can easily flay the flesh from a victim's bones. These weapons are wielded with unbelievable force, propelled by muscles as hard as iron and driven by a timeless fury that neither slackens nor fades.



Bloodthirsters have no sorcerous abilities, for Khorne loathes such eldritch trickery and shuns the practice of the magical arts. Foolish mortals might consider this to be a weakness, for what god of slaughter would shun so powerful a weapon as magic? Rather, a Bloodthirster resonates with an echo of his dark liege's wrathful contempt. Indeed, the presence of a wizard amongst the enemy ranks inevitably makes a Bloodthirster fight with even more fury than is normal – if such a thing could be imagined...

Yet it is more than mere wrath that allows a Bloodthirster to eclipse other Greater Daemons. Neither does his irresistible strength guarantee primacy, nor skills earned in an eternity of battle. Rather, it is all of these traits shackled to the Bloodthirster's bestial and predatory nature. Within the Bloodthirster's raging mind there is no thought, no deliberation, no appreciation of intrigue or manipulation – it thinks only of the hunt, of the blood to be spilt in Khorne's name and the skulls to be gathered for the Blood God's mighty throne.

Thus is the Bloodthirster the most relentless and single-minded of all Daemons. Others will sometimes retire from battle if overmatched, to husband strength and bring more insidious talents into play, but not so a Bloodthirster. Should a Greater Daemon of Khorne find itself outnumbered, surrounded, mortally wounded or even beset by a hero empowered with divine might, it does not stop fighting. Such is the nature of a Bloodthirster: it does not retreat, does not falter, but roars fresh defiance with every blow, swinging its axe with ever more bloodlust and cleaving fresh skulls for Khorne with each unstoppable strike.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodthirster	8	10	10	6	6	5	9	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Fly, Large Target, Magic Resistance (2), Terror.

'I beheld a raging beast, chained to that wall of bone by brazen and bloody chain. Its every bellow shook the ground upon which I stood; its every utterance fulsome with the fury of war. As the Daemon's gaze fell upon me, it demanded with booming voice that I set it free, that it might bring the glory of bloodletting to this realm once more. Momentarily I considered the beast's demands, for an ally in that dark realm would have been a welcome thing. But then I realised the folly of such a course; that Daemon had no place in its black heart for loyalty to such a one as I; rage was its only master, and slaughter the only companion it would ever acknowledge.

I left that place with speed, and prayed that the chains would hold 'til I was long gone.'

– Liber Malefic

BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE

KHORNE'S CHOSEN, NAKED SLAYERS, TAKERS OF SKULLS

The Daemon hordes of Khorne are made up of ferocious Bloodletters, deadly warriors believed to have been foremost amongst the Blood God's followers in mortal life and whose will is as implacable and blood-hungry as Khorne himself.

Bloodletters gather in regiments, chanting their brutal praises to Khorne. In the fashion of the warriors they are believed to have once been, each unit of Bloodletters marches beneath a gore-soaked banner upon which the names of their victims are inscribed. When loosed to the fray, Bloodletters sprint from one enemy to the next, hacking the foe apart before springing away in search of new victims. With each fresh kill, the Bloodletters loose great shouts of victory that echo across the battlefield and chill the souls of all who hear.

Each Bloodletter carries a Hellblade, a jagged iron sword whose blackened blade glows with heinous enchantment. A wound from one of these weapons can slay even the hardest heroes, draining their soul and sucking dry their shrivelled corpse. The Hellblade is formed from the Bloodletter's own essence and can never be discarded nor torn from its grasp. Each life taken by the Hellblade strengthens the Bloodletter, fuelling both its power and rage. As such, a Bloodletter is even more terrifying at a battle's close than its start, having gorged itself on the slaughter it has caused, overwhelmed by the need to take more skulls for Khorne.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7
Bloodreaper	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne**, **Daemonic**, **Magic Resistance (1)**, **Scaly Skin (6+)**.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Hellblade: *Said to have been forged from shards of Khorne's own black heart, Hellblades cleave the immortal soul.*

Magic Weapon. Attacks made with a Hellblade have the Killing Blow special rule.



HERALDS OF KHORNE

Most feared of all amongst the Bloodletters are the dread Heralds of Khorne. Driven insane by their perpetual need for slaughter, the Heralds of Khorne attack their foes with a wrath that eclipses even that of other Bloodletters. As a Herald's rage grows, all nearby Daemons of Khorne become gripped by an irresistible madness that lends further fury to their blows. They hack and cleave their foes until there is nothing left save a mound of corpses and another victory for the Blood God.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Khorne	5	7	7	5	4	2	6	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne**, **Daemonic**, **Magic Resistance (1)**, **Scaly Skin (6+)**.

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Hellblade** (see above).

UPGRADES:

Lesser Locus of Abjuration: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Magic Resistance (2) special rule.

Greater Locus of Fury: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Frenzy special rule.

Exalted Locus of Wrath: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Hatred special rule.



BLOODCRUSHERS OF KHORNE

SOUL CRUSHERS, FEET OF KHORNE, JUGGERS

The most favoured of all Bloodletters are granted the honour of becoming Bloodcrushers. Bloodcrushers are Khorne's shock cavalry, a deadly combination of battle-frenzied Bloodletter and the unstoppable crushing mass of a Juggernaut of Khorne. When the daemonic legions go to war, bellowing hordes of Bloodcrushers stampede across the battlefield, trampling Khorne's foes into unrecognisable pulp.



When battle begins, Bloodcrushers relentlessly hurl themselves at the strongest point of an enemy's lines. Here they hack, maim and gore their way through the strongest troops the foe can muster, exulting Khorne's name with savage joy for each enemy slain. After this initial charge, the Bloodcrushers become totally overwhelmed by their burning need to claim yet more skulls for the Blood God. The Daemons often quarrel at this point, with both Bloodletter and Juggernaut trying to charge towards a different chosen foe. Such contests of wills are commonly brief. The need to spill blood overwhelms any attempt at rational selection, and sends the Bloodcrushers rampaging towards the nearest foe.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7
Bloodhunter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	5	0	5	4	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Magic Resistance (1), Scaly Skin (6+).**

Brass Behemoth: A Juggernaut improves its rider's armour saving throw by +2, rather than the usual +1 for monstrous cavalry mounts.

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Hellblade** (Riders only, see page 29).

JUGGERNAUTS OF KHORNE

Juggernauts, or Juggers, are massive armoured creatures that are part Daemon and part ensorcelled steel and sinew. They are mighty beasts of groaning iron and brass, taller than a man and possessed of crushing mass. The hide of a Juggernaut is composed of rivetted and fused metal plating, decorated with icons of Khorne and stained with the dried lifeblood of its mortal victims. A Juggernaut is a beast of primordial rage; fire pulses through its body in place of blood, its iron-shod feet throw sparks with each step and its brass snout spills choking black steam into the air with every breath.

Occasionally, a particularly favoured Herald of Khorne is granted a Juggernaut to better pursue his master's goals. Such a pairing is far deadlier than the sum of its parts. Should a foe survive the frenzied biting and goring of a Juggernaut, they are likely to be crushed beneath its brass body, or cut down by the Juggernaut's rider.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	5	0	5	4	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Brass Behemoth** (see above), **Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic.**

'And to tell of the Juggernaut: its like has never been seen. 'Twas a mighty steed of groaning iron and brazen steel, a thing of living metal that stood taller than a man and roared with the furies of a thousand, thousand dead. Its massive head was part hound, part bull, part the incarnate soul of bloody hate. As it moved toward us we saw its countless close-rivetted plates, forged in dark fires, bound with runes of unearthly spite. As it bared its brazen fangs we lost all heart and turned, fleeing to the night.'

— Liber Malefic

FLESH HOUNDS OF KHORNE

INEVITABLE ONES, BLOOD TRACKERS, HOUNDS OF WRATH

Flesh Hounds are rapacious wolf-like Daemons, both reptilian and savagely canine in aspect. They are Khorne's blood-hunters, lithe yet powerful, able to dart aside from a swordsman's strike and pull a knight from the saddle as part of the same fluid motion.

Khorne favours his Flesh Hounds above all the other Daemons in his service, and he lavishes them with generous gifts. All Flesh Hounds wear an ornate brass circlet about their scaled necks. These Collars of Khorne are forged in the heat of the Blood God's rage at the very foot of the Skull Throne. Thus empowered, these studded bands render Flesh Hounds all but immune to the effects of hostile magic, for Khorne loathes to see his chosen servants felled by the perfidious practice of the arcane. Many Flesh Hounds also bear other brands and trinkets: skull-runed rivets, iron plates, bone fetishes and brass chains are all common adornments, granted for felling especially mighty warriors or hated foes. Some of the oldest and most baleful Flesh Hounds bear many dozens of such tokens – so much so that they clink and clatter with every loping step.



Flesh Hounds are Khorne's foremost tool of vengeance. When a being – mortal or Daemon – rouses the Blood God's ire, he rises from the Skull Throne and sounds a single sonorous note on a great brass horn. This blast echoes through the mortal and daemoniac realms alike as a peal of portentous thunder, rousing Flesh Hounds from their slumber and loosing them upon the hunt. Few can survive gory pursuit by these relentless carnivores, for Flesh Hounds are faultless and instinctive trackers, able to harry their quarry across fen, forest and stone without once losing the scent or tiring of the chase. Bloodletters commonly run and leap in the Flesh Hounds' wake, ever eager to claim part of the spoils and sup the blood of the fallen. Once the hunt is complete and the prey is slaughtered, the Flesh Hounds return to Khorne's throne room where they gnaw upon their victim's bones and wait impatiently for the call of the hunt to sound once again.

In battle, Flesh Hounds are unleashed against the enemy lines prior to the main attack. They bound towards the foe, hungry for the taste of living flesh. The ferocity of a Flesh Hound attack tears bloody rents in the foe's formation, leaving the enemy all the more vulnerable to the coming assault by Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers. Only steely nerve and certain strike offers any defence against such an onslaught – the primal consciousness of the Flesh Hound is utterly implacable and knows no fear – save for that of Khorne himself – and it would fight on should even the combined hosts of the world stand to bar its path. When the battle is won and the enemy broken and scattered, the Flesh Hounds begin their savage pursuit once more, running the fleeing foe to the ground and tearing them to shreds with their blood-dark claws.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flesh Hound	8	5	0	4	4	2	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Scaly Skin (6+).**

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Collar of Khorne: *This baleful adornment hangs heavy with the Blood God's loathing of sorcery.*

Talisman. This grants the Magic Resistance (3) special rule.

'In the distance I beheld a Lord of Change, wings torn and limbs bloody. 'Twas then the heat haze cleared to reveal the Flesh Hound pack loping at his heels. Iridescent fire blazed from the Feathered Lord's open mouth and washed over his pursuers, but the collars about the hounds' necks glowed dully and the flames died. Last strength spent, the Lord of Change fell to his knees. With one mind, the pack lunged, and soon their prey was nought but torn offal and bloodied plumage.'

– Liber Malefic



SKULL CANNONS OF KHORNE

HELLFORGED BELLOWERS, BONEGRINDERS, CLINKERFIENDS

Legend tells that the Skull Cannons of Khorne were forged in the furnaces at the foot of the Blood God's throne and beaten into shape upon his mighty anvil. Some even believe that they might even have been forged by Khorne's hand, so murderously efficient and callous are they. Like Khorne's Juggernauts, the Skull Cannons are monstrous fusions of daemonic spirit and hellforged machinery. Their twisted and clinkered veins burn with the desire to shed blood and crush bones, to exult Khorne's praises with every trampled foe.

A pair of Bloodletters ride atop the Skull Cannon, howling with rough joy and chanting Khorne's praises as their armoured steed rumbles towards the enemy. These are the same Daemons that oversaw its creation, and that are now charged to guide it in furtherance of the Blood God's unholy purpose. Not that the Skull Cannon needs much in the way of encouragement to maim and slay – the Daemon bound within its black heart is as wrathful and murderous as any in Khorne's service. Indeed, a Skull Cannon is more tirelessly wilful and proud than even the wildest of Juggernauts, and it seldom pays heed to the snarling creatures of flesh that have harnessed themselves to its mechanical glory.

As the Skull Cannon grinds across the battlefield, its spiked wheels and rollers mangle everything in its path. The fortunate foes are those that dive out of its path or else

die instantly as the engine rumbles over them. Those who somehow survive the initial onset of the grinders are fed screaming into the Skull Cannon's gaping maw, there to be roasted by daemonic fire and ground to fragments. Most of the remains are ejected at the Skull Cannon's rear in a red wake of bone splinters and glistening blood. Only the skulls – so beloved of Khorne – are retained, and fed into the mighty cannon atop the machinery from which the Daemon Engine takes its name. Here, they are infused with the Blood God's endless and abiding wrath, until their empty eye sockets weep blood and their slack jaws gibber with rage. Only then, with a roaring boom, does the cannon discharge its payload.

The skulls catch fire as they are launched, and roar with booming laughter as they fly. They slam into the enemy ranks, scattering foes like ninepins and leaving a trail of scorched and blazing dead behind. Sometimes, the skulls survive where the foe does not, and rest amongst the carnage spitting insults and threats at any who come near. Only by smashing the skull can the enemy end the torrent of abuse, but it is said that the warrior who deals the final blow is doomed to dreams of madness until the day he dies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skull Cannon	7	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-
Bloodletter Crew	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 3+).

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Hellblade** (Bloodletters only, see page 29).

EQUIPMENT:

Skull Cannon: Fire the skull cannon in the same way as a normal cannon, using the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special
48"	10	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D6)

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne**, **Daemonic**, **Daemon Engine** (see page 33), **Gorefeast** (see page 33).

Implacable Advance: This model can move (not march) and still shoot any one of its weapons.



'In the shadow of the besieged Marcher Fortress, I saw the Blood God's host in all its terrible glory. Yet it was the cannons upon the ridgeline that captured my attention. Lined wheel to wheel, they belched fire and gore at the lithe Daemons who sallied in the fortress' defence. I was certain no host, immortal or otherwise, could long endure such a fusillade. Moments later, I was proved correct as the defenders withdrew, leaving the charred remains of their fellows to the enemy's scant mercies.'

—Liber Malefic

BLOOD THRONES OF KHORNE

CLANKING BONESHREDDERS, BLOOD-SOAKED SPIRES, DREADSKULL TOTEMS

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

The Blood Throne is a mark of status – a physical manifestation of the Blood God's favour. The Herald of Khorne that resides atop its pinnacle does not rest or repose as would another in his position, but prowls restlessly as his chariot advances, eyes and tongue twitching madly as he anticipates his next kill. No bastion of command is this, as it perhaps would be in a mortal army – the Herald certainly does not attempt to direct the massed regiments of Bloodletters that fight in his shadow. Even when the tang of blood is not heavy on the air, Khorne's Daemons are monomaniacally driven in their pursuit of skulls and slaughter. Once the battle begins, raging bloodlust reduces Bloodletters and Heralds alike to maddened beasts, with neither ear nor voice for the finer details of strategy.

'The throne was nothing less than an exultation of war in its purest and most depraved sense. It cared nothing for honour, glory or even the righteousness of a well-earned vengeance.'

– Liber Malefic

Should the Herald stand sufficiently high in Khorne's favour to resonate with a locus of the Blood God's power, his blessing ripples outward from the throne. So does a portion of Khorne's unbridled wrath become infused within the veins of nearby Daemons, lending ferocity to their blows or driving them into a maddened frenzy.

From atop his macabre throne, the Herald searches for foes whose skulls will make the most audacious offerings. When such enemies are sighted, the Herald spurs his throne forward, howling with unspeakable joy as he readies his Hellblade for the kill. Khorne cares naught from where the blood flows – the death of a shamed coward offers praise to the Blood God just as surely as that of an honoured hero. That said, whilst all blood is equal, the skulls of the slain are not. Those plundered from cowards are fed into the Blood Throne's baleful workings, consumed in fire to bring the Daemon Engine fresh vigour. Those taken from the valiant slain are claimed by the Herald and fused with the throne itself, to stand throughout eternity as grim monument to the futility of opposing Khorne.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Blood Throne	7	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-
Bloodletter Crew	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7



TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 3+).

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Hellblade** (Bloodletters only, see page 29).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic.**

Daemon Engine: Unlike other chariots, a Daemon Engine is not pulled by beasts, but is instead propelled by a combination of machinery and dark enchantment – treat the profile as a combination of chassis and beast.

Any spells or special rules that affect a chariot's beasts have no effect at all on a Daemon Engine.

Gorefeast: If this chariot's Impact Hits cause unsaved Wounds, immediately roll a D6 for each Wound caused. For each score of 4+, the chariot regains a single Wound lost earlier in the game.

Totem of Endless Bloodletting: Any Daemon of Khorne whose unit is within 6" of a Herald on a Blood Throne of Khorne benefits from the Herald's locus, exactly as if it were in the same unit.

Remember that if a unit is affected by two or more loci, only the strongest takes effect.

SKULLTAKER

KHORNE'S CHAMPION, BLOODED WANDERER, SLAYER OF KINGS

The Skulltaker is the Blood God's immortal champion, the greatest of all Khorne's chosen Bloodletters. When not campaigning with his master's armies, Skulltaker roams the Realm of Chaos at will atop his mighty Juggernaut, Kuhl'tyran. He appears before fortress and stronghold, bellowing challenge after challenge to the greatest warriors within until one of their number is foolish enough to meet him in single combat. When a foe emerges, Skulltaker dismounts from his loyal steed, salutes the enemy with upturned blade and charges forward to claim another skull in the Blood God's name.

Such duels are brief and bloody, for Skulltaker is swifter than the last beat of a shattered heart and knows every weakness of every enemy. Skulltaker does not slay his foes outright, but shatters their limbs, leaving them helpless. Skulltaker's clawed grasp settles upon his fallen opponent's head, magical fire gouts from his fingertips, searing away skin and sinew until pale bone is laid bare for all to see. With a single perfect twist borne of long practice, Skulltaker breaks the naked skull free of its spine and tosses it into a coarse woven sack filled with trophies from previous victims. He then bellows his challenges at the fortress once more, striking down any further champions that emerge until no others present themselves or boredom sets in. Mounting Kuhl'tyran once more, Skulltaker departs in search of fresh foes.

Skulltaker is just as feared in the mortal realms as he is in the courts of the Dark Gods. He is drawn by tales of martial prowess and rumour of mighty combatants who might offer some small challenge. History is littered with accounts of his appearance before the gates of Bretonnian castles, Ogre feathalls, Elf mansions, Nehekharan necropolises and Dwarf holds, each time demanding that an accomplished warrior be sent forth to face him.

Such encounters never end well for mortals. Indeed, in all the legends surrounding the Skulltaker there is but one account that tells of anything other than his victory. In the legends of the Empire, Skulltaker battles Sigmar in the Worlds Edge Mountains for three days without pause, but ultimately earns nought but defeat. Skulltaker still bears the scar he earned that day, and he takes great pleasure in repaying the debt on Sigmar's inheritors at every opportunity – Daemons have long memories, and little desire to grant forgiveness.

Over the millennia, Skulltaker's collection of trophies has become so massive as to be beyond counting. Whilst Skulltaker collects skulls from all his victims, it is only those of mighty individuals he truly cherishes, for with the taking of the skull he inherits a portion of the enemy's strength. He hooks his most prized skulls, mementoes of close fought and satisfactory battles all, onto his cloak. All others he sets upon the parapet of Khorne's brass citadel to watch the approaches to the Blood God's lair. So it is that a Daemon that began existence as a Bloodletter has become something to command the respect of the Dark Gods themselves.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skulltaker	5	9	9	5	4	2	9	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne**, **Daemonic**, **Hatred**, **Lesser Locus of Abjuration** (see page 29), **Scaly Skin** (6+).

Skulls for the Skull Throne!: Skulltaker must always issue a challenge, or accept a challenge if one is offered.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Cloak of Skulls: *Forged from the claimed crania of favoured victims and heavy with dark enchantment, the Cloak of Skulls offers formidable protection against the enemy's blows and spells.*

Magic Armour. This grants Skulltaker a (4+) armour save.

The Slayer Sword: *Crafted from a single shard of Khorne's boundless wrath, this blade blazes with unholy energy and has an uncanny ability to find the foe's weakest spot.*

Magic Weapon. Attacks made with the Slayer Sword have the Flaming Attacks and Killing Blow special rules. If Skulltaker is fighting in a challenge, attacks made with the Slayer Sword also gain the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

KARANAK

HOUND OF VENGEANCE, ENDLESS HUNTER, TALON OF THE SKULL THRONE

Karanak is the three-headed Flesh Hound that prowls Khorne's grand throne room. He never sleeps, for like the Blood God's unreasoning vengeance Karanak is ever watchful. He searches every shadow for intruders and interlopers, or else gnaws on bones discarded from the Skull Throne or stalks Bloodletters and Furies through the vaulted hall. Should Karanak sight suitable prey he pounces without mercy. Not for him the lingering death delivered by Slaaneshi Daemons; Karanak's kills are quicksilver perfection, the better to swiftly feed his hunger and his master's need for spilt blood.

As the physical manifestation of Khorne's vengeance, Karanak is Khorne's chosen hunter, the Daemon the Blood God unleashes to search out those who have transgressed his creed, or have offered insult to his colossal pride. It is a choice well made, for Karanak is ruthless and implacable, able to follow the blood scent of a quarry across all of space and time in service to his vengeful master.

The hunt begins as Karanak's three snouts taste the air for a trace of his prey. He paces to and fro, growling and snarling as each head in turn savours a portion of the scent. Each can track Karanak's quarry in a different fashion. The first head can follow the trail through space and can track the victim over plain, forest, mountain, and other environments too bizarre to describe. The second can follow the scent through time, back into the past to the very creation of everything that is, or forward to the end of the universe. The final head tracks the quarry through his own thoughts, pursuing through dreamscapes and delusions. Of the three heads it is the last that is most dangerous, for the first two can be fooled by those with the wit to do so, but only the insane can run beyond the trace of their own mind.

With the odour of his victim thick in his nostrils, Karanak begins to run, slowly at first and then faster as the prey grows closer and the blood scent grows stronger. As leagues untold fall away beneath his clawed feet, Karanak's bestial howls echo through the void, drawing other Flesh Hounds to his presence, all eager for the feast. The bestial chorus of Karanak's hunt has long since become known as harbinger of dire fates, not only in the Realm of Chaos, but in the kingdoms of the Empire and Bretonnia, and a thousand others besides. When mortal men hear that howl they lock their doors, bar their gates and pray that this evil fate is meant for another.

By the time Karanak reaches his prey ten score or more other Flesh Hounds follow the trail alongside him, each driven to snarling madness by the glory of the hunt. None can stand against such maddened ferocity – within moments of arrival Karanak roars his victory and departs once more, the tattered corpse of his victim clasped tight between his jaws. The skull of the quarry goes to Khorne, as token of his will obeyed. The remainder of the corpse – blood, flesh and bone alike – is Karanak's to nest amongst and feast upon. For days afterward the sound of breaking bones echoes about the Skull Throne as the three-headed hound devours the last of his luckless prize.

Karanak

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
8	7	0	5	5	3	6	4	8

TROOP TYPE: War Beast (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Ambushers**, **Daemon of Khorne**, **Daemonic**, **Greater Locus of Fury** (see page 29), **Hatred**, **Scaly Skin** (6+).

Prey of the Blood God: At the start of the game, before deployment, nominate one character in the enemy army – this is the quarry of Khorne that Karanak has come to claim. Karanak re-rolls failed To Hit and To Wound rolls against the chosen character.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Brass Collar of Bloody Vengeance: *Karanak's Collar of Khorne is thicker and heavier than those of his pack. Enchantments of spite are layered over those of abjuration, making the hound almost immune to callow sorcery.*

Talisman. Karanak's collar grants the Magic Resistance (3) special rule. In addition, any enemy Wizard that suffers a miscast within 12" of Karanak takes a Strength 10 hit immediately before the miscast is resolved.



SKARBRAND

THE EXILED ONE, WRATHFUL REAPER, DRINKER OF BLOOD

The Bloodthirster Skarbrand was once the greatest of all Khorne's Daemons. An eternity of battle in the Blood God's name had brought Skarbrand victories uncounted. It was he who tore down the gates of Slaanesh's first palace and visited ruin therein. It was he who led the eight Hosts of Murder to their triumph over the combined armies of the other Chaos Gods. In all the endless years of Khorne's existence, no other had piled so many skulls before the Skull Throne, or spilled the blood of so many warriors and innocents alike. Thus did Skarbrand enjoy Khorne's favour like no other.

Alas, so proud was Skarbrand that it was a simple task for Tzeentch to fan the embers of his hubris. One dark day, when Khorne's back was turned and his attention elsewhere, Skarbrand's fierce pride grew hot and, blinded by rage, he smote the Blood God a mighty blow. Powerful beyond measure was Skarbrand, and he had toppled cities with but one blow apiece, but even he could not pierce Khorne's brazen armour. Only the smallest of chinks was cut in the Blood God's armour, but even this was sufficient to draw the terrible fury of Khorne's gaze.

Incandescent with wrath, Khorne seized the Daemon by the throat. The Blood God cursed Skarbrand's name and choked all personality from him, leaving only the bottomless rage that had caused him to attack. Climbing the uppermost tower

of the Brass Citadel, Khorne cast forth his arm and hurled the Daemon deep into the Realm of Chaos, banishing the Bloodthirster from his presence. For eight days and nights Skarbrand plummeted, a fiery comet of ill-omen streaking across the unchanging sky. The impact of the Bloodthirster's landing gouged a canyon in the landscape and left his wings tattered and torn. Since that fateful day, Skarbrand has wandered the mortal and immortal realms, drowning his sins in the blood of the slain – though he no longer has the wit to fully understand why.

Frozen in the moment of that rage-spurred betrayal, Skarbrand has become wrath incarnate, a restless fury that cannot be stopped. Wherever Skarbrand treads, order and discipline are replaced with anarchy as those in his path drown in feelings of empty loathing and unrestrained savagery. Even the most rational of beings cannot resist the corruption of Skarbrand's madness. Fast friends and firm allies tear at one another with wild abandon. Craven and brave beings alike claw at their foes without regard for their own lives. Through this anarchy, Skarbrand runs rampant, twin axes hacking and cleaving until there is no one left to kill. His tortured roars echo around the battlefield, waves of pure rage infused with enough force to shatter buildings and pulverise flesh.

In all of history, there have been none to serve the Lord of Skulls as completely as Skarbrand. He has taken mountains and mountains of skulls for the Blood God, and filled vast oceans with gore. He has shaken the foundations of eternity with his wrath and left a trail of slaughter across existence, yet still Khorne refuses to rescind his hated decree. There is little regret in the Blood God's black heart and he spares none for Skarbrand, who in tortured exile serves the Lord of Skulls more completely than ever.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skarbrand	8	10	10	6	6	5	10	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic, Frenzy, Hatred, Large Target, Magic Resistance (2), Terror.**

Bellow of Endless Fury: This is a Strength 5 Breath Weapon as described in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

Rage Embodied: Skarbrand can never lose his Frenzy. In addition, while Skarbrand is alive, all units on the table (friendly and enemy) are subject to the rules for Hatred.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Slaughter and Carnage: *Each of these daemonic axes contains a Bloodthirster's savage spirit, lending fury to Skarbrand's strikes.*

Magic Weapon. Paired weapons. Armour saves cannot be taken against Attacks made with these weapons.

LORDS OF CHANGE

WINGED WATCHERS, THE EYES OF TZEENTCH, FEATHERED LORDS

A Lord of Change is hideously unpredictable and manipulative. Behind its gaze lies a curious and wreckful mind, deeply intelligent, yet as uncaring of consequence as it is fascinated by it. The Lord of Change is like a child playing upon some gigantic anthill, poking with a stick at its inhabitants and laughing at the hopeless antics of their defence. Nothing pleases him more than to see the world broken and made anew, to redirect the course of a life or even history itself, spilling hope upon the ground while raising the ambition of others up to an unexpected pinnacle of power.

A Lord of Change does not regard it as essential to retain consistency of colour, appearance – or even shape – unless it pleases his whimsy to do so, and the Daemon therefore can assume any shape or hue that takes his fancy. In all his splendoured presence, a Lord of Change's most striking and dangerous features are his eyes. Few mortals can withstand the scrutiny of his gaze, and it is said that when a Lord of Change looks upon a mortal he perceives not only the creature's ephemeral flesh but also the ultimate failure or realisation of its hopes and dreams.

Yet a Lord of Change is as skilled at concealing truth as revealing it. Indeed, it is said that other Daemons – even other Lords of Change – cannot fully glean a truth that one of the Feathered Lords wishes to remain hidden.



Thus a symposium of the Lords of Change is a riddlesome and confusing affair, where every question is met with another, and where truth is smothered in layers of deceit.

As might be expected of a creature born of pure magic and bound to the will of the Master of Sorcery, a Lord of Change is a potent spellcaster. The Winds of Magic obey his every command, allowing him to summon whirling tempests of change and mutation, blast the enemies of Tzeentch with bolts of multicoloured fire or unravel the mind of an enemy spellcaster from the inside. Sorcery is not the only weapon at the command of a Lord of Change – he is also an erudite tactician, well versed in a thousand ploys and stratagems for any given situation. Accordingly, if a Lord of Change prefers to remain uncommitted in battle it is not through lack of courage or ferocity, but because he likes to direct his forces and better control the flow of the fighting. He instinctively sees the skeins of fate that play over the battlefield, and knows all too well how they can be manipulated.

This boundless knowledge makes the Lord of Change much sought after by mortal sorcerers with the wit and skill to bind a Daemon to their bidding. Few such contracts end well for the mortal, however, for there is no cage that a Lord of Change cannot extricate itself from, given time. Not that escape is often the Daemon's first priority – he's much more likely to feign servitude whilst weaving the supplicant tightly into his own ineffable plots.

Although a Lord of Change elects to use magic and trickery to further its ends, he is still a fearsome fighter. Countless heroes have underestimated these strange creatures, thinking their wiry frames and fluttering wings fragile. Only when lances and swords shatter against the Daemon's skin, and his mighty talons shred armour like paper, do his assailants realise the terrible depth of their mistake...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord of Change	8	6	6	6	6	5	6	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: Lords of Change are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Tzeentch or the Lore of Metal.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly, Large Target, Terror.

'The Daemon lied with every breath. It could not help itself but to deceive and dismay, to riddle and ruin. The more we conversed, the closer I drew to one singular ineluctable fact: I would gain no wisdom here. The Daemon's mind was a labyrinth of deceptions. Truth was trammelled at the heart of that maze and far beyond my meagre reach.'

– Liber Malefic

PINK HORRORS OF TZEENTCH

WHIRLING DESTROYERS, SQUEALERS, SPINNING SOURGUTS

Pink Horrors are identified by their luminescent pink skin and their squeals of high-pitched laughter. Spellcasting fills Pink Horrors with joy, and they emit especial merriment as eldritch energy screeches from their upraised hands. When wounded, a Pink Horror exhales a final lunatic cackle before rapidly decomposing into an ectoplasmic blob of gyrating magic, which swiftly alters colour and divides into two Blue Horrors – diminutive replicas of their parent Daemon. Blue Horrors are sullen and malicious, like evil-tempered children, and sneer and grumble their way through a battle. Once spawned, they add a deeper whining note to the incessant chortling of the group as they attempt to grapple with enemies and squeeze the life from them, before inevitably wandering off in search of fresh entertainment.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pink Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Iridescent Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

MAGIC: A unit of Pink Horrors is treated as a Level 1 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch. It receives an additional +1 to cast for each rank of 5 or more models in the unit, after the first, to a maximum of +3. Each time the unit casts a spell (or is targeted by a special rule that affects a Wizard), you must nominate one Pink Horror in the unit as the caster (or target) for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event of a Pink Horror unit rolling a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers 2D6 Strength 10 hits with no armour saves allowed.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic.

Blue Horrors: When a model with this special rule is slain in close combat (not removed as a result of Daemonic Instability), place two counters next to its unit. After all attacks have been made, but before the combat result is calculated, choose one enemy unit in base contact with the unit and roll a number of D6 equal to the number of counters (even if the Pink Horror unit was wiped out). For each roll of a 4+ the nominated unit suffers a Strength 2 hit (distributed as for shooting). Any unsaved Wounds count towards combat results. The counters are then removed.

UPGRADES:

Lesser Locus of Transmogrification: When a model with the Blue Horrors special rule in this model's unit is slain, place D3+1 Blue Horror counters instead of 2.

Greater Locus of Change: At the start of the turn, roll a D6. This model, and all models in his unit, have a Strength value equal to the result until you roll again.

Exalted Locus of Conjunction: Spells cast by this model, and any models in his unit, are resolved at +1 Strength.

HERALDS OF TZEENTCH

As the magically fashioned slaves of Tzeentch, Horrors are considered automatons to be expended as part of a carefully wrought plan. Should a servant of greater power be required, Tzeentch will create a Herald, a more stable type of Horror. Heralds are often the same lurid hue as Pink Horrors, but do not morph into a pair of Blue Horrors when struck. Such Daemons have enough consciousness to direct others of their kind without constant guidance from a Lord of Change, directing furious sorcery against Tzeentch's enemies. The mere presence of a Herald of Tzeentch drastically increases the abilities of nearby Daemons, mutating them into new and stronger forms and empowering their magic.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Tzeentch	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic.

MAGIC: Heralds of Tzeentch are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Tzeentch or the Lore of Metal.



FLAMERS OF TZEENTCH

BURNING HORRORS, FLAME SPOUTERS, FLAMING WHIRLWINDS

Flamers are capable of a fair turn of speed, expelling gaseous ichor through the fungoid 'skirt' at their base to bound and leap across the ground with considerable mischievous gusto. A Flamer uses its blazing limbs to hurl bolts of magical flame at the foe. This is not fire in its truest sense, but a roiling cloud of Chaos energy. It does not burn, but warps reality. A Flamer's victim might briefly feel invigorated, before collapsing into a writhing puddle of flesh.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flamer	6	2	4	4	4	2	4	2	7
Pyrocaster	6	2	5	4	4	2	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch**, **Daemonic**, **Skirmishers**, **Warpflame** (see page 40).

Flames of Tzeentch. This weapon has the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special
18"	4	Multiple Shots (D6), Warpflame (see page 40)

'At first I took them to be mindless fungi, swaying in the breeze. Until, that is, one of their number let loose a great belch of flame, and its companions began to giggle.'

— Liber Malefic



SCREAMERS & DISCS OF TZEENTCH

SKY-SHARKS OF TZEENTCH, SWOOPERS, SHRIEKING SKYRAYS

Screamers are glimmering sky-sharks that ride upon the Winds of Magic as a bird glides upon the breeze. They roam the tides of magic, preying upon the shadow-souls of mortal creatures, lone Chaos Furies and other unfortunate magical ephemera. Once the Screamers catch their doomed prey it is torn to pieces in an eye-blink, the gossamer shreds of its soul-stuff offered up as a gift to Tzeentch.

So swift and agile are Screamers that they are highly sought after as steeds, however their instinctive nature swiftly proves calamitous should their controller's attention wander. As such, a Screamer has to be transmuted into a new form before it can safely be used as a mount. These Discs of Tzeentch retain the flattened and manta-like shape of the Screamer, but their magical bodies are transformed into unlikely shapes and aspects as part of the binding ritual. As a result, some Discs of Tzeentch are covered in eyes, whilst others are sheathed in living metal, feathers, scales or any one of a thousand, thousand possible combinations.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Screamer	1	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	7
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	3	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch**, **Daemonic**, **Fly**.

Lamprey's Bite (Screamers only): Close combat attacks a Screamer makes against a model with the Large Target special rule have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Slashing Attack (Screamers only): If a unit of Screamers moves over one or more unengaged enemy units in the Remaining Moves sub-phase, choose one of those units – it suffers D3 Strength 4 attacks per Screamer. These attacks hit on a 4+ and are treated as shooting attacks.

BURNING CHARIOTS OF TZEENTCH

WARPFLAME REAVERS, FIREGLIDERS, BLAZING SKY-STRIDERS

Burning Chariots of Tzeentch hurtle across the Realm of Chaos like incandescent meteors, bringing the Great Sorcerer's chosen emissaries to every corner of existence. As they blaze through the heavens of the mortal world, Chariots of Tzeentch are commonly mistaken for comets, which are in turn interpreted as omens of great events and terrible wars.

The Exalted Flamers who ride atop the Burning Chariots are able to channel magical flame to a far greater extent than their lesser brethren, and can conjure up great billowing sheets of Warp-magic, or hurl bolts of sorcerous change that make the very air sizzle with their passing. For their part, the Discs and Screamer that make up the bizarre chariot are drawn to raw magic like moths to a flame, and therefore to the Exalted Flamers, who exude tasty sorcery from every pore and wrinkle of their fungoid flesh.

Sometimes, a Burning Chariot will even be accompanied by a handful of surly Blue Horrors. The diminutive Daemons are always ready to associate with anyone other than the irritatingly and incessantly cheerful Pink Horrors, and furthermore see the Burning Chariot as an excellent vehicle from which to sow their own particular brand of sullen mischief – this normally takes the form of crude insults, but they're also content to gloomily club or throttle anyone who comes near.



More unusual are those Burning Chariots bound in service to Heralds of Tzeentch. These are normally acquired by trickery – Heralds have little patience at the best of times, and none at all in training Screamer and Discs. They therefore consider 'borrowing' a chariot from an Exalted Flamer to be entirely in keeping with their status. Such a feat requires great cunning indeed if the Herald in question wishes to escape the Flamer's wrath. Indeed, many Heralds bear the scars from past contests, and craft complex magical wards to forewarn them when their chariot's true owner comes to reclaim his property. However, all these trials and tribulations seem as naught once the Herald is free to swoop and dive across the battlefield on his new possession, cackling madly as he unleashes his fearsome sorceries upon the enemies of his god.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Burning Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Exalted Flamer	-	4	4	4	-	-	4	3	7
Screamer	1	3	0	4	-	-	4	3	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save -).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch**, **Daemonic**, **Fly**, **Warpflame** (Exalted Flamer only).

Exalted Fire of Tzeentch: During the Shooting phase, the Flamer can shoot either Pink Fire or Blue Fire. This can be done even if the Burning Chariot moved in the preceding Movement phase. Pink Fire uses the rules for fire throwers, Blue Fire uses the rules for gapheshot.

Name	Range	Strength	Special
Pink Fire	n/a	D6	Slow to Fire, Warpflame
Blue Fire	12"	D6+3	Slow to Fire, Warpflame

If a misfire is rolled when resolving Pink Fire or Blue Fire, the Burning Chariot suffers D6 Strength D6 hits with the Warpflame special rule. Armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by these hits.

Warpflame: At the end of each phase, any unit that suffered one or more unsaved Wounds from an attack with this special rule (or from an attack made by a model with this special rule) during that phase must take a Toughness test. If the test is failed, the unit immediately suffers D3 Wounds with no armour saves allowed. If the test is passed, all models in that unit gain the Regeneration (6+) special rule for the rest of the game. Any models in the unit that already have the Regeneration special rule instead gain +1 to all Regeneration saving throws for the rest of the game. Chaos is fickle!

UPGRADES:

Blue Horror Crew: All enemy units within 6" of one or more Burning Chariots with this upgrade suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership.

THE BLUE SCRIBES

AZURE ARCANOLOGISTS, WANDERING WIZARDS, TZEENTCH'S QUAESTORS

Some say there was a time when Tzeentch was the greatest of all the Chaos Gods, and he ruled his brethren through his sorcerous might. In time, the other gods deposed the Great Sorcerer in a mighty battle and cast him from his perch upon the Endless Mountains.

The resulting impact shattered mighty Tzeentch into ten thousand pieces. These shards of god-stuff were flung across infinity and the might of the Great Sorcerer was forever diminished. These events form the birth of magic in many legends, for it is said that each shard of Tzeentch shifted form to become a spell or incantation. These quickly multiplied throughout mortal minds and so spread throughout eternity. Though each was too small to retain any of Tzeentch's personality, the Great Sorcerer slowly became aware of these fragments and resolved to reclaim them.

To this end, Tzeentch created two Daemons, P'tarix and Xirat'p, tasked with learning every spell in existence. Though Blue Horrors in form and surly personality, the quest required these Blue Scribes to be more self-aware than others of their kind. Ever careful of betrayal, Tzeentch bestowed this intelligence with care. P'tarix can transcribe the magical syllables of any spell to parchment, but cannot read. Xirat'p can read his brother's scribblings, but cannot understand them. Judging his work to be good, the Great Sorcerer sent his creations out into existence to complete their quest.

The Blue Scribes ride their Disc of Tzeentch through realms eternal and mortal, squabbling as they seek lost fragments of their god to bind them with parchment and ink. P'tarix scrawls frantically with a quill crafted from a Lord of Change's pinfeather. Xirat'p reads the written words to check for mistakes; in so doing unleashing the power bound within on any unfortunate enough to be nearby. The Blue Scribes' mission often draws them to battlefields, where the most destructive and powerful magics are used. If threatened, Xirat'p starts reading at random from the accumulated scrolls, trusting to the hand of fate, his master, to guide him to the correct scroll for each occasion. This can have quite spectacular and bizarre results, with a foe as likely to be struck by multicoloured lightning as he is to be drenched by his own personal thunderstorm or transmuted to solid gold.

In truth, the Blue Scribes can never complete their task, for magic has multiplied in the service of mortals. This is well for Xirat'p and P'tarix and for existence itself. Should the Blue Scribes complete their task, Tzeentch would swallow them, reuniting the lost fragments of his being and absorbing the extra power born along the way. It is doubtful that any creature, mortal or Daemon, would survive such a renewal...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Blue Scribes	-	3	3	3	3	2	3	2	7
Disc of Tzeentch	1	3	0	4	4	1	4	3	7

The Blue Scribes are treated as a single model with the profile given above.



TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch,**
Daemonic, Fly.

Spell Syphon: Whenever an enemy successfully casts a spell (including bound spells, etc.) place a counter next to the Blue Scribes. At the start of your next Magic phase, the Blue Scribes can make a channelling attempt for each counter. Once the Blue Scribes have attempted to channel, remove all counters from them.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Scrolls of Sorcery: *These cracked and jumbled scrolls contain details of every spell ever written – though finding the correct one at the opportune moment can be something of a challenge.*

Arcane Item. The Blue Scribes can cast one spell from one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook during each of his own Magic phases. You can choose which lore the spell is to be cast from, but must roll a D6 and consult the magic lore to see which spell is cast (the Blue Scribes can therefore never cast a signature spell). If there is no viable target or you choose not to cast the spell that has been rolled, the Blue Scribes do not cast a spell that turn. Spells cast by the Blue Scribes are treated as bound spells with a power level equal to their casting value.

THE CHANGELING

PERPLEXING PRANKSTER, DECEIVING HORROR, TZEENTCH'S TRICKSTER

The Changeling personifies the part of Tzeentch's psyche that is the meddler, the deceiver, the trickster. He can take the form of other beings, from the tiniest of insects to the most massive of Greater Daemons. None, save perhaps Tzeentch himself, know the Changeling's true form, for he goes cowed and cloaked when in his own shape – perhaps even the Changeling himself has forgotten it. Not only can the Changeling mirror the form of another, he can adopt mannerisms and personalities in so flawless a fashion that even the Dark Gods can be deceived. In all of creation there is only one entity that the Changeling cannot duplicate: the Great God Tzeentch himself. The Grand Schemer will not suffer any being to steal his identity, even for a moment.

Afflicted as he is with a low tolerance for boredom, the Changeling exists to play malicious tricks upon all about him. On one such occasion, taking the shape of a Daemonette, he stole the silver apples of knowledge from Slaanesh's palace. On the edge of the Dark Prince's territory he then assumed the form of a Plaguebearer and slipped into Nurgle's garden, only to grow tired of the game and abandon the apples to rot amidst the decaying fronds. When Slaanesh discovered the theft, he flew into a rage and sent his armies to retrieve the lost treasures. So did Slaanesh and Nurgle come to blows, the former believing the latter to be a thief, and the latter convinced the former had engineered a pretext for invasion.



The Changeling was already elsewhere – stealing Collars of Khorne from Flesh Hounds and melting them down to create brass dioramas of the Blood God's greatest defeats.

So has the Changeling passed through eternity, sowing mischief in his wake. It was he who cut away Slaanesh's hair while the Dark Prince slept, and from it wove the cloak that Tzeentch presented to the mortal champion Egrimm van Horstmann. It was the Changeling who sealed the doors of Khorne's citadel while he was away campaigning, forcing the Blood God to shatter his own proud gates when he returned. The Changeling's handiwork is always obvious after the fact – indeed, part of the prank is to make the victim aware of his deceiver, but impotent to act against him. It is of little surprise then that Tzeentch's brother gods burn with desire to destroy the Changeling, to tear him limb from limb and scatter his parts and pieces across reality; yet somehow he always evades capture.

Though Tzeentch loves to take credit for the Changeling's schemes, only a handful of the Daemon's adventures are carried out at his patron's direction. The Great Schemer is content to let the Changeling roam wild throughout eternity, causing havoc where he may. Each meddling opens up more possibilities in the Great Game, and Tzeentch watches with amusement as the Changeling weaves his uneven tapestry of disruption. That so many of his pranks have caused terrible wars is of no concern to the Changeling. He loves the discord of conflict, for it breeds opportunity to deceive and dismay like nothing else. His enjoyment begins even before armies clash: impersonating messengers and generals to disrupt strategy wherever possible. When battle begins, the Changeling is wont to adopt the shape and skill of the most powerful foe, pounding the enemy to pieces with malicious enthusiasm and borrowed muscle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Changeling	4	3	4	3	3	2	3	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: The Changeling is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Lesser Locus of Transmogrification** (see page 38).

Formless Horror: At the start of each Close Combat phase, choose an enemy model in base contact with the Changeling. The Changeling may increase any or all of his Weapon Skill, Strength, Toughness, Initiative and Attacks characteristics to match those of the chosen enemy model until the end of that phase. If the chosen model has more than one value for a characteristic (as is the case with a mounted model), the Changeling may always choose the higher value. The Changeling cannot match the characteristics of an enemy that is fighting in a challenge, unless the Changeling is fighting in the same challenge.

KAIROS FATEWEAVER

ORACLE OF TZEENTCH, KEEPER OF THE DESTINY SCROLLS, MOCKING WATCHER

Even Tzeentch dares not enter the Well of Eternity, the vast receptacle of knowledge at the heart of the Impossible Fortress. The Great Sorcerer, mighty though he is, cannot be sure of survival within the inky currents of infinity. Still the Well of Eternity holds great sway over Tzeentch's mind, for it is the one puzzle he cannot solve, and the one mystery he cannot know – a challenge almost painful in its intensity. It was in the cause of understanding that Tzeentch hurled Kairos, a Lord of Change known as Fateweaver to mortals, into the foreboding depths of the Well. While the Great Sorcerer was not prepared to risk his own being in such a venture, he had no such misgivings at risking one of his servants in such a fashion.

Since he clawed his way back from the Well after years uncounted within its depths, Kairos can see things that are hidden even to Tzeentch. His right head sees possible futures as clear as day. No scheme is hidden from its sight and the infinite possibilities of tomorrow crystallise into irrefutable fact. Kairos' left head sees the past without the petty colourations of perspective and bias. Past and future pulse through a body shrivelled and twisted by its passage through the Well. Valuable as this vision is, it comes with a heavy cost. Both of Kairos' heads are blind to the present; he cannot see time as it passes – only events that are to come or whose time has already lapsed.

Kairos now sits at Tzeentch's right hand, stirring the stygian depths of the Well as he whispers aloud the secrets that only he can see. Nine times nine Lords of Change transcribe these insights with quills drawn from their own plumage and inked with Tzeentch's blood. Each scribe jealously guards the secrets he hears – every such facet of eternity is a powerful tool in the unending intrigue and collusion of Tzeentch's court. For his part Tzeentch cares not about the scheming of his minions, for he knows all that they know. Each secret transcribed by a Lord of Change is made a part of Tzeentch forever and his understanding of eternity comes ever closer.

Kairos' blindness to the present makes him vulnerable to physical attack – the future does not reveal itself swiftly enough to predict battle's to and fro. Nevertheless, Kairos' unique vision allows him to stay one step ahead of adversaries, pitting various assailants against one another in timestream-straddling duels. In the arena of magic, Kairos is unstoppable. He knows every spell in existence, every sigil, sign and quirk of mystical power; though even he cannot marshal them all without a modicum of preparation. Such ability makes him Tzeentch's favoured agent. On the occasions Fateweaver leaves the Impossible Fortress it is always in the service of a dire task, be it the recovery of a magical artefact, the predestined crushing of an army, or some other ineffable purpose.

MAGIC: Kairos Fateweaver is a Level 4 Wizard who generates spells in the following unique way. When Kairos comes to generate spells, his left head may choose a total of four spells from the Lores of Life, Metal, Light and Heavens. His right head may then choose a total of four spells from the Lores of Death, Beasts, Shadow and Fire. Both heads always know all spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

At the start of each Magic phase, decide which head Kairos is using this turn. He may only cast spells known to that head during this turn.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly, Large Target, Terror.**

Oracle of Eternity: Kairos Fateweaver has a 4+ ward save.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Staff of Tomorrow: *Kairos lives apart from the flow of time. Thus he does not easily succumb to ill-fortune, for fate can always be altered if one has the proper knowledge.*

Arcane Item. Kairos allows you to re-roll a single D6 of your choice once per turn – declare before you make the re-roll. If this is used to re-roll a single dice from a batch of 2D6, 3D6 etc, the other dice in that batch cannot be re-rolled.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kairos Fateweaver	8	1	0	5	5	5	1	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

GREAT UNCLEAN ONES

FLY MASTERS, STENCH LORDS, NURGLE'S PLAGUEFATHERS

The corpulent Great Unclean Ones, or Plague Lords, are the Greater Daemons of Nurgle. Each is more or less a facsimile of Nurgle himself, both physically and in terms of their personality. Indeed, a Great Unclean One is sometimes referred to as Nurgle or Father Nurgle by his underlings, although of course each also has his own daemonic name.

A Great Unclean One is invariably a gigantic figure bloated with decay, disease and all imaginable kinds of physical corruption. The Daemon's skin is a necrose and leathery surface covered with pockmarks, sores and other signs of loathsome infestation. His inner organs, rank with decay, spill through the ruptured skin and hang like rotting drapes about an immense girth. From these organs burst tiny pustulant creatures called Nurglings, which chew and suck upon the nauseous juices within. Such foulness echoes the fundamental truth of the universe: whilst there is life, there will be ruin and decay, even unto the end of all things.

In perverse contrast to his horrific appearance, the Great Unclean One is neither morbid nor consumed with despair – if anything the opposite is true. Great Unclean Ones are exuberent in the pursuit of their enthusiasms. Great Unclean Ones are invariably ebullient and obstreperous, full of a natural will to organise and achieve. Indeed, it is not uncommon for Great Unclean Ones to compete amongst

themselves in the matter of spreading Nurgle's plaguesome blessings across the world. Gregarious and curiously sentimental, Great Unclean Ones hold their followers dear and even refer to them as their 'Children'. They take great patriarchal pride in the achievements of their fellow creatures, proclaiming vociferously the splendours of the poxes and sores evinced by those around them, and bellow with hearty laughter in response to the destruction wrought in Nurgle's name.

When a Great Unclean One addresses his blighted throng, he expostulates in a manner immediately reminiscent of the great leader he is, chivvying and directing his decaying minions with a paternal indulgence at odds with his monstrous appearance. Yet, just as this love of Nurgle's creations brings the Great Unclean One immense joy, he is filled with rage when the petty-minded enemies of Chaos try to thwart Nurgle's grand designs. Such wrath initially manifests as a thunderous and adjective-laden oratory, declaiming those who question Nurgle's will, but swiftly descends into brutal, if still somewhat jovial, violence if the heretic isn't to be cowed by words alone.

When roused to battle, a Great Unclean One is a truly horrifying entity. He bellows ribald joy across the battlefield in stentorian tones, brimming with the jollity of one fulfilling divine commandment, and pauses only to unleash his formidable sorceries against targets ripe for Nurgle's blessings. Made ponderous by his colossal bulk, a Great Unclean One is slow to advance upon the enemy, but is all but unstoppable once he has reached his target. Any foe foolish enough to stray into his path swiftly discovers the immense strength concealed by the Greater Daemon's corpulent form. Whether a Plague Lord batters his enemy with an iron sword dripping with virulent fluid or a plague-ridden flail matters little, for the result is the same – an indescribable mess of blood and bone, already teeming with Nurgle's choicest festering pestilences.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Unclean One	6	6	3	6	7	6	4	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: Great Unclean Ones are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Nurgle or the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Large Target, Poisoned Attacks, Terror.

'Until I looked close, I thought his skin was roiling and writhing. Then I saw dozens of tiny Daemons burrowing through his flesh, gnawing on his bones and suckling upon his vile secretions. All this horror was belied by the beast's cultured voice, which welcomed me as a long-lost son even as I fell retching to my knees.'

– Liber Malefic

PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

TAINTED ONES, ONE-EYED ROTTERS, HORNED ROTBAGS

Plaguebearers are the rank and file of Nurgle's legions, crafted from the soul-stuff of mortals who have been slain by Nurgle's Rot. What little of the Plaguebearer's skin that can be seen beneath the discharge of innumerable sores is tinged with suppurant greens and vile browns. Pus weeps continuously from its single bloodshot eye and from the Daemon's forehead protrudes a single horn – the mark of Nurgle's Rot.

Bands of Plaguebearers are the most organised and efficient of Daemons upon the battlefield. It is the Plaguebearer's eternal role to herd Nurgle's daemonic forces in battle, as well as keep stock of the diseases, allocate appropriate fates to each new victim and attempt to maintain order amongst a naturally chaotic horde. These onerous duties have earned Plaguebearers the title of Nurgle's Tallymen in popular lore.

Units of Plaguebearers are surrounded by a constant drone. This thrumming sound is created by the attendant hosts of plump black flies, and by the endless counting as the Daemons attempt to calculate their master's ever-changing requirements. A multitude of Plaguebearers counting all at once produces a sound so sonorous and penetrating that it is enough itself to make a mortal feel distinctly unwell. It is all but impossible to tally anything amid the chaos of battle, though this in no way discourages the Plaguebearers from their efforts. They are the embodiment of the need of mortal creatures to impose meaning upon an uncaring void.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Plagueridden	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic.**

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Plaguesword: *These corroded blades sweep a loathsome and necrotic slime whose touch brings disease and death.*

Magic Weapon. Attacks made with a Plaguesword have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

UPGRADES:

Lesser Locus of Virulence: Poisoned Attacks made by this model, and all models in his unit, automatically wound on a To Hit roll of 5+.

Greater Locus of Fecundity: This model, and all models in his unit, have the Regeneration special rule.

Exalted Locus of Contagion: If this model, or any model in his unit, scores a 6 To Hit with a Poisoned Attack, the target immediately suffers an additional automatic hit resolved at Strength 4.



HERALDS OF NURGLE

Though they share many loathsome features, Plaguebearers are by no means identical in appearance and ability, for Nurgle's Rot is somewhat variable in its virulence and incubation. The longer a victim can endure against Nurgle's Rot, the greater in the Plaguelord's sight the resulting Daemon shall be. From the souls of such hardy individuals are shaped the repulsive Heralds of Nurgle who march in the daemonic legions as proof positive that even the strongest and ablest cannot indefinitely defy disease. Heralds of Nurgle possess a strength and hardiness that belies their rotten frames, as well as a jovial nature somewhat at odds with the world-weary aspect of their droning minions.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Nurgle	4	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Herald of Nurgle that is upgraded to a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle or the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic.**

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Plaguesword** (see above).

PLAGUE DRONES OF NURGLE

BLIGHTED SWARMERS, FESTERWINGS, BUBONIC BUZZERS

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

The Rot Flies themselves are amongst Nurgle's most loathsome creations. Some Beasts of Nurgle, perpetually disappointed by the rag-doll inactivity of their mortal playthings, develop a kernel of bitterness in their ebullient souls. Crestfallen puzzlement leads to frustration and ultimately an aching resentment of the mortals that spurn its company. Over the millennia, a thin seed of malice grows in such a Beast's heart, feeding upon depression and angst until it throbs like a canker at the Daemon's core.

The final straw comes when the Beast is betrayed unto death by those it wishes to call its friends. Banished to the Realm of Chaos by some ingrate's blows, the Beast flounders and huffs into a tremendous sulk, its tiny mind gnawed by the knowledge that it cannot return to the mortal domain.

This is when the Rot Fly that lurks within begins to take over. Over the centuries that the Beast is bound to remain in the Realm of Chaos, it slowly pupates, secreting a thick mucous of negativity to protect it from the harsh reality outside. As the chitinous nub of hate that lurks within the Beast grows strong on the sallow bulk of its former incarnation, a daemonic metamorphosis takes place. Eventually the creature within bursts out of its fleshy sac as a full-grown Rot Fly, a creature of pitiless malice hell-bent on wreaking its revenge upon an uncaring universe. Plaguebearers prize such steeds even above the Palanquins of Nurgle, for in their haste to punish the mortals that spurned their larval form, Rot Flies will speed into battle at great pace.

As the Rot Flies fall upon their prey, blade-sharp legs sink into soft flesh and leathery wings buzz in a flapping purr of motion. Prehensile probosci and posterior mouth-parts latch onto the faces of their victims, and the Rot Flies let out titters of mean-spirited laughter as they pluck heads from necks and swallow them whole. When facing the unremarkable warriors of the mortal realm, a Rot Fly will slowly digest all meat from a skull before spitting out a plague-infused death's head that its Plaguebearer rider can hurl at the foe. Given the chance, though, Rot Flies will hunt down the impertinent mortals that slew their previous incarnations. A special fate is reserved for such individuals. Opening their maws wider than physical law should allow, they consume their persecutors whole, keeping them trapped in their mucous-filled abdomens for eternity as punishment.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Plaguebringer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Rot Fly	1	3	3	5	5	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Hover.**

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Plaguesword** (Riders only, see page 45).

UPGRADES:

Death's Heads: These have the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special
12"	4	Multiple Wounds (D3), Poisoned Attacks

Plague Proboscis: A Rot Fly with a Plague Proboscis has the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Venom Sting: Before rolling To Hit, nominate one of the Rot Fly's Attacks to be made with the Venom Sting and roll it separately; if this hits, it wounds automatically.

BEASTS OF NURGLE

SLIME HOUNDS, PUTRID BOUNDERS, TENTACLED PLAGUEDOGS

The Beast of Nurgle is a truly horrendous aberration, no less deadly than it is morbidly and irrefutably ugly. Its corpulent form is both sticky and slimy, as a layer of infectious ooze seeps from its every pore and orifice. Despite its fearsome appearance and deadly attributes, the Beast is an affectionate creature that behaves in all respects exactly like an over-friendly and easily excited puppy. It craves attention, greeting newcomers by slobbering all over them and petting them with its slimy tentacles. This does no harm to Daemons of Nurgle, but tends to kill mortals fairly rapidly. Once the Beast's new friend stops moving, its interest quickly shifts to another target, and in this way the creature excitedly and lovingly poisons and kills just about everything it touches.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	5	4	2	D6+1	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Poisoned Attacks, Random Attacks (D6+1), Regeneration.**

Attention Seeker: Beasts of Nurgle can issue and accept challenges, as if they were unit champions.

Slime Trail: Enemy units do not receive combat result bonuses for attacking the flank or rear of models with this special rule.



NURGLINGS & PALANQUINS

PUS SPORES, MITES OF NURGLE, SORE-PICKERS

The rotting bowels of the Great Unclean Ones swell with pus and contagion, and within each swelling there grows a tiny and malevolent Daemon called a Nurgling. Physically, Nurglings are miniature versions of Nurgle himself, with friendly mischievous faces, tiny bloated green bodies, and limbs that are often distorted or disproportionate. Normally they swarm over the body of a Great Unclean One, picking at his skin, squealing with pleasure if their master favours them with a titbit or a caress, otherwise squabbling over the most comfortable recesses of his carcass. When faced with an enemy they advance in a furious swarm, clawing and gnawing at the foe's legs, biting his ankles and licking at any interesting sores or abrasions they discover. Their tiny teeth are as sharp as razors, leaving festering little bites upon their victims, but rarely killing them outright – although such an attack can prove to be the beginning of a long, disease-ridden demise, as something nasty takes root in the wound.

Oftentimes, a group of Nurglings will carry a Herald of Nurgle aloft on a Palanquin – an ornate throne decorated with mouldering finery and decaying cushions. The surging

of the tiny creatures propels the Palanquin at the dictates of their master – even into the midst of battle should he wish – where the Nurglings will bite and claw to defend the throne's occupant with burbling enthusiasm. While a Palanquin may not be the swiftest form of transport, many a Herald of Nurgle is proud to ride upon one. From his lofty perch he can survey the disposition of Nurgle's forces and – more importantly – be seen to be of higher status than the hordes of Plaguebearers who shuffle about under their own power.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nurglings	4	3	3	3	3	4	3	4	7
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	3	3	3	3	4	3	6	7

TROOP TYPE: Nurglings are Swarms. Palanquins are Monstrous Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Scouts (Nurglings only).**

EPIDEMIUS

THE MAGGOT KING, PLAGUED PANJANDRUM, RECKONER OF MORTALITY

Epidemius is Nurgle's chosen Tallyman, one of the seven Proctors of Pestilence and the cataloguer of all the Plaguelord's diseases. Epidemius' task is an unending one, and it generates a great deal of paperwork, so he rides a palanquin to share the burden – and to more easily force a path through Nurgle's hordes. Two dozen Nurglings attend the Tallyman's every need, providing the parchment, operating the death's head abacus, excreting the ink for the quill pens and even defending Epidemius from harm should a foolish enemy venture too close.

Epidemius brooks no idleness or distraction from his helpers who, unlike other Nurglings, remain deathly silent lest they disturb their master from his task and thus rouse his ire. Like Nurgle, Epidemius abhors anything that distracts from the serious matters of life and death. The only sounds that can be heard are the gooey shufflings as Nurglings heave the palanquin forwards, and the irritable scratching of the Tallyman's quill as he seeks to keep his records up to date. From his perch, Epidemius surveys the thrift and splendour of Nurgle's creations, making note of casualties and infection rates as well as secondary symptoms such as unusual colourations and odours. This information, properly collated and distilled, is of incredible value to Father Nurgle, but must be recorded with absolute precision and in a timely fashion to be of any use.

Epidemius' path through the mortal and eternal realms is an unpredictable one, for he goes wherever the spoor of pestilence leads him. He is busiest of all when Nurgle's power is strong, for the might of the Plaguelord is inextricably linked to the constantly shifting ebb and flow of disease. Campaigning armies, with all the poor hygiene and unmentionable diseases that entail, offer a glut of work for the Tallyman, but also present rare opportunities for more unusual studies.

Of greatest interest to Epidemius are infections and fevered behaviours afflicting determined or ambitious souls. Nurgle's cankerous plagues do not merely infest the physical form, they also run virulently rampant throughout a being's soul, destroying his sense of self and moral direction as thoroughly as they corrupt his fevered body. Observing this decline is a rare privilege. A skilled observer – and there are none more skilled than the vile Epidemius – can read this flaked and crumbled trail of soul-stuff as it departs the mortal coil, gleaning all manner of knowledge and adding a portion of the spirit's strength to his. As an offer of thanks, Epidemius' entourage strike bells and gongs when such a soul finally succumbs, ushering the tainted spirit into Nurgle's paternal and welcoming embrace. What happens to it there, none can say – least of all Epidemius, whose interest in a subject dies along with its physical shell. Happily, there are always fresh victims to investigate...



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Epidemius	-	5	5	5	5	2	4	3	8
Palanquin of Nurgle	4	3	3	3	3	4	3	6	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Lesser Locus of Virulence** (see page 45).

The Tally of Pestilence: Whilst Epidemius is alive, keep a count of all unsaved Wounds caused by Daemons of Nurgle (friend or foe) and by spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

At the start of each of your turns, consult the table below to determine the effect of the Tally of Pestilence. Note that these effects are cumulative. If Epidemius is killed, these effects are immediately lost.

Wounds Effect

0-6	No effect
7+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend and foe) gain +1 Strength
14+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend and foe) gain +1 Toughness
21+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend and foe) gain the Killing Blow special rule.
28+	All Daemons of Nurgle (friend or foe) re-roll failed ward saves

DAEMONIC GIFTS: **Plaguesword** (see page 45).

KU'GATH PLAGUEFATHER

FOETID BREWMASTER, PLAGUEWEAVER, ROTTING POXMAKER

Whilst other Great Unclean Ones work to spread the plagues already extant, Ku'gath, the Plaguefather, is fascinated by the breeding of new and virulent life. Ku'gath aims to one day breed a contagion that can infect the gods themselves. The Plaguefather prides himself upon his detachment – after all, what concerns could possibly encroach on this great work? So absorbed is he in his search for the perfect plague, Ku'gath remains relatively untroubled by the shifting balance of power within the Realm of Chaos, yet this is not to say that the Plaguefather does not play his part in the Great Game. Ku'gath's experiments are nothing without practical results, and he is ever eager to test fresh creations on the battlefield.

The Plaguefather rides upon a massive palanquin bedecked with alchemical paraphernalia: vials full of seething powder, flasks of indescribable liquid and hessian sacks stuffed to bursting with Nurglings. This great bulk is held aloft by a carpet of straining Nurglings, and Ku'gath is attended on by countless others, all bred from the Plaguefather's pox vats. Ku'gath's Nurglings are not merely servants – they are also ammunition, for in battle Ku'gath is wont to hurl them into the enemy ranks. The unwilling projectiles burst on impact, drenching the target with disease-ridden fluids. Ku'gath watches keenly as each Nurgling's pox takes effect. Should the plague achieve Ku'gath's expectation, he gurgles with a proud father's delight. If the results do not meet with approval, Ku'gath immediately brews a refined version of the plague, dunks a fresh Nurgling, and lets fly once again.

Of all Nurgle's Daemons, Ku'gath is the most willing to enter the physical realm – his quest for more efficacious plague-reagents knows no boundaries. A few drops of mortal blood can turn a quiescent pox into a raging epidemic. Ku'gath has discovered that ground Skaven bladder, for example, increases the virulence of Red Pox a hundredfold. Thus, in the cause of experimentation, Ku'gath makes a point of acquiring fresh specimens whenever he enters the mortal worlds. Indeed, the Plaguefather keeps a variety of specimens, mortal and Daemon, caged in a dank chamber among the sagging rafters of Nurgle's decaying mansion, so that he always has a suitable supply of ingredients to hand.

It is during forays into the mortal world that Ku'gath has encountered the one race that has penetrated his scientific detachment to kindle his rage – the Dwarfs. On a professional level, the Plaguefather hates the creatures for their resilience to disease; on a personal level, he is embittered by a truly ignominious defeat beneath the walls of Karaz-a-Karak. Either way, there is no doubt in Ku'gath's mind as to the first test subjects when his perfect plague is prepared.



MAGIC: Ku'gath is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic, Hatred (Dwarfs), Large Target, Poisoned Attacks, Slime Trail (see page 47), Terror.

Nurgling Infestation: At the start of each of your turns, one Nurgling base within 6" of Ku'gath automatically regains a single Wound lost earlier in the battle. If there are no wounded Nurgling bases within 6", then nothing happens.

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Necrotic Missiles: Plague-ridden Nurglings constantly burst from Ku'gath's body like foetid hatchlings.

Magic Weapon. This shooting attack is fired according to the rules for a stone thrower, except Ku'gath may move, but not march, and fire. It has the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12-36"	5(5)	Ignores Armour Saves, Slow to Fire

In the event of a misfire, don't roll on the Stone Thrower Misfire table; Ku'gath has accidentally squashed the Nurgling and the shot has no effect.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ku'gath Plaguefather	6	6	3	6	7	7	4	6	9

Ku'gath and his Palanquin are treated as a single model with the profile given above.

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

KEEPERS OF SECRETS

SLAYERS OF SLAANESH, FEASTERS OF PAIN, GREAT HORNED ONES

A Keeper of Secrets is a ruiner of purity, a despoiler of the faithful and a harbinger of damnation. It draws strength from the corruption of others, and feasts upon sin and excess as a mortal might sup fine wines and sweetmeats. To a Keeper of Secrets, fear and lust are the most succulent of dishes, but any mortal rapture provides sustenance – particularly if the victim can be propelled from the heights of one to the depths of another. Nothing is more delectable to a Keeper than the act of snatching a prideful popinjay from the adulation of his followers, drowning him in stark terror, then returning him, broken-minded and wallowing in his own involuntary filth, to the mockery of the comrades who once roared his praises.

No two Keepers of Secrets possess identical features, indeed, the Liber Malefic claims that the appearance of each is sprung from Slaanesh's capricious whim at the time of the Daemon's manifestation. Certainly, there is a great deal of variance between these Greater Daemons. Some are endowed with a decidedly bovine aspect, whilst others have a beguiling and androgenous facial structure that belies a corrupt and debauched heart. All are many-limbed and jewel-eyed, sensuous in movement and brutal indeed.

A Keeper of Secrets is a terrifying foe to face, delighting in exquisite pain, the caress of claw through skin and muscle, bone and organ. Its enormous razor-edged claws can tear

apart a heavily-armoured knight with one graceful slash while its hands can crush bone with horrifying ease. No other Daemon can match a Keeper's fluid grace in battle. Its actions are a ballet of exquisitely performed blows. Every strike by claw or blade is bestowed with almost delicate precision; a sensuous caress becomes a rib-crushing embrace, and a casual swipe becomes a drawn-out gouge which spills organs and blood upon the ground in all manner of pleasing patterns.

Nor are the Keeper of Secrets' lethal talents limited to purely physical combat. Formed of the stuff of Chaos and gifted with the subtle and insidious magic of the Dark Prince, a Keeper of Secrets is an accomplished spellcaster, wracking the enemy with spasms of agony, clouding their minds with dark whispers of glory and creating insidious illusions of their worst fears and greatest desires. A Keeper of Secrets delights in using its guileful and malign magics to turn friend upon friend, enamouring and englamouring the foe with tricks and illusions to cloud the mind. Those few brave mortals who would face up to a Keeper of Secrets must be pure of heart and mind, for such a monster is surrounded by many seductive enchantments that lull the conscious will and deaden the senses. Many heroes have been unable to resist their own primal urges and desires while the Greater Daemon of Slaanesh toys with them, dismembering them with exhilarating delicacy and precision.

Keepers of Secrets have no fear of pain or injury themselves, and every sensation, be it painful or pleasurable, provokes from it only exhilarated squeals and cries that assail not only the senses, but also the fundamental pillars of reason itself. Keepers of Secrets consume the souls of those whom they slay, delicate dainties that further empower Slaanesh. As such, to fight a Keeper of Secrets is to risk not merely a terrible and agonising death, but also tempt eternal damnation. It is said that Keepers of Secrets favour the soul-stuff of Elves above that of all other races – why this should be so is unclear, but no realm suffers as greatly from the predations of Slaaneshi Daemons as does the isle of Ulthuan.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Keeper of Secrets	10	9	6	6	6	5	10	6	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

MAGIC: Keepers of Secrets are Wizards who use spells from the Lore of Slaanesh or the Lore of Shadow.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Large Target, Terror.

*'It granted me all I desired; but took from me all that I valued.
I would give anything to look upon its beauty once again.'*

– Liber Malefic

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH

YOUNG OF SLAANESH, BRINGERS OF JOYOUS DEGRADATION, DECADENT SEEKERS

Daemonettes are the most numerous of all Slaanesh's servants. They are shrouded in a hypnotic glamour, seditious magics that bestow their repulsive features with perverse beauty. None can say what unearthly delights a Daemonette is believed to pleasure the soul with but, upon the reeking field of battle, pain is the gift they bring. Daemonettes surge across the battlefield on lithe legs, the whorls of pigment from their gaudy tattoos forming dizzying fractals of colour and shape. Capering troupes of the perverse creatures dance from foe to foe, claw-hands slicing through flesh and armour to bestow a savage and sensation-filled death upon the foe.

When a battle is done, Daemonettes stride amongst the fallen, and bring their souls to Slaanesh's palace in the Realm of Chaos, where those who made pacts with the Dark Prince and fought well in battle are anointed as Daemon Princes. Those who foreswore Slaanesh or proved craven upon the field, are damned to dwell in the otherworldly Palace of Pleasure for an eternity of torment. For worshippers of Slaanesh this place is paradise unbound by moral stricture, where all cravings, no matter how sickening, can be fully indulged. For those luckless enough to have entered lightly into their diabolic pact it is a hell that never ends.

'Twas there, in that strange garden, that I beheld the most beauteous of creatures. Their voices were intoxicating, their touch bliss. They begged me to bide with them, that together we might stave off the tedium of existence. Yet though my body yearned to remain, my soul saw plainly the snare set for it. I hardened my heart to their piteous pleas and fled, the joy of my escape matched only by a sorrow I could not explain.'

—Liber Malefic

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonette	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7
Alluree	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.

HERALDS OF SLAANESH

Heralds of Slaanesh not only attend to Slaanesh's whimsical desires, but muster his armies, plot his campaigns (Slaanesh is easily bored by the minutiae of war) and carry his creed to the mortal realm, returning to bring morsels of courtly intrigue to Slaanesh's ears. Such scraps can lead to the corrupting of a mortal ruler and the Dark Prince is always carefully attentive.

At other times, the Heralds carry their master's word to specific followers singled out for divine notice. Not all such visitations are welcomed by those who receive them, for Slaanesh is nothing if not effusive in his tempers, but the coming of Herald of Slaanesh has nevertheless become an omen of great import.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Herald of Slaanesh	6	7	6	4	3	2	7	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Herald of Slaanesh that is upgraded to a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh or the Lore of Shadow.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.

UPGRADES:

Lesser Locus of Grace: This model, and all models in her unit, automatically pass Dangerous Terrain tests, "Look Out Sir!" tests and characteristic tests (but not Leadership tests).

Greater Locus of Swiftmess: This model, and all models in her unit, have the Always Strikes First special rule.

Exalted Locus of Beguilement: Challenges issued by this model can't be refused, and you (not your opponent) choose which enemy accepts. Also, any enemy in base contact with this model, or a model in her unit, has its Initiative reduced by 3 (to a minimum of 1) until the end of the phase.

SEEKERS OF SLAANESH

RIDERS OF SLAANESH, DISCIPLES OF DECADENCE, DARKLING DELIGHTERS

Seekers of Slaanesh are the Prince of Chaos' outriders, darkling Daemonettes mounted on swift daemonic Steeds. Malign of intent and with the predatory swiftness of a striking cobra, Seekers dart across the endless battlefields of the Realm of Chaos, springing ambushes on vulnerable prey.

These daemonic huntresses are swift beyond belief. Some legends say that the Seekers can charm time itself and so travel between the seconds. Other tales claim that the Seekers' steeds are formed from the guilty desires of all living creatures and so can never be outrun, for who can flee beyond the reach of his yearnings? Wherever the truth lies, to become the quarry of the Seekers of Slaanesh is to doom oneself to an inevitable, torment-filled death.

The Steeds of Slaanesh can taste the Winds of Magic and seek out the spirits of mortals just as a natural creature senses odours on a drifting breeze. Each soul has a unique flavour and, after but a single taste, the Steed can follow that one specific being throughout eternity if it wishes. Their riders find this most useful for, like all Daemonettes, the Seekers are playfully cruel. They delight in running a luckless mortal ragged, pursuing him across leagues and leagues of rugged and broken countryside. Then, when all seems lost, the Seekers break off their pursuit, allowing the prey to regather his failing strength and rekindle a waning hope of escape.

Such hunts can continue for months or even years, with the Seekers goading the mortal to the very edge of mental and physical endurance. Only when the quarry's mind collapses and he willingly succumbs to their embrace do the Seekers end the hunt and drag his soul back to the Realm of Chaos. With his surrender, the mortal robs the Seekers of their entertainment, but damns himself to an eternity of exquisite torment in the Palace of Pleasure's loathsome chambers.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Seeker	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7
Heartseeker	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Fast Cavalry, Poisoned Attacks (Steed of Slaanesh only).

'When I first encountered the wild huntresses, 'twas the horror of their claws and the obscene aspect of their steeds that foremost afflicted my soul. Thanks be, I can see neither in my mind's eye any longer, but the huntresses' otherworldly singing still echoes through my dreams. It is a sound at the same time both terrifying and wondrous, possessed of an ethereal beauty that is eclipsed only by its perversity. The more I try to banish it from my thoughts, the more hungrily my mind yearns for its blasphemous harmonies.'

— Liber Malefic



STEEDS OF SLAANESH

Steeds of Slaanesh are curious bipeds. They have long, sinuous bodies that writhe ceaselessly as they speed towards the foe on delicate, bird-like feet. Steeds vary enormously in colour, and run the entire gamut of pigment from pastel yellows and oranges through to moody blues and sultry ochres. Each has a mane of silken hair running from the crown of its head to the tip of its twitching tail. A long, whip-like tongue flicks constantly from the Steed's toothless mouth, coiling and ensnaring its rider's opponent.

Even the slightest touch of a Steed of Slaanesh's tongue is to be feared. The beast's saliva is laced with untold intoxicants that heighten sensations even as they subdue struggles and deaden reflexes. Should the victim survive the attack, his waking life will forever be plagued by alluring hallucinations, and his dreams haunted by temptations of the darkest kind.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Fast Cavalry, Poisoned Attacks.

SEEKER CHARIOTS OF SLAANESH

SHRIEKING SHANDREDHANS, GLORIOUS DOOMRIDERS, PALLID VANGUARDS

Seeker Chariots are not subtle creations. As the straining steeds urge the chariot to full speed, swirling shapes sear the air with unholy hues and the metal axles screech in a disharmony akin to the wailing of tormented souls. Indeed, to stand against such a machinery is not simply a contest of arms, but a struggle of wills that shakes the boundaries of sanity. When the chariot finally crashes home, the Daemonettes dance from yoke to spar, laughing as their disembowelling strikes weave bloody trails in the air.

Heralds of Slaanesh often elect to ride into battle atop an Exalted Chariot. From here, the Herald can reach down to whisk victims from the chariot's razored maw. Such is not an act of kindness. Indeed, enemies claimed in this manner soon start screaming to be returned to the embrace of the merciless blades below, if it means they will remain not a moment longer in the grasp of the doting Herald's cruel affections.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Seeker Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Exalted Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	8	-	-	-
Exalted Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	4	7
Daemonette Crew	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Impact Hits (2D6+1)** (Exalted Seeker Chariot only), **Poisoned Attacks** (Steed of Slaanesh only).



FIENDS OF SLAANESH

RAMS OF SLAANESH, CHIMERIAL LEAPERS, FIENDS OF EXALTANT EXCESS

Fiends are incredibly swift, able to skitter and scuttle across all manner of terrain at frightening speed. There is something unnameably disturbing about a Fiend's gait, for its twitching dance rocks it from side to side. In this way, a Fiend will take at least three or four steps for every pace it advances, splayed legs beating out an arrhythmic toccata that praises the glory of the Dark Prince of Chaos. The Fiends sing to one another as they run, emanating a high-pitched and pervasive chitter that few mortals consciously hear.

Though a Fiend is perhaps frailer than other Daemons of the same stature, only a fool would underestimate its combat prowess. Quite apart from the significant peril posed by the Fiend's deadly claws, an adversary should also be wary of the stinger atop its supple and segmented tail. This barb is laced with soporific venom capable of sending even a battle-maddened Bloodletter into a deep coma. Similarly, the Fiend exudes a pervasive and oily musk that, when inhaled, courses through its victim's body, gnawing away at centres of reason and numbing the foe to all but the most extreme of stimuli.

A corner of the battlefield under attack from Fiends of Slaanesh is often quiet, with musk-added victims waiting insensate for the Fiends to deliver the fatal blow. This oblivion can be a time coming, for Fiends are no less given to torture than the Dark Prince's other minions. When the effects of the Fiend's musk fade, the victim experiences simultaneous agony from a dozen wounds.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fiend of Slaanesh	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.**

Soporific Musk: Models in base contact with one or more Fiends of Slaanesh suffer a -1 penalty to both Weapon Skill and Initiative, unless they are Daemons of Slaanesh.

HELLFLAYERS OF SLAANESH

SCENTED HARVESTERS, DECADENT REAVERS, SHRED-CHAIN SISTERS

The Dark Prince of Chaos prides himself on the splendour of his decadent realm. Alas, the constant warfare and anarchy that so defines the Realm of Chaos has ever worked against Slaanesh's pursuit of perfection by leaving battle-slain corpses littered across his lands like the petals of a particularly repulsive plant. Thus do the Hellflayers ride hither and yon across the alabaster plains, their reaping blades cutting and slicing the distaff flesh into small pieces that Slaanesh's otherworldly flora can easily devour.

Of course, Daemonettes being the preening and selfish creatures they are, the menial work of tending and feeding their lord's garden is a weighty chore. There are no emotions to feed upon in such a task; no tortured and amplified sensations to sample. Without such things, Daemonettes grow lethargic, and their forms can even start to dissipate. So it was that for a time that only those creatures who had displeased mighty Slaanesh were sent to crew his Hellflayers, there to while away the millennia serving the bloody harvest.

Yet if Daemonettes are cruel, they are also wily. It wasn't long before a particularly wilful pair defied their master, and brought their Hellflayer not to the battle's aftermath, but to its gory height. Within moments, blades prepared for rotting corpses proved just as keen when set upon living flesh. Severed heads and limbs flew like chaffed wheat; daemonic

ichor spattered across the Hellflayer's steeds and crew. Yet all this went unnoticed by the Daemonettes, for they were gripped by a battle-rapture they had never known. Like all things sprung from Slaanesh's spiteful land, the metal from which the Hellflayer had been forged was deeply attuned to the sensations of the living. As its blades sank into flesh, each victim's every suffering was transmuted into a spiritual incense so intoxicating that it drove the Daemonettes into an impassioned frenzy, magnifying their speed until their strikes became so swift that no eye could follow them.

'Three of the wretches were slaughtered instantly, dragged into that maelstrom of wicked Daemon-steel. The fourth, through some laughing fate, became snagged on the central chain. For a moment he hung there, his heels scraped bloody as the machine charged on. One of the Daemonettes reached out a claw. At first she caressed the wretch's cheek, like a mother soothing a frightened child. Then, as I knew it must, her dotting smile transformed into a leer of pure wickedness. The claw was a blur as it snipped at the victim's wrists. A moment later all that remained of the fellow were his severed hands – still clutching the chain – and an empty scream echoing through the night.'

– Liber Malefic

When Slaanesh learnt what had transpired, he was angered, for no Chaos God easily tolerates flouted authority. Yet he was also pleased, for that lone Hellflayer had wrought much carnage – Slaanesh's armies have ever been weaker than those of his dark brothers, and anything to alter the balance was cause for delight. So it was that the Dark Prince decreed that to ride a Hellflayer would no longer be a punishment, but an honoured station of war. Ever since, Hellflayers have driven in the vanguard, blades mangling and maiming foes caught in their path. As for the two rebellious Daemonettes, Slaanesh transmuted them into unfeeling marble and set them on the far end of his causeway, their backs forever to the decadent glories they had once known and enjoyed. The accursed ones stand, even to this day; a silent reminder to all the Dark Prince's followers of what happens to those who would dare flout his will.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hellflayer	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
Exalted Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	4	7
Daemonette Crew	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Poisoned Attacks** (Steed of Slaanesh only).

Soulscint: If a Hellflayer causes one or more unsaved Wounds with its Impact Hits, the Exalted Alluress receives a number of bonus Attacks equal to the number of unsaved Wounds caused. This bonus lasts until the end of the turn.

THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

ETERNAL DANCER, ACCURSED MAIDEN, DARKLING DECEIVER

The Masque was once the most favoured of all the Daemonettes. She danced for the joy of performance and wove enrapturing displays so dazzling that they could strike even immortal gods silent with awe. Yet the Masque was undone when Slaanesh suffered his most terrible loss in the Great Game, manoeuvred by Tzeentch into a war with Khorne and Nurgle that he could not hope to win.

Thinking to ease Slaanesh's mind and ills, the Masque danced for her dark lord. Never before had she performed with such skill. She glided across that ballroom floor of broken dreams and sundered promises, each sensuous and graceful motion flowing effortlessly into the next. No mortal could have watched her dance that eve and remained unmoved, yet Slaanesh was angry at his defeat, and his proud heart filled with the acrid pain of humiliation. As he watched the Daemonette dance her faultless dance, Slaanesh saw only a barbed jest at his expense, a subtle mockery aimed at his wounded pride.

All at once, the Dark Prince could bear no more and flew into a terrible rage. He laid a curse upon the Masque, condemning her to dance throughout eternity against her will, unable to rest her limbs or take the merest pause to savour other experiences. Her dances would now speak in testament of Slaanesh's glory, every motion a stylised rendition of one of the Dark Prince's great victories. His ire spent, Slaanesh turned his back upon the Masque and retired to his inner chambers, where the touch of his handmaidens could perhaps temporarily heal his great hurt.

So has the Masque been doomed ever since. She dances across the mortal and immortal planes to music only she can hear, never able to rest. She is drawn to places of sensory excess and is wont to appear before the high table at great feasts, or during the closing act of a fine opera. Her golden mask flickers and changes as her dance progresses, taking the guise of the characters she portrays. Such is the power of the Masque's curse that all nearby are drawn into her unholy pageant. Eternal Daemon or mortal man, all play their parts in her fluid pantomime as flawlessly as if they had been rehearsing for the moment all their lives.

The dance's tempo changes as the story of Slaanesh progresses. In the Dance of Dreaming, where the slumbering prince waits to be born, the Masque and her chorus drift in sedentary and languid movements. Conversely, the Pageant of Pain, re-enacting one of Slaanesh's great victories over Khorne, is a tableau of spasmodic movements that ends with the entranced cast tearing at each other's throats and eyes. Not all the dances are from the past – they are drawn from all points in time. The power of the Masque's curse allows her to recreate events yet to come, from the caging of Loec and the purging with fire of Nurgle's garden, all the way up to the legendary Rhan'k'adanra, the final battle and twilight of the gods. Any who survive these manifestations have only the scantest memories of what truly occurred. They see only the ruin and death around them, and feel only the bone-weary agony of a body pushed beyond its limits. Meanwhile and elsewhere, the Masque dances on...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Masque of Slaanesh	10	7	6	4	3	2	7	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic.**

Dance Alone: The Masque of Slaanesh cannot join units.

The Eternal Dance: At the start of each of the controlling player's Close Combat phases, the Masque must choose one dance to perform from the list given below. These abilities target one enemy unit (which may be in combat).

Each dance has a range of 12" and does not require line of sight. Until the end of the phase, the target suffers a -1 penalty to the characteristic stated (to a minimum of 1).

Dance

The Dance of Dreaming
The Fleshspasm Polka
The Waltz of Lethargy

Penalised Characteristic

Leadership
Strength
Initiative

Unnatural Reflexes: The Masque of Slaanesh has a 3+ ward save.



DAEMON PRINCES

DARK PRINCELINGS, DEATHBRINGERS, ETERNAL BLASPHEMIES

Daemonhood is the ultimate goal for mortals who tread the path of Chaos. It is the reward for dedication to the Chaos Gods, bestowing immortality, unimaginable strength and forbidden power.

Many Daemon Princes care little that the battlefield has changed – they continue to rampage and slaughter in their god's name just as they did in their previous lives. Others believe themselves to have escaped the role of pawn, and have their eyes set upon becoming master of the Realm of Chaos. They do not realise that to transcend a level of the Great Game merely binds them tighter to eternal damnation. The crowns of the gods are not for mortals to steal.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemon Prince	8	9	5	6	5	4	8	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemonic**, **Large Target**, **Terror**. A Daemon Prince is also always a **Daemon of Khorne**, a **Daemon of Tzeentch**, a **Daemon of Nurgle** or a **Daemon of Slaanesh**.

MAGIC: A Daemon Prince that is upgraded to a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch (see page 58) or the Lore of Metal if it is a Daemon of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle (see page 59) or the Lore of Death if it is a Daemon of Nurgle, and the Lore of Slaanesh (see page 60) or the Lore of Shadow if it is a Daemon of Slaanesh.

UPGRADES:

Chaos Armour: A Daemon Prince with this upgrade has a 4+ armour save.

Daemonic Flight: A Daemon Prince with this upgrade has the Fly special rule.



'I knew not what horrified me more: the Daemon Prince's blasphemous glory, or the fact that in its presence I too yearned for the unholy blessing it had received.'

– Liber Malefic

CHAOS FURIES

CHAOS SHRIKES, GARGOYLES, CROWS OF CHAOS

Furies are howling shards of malevolent energy – Chaos in its purest form. With little in the way of intelligence, Furies are utterly subservient to the whims of the Dark Gods, and shift in aspect and power as the balance of the dark pantheon alters. They are easily subjugated by other Daemons, whom they regard with a mix of dread and awe.

Furies swarm at the edges of the battle, avoiding the thickest fighting if they can. Only when they sight a vulnerable victim do the Furies descend, a wailing mass from which there can be no escape. The only true defence against such an attack is to stand your ground, fending the Daemons off until the magic that binds them to the mortal plane fades away.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Fury	4	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	2

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemonic**, **Fly**.

'I watched as the Furies picked over the corpse, squabbling in harsh tongues as they argued over the juiciest morsels from the feast.'

– Liber Malefic

SOUL GRINDERS

IRON DOOMSTRIDERS, HARVESTERS OF SOULS, CLINKERSPAWN

When a Daemon's physical body is slain, he can surrender his true name to the Forge of Souls. The dark bargain thus sealed, the Daemon's crippled essence is bound to a mighty Warpmetal hulk. Thus is he reborn as a Soul Grinder.

No two Soul Grinders are exactly the same, but all are bizarre to look upon. The transformation has a tendency to mimic the Daemon's inner desires and then distort them just enough so that even it finds the results loathsome. Yet the change also grants might far beyond that which a Daemon normally enjoys. A Soul Grinder's clanking tread shakes the ground with every step, and it is devilishly fast for a creature its size, able to scuttle swift as a horse's gallop, or even faster should the scent of battle touch its nostrils. Piston-driven legs thud home with sickening force, crushing to bloody paste those beneath. Formidable though a Soul Grinder's brute strength is, he does not need to rely on it alone to slaughter his foes, for the transformation grants weapons to match the newfound stature.

Legend tells that if the Soul Grinder can garner sufficient mortal souls, the Forge of Souls frees the Daemon from his mechanical prison and returns him to the existence he once knew. Alas, as with all bargains struck within the Realm of Chaos, this is a debt not easily settled. Many a Soul Grinder has come within a single kill of clearing his debt with the Forge of Souls, only to have ill-fortune see him destroyed,

rather than the intended victim. Worse still, if vanquished, the Soul Grinder must sell itself to the Forge of Souls once again, or return to the oblivion it so dreads. Should a Daemon remain a Soul Grinder too long, his original identity begins to fade, subsumed into the machine that he serves. After a few millennia of the binding it is gone entirely. Thus can a Daemon come to be eternally damned, even as he seeks the same fate for mortals.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Soul Grinder	8	3	3	6	7	6	3	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Daemonic**, **Large Target**, **Terror**.

A Soul Grinder is also always a **Daemon of Khorne**, a **Daemon of Tzeentch**, a **Daemon of Nurgle** or a **Daemon of Slaanesh**.

Caught by the Iron Claw: Immediately before the Soul Grinder makes its Attacks, nominate one model in base contact with the Soul Grinder. That model must pass an Initiative test. If the test is passed, nothing happens. If the test is failed, all other attacks the Soul Grinder makes against that model this turn hit automatically.

Implacable Advance: This model can move (not march) and still shoot any one of its weapons.

Natural Armour (4+): The Soul Grinder has an armour save of 4+.

EQUIPMENT:

Harvester Cannon: This allows the Soul Grinder to fire grapeshot, as described in the *Warhammer* rulebook. If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice, the Soul Grinder instead suffers a Wound with no saves of any kind allowed.

UPGRADES:

Baleful Torrent: This follows the rules for a fire thrower. If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice, the Soul Grinder instead suffers a Wound with no saves of any kind allowed.

Daemonbone Claw: A Soul Grinder with this upgrade can exchange all of its Attacks for a single special Attack – this is declared after the Caught by the Iron Claw rule is resolved. This Attack is resolved at Strength 10 and has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

Phlegm Bombardment: This shooting attack is fired according to the rules for a stone thrower. If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice, the Soul Grinder instead suffers a Wound with no saves of any kind allowed.

Warp Gaze: This shooting attack is fired according to the rules for a bolt thrower.



THE LORE OF TZEENTCH

BLUE FIRE OF TZEENTCH (Signature Spell)

As the wizard twists his hands in the air, the bodies of his enemies are consumed with coruscating blue flames.

Blue Fire of Tzeentch is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that causes D6 Strength D6 hits with the Warpflame special rule. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of the spell to 48". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 8+.

1. TREASON OF TZEENTCH

Cast on 7+

The wizard reaches his thought into the minds of his victims, uttering subtle whispers that stoke the fires of mistrust and treachery.

Treason of Tzeentch is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target unit must use the lowest Leadership value in the unit (instead of the highest as would normally be the case) and cannot benefit from the Inspiring Presence or Hold Your Ground! special rules. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 48". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. PINK FIRE OF TZEENTCH

Cast on 8+

A roiling tide of iridescent energy flows from the caster's hand, enveloping his foes in a cone of magical flame.

Pink Fire of Tzeentch is a **direct damage** spell. Place the teardrop-shaped template with its narrow end touching the front of the Wizard's base and the large end aimed at the target. Roll the artillery dice and move the template directly forwards the number of inches indicated. All models underneath the template suffer a Strength D6 hit with the Warpflame special rule (roll once for the Strength and use that value for all hits). If a misfire result is rolled, the template does not move forwards and remains where it is.

3. BOLT OF CHANGE

Cast on 8+

The wizard hurls a single devastating bolt of energy that blasts through the ranks of the enemy, wracking their bodies with sickening and uncontrollable mutations.

Bolt of Change is a **magic missile** with a range of 24". It inflicts a single Strength D6+4 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) and Warpflame special rules, and then penetrates ranks in the same manner as a shot from a bolt thrower. Armour saves are not permitted against Wounds caused by *Bolt of Change*.

FIRES OF CHANGE

(Lore Attribute)

When a Daemon casts a spell from the Lore of Tzeentch that causes one or more unsaved Wounds, choose a unit of Pink Horrors or Screemers within 12" of the caster, and roll a D6 for each Wound caused (excluding Wounds caused by the Warpflame special rule - see below). If it is a unit of Pink Horrors, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 4, 5 or 6. If it is a unit of Screemers, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 6. Models are added, one at a time, to the back rank. If the back rank is full at any point, or the unit has a single rank of at least five models, the next model starts a new back rank. Models that cannot be placed (because there isn't enough room, or you do not have sufficient models) are lost. Models created in this way have no upgrades and don't award additional victory points.

4. GLEAN MAGIC

Cast on 8+

The caster steals sorceries from his adversary's mind.

Glean Magic is a **direct damage** spell that targets a single enemy Wizard within 18". The caster and the target both roll a D6 and add their Wizard level to the score. If the target's total is higher than the caster's, nothing happens. Otherwise, the target suffers a Strength 3 hit with the Warpflame special rule, loses one Wizard level (to a minimum of 0) and forgets one randomly determined spell (this cannot be a bound spell). If the caster does not already know this spell, he immediately gains it and can cast it just like any of his other spells. When casting a stolen spell, always substitute its lore attribute with the Lore of Tzeentch's lore attribute.

5. TZEENTCH'S FIRESTORM

Cast on 13+

A searing ball of scarlet flames swirls around the caster before being cast towards the enemy, engulfing regiments with balefire.

Tzeentch's Firestorm is a **direct damage** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 30" - it then scatters D6". All models hit by the template suffer a Strength D6 hit with the Warpflame special rule (roll once for the Strength and use that value for all hits). The Wizard can choose to create a larger firestorm, using the large round template rather than the small one. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+ and the template scatters 2D6" rather than D6".

6. INFERNAL GATEWAY

Cast on 16+

The wizard opens a portal to the dread Realm of Chaos, a magical tear in the mortal plane that sucks those nearby to certain oblivion.

Infernal Gateway is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". The target suffers 2D6 Strength 2D6 hits with the Warpflame special rule. Roll for the Strength first. If an 11 or 12 is rolled when determining the spell's Strength value, the hits are resolved at Strength 10, and the unit suffers 3D6 hits rather than 2D6.

Warpflame Special Rule

At the end of each phase, any unit that suffered one or more unsaved Wounds from an attack with this special rule (or from an attack made by a model with this special rule) during that phase must take a Toughness test. If the test is failed, the unit immediately suffers D3 Wounds with no armour saves allowed. If the test is passed, all models in that unit gain the Regeneration (6+) special rule for the rest of the game. Any models in the unit that already have the Regeneration special rule instead gain +1 to all Regeneration saving throws for the rest of the game. Chaos is fickle!

THE LORE OF NURGLE

CHILDREN OF NURGLE

(Lore Attribute)

When a Daemon casts a spell from the Lore of Nurgle that causes one or more unsaved Wounds, choose a unit of Plaguebearers or Nurglings within 12" of the caster, and roll a D6 for each Wound caused. If it is a unit of Plaguebearers, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 5 or 6. If it is a unit of Nurglings, add 1 base to the unit for each result of 6. Models are added, one at a time, to the back rank. If the back rank is full at any point, or the unit has a single rank of at least five models, the next model starts a new back rank. Models that cannot be placed (because there isn't enough room, or you do not have sufficient models) are lost. Models created in this way have no upgrades and don't award additional victory points.

STREAM OF CORRUPTION (Signature Spell)

Cast on 7+

The caster's maw distends wide like a serpent before spewing forth a noxious stream of disease and filth that chokes and suffocates the foes nearest to him.

Stream of Corruption is a **direct damage** spell. Place the teardrop-shaped template with its narrow end touching the front of the Wizard's base and the large end over the target. All models underneath the template must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with no armour saves allowed.

1. MIASMA OF PESTILENCE

Cast on 5+

The caster's followers effuse a ghastly odour; a bowel-loosening mael that induces crippling bouts of violent vomiting in nearby foes.

Miasma of Pestilence is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, all enemy units in base contact with the target unit reduce their Weapon Skill and Initiative by 1 (to a minimum of 1). The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell that instead reduces the Weapon Skill and Initiative of all enemy units in base contact with the target unit by D3 (roll once and apply the result to all affected enemies). If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. BLADES OF PUTREFACTION

Cast on 8+

The wizard blesses weapons to ooze with the choicest of Nurgle's foul contagions.

Blades of Putrefaction is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit's close combat attacks gain the Poisoned Attacks special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If a model targeted by this spell already has Poisoned Attacks, its Attacks wound the target automatically on a To Hit roll of 5 as well as 6.

3. CURSE OF THE LEPER

Cast on 10+

As the caster speaks, his followers are blessed with resilience, whilst his enemies watch in horror as their limbs wither and drop off.

Curse of the Leper can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) within 18". If cast on a friendly unit, *Curse of the Leper* is an **augment** spell that increases the target unit's Toughness by D3 (to a maximum of 10) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If *Curse of the Leper* is cast on an enemy unit, it is a **hex** spell that reduces the target unit's Toughness by D3 (to a minimum of 1) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 36". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

4. RANCID VISITATIONS

Cast on 10+

As the wizard reaches out, his enemies are seized by a terrible affliction that blackens their flesh and turns their organs to mulch.

Rancid Visitations is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that inflicts D6 Strength 5 hits. The target must then immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer a further D6 Strength 5 hits. The target must keep testing its Toughness in this manner until a test is passed, or the target is removed as a casualty.

5. FLESHY ABUNDANCE

Cast on 11+

The wizard generously gifts the fortunate recipient with a growth spurt of the most repulsive kind. Great wobbling mounds of grey-green fat spill out to seal wounds moments after they are formed.

Fleshy Abundance is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target has the Regeneration (5+) special rule. If the target already has the Regeneration special rule, its Regeneration saving throws are instead improved by one (to a maximum of 2+), until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 18". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 22+.

6. PLAGUE WIND

Cast on 15+

The wizard summons forth a swirling maelstrom of maggots, bile and blight-ridden fluids to eat away his enemy's skin, flesh and soul.

Remains in play. *Plague Wind* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the player then nominates the direction in which the *Plague Wind* will move. To determine how many inches the template moves, roll an artillery dice and multiply the result by the caster's Wizard level. If the result on the artillery dice is a misfire, centre the template on the caster instead and roll a scatter dice; the template moves a number of inches equal to the caster's Wizard level, in the direction shown by the scatter dice (if you roll a Hit!, the template remains where it is). Any model touched by the template must pass a Toughness test or suffer a single automatic Wound, with no armour saves allowed. In subsequent turns, the *Plague Wind* travels in a random direction and moves a number of inches equal to the roll of an artillery dice (if a misfire is rolled, the *Plague Wind* dissipates and is removed).

The Wizard can infuse *Plague Wind* with more power, so that it uses the large round template instead. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 25+.

THE LORE OF SLAANESH

BORN OF DAMNATION

(Lore Attribute)

When a Daemon casts a spell from the Lore of Slaanesh that causes one or more unsaved Wounds, choose a unit of Daemonettes or Fiends of Slaanesh within 12" of the caster, and roll a D6 for each Wound caused. If it is a unit of Daemonettes, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 5 or 6. If it is a unit of Fiends, add 1 model to the unit for each result of 5 or 6. Models are added, one at a time, to the back rank. If the back rank is full at any point, or the unit has a single rank of at least five models, the next model starts a new back rank. Models that cannot be placed (because there isn't enough room, or you do not have sufficient models) are lost. Models created in this way have no upgrades and don't award additional victory points.

LASH OF SLAANESH (Signature Spell)

Cast on 6+

A long tongue-like whip of energy erupts from the caster's forehead and slashes into the ranks of his enemies.

Lash of Slaanesh is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Extend a straight line 24" in length, within the caster's forward arc and directly from his base. Any model whose base falls under the line (determined as for a bouncing cannonball) suffers a Strength 3 hit with the Armour Piercing special rule.

1. ACQUIESCENCE

Cast on 6+

With an almost lackadaisical gesture, the wizard engulfs his foe with a haze of broken dreams and unattainable desires.

Acquiescence is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit has the Always Strikes Last and Random Movement (D6) special rules until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 48". If he does, the casting value is increased to 9+.

2. PAVANE OF SLAANESH

Cast on 7+

The caster whistles the tune to one of the darkling dances of Slaanesh, causing his foe to jerk spasmodically until bones snap.

Pavane of Slaanesh is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24" that targets a single enemy model (even a character in a unit). If successfully cast, the target must pass a Leadership test on 3D6 or suffer a Wound with no armour saves allowed. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 48". If he does, the casting value is increased to 10+.

3. HYSTERICAL FRENZY

Cast on 8+

The caster's victims are engulfed by a torrent of unreasoning emotion, causing them to claw at themselves with excruciating pain and blissful rapture.

Remains in play. *Hysterical Frenzy* can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) within 24". If cast on a friendly unit, *Hysterical Frenzy* is an **augment** spell. If *Hysterical Frenzy* is cast on an enemy unit, it is a **hex** spell. For the duration of the spell, the target gains the Frenzy special rule (which is not lost if the unit is defeated in close combat). If the target unit already has the Frenzy special rule, that Frenzy grants +2 Attacks instead of just +1. In addition, for the duration of the spell, the target of *Hysterical Frenzy* suffers D6 Strength 3 hits at the end of each of the caster's Magic phases.

4. SLICING SHARDS

Cast on 10+

The wizard flicks his wrists and a cloud of razor-sharp darts bursts from his hands, flensing the minds, bodies and souls of his foes.

Slicing Shards is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" that inflicts D6 Strength 4 hits with the Armour Piercing special rule. The target must then immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer a further D6 Strength 4 hits with the Armour Piercing special rule. The target must keep testing its Leadership in this manner until a test is passed, or the target is removed as a casualty.

5. PHANTASMAGORIA

Cast on 10+

With a complex sign, the wizard summons illusory creatures who flit and broil across the battlefield, their dark promises of fulfilment seducing and bewildering the hapless foe.

Phantasmagoria is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Until the start of the caster's next Magic phase, the target unit must roll an additional D6 whenever it takes a Leadership test, discarding the lowest result rolled. The caster can choose to have this spell target all enemy units within 24". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 20+.

6. CACOPHONIC CHOIR

Cast on 12+

The wizard screams an ear-piercing chorus that tortures the souls and shatters the sanity of those who would stand in his path.

Cacophonic Choir is a **hex** spell with a range of 12". The target unit takes 2D6 hits that wound on a 4+ with no armour saves allowed. If at least one unsaved Wound is caused, the target unit gains the Always Strikes Last and Random Movement (D6) special rules until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have the spell target all enemy units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 24+.



DAEMONIC GIFTS

UNHOLY TRINKETS AND BLESSINGS FROM THE DARK GODS

Many characters in the Daemons of Chaos army have the option to purchase Daemonic Gifts. Due to the fickle and shifting nature of the Chaos Gods, you can't purchase specific gifts – their patronage can be withdrawn or altered in a heartbeat. Instead, a character has the option to purchase Lesser, Greater and Exalted Daemonic Gifts. A single model can have no more than two gifts of each type.

At the start of the game, at the same time you generate spells, each character in your army randomly determines which Daemonic Gifts he has by rolling D6 on the appropriate table – roll each gift separately, one at a time. Each gift can only be taken once per model; re-roll any duplicate results for a single model until a different gift is rolled.

Any Daemonic Gift can be swapped for result 0 on the relevant table (this must be done before rolling for the next gift). Indeed, this is the only way a model can receive a magic weapon as its Daemonic Gift. If a model ends up with two or more magic weapons, it must choose which one to use at the start of each combat. Daemonic Gifts otherwise follow the rules for magic items (specifically, Enchanted Items, unless otherwise stated) with the exception that a Daemon can carry more than one item of each type.

EXALTED GIFTS (75 POINTS PER ROLL)

D6 Daemonic Gift

- 0 **Hellforged Artefact.** The Daemon has one of the Hellforged Artefacts presented on page 63. Each can be chosen only once per army.
- 1 **Aura of Disruption.** Any dispel attempt you make while this model is on the table receives one extra 'free' dispel dice.
- 2 **Sorcerous Lodestone.** Whenever a spell is successfully cast by any Wizard, roll a D6 – this Daemon regains a Wound lost earlier in the battle on a roll of 5+. Whenever a spell is miscast by any Wizard, the Daemon instead suffers a Wound on a roll of 4+.
- 3 **Bringer of the Swarm.** At the end of every Close Combat phase in which the Daemon causes one or more unsaved Wounds, a unit of Chaos Furies is created. The unit consists of one Chaos Fury for every unsaved Wound caused. The unit must be placed wholly within 6" of the Daemon and cannot be placed with 1" of another unit or impassable terrain. If any model cannot be placed because there isn't enough room, or you do not have sufficient models, it is lost. Units created in this way do not award victory points.
- 4 **Impenetrable Hide.** The Daemon has +2 Toughness.
- 5 **Massive Might.** The Daemon has +3 Strength.
- 6 **Doubly Blessed.** Roll again on this table (re-rolling further results of a 6) and once on the Lesser Gifts table – the Daemon receives both gifts at no additional cost.

GREATER GIFTS (50 POINTS PER ROLL)

D6 Daemonic Gift

- 0 **Greater Weapon.** The Daemon has a magic weapon, of a value up to 50 points, chosen from the *Warhammer* rulebook. One Daemon of Khorne can instead choose an Axe of Khorne, one Daemon of Tzeentch can instead choose a Staff of Change, one Daemon of Nurgle can instead choose a Balesword and one Daemon of Slaanesh can instead choose a Lash of Despair (see page 62).
- 1 **Unholy Sacrifice.** This Daemon can choose to lose D3 Wounds (with no saves allowed) at the start of any of your Magic phases. If it does so, add D3+1 dice to your power pool.
- 2 **Corpulence.** The Daemon has +1 Wound.
- 3 **Incorporeal Strike.** Armour saves cannot be taken against the Daemon's close combat Attacks.
- 4 **Souleater.** At the end of any phase in which the Daemon causes one or more unsaved Wounds in close combat, it regains a single lost Wound.
- 5 **Unbreakable Skin.** The Daemon has a 2+ armour save that cannot be improved by any means.
- 6 **Unholy Flurry.** The Daemon has +2 Attacks.

LESSER GIFTS (25 POINTS PER ROLL)

D6 Daemonic Gift

- 0 **Magic Weapon.** The Daemon has a magic weapon, of a value up to 25 points, chosen from the *Warhammer* rulebook. One Daemon of Khorne can instead choose a Blade of Blood, one Daemon of Tzeentch can instead choose a Wand of Whimsy, one Daemon of Nurgle can instead choose a Plague Flail and one Daemon of Slaanesh can instead choose a Witstealer Sword (see page 62).
- 1 **Skill Swallow.** Whenever the Daemon slays an enemy character, it immediately increases one characteristic, of your choice, by one point.
- 2 **Cleaving Blow.** The Daemon's close combat attacks have the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule.
- 3 **Crushing Mass.** The Daemon has the Impact Hits (D3) special rule.
- 4 **Dark Blessing.** The Daemon has a 2+ ward save against the first Wound it suffers in the battle.
- 5 **Noxious Breath.** The Daemon has a Strength 2 Breath Weapon. Armour saves cannot be taken against Wounds caused by this attack.
- 6 **Unnatural Swiftness.** The Daemon has the Always Strikes First special rule.

WEAPONS OF THE DARK GODS

BLADE OF BLOOD

Magic Weapon

This weighty blade trembles with a portion of Khorne's boundless rage; its strike crushes not only flesh and armour, but the victim's very soul as well.

Attacks made with the Blade of Blood are resolved at +1 Strength. They also have the Killing Blow special rule.

AXE OF KHORNE

Magic Weapon

The Gorelords of the First Circle are Bloodthirsters of the highest rank, given the honour of leading the Lord of Skulls' great hosts. Each Gorelord bears an axe that is part Daemon, part battle-notched iron. This weapon is little less blood-hungry than its wielder, and ever spurs its owner to fresh slaughter.

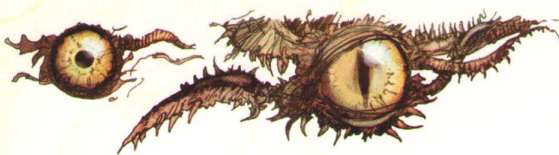
When he attacks with the Axe of Khorne, the wielder receives +3 Attacks if he is in base contact with three or more enemy models.

WAND OF WHIMSY

Magic Weapon

This staff was carved from the bones of Krysothos, a Lord of Change who dared to steal a portion of Tzeentch's sorceries. Krysothos is gone now, bound to a feathered grimoire, but his bones linger still and steal magic whenever then can – magic that their wielder can harness to his own ends.

Whenever the bearer successfully casts or dispels a spell, roll a D6 – the Wand of Whimsy gains a charge on a roll of 5+. The Wand of Whimsy grants the bearer a bonus to both Strength and Attacks equal to the number of charges.



STAFF OF CHANGE

Magic Weapon

Raw chaos flows about this gnarled and writhing weapon, running up and down the staff as tongues of crackling rainbow fire. To be struck by this staff is therefore to feel the touch of change itself, rendered into a mewling and mutating mass by the unstoppable energies of Tzeentch.

Any character or monster that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Staff of Change must immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer an additional D6 Wounds with no armour saves allowed. If such a model loses its last Wound to the Staff of Change, it explodes! All models within D6" immediately suffer a single Strength 5 hit.

PLAGUE FLAIL

Magic Weapon

This flail's heads are the shrunken skulls of plague victims, its chain crafted from knotted and desiccated entrails. Pestilence hangs heavy about it still, ever seeking to escape.

Attacks made with the Plague Flail are resolved at +2 Strength in the first round of combat. Any character or monster that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Plague Flail must immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer another Wound with no armour saves allowed.



BALESWORD

Magic Weapon

Legend tells that there is one Balesword for each of Nurgle's favoured plagues. Moreover, each blade is thought to have been congealed from the infected waste matter that each plague draws forth.

Attacks made with the Balesword have the Poisoned Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

WITSTEALER SWORD

Magic Weapon

The Witstealer Sword was forged in the molten heat of desire and cooled in a vat of Slaanesh's blood. Thus did the Dark Prince think to arm his champion N'kari fit to defeat Skarbrand. Alas, desire has never burned so hot as wrath, and N'kari saw swift defeat. What became of the sword after that point, legend does not tell.

Any character or monster that suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from the Witstealer Sword must immediately pass an Initiative test or suffer another Wound with no armour saves allowed.

LASH OF DESPAIR

Magic Weapon

The cords of this whip are spun soul-stuff, hungry for escape. When the lash cracks forward, the soul-streamers splay outward, striking wildly at all nearby.

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12"	User	Multiple Shots (2D6)

HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS

THE PORTALGLYPH Enchanted Item

When the mad mage M'kar created the Portalglyph, he did so to lure Daemons to his service. Alas, M'kar's plans seemingly went awfully awry, for though the Daemons spilled through the breach they returned home soon enough, with both M'kar and the Portalglyph in their grasp. The Portalglyph has been seen many times since. Its creator, on the other hand, seems to have vanished...

If your army contains the Portalglyph, you can choose to keep a single unit in the Realm of Chaos instead of deploying it at the start of the game. The Portalglyph can be placed in any of your Remaining Moves sub-phases. If the bearer is slain, he must immediately place the Portalglyph before being removed as a casualty. In either case, place a counter or other suitable marker within 12" of the bearer and scatter it 3D6" (6D6" if he was slain). If the counter ends up off the board, or within 1" of a unit or impassable terrain, alter the scatter distance by the smallest amount possible to ensure the counter is placed 1" before or beyond the obstruction.

Once the Portalglyph has been placed, the unit in the Realm of Chaos can enter play through the Portalglyph during the Remaining Moves sub-phase of any subsequent friendly turn. When the unit does so, place it facing any direction, provided that: the unit has at least as many files as it has ranks, the rear of the back rank is in base contact with the counter, no model is more than 12" from the counter, and the unit is not within 1" of another unit, impassable terrain or the board edge. The unit can then move normally (but not march).



THE ROCK OF INEVITABILITY Enchanted Item

Deep in the Realm of Chaos sits the Inevitable City. It is an ageless edifice that lies ever distant from those who seek to reach it, and shadows every step taken by those who wish to escape it. The city has been destroyed many times, but has always rebuilt itself – and always will so long as a single stone remains. Indeed, if but one worn brick from its walls is planted in the mortal realm, it is said that a new city will soon arise.

One use only. The bearer of the Rock of Inevitability can use it at the end of any Movement phase. Place a cursed bulwark (an obstacle up to 8" long) anywhere within 6" of the bearer. It cannot be placed on top of (or within 1" of) a unit, or placed on a terrain feature other than a hill. At the end of each of your turns, roll a D6. On a score of 1-3 nothing happens. On a score of 4-5 place a further cursed bulwark. On a score of 6 place a cursed tower (a Citadel Watchtower or another building of similar size). Cursed terrain features placed in this way must be positioned touching an existing cursed terrain feature, and cannot be placed on top of a unit, or a terrain feature other than a hill or forest. If the terrain feature cannot be placed, or you don't have the relevant terrain feature, then nothing is placed. Cursed bulwarks are walls, and cursed towers are buildings. A model from the Forces of Order that is in base contact with either a cursed tower or cursed bulwark suffers a -2 penalty to Initiative.

THE ETERNAL BLADE Magic Weapon

According to legend, this weapon has been present at every major battle since the dawn of time. It was a sword during the Sack of Braquiron, an axe on the slaughter-fields of Naggra. At the Siege of Kislev, it was a spear in the hand of De'voth the Devolved and, after his death, the dagger that stole the life of the Tsar. Ownership of the Eternal Blade is a guarantee of earning great worldly renown – at least so long as it consents to the bearer's will.

Roll a D3 at the start of each round of combat – the bearer's Weapon Skill, Strength, Initiative and Attacks are increased by this amount until the end of the phase.

THE CHROMATIC TOME Enchanted Item

Inked upon these pages are the fundamental secrets of the Winds of Chaos. Alas, the grimoire is a fickle and mischievous Daemon, little given to cooperation. But then, what else would one expect of a Lord of Change forced into a new form for rebellious deeds?

You can choose to re-roll the Winds of Magic dice in your turn. However, if you do so, your opponent can also re-roll the Winds of Magic dice in his turn, if he wishes. In either case, all of the Winds of Magic dice must be re-rolled.





THE GLORY OF CHAOS

A Daemons of Chaos army is truly glorious, full of vibrant colour and dark splendour. As a Daemons of Chaos general, you can crush your foe with regiments of Lesser Daemons, packs of howling daemoniac beasts or slaughter them with the unbridled might of Greater Daemons and Soul Grinders.

This section presents a showcase of some of the fantastic Citadel miniatures available to the Daemons of Chaos. It is a guide suffused with the dark glory of the Chaos Gods – whether you're looking to summon a new daemoniac horde or add to an existing collection, you'll find plenty of inspiration herein.



Bloodthirster



Herald of Khorne on Juggernaut



A Herald of Khorne rides a Blood Throne into battle.



A Lord of Change prepares to unleash the gift of change upon his foes.



Herald of Tzeentch



The Blue Scribes



Kairos Fateweaver



Epidemius, Nurgle's Tallyman



Great Unclean One



As the power of decay spills across the mortal world, a Herald of Nurgle goads his children into battle.



Hellflayers of Slaanesh harvest both mortal body and immortal soul.



Keeper of Secrets



Daemon Prince of Slaanesh



Herald of Khorne



Bloodreaper



Bloodletter standard bearer



Hellblades are as hungry for slaughter as the Daemons who wield them.



Skulltaker



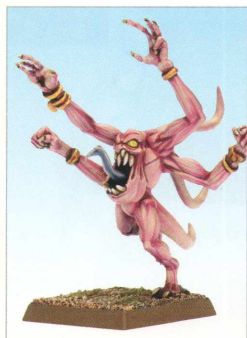
Flesh Hounds of Khorne



Karanak, Hound of Vengeance



Pink Horrors find endless amusement in everything – even in the midst of battle.



Pink Horrors of Tzeentch



The Changeling – Tzeentch's Trickster



Herald of Tzeentch riding a Disc



Herald of Nurgle



Plaguebearers of Nurgle



Plaguebearers manifest in all the morbid colours of disease and decay.



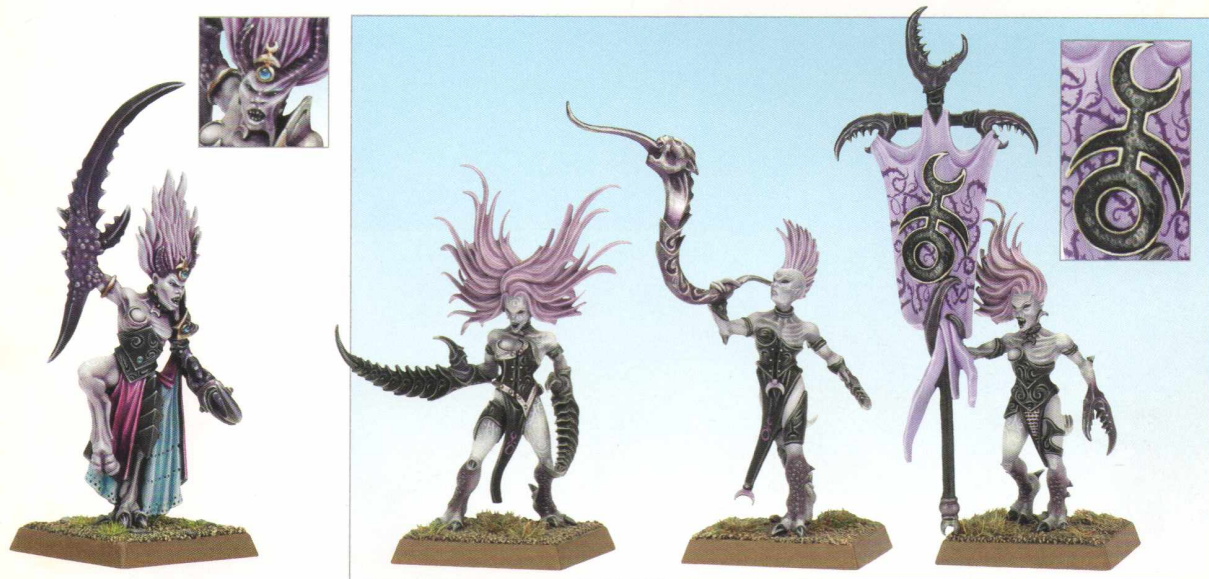
Nurglings



So vile do Nurgle's Plaguebearers smell, that even other Daemons keep their distance if they can.



For the Daemonettes of Slaanesh, the battlefield is but another arena in which to indulge their depravities.



Herald of Slaanesh

Daemonettes of Slaanesh



Daemonettes manifest in subtle and soothing colours, in contrast with their cruel nature.

The Masque of Slaanesh



Skull Cannon of Khorne



Bloodcrushers of Khorne – the Blood God's favoured knights.



Screamers of Tzeentch roam the Realm of Chaos, feasting on stray soul-stuff.



One of the Great Schemer's chosen Heralds riding a Burning Chariot of Tzeentch.



Plaguebringer



Plague Drone standard bearer



Plague Drone musician



Rot Flies are malevolent and spiteful creatures.



Seeker Chariots are weapons of agonising and razor-flecked death.



Heartseeker



Fiend of Slaanesh



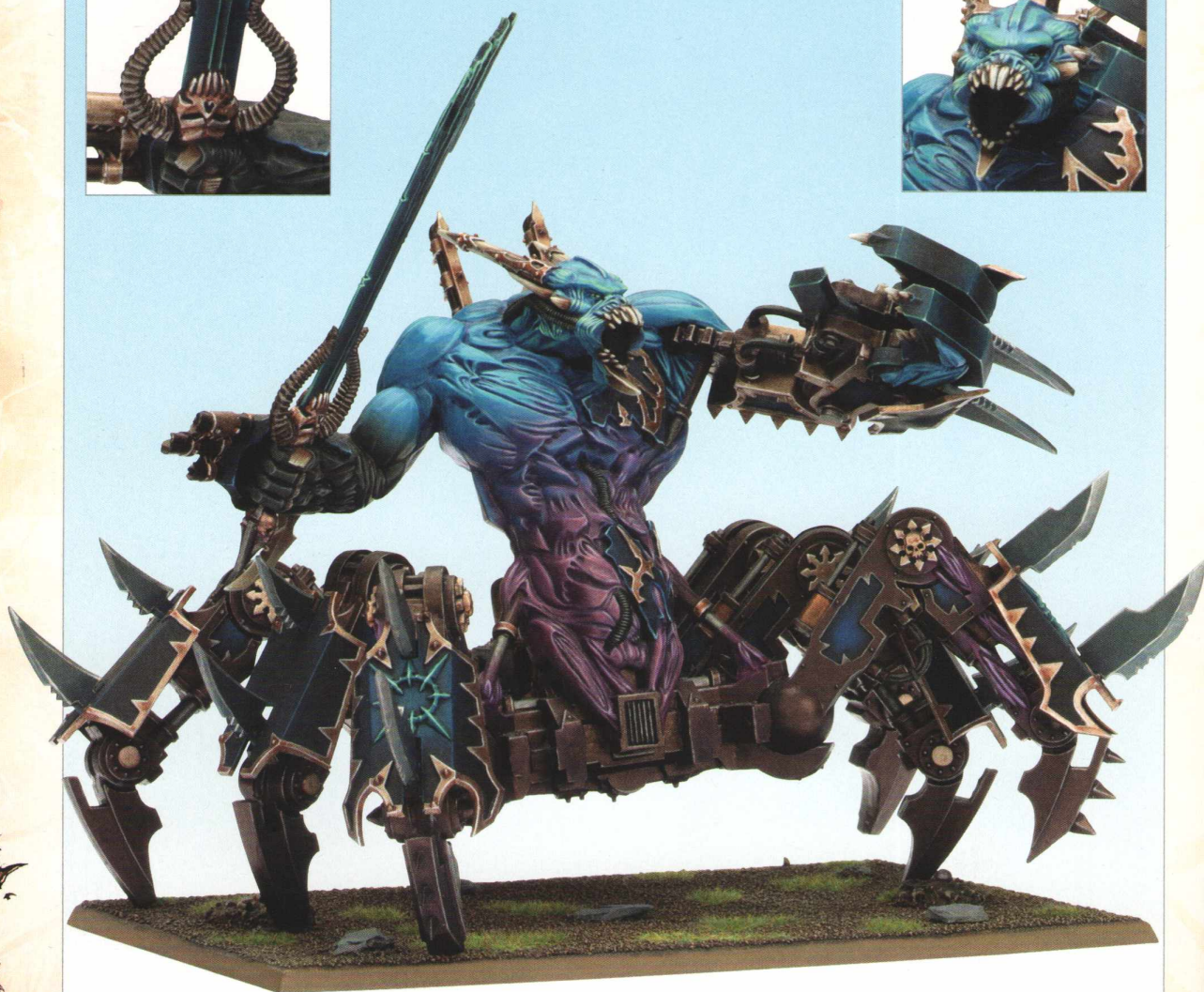
When battle is done, Seekers of Slaanesh ferry the souls of the dead to Slaanesh's vile embrace.







Flamers of Tzeentch fluctuate in colour as the power of Tzeentch rises and falls.



Soul Grinder painted in the colours of Tzeentch – a Daemon who has made a terrible pact with a power even darker than he.



With the walls of reality shattered by Skarven sorcery, a Herald of Slaanesh leads a daemonic host to ravage the mortal world.





DAEMONS OF CHAOS ARMY LIST

*The mortal world lies ripe for conquest!
Muster your daemonic minions, gather your
hosts, and prepare to lay waste to all that is!*

*This section of the book helps you to turn
your collection of Daemons of Chaos Citadel
miniatures into a daemonic host ready for a
tabletop battle. At the back of this section,
you will also find a summary page, which lists
every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and
easy reference during your games.*

USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing Your Army' section of the *Warhammer* rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the *Warhammer* rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core, Special and Rare units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

1	BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE	3	4	14 points per model
2	Profile	M WS BS S T W I A Ld	3	Troop Type
	Bloodletter	5 5 5 4 3 1 4 1 7		Infantry
	Bloodreaper	5 5 5 4 3 1 4 2 7		Infantry
5	Unit Size: 10+	7	Special Rules:	8
6	Daemonic Gifts:		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Daemon of Khorne • Daemonic • Magic Resistance (1) • Scaly Skin (6+) 	
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hellblade 			

1 Name. The name by which the unit or character is identified.

2 Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required, these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).

3 Troop Type. Each entry specifies the unit type of its models (for example, 'infantry', 'cavalry' and so on).

4 Points Value. Every miniature in the *Warhammer* range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, a Daemonette costs 11 points, while the inestimable Kairos Fatweaver costs 565 points!

5 Unit Size. This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases, units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.

6 Daemonic Gifts. This is a list of the standard Daemonic Gifts for that unit. The cost of these gifts is included in the basic points value.

7 Special Rules. Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the *Warhammer* rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here to serve as a reminder.

8 Options. This is a list of optional weapons and armour, mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or even take magic items at a further points cost.



Bloodreaper

The Bloodletter on the right is armed with a Hellblade. As you can see from the profile above, he will cost 14 points to include in your army. A unit of 10 Bloodletters armed like this will therefore cost 140 points

The Bloodletter on the left is a Bloodreaper. To upgrade a Bloodletter unit to include this champion will cost you an additional 10 points.



Bloodletter

LORDS

SKARBRAND

610 points

Profile

Skarbrand

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
8 10 10 6 6 5 10 6 9

Troop Type

Monster (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Bellow of Endless Fury
- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Frenzy
- Hatred
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Rage Embodied
- Terror



Daemonic Gifts:

- Slaughter and Carnage

KAIROS FATEWEAVER

565 points

Profile

Kairos Fateweaver

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
8 1 0 5 5 5 1 1 9

Troop Type

Monster (Special Character)

Magic:

Kairos Fateweaver is a Level 4 Wizard – see page 43 for more details.

Daemonic Gifts:

- Staff of Tomorrow

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Fly
- Large Target
- Oracle of Eternity
- Terror



KU'GATH PLAGUEFATHER

625 points

Profile

Ku'gath Plaguefather

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
6 6 3 6 7 7 4 6 9

Troop Type

Monster (Special Character)

Magic:

Ku'gath Plaguefather is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle.

Daemonic Gifts:

- Necrotic Missiles

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Large Target
- Nurgling Infestation
- Poisoned Attacks
- Slime Trail
- Terror

BLOODTHIRSTER

400 points

Profile

Bloodthirster

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
8 10 10 6 6 5 9 6 9

Troop Type

Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Axe (hand weapon)
- Whip (additional hand weapon)
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Fly
- Large Target
- Magic Resistance (2)
- Terror

Options:

- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to100 points

LORD OF CHANGE

400 points

Profile

Lord of Change

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
8 6 6 6 6 5 6 5 9

Troop Type

Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Fly
- Large Target
- Terror

Options:

- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Level 3 Wizard35 points
 - Level 4 Wizard70 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to100 points

Magic:

A Lord of Change is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch or the Lore of Metal.

LORDS

GREAT UNCLEAN ONE

375 points

Profile

Great Unclean One

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
6 6 3 6 7 6 4 5 9

Troop Type

Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Great Unclean One is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle or the Lore of Death.

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- Large Target
- Poisoned Attacks
- Terror

Options:

- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Level 2 Wizard35 points
 - Level 3 Wizard70 points
 - Level 4 Wizard105 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to100 points

KEEPER OF SECRETS

375 points

Profile

Keeper of Secrets

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
10 9 6 6 6 5 10 6 9

Troop Type

Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Claws (hand weapon)

Magic:

A Keeper of Secrets is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh or the Lore of Shadow.

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- Large Target
- Terror

Options:

- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Level 2 Wizard35 points
 - Level 3 Wizard70 points
 - Level 4 Wizard105 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to100 points

DAEMON PRINCE

250 points

Profile

Daemon Prince

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
8 9 5 6 5 4 8 5 9

Troop Type

Monster (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Daemon Prince that is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch or the Lore of Metal if it is a Daemon of Tzeentch, the Lore of Nurgle or the Lore of Death if it is a Daemon of Nurgle, and the Lore of Slaanesh or the Lore of Shadow if it is a Daemon of Slaanesh.

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Large Target
- Terror

Options:

- Must be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Daemon of Khorne5 points
 - Daemon of Tzeentch10 points
 - Daemon of Nurgle5 points
 - Daemon of Slaaneshfree
- Unless a Daemon of Khorne, may be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Level 1 Wizard35 points
 - Level 2 Wizard70 points
 - Level 3 Wizard105 points
 - Level 4 Wizard140 points
- May take Chaos Armour20 points
- May take Daemonic Flight40 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to75 points



HEROES

SKULLTAKER

200 points

Profile

Skulltaker

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 9 9 5 4 2 9 4 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Cloak of Skulls
- The Slayer Sword

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Hatred
- Lesser Locus of Abjuration
- Scaly Skin (6+)
- Skulls for the Skull Throne!

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Juggernaut of Khorne 50 points
 - Blood Throne of Khorne 120 points

KARANAK

195 points

Profile

Karanak

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
8 7 0 5 5 3 6 4 8

Troop Type

War Beast (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Brass Collar of Bloody Vengeance

Special Rules:

- Ambushers
- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Greater Locus of Fury
- Hatred
- Prey of the Blood God
- Scaly Skin (6+)

THE BLUE SCRIBES

81 points

Profile

The Blue Scribes

Disc of Tzeentch

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
- 3 3 3 3 2 3 2 7
1 3 0 4 4 1 4 3 7

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Scrolls of Sorcery

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Fly
- Spell Syphon



THE CHANGELING

170 points

Profile

The Changeling

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 3 4 3 3 2 3 1 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

The Changeling is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Formless Horror
- Lesser Locus of Transmogrification



EPIDEMIUS

200 points

Profile

Epidemius

Palanquin of Nurgle

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
- 5 5 5 5 2 4 3 8
4 3 3 3 3 4 3 6 7

Troop Type

Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Plaguesword

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- Lesser Locus of Virulence
- The Tally of Pestilence

HEROES

THE MASQUE OF SLAANESH

140 points

Profile

The Masque of Slaanesh

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
10 7 6 4 3 2 7 5 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- Dance Alone
- The Eternal Dance
- Unnatural Reflexes



HERALD OF KHORNE

100 points

Profile

Herald of Khorne

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
5 7 7 5 4 2 6 3 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Hellblade

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Scaly Skin (6+)

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Juggernaut of Khorne50 points
 - Blood Throne of Khorne160 points
- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Exalted Locus of Wrath.....75 points
 - Greater Locus of Fury.....60 points
 - Lesser Locus of Abjuration.....30 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to50 points

HERALD OF TZEENTCH

90 points

Profile

Herald of Tzeentch

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 3 4 3 3 2 3 2 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Herald of Tzeentch is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch or the Lore of Metal.

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Disc of Tzeentch20 points
 - Burning Chariot of Tzeentch (see page 94 for profile and options. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Herald of Tzeentch replaces the Exalted Flamer).....70 points
- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Exalted Locus of Conjunction.....50 points
 - Greater Locus of Change35 points
 - Lesser Locus of Transmogrification25 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to50 points

HERALD OF NURGLE

90 points

Profile

Herald of Nurgle

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 5 5 5 5 2 4 3 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Plaguesword

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic

Magic:

A Herald of Nurgle that is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Nurgle or the Lore of Death.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 1 Wizard35 points
- May be mounted on a Palanquin of Nurgle50 points
- May be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Exalted Locus of Contagion50 points
 - Greater Locus of Fecundity.....45 points
 - Lesser Locus of Virulence.....40 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to50 points

HEROES

HERALD OF SLAANESH

90 points

Profile

Herald of Slaanesh

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
6 7 6 4 3 2 7 4 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 1 Wizard35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Steed of Slaanesh25 points
 - Seeker Chariot of Slaanesh (see page 93 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Herald of Slaanesh replaces one of the chariot's crew)85 points
 - Exalted Seeker Chariot of Slaanesh (see page 94 for profile. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Herald of Slaanesh replaces the Exalted Alluress)190 points
- May be upgraded to one of the following
 - Exalted Locus of Beguilement60 points
 - Greater Locus of Swiftmess50 points
 - Lesser Locus of Grace5 points
- May take Daemonic Gifts totalling up to50 points

Magic:

A Herald of Slaanesh that is a Wizard uses spells from the Lore of Slaanesh or the Lore of Shadow.



MOUNTS

Profile

Juggernaut of Khorne
Disc of Tzeentch
Palanquin of Nurgle
Steed of Slaanesh

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
7 5 0 5 4 3 2 3 7
1 3 0 4 4 1 4 3 7
4 3 3 3 3 4 3 6 7
10 3 0 3 3 1 5 1 7

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast
War Beast
Monstrous Beast
War Beast

Special Rules:

- *Juggernaut of Khorne*: Brass Behemoth, Daemon of Khorne, Daemonic.
- *Disc of Tzeentch*: Daemon of Tzeentch, Daemonic, Fly.
- *Palanquin of Nurgle*: Daemon of Nurgle, Daemonic.
- *Steed of Slaanesh*: Daemon of Slaanesh, Daemonic, Fast Cavalry, Poisoned Attacks.

BLOOD THRONE OF KHORNE

Profile

Blood Throne
Bloodletter Crew

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
7 5 - 5 5 4 2 3 -
- 5 5 4 - - 4 1 7

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour Save 3+)
-

Crew: 2 Bloodletters

Special Rules:

- Daemon Engine
- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Gorefeast
- Totem of Endless Bloodletting

Daemonic Gifts:

- Hellblade
(Bloodletters only)

Battle Standard Bearer

One Herald may carry the battle standard for 25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard (with no points limit). If he carries a magic standard he may not choose Daemonic Gifts.

'The Fiend emerged from its bolt-hole and, within moments, was set upon by three or four Daemonettes, who cast weighted nets to pinion their prize. It struggled furiously at first, hooves and claws flailing madly as it tried to escape. Then the Daemonettes brought forth a twisted drinking horn, graven with repulsive images, and forced the captive to sup from its silvered rim. When the nets were removed, the Fiend stood unmoving and docile until its new mistresses led it away to battle.'

— Liber Malefic

CORE UNITS

BLOODLETTERS OF KHORNE

14 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	Infantry
Bloodreaper	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Scaly Skin (6+)

Options:

- May upgrade one Bloodletter to a Bloodreaper.10 points
- May upgrade one Bloodletter to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Bloodletter to a standard bearer10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to25 points

Daemonic Gifts:

- Hellblade

PINK HORRORS OF TZEENTCH

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pink Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Iridescent Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Blue Horrors
- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic

Options:

- May upgrade one Pink Horror to an Iridescent Horror.10 points
- May upgrade one Pink Horror to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Pink Horror to a standard bearer10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to25 points

Magic:

A Pink Horror unit is a Level 1 Wizard. It uses spells from the Lore of Tzeentch.

PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Plagueridden	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic

Options:

- May upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Plagueridden10 points
- May upgrade one Plaguebearer to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Plaguebearer to a standard bearer10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to25 points

Daemonic Gifts:

- Plaguesword

DAEMONETTES OF SLAANESH

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Daemonette	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	Infantry
Alluress	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic

Options:

- May upgrade one Daemonette to a Alluress10 points
- May upgrade one Daemonette to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Daemonette to a standard bearer10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to25 points

SPECIAL UNITS

BLOODCRUSHERS OF KHORNE

65 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Bloodhunter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Juggernaut of Khorne	7	5	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Brass Behemoth
- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Magic Resistance (1)
- Scaly Skin (6+)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Hellblade (Riders only)

Options:

- May upgrade one Bloodletter to a Bloodhunter 10 points
- May upgrade one Bloodletter to a musician 10 points
- May upgrade one Bloodletter to a standard bearer 10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to 50 points

FLESH HOUNDS OF KHORNE

30 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Flesh Hound	8	5	0	4	4	2	4	2	7	War Beast

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic
- Scaly Skin (6+)

Daemonic Gifts:

- Collar of Khorne

Options:

- The entire unit may be upgraded to have the Ambushers special rule 3 points per model

FLAMERS OF TZEENTCH

40 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Flamer	6	2	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	Infantry
Pyrocaster	6	2	5	4	4	2	4	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 3-6

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Flames of Tzeentch
- Skirmish
- Warpflame

Options:

- May upgrade one Flamer to a Pyrocaster 10 points



SPECIAL UNITS

SCREAMERS OF TZEENTCH

40 points per model

Profile
Screamer

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
1 3 0 4 4 2 4 3 7

Troop Type
War Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Fly
- Lamprey's Bite
- Slashing Attack



NURGLINGS

40 points per base

Profile
Nurglings

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 3 3 3 3 4 3 4 7

Troop Type
Swarm

Unit Size: 2-12 bases

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- Scouts



BEASTS OF NURGLE

60 points per model

Profile
Beast of Nurgle

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
6 3 0 4 5 4 2 D6+1 7

Troop Type
Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Attention Seeker
- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- Poisoned Attacks
- Random Attacks (D6+1)
- Regeneration
- Slime Trail



SEEKERS OF SLAANESH

20 points per model

Profile

Seeker
Heartseeker
Steed of Slaanesh

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
6 5 4 3 3 1 5 2 7
6 5 4 3 3 1 5 3 7
10 3 0 3 3 1 5 1 7

Troop Type
Cavalry
Cavalry
-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- Fast Cavalry
- Poisoned Attacks
(Steeds of Slaanesh only)

Options:

- May upgrade one Seeker to a Heartseeker10 points
- May upgrade one Seeker to a musician10 points
- May upgrade one Seeker to a standard bearer10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to25 points

FIENDS OF SLAANESH

65 points per model

Profile

Fiend of Slaanesh

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
10 4 0 4 4 3 6 3 7

Troop Type
Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- Soporific Musk

SPECIAL UNITS

SEEKER CHARIOT OF SLAANESH

110 points

Profile

Seeker Chariot
Daemonette Crew
Steed of Slaanesh

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7
10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour Save 6+)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- Poisoned Attacks (Steeds of Slaanesh only)

Drawn by:

2 Steeds of Slaanesh

CHAOS FURIES

12 points per model

Profile

Chaos Fury

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	2

Troop Type

Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Daemonic
- Fly

Options:

- The entire unit may be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Daemons of Khorne.....2 points per model
 - Daemons of Tzeentch.....2 points per model
 - Daemons of Nurgle.....2 points per model
 - Daemons of Slaanesh.....2 points per model



RARE UNITS

SKULL CANNON OF KHORNE

135 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skull Cannon	7	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-	Chariot (Armour Save 3+)
Bloodletter Crew	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes
- Skull cannon

Daemonic Gifts:

- Hellblade
(Bloodletters only)

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemon Engine
- Daemonic
- Gorefeast
- Implacable Advance

Crew: 2 Bloodletters

BURNING CHARIOT OF TZEENTCH

150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Burning Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save -)
Exalted Flamer	-	4	4	4	-	-	4	3	7	-
Screamer	1	3	0	4	-	-	4	3	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Options:

- May take Blue Horror Crew 20 points

Crew: 1 Exalted Flamer

Drawn by: 2 Screamsers

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic
- Exalted Fire of Tzeentch
- Fly
- Warpflame
(Exalted Flamer only)



SOUL GRINDER

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Soul Grinder	8	3	3	6	7	6	3	4	7	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Caught by the Iron Claw
- Daemonic
- Implacable Advance
- Large Target
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Terror

Options:

- Must be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Daemon of Khorne 5 points
 - Daemon of Tzeentch 10 points
 - Daemon of Nurgle 5 points
 - Daemon of Slaanesh free
- May take Daemonbone Claw: 10 points
- May take one of the following:
 - Baleful Torrent 50 points
 - Phlegm Bombardment 50 points
 - Warp Gaze 55 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Harvester cannon

EXALTED SEEKER CHARIOT OF SLAANESH

220 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Exalted Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	8	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Exalted Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	4	7	-
Daemonette Crew	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- Impact Hits (2D6+1)
- Poisoned Attacks (Steeds of Slaanesh only)

Crew: 3 Daemonettes
and 1 Exalted Alluress

Drawn by:

4 Steeds of Slaanesh



RARE UNITS

HELLFLAYER OF SLAANESH

130 points

Profile

Hellflayer
Exalted Alluress
Daemonette Crew
Steed of Slaanesh

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-
-	5	4	3	-	-	5	4	7
-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7
10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour Save 6+)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Scythes

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Slaanesh
- Daemonic
- Poisoned Attacks (Steeds of Slaanesh only)
- Soulscent

Crew: 2 Daemonettes
and 1 Exalted Alluress

Drawn by:

2 Steeds of Slaanesh

PLAGUE DRONES OF NURGLE

55 points per model

Profile

Plaguebearer
Plaguebringer
Rot Fly

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
1	3	3	5	5	3	2	3	7

Troop Type

Monstrous Cavalry
Monstrous Cavalry
-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Daemon of Nurgle
- Daemonic
- Hover

Daemonic Gifts:

- Plaguesword
(Riders only)

Options:

- May upgrade one Plaguebearer to a Plaguebringer10 points
- May upgrade one Plaguebearer to a musician.10 points
- May upgrade one Plaguebearer to a standard bearer10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to25 points
- All Plaguebearers and Plaguebringers in the unit may have Death's Heads 10 points per model
- All Rot Flies in the unit may have one of the following:
 - Plague Proboscis 5 points per model
 - Venom Sting 10 points per model



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Palanquin of Nurgle	4	3	3	3	3	4	3	6	7	MB	47
Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	3	1	5	1	7	WB	52

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Bloodletter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	In	29
- Bloodreaper	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	In	-
Daemonette	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	In	51
- Alluress	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7	In	-
Pink Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In	38
- Iridescent Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In	-
Plaguebearer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	In	45
- Plagueridden	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	In	-

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Beast of Nurgle	6	3	0	4	5	4	2	D6+1	7	MB	47
Bloodcrusher	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	1	7	MC	30
- Bloodhunter	5	5	5	4	3	1	4	2	7	MC	-
- Juggernaut	7	5	0	5	4	3	2	3	7	-	-
Chaos Fury	4	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	2	In	56
Fiend of Slaanesh	10	4	0	4	4	3	6	3	7	MB	53
Flamer	6	2	4	4	4	2	4	2	7	In	39
- Pyrocaster	6	2	5	4	4	2	4	2	7	In	-
Flesh Hound	8	5	0	4	4	2	4	2	7	WB	31
Nurglings	4	3	3	3	3	4	3	4	7	Sw	47
Screamer	1	3	0	4	4	2	4	3	7	WB	39
Seeker	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	2	7	Ca	52
- Heartseeker	6	5	4	3	3	1	5	3	7	Ca	-
- Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	7	-	-
Seeker Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Ch	53
- Daemonette Crew	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-	-
- Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	7	-	-

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Burning Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Ch	40
- Exalted Flamer	-	4	4	4	-	-	4	3	7	-	-
- Screamer	1	3	0	4	-	-	4	3	-	-	-

Exalted Chariot	-	-	-	4	4	8	-	-	-	Ch	53
- Exalted Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	4	7	-	-
- Daemonette Crew	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-	-
- Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-	-	-

Hellflayer	-	-	-	4	4	4	-	-	-	Ch	54
- Exalted Alluress	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	4	7	-	-
- Daemonette Crew	-	5	4	3	-	-	5	2	7	-	-
- Steed of Slaanesh	10	3	0	3	-	-	5	1	-	-	-

Plague Drone	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	MC	46
- Plaguebringer	4	3	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	MC	-
- Rot Fly	1	3	3	5	5	3	2	3	7	-	-

Skull Cannon	7	5	-	5	5	4	2	3	-	Ch	32
- Bloodletter Crew	-	5	5	4	-	-	4	1	7	-	-

Soul Grinder	8	3	3	6	7	6	3	4	7	Mo	57
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Troop Type Key: In=Infantry, WB=War Beast, Ca= Cavalry, MI=Monstrous Infantry, MB=Monstrous Beast, MC=Monstrous Cavalry, SC=Special Character, Mo=Monster, Ch=Chariot, Sw=Swarms, Un=Unique, WM=War Machine.





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