

MALIFAUX

THIRD EDITION

TEN THUNDERS





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First Printing: June 2019. Printed in South Korea.

MALIFAUZ THIRD EDITION: TEN THUNDERS
978-1-7331627-3-9
WYR23018

THE TEN THUNDERS



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CREDITS

CREATIVE DIRECTION

Nathan Caroland & Eric Johns

PRODUCER

Kelly Brumley

DESIGN

Matt Carter, Mason Crawford, & Kyle Rowan

ADDITIONAL DESIGN

Aaron Darland

WRITING

N.A. Wolf

ADDITIONAL WRITING

Mason Crawford & Kyle Rowan

EDITING

Derek Burrow, Kyle Rowan, & Julian Smith

GRAPHIC DESIGN & LAYOUT

John Cason

ART

Aleksandar Aleksandrov, Stefane Enjorlas, Hardy Fowler,
Sarah Lindstrom, Cristophe Madaru, Alyssa Menold,
Thomas Vergot, & Iwo Widuliński

SPECIAL THANKS

A particularly special thank you to all of our amazing Alpha, Closed Beta, and Open Beta playtesters, as well as our volunteers and Henchman all around the world! Thanks for keeping it Wyrd.





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THE TEN THUNDERS



H*ate not wickedness, but weakness, for it is not the corruption of power that threatens, but the corruption of the weak. Power may corrupt a few, but weakness will corrupt the many.* Wicked as they may be to some, the Ten Thunders are anything but weak, having brought a crumbling slum to a thriving district by way of mind more so than muscle. With eyes and ears in every organization this side of the Breach, the Ten Thunders seek absolute control over Malifaux, and will wait patiently, like the mantis hunting the humming bird, for their time to strike.

Before anyone had ever stepped foot into Malifaux, the Katanaka family quietly thrived in Japan as a crime syndicate of thieves, assassins, and ninja. Despite being looked down upon as a disgrace to their country and countrymen, the Katanaka found power by embracing their shame, creating one of the most powerful criminal enterprises in the Three Kingdoms in the process. This family would later become the shadowy extension to that empire, a necessary evil to absolve certain obstacles, as the light of honor would mean nothing without the darkness of dishonor.

As their syndicate grew, expanding upon their influence in both people and property across all of the Three Kingdoms like a storm cloud embracing all winds, they found something most peculiar, an

invaluable anomaly that would change their destiny forever: a second Breach that exited into the mountains north of Malifaux City. At the time, the criminal organization was controlled by Baojun Katanaka, the Oyabun, and to further investigate his findings, he sent forth his daughter, Misaki.

After years of waiting patiently in the slums of the Little Kingdom, slowly amassing resources while avoiding notice of the Guild, a Plague had struck the city and a martial law was declared, bringing the imports and exports of people and resources through the known Breach to a crawl. Rations rarely reached the district, and soon, the people who lived there were forced to turn to street gangs for survival. Seeing her people struggle to survive because of this decree, Misaki Katanaka sent word

back to her family to inform them that their time had come, and the Ten Thunders bloomed into existence.

Operating slowly so as not to create suspicion, the Katanakas cautiously smuggled people through the second Breach, and in the months to follow, they had amassed enough loyalists through the portal to begin fighting other gangs for territory. With unmatched resources and manpower, none could muster a whimper of a fight. The gangs that willingly conceded were brought under the Thunders' banner, and those who refused were brought to a slaughter in the public eye. During this great consolidation, the district's vices all fell beneath one roof. As feast and flesh were never few, the Ten Thunders thrived right under the Guild's watch, and none were the wiser.

Assassins and thugs are not enough to run a successful crime syndicate, let alone topple an opposing world power. More manpower would be needed, and such a force was found with Shenlong and his dutiful monks. Unbeknownst to even the cleverest spy, accepting his aid also meant assisting a Tyrant.

But not all obstacles can be met with brute force. In order to keep up appearances and hide in the shadows, the Ten Thunders built perfectly legal enterprises to cast those shadows. Gambling houses like the Honeypot Casino, operated by the enigmatic and eternally in debt Jakob Lynch, provide a regular river of scrip to both accumulate and launder. Brothels and theaters like the tea house of the Qi and Gong - whose owner, Youko Hamasaki, has recently been forced into the light due to unforeseen circumstances - are hotbeds of information, as the foolish are more than willing to offer insight and secrets when supplied with the proper vices.

It is not the single heavy swing of an axe, but the many small strikes that fells the tree. Unafraid to tap into what lies beyond the known material worlds, both Yan Lo and Asami Tanaka act as conduits to the ancestral and otherworldly. As long as the goals of the Ten Thunders stay aligned with their own objectives, they will lend oni and undead alike to the cause.

To continue such a secretive operation successfully, one must carefully and deliberately take action when needed, but without putting the people who are willing to put their lives on the line at unnecessary risk. This delicate balance is what allowed the Ten Thunders to flourish, and it was this balance that the old Oyabun had forgotten. The Boxer Rebellion on Earth, which pushed the Guild out of the Three Kingdoms, was seen as an opportunity to move against all who opposed the Thunders in Malifaux by the Oyabun's trusted advisors. Clouded by his own impatience for power, the Oyabun aimed to capitalize on the chaos with a rushed plan to end the lives of all his enemies at once.

It would be this recklessness - this weakness - that would be his unmaking. His daughter Misaki, long suffering from his abuse and careless maneuvering, challenged both his tactics as well as his mantle as Oyabun. She saw the Ten Thunders not as a greatsword to be brandished with abandon but as a dagger in the dark, and grew weary of seeing his selfishness sink their meticulously built temple. What she did not expect was the backing and support she received from his former aids. As soon as her sword relinquished her father's head from his shoulders, she became Oyabun. Like the gangs that refused to fall in line when the Thunders first arose, those generals that refused to yield to her leadership fell, as well.

The clever hawk hides its claws, and this crime syndicate is no exception. From the new Oyabun to the common thug, all members of the Ten Thunders are sworn to secrecy, hiding even their identities behind masks, and are expected to give their lives before revealing their secrets. Loyalty is often tested, and like their former leader, harsh lessons are meted out to those found wanting, usually in a very public, and very final way.

Now that the family is under new management, the factions that were once infiltrated may finally be swept away by the storm, leaving only the sound of thunder.



AS ABOVE, SO BELOW



by
N. A. Wolf

Whenver the wraithwalker was forced to wander the Path, he never walked the same road twice, even to reach a hitherto unvisited destination. All the memories in the matrix were embedded in a web so vast that it was possible for him to reach any of them without unraveling a skein he had already encountered. Each of the innumerable strands was different. A few threads were robust; well-paved roads, their parent memories clear as day. But most were fractured and dilapidated, clinging to their nodes like wispy locks on a balding scalp. Since no two voyages along the Path were identical, the mystery of it all never ceased to draw him back, even though he had traveled thousands of times.

Once the wraithwalker arrived at his terminus, his behavior always remained unchanged; it was the one constant in a process otherwise defined by its very uncertainty. He spied. He listened. He meditated. He knew that the agents in each memory couldn't see him, hear him, or touch him. He was a ghost to them, as they were to him. The phantom and the players were locked immutably in limbo between life and death, both unable to connect. He was simply forced to witness their fates unfold just as the hapless actors were forced to meet them. At times, he felt like a god, until he grudgingly reminded himself that no deity was ever so powerless in the realm they called their own.

Tonight was no different. The Path called to him and with great concentration, the wraithwalker closed his eyes, harnessed his chi, and answered. Placing one sandaled foot in front of the other, inching towards the beacon in the nothingness, his spirit began to walk. Where would the Path lead him this time? He could feel his footsteps reverberating in the void, each click of his heels resonating between

aching bones that were both there and not there. The satisfying tap was like sweet song, and he knew its rhythm well, even though the sensation was, as usual, over as quickly as it had come.

The first things he heard were the voices, which reached his ears just moments before light and color burst before his eyes. He knew that light traveled faster than sound, but the memory-scape of the Path did not abide by normal rules. After the noise and light came sensation. A cool autumn breeze crept up against his wrinkled skin. Even though he was nothing but an apparition in this world, he could experience the details so vividly; his soul felt the caress of the wind, the grating of hard stone beneath his feet, and the wafting scent of the cherry blossoms. And so he relived these feelings too; he was not there, and yet he was, caught between memory and reality.

The wanderer had materialized in the outdoor courtyard of a towering octagonal pagoda constructed from rich lacquered redwood and elaborately carved

terracotta tiles. Red ribbons and lanterns, all unlit, adorned the roof beams and fluttered in time with the chirping of cicadas. He knew that this used to be home. Two men before him were locked in heated conversation, lit by the fading rays of the dull moon and totally oblivious to his presence.

"It's not too late to reconsider, Tiexin," said a man in elegant emerald robes with a thin goatee. He stepped straight through where the wraithwalker was standing. For the briefest of seconds, the two stood in the same spot, one inside the other, yet wholly, utterly separated by an incontrovertible boundary. The ghost felt nothing, and simply stepped aside.

"No, it's time," the man called Tiexin decided resolutely. He wore midnight blue *tangfu* with gold embroidery, and the sigils hanging from his curved hat indicated that he was a high-ranking bureaucrat who had passed his civil service examination with flying colors. The *maobi* tucked atop his right ear for safekeeping wasn't purely decorative. Its bristles were blackened and worn from the countless times it had drank from its inkstone. "We discussed this, Yan Lo. We all made the decision together." The man clapped his hands, and eight other sages, each wearing equally elaborate garb, emerged from the temple, forming a ring in the center of the courtyard beneath the glimmering moon. "We can't waste any more time."

Within the circle of nine, one space was still left vacant. Tiexin looked at the young Yan Lo expectantly. "You know what we have to do," he said, pointing towards the empty place.

The wraithwalker watched, slightly amused as his former self shook his head. "Once the gates to Beyond are opened, they are nearly impossible to close. Surely there's another way," he answered firmly.

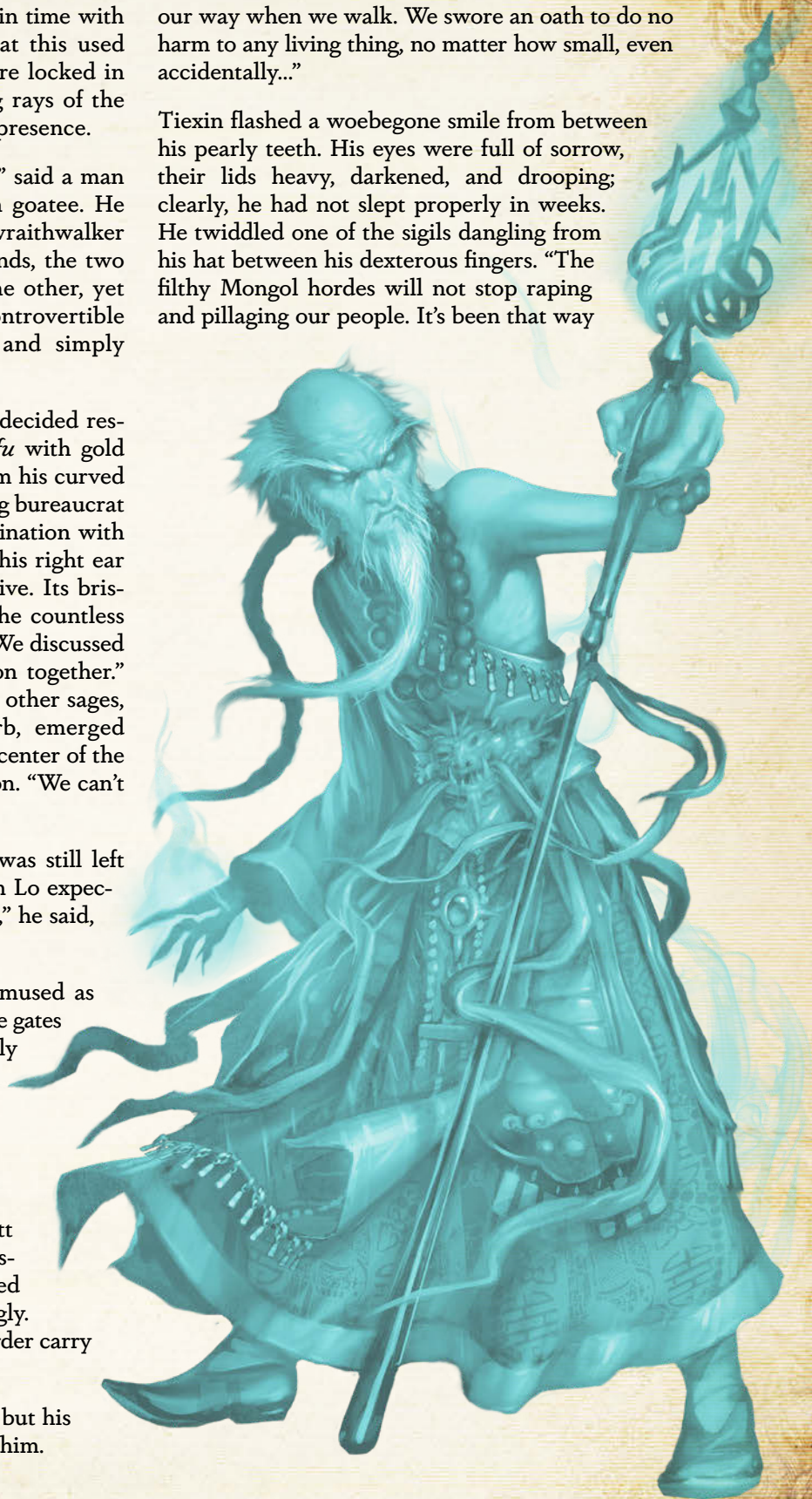
"You know there isn't one, brother. We have no choice."

The young Yan Lo slammed the butt of his khakkhara to the ground in exasperation, and the series of rings looped around its iron disk jangled menacingly. "Did you forget why members of our order carry these, Tiexin?"

"How dare you lecture me!" he began, but his partner gave no notice and talked over him.

"Our staves make noise so that insects move out of our way when we walk. We swore an oath to do no harm to any living thing, no matter how small, even accidentally..."

Tiexin flashed a woebegone smile from between his pearly teeth. His eyes were full of sorrow, their lids heavy, darkened, and drooping; clearly, he had not slept properly in weeks. He twiddled one of the sigils dangling from his hat between his dexterous fingers. "The filthy Mongol hordes will not stop raping and pillaging our people. It's been that way



for decades. Do you really think that those savages give a damn about our oath? How many can be saved by risking the lives of a few?" He pointed at the khakkhara. "When the smiths forged your staff, how many invisible little bugs do you think died in the furnaces? Yet their deaths saved so many others from being tread on, no?"

"And what makes you think the Kimon would be so willing to save us? To them, we could be insects whom they sacrifice for some grand design that we can't even begin to comprehend," he retorted skeptically. "You seek to replace one foe that we can understand with another that we can't. If our people are to be butchered, aren't we better off fighting against the demons we know?"

"*Tianluo, diwang,*" Tiexin answered simply. "As above, so below."

The young Yan Lo paused at last, stroking his beard and lost in thought. "As above, so below," he repeated. Without realizing it, the wraithwalker too found himself mouthing the words.

"The universe is all about balance... traps and subterfuge lie everywhere; whatever evil exists Beyond is already reflected here on Earth, and vice versa," Tiexin said morosely. "If the teachings are correct – and I am not arrogant enough to question them – then we cannot assume that the Kimon are truly beyond our comprehension."

"And you don't think it's arrogant to think we can tame them?"

"It is a risk I am willing to take. Now, take your place," Tiexin concluded with gritted teeth. "I've been civil. Don't make me force you." The other mages raised their staves.

The young Yan Lo grudgingly joined the summoning circle and began to chant with Tiexin and the others, and the wraithwalker followed his footsteps. He knew what was about to happen as surely as he knew that shouting at his younger self to leave was entirely futile, and so the ghost stayed silent, but his eyes welled with tears.

The ground began to shake, and blood red light to burst from the unhallowed cracks that soon split the courtyard flagstones. The garden's rocks quaked and then shattered, sending stone fragments towards the heavens. The mages continued to chant, faster and louder, a roaring crescendo that refused to abate.

The wraithwalker gasped in pain, and his vision flickered to black. The courtyard, Tiexin, the mages – all vanished, and in their place, a new scene emerged from the inky gloom. He knew that he had strayed from the Path. He could feel pain here. A young woman in a purple yukata knelt before a shrine of bones and blood-red candles, her eyes closed as if she were locked in a trance. Her beautiful, lustrous hair began to stand on end, and, seemingly of their own volition, the locks writhed like tortured serpents squirming from exposure to an open flame.

The wraithwalker gasped as a gaping maw split the back of her skull in two, its gnashing teeth and cracked lips stretching the surrounding skin and bone into unnatural proportions. The pain pounded again, and he was sweating profusely. He reached for the back of his own scalp, the source of the ache, and shrank in terror as he felt the rows of fangs newly embedded there. An unhallowed tongue, slippery and wet, lapped at his fingers. He wanted to scream...

"Uncle! Wake up! WAKE UP!"

He could feel Chiaki's soft, supple hands shaking him awake. He was the wraithwalker no more. The Yan Lo of the present opened his eyes, uncrossed his gnarled legs, and reached for the cup of tea in Chiaki's trembling fingers. "*Zhi shi shenme ne?* You don't have anything stronger, niece?" he choked with a rasping cough as he brought the steaming liquid to his lips. "Haven't I taught you anything?" He messily wiped his decrepit mouth.

"You were screaming and scratching the back of your head," she said acerbically. "Should I have left you that way? Drink the damn tea, old man."

Yan Lo scowled, and without a second thought, he felt the magic surge through him as he crushed the clay vessel in between his wizened fingers. He truly was back in the real world. He had power here, and thanks to his many times removed great-niece, an anchor. Wandering the Paths for as long as he could remember had done irrevocable damage to his spirit and soul. While he'd never be willing to admit it, he was thankful; a state of semi-permanence, knowing that someone was on the other side to wait for his return, was a welcome feeling.

Though, these days, his mind did enough wandering on its own.

"Uncle!" Liquid flew everywhere, and Chiaki flinched, but she didn't move.

"We have to go," Yan Lo said vehemently, snatching up his cloak in a fluid motion that belied the aching in his crumbling joints. "The Path... it hasn't brought me back to Tiexin in centuries. And I saw something new... it wasn't a memory. It was..."

"Who is Tiexin? Tell me what's wrong!" She grabbed his wrist, but as soon as she saw the urgency in his eyes, she let go and snatched her satchel instead, preparing to depart.

"I think I just met Misaki's new pet," he said. "She will endanger us all. I'll explain everything, but we need to go!"

Before she could ask anything more, Yan Lo was already out the door. "Wait!" she called. "I need to get my-"

Yan Lo poked his head back into the chamber. "Looking for this?" He waved a slender, silver flute under her nose. Even in his urgency, he offered her a rare, crooked smile.

Shaking her head in affectionate consternation, Chiaki followed her ancestor into the night.



Asami's delicate hands trembled as she presented five dilapidated trinkets before Amanjaku – a dented bronze prayer wheel, a lapis lazuli ring, a bracelet of blood-red beads, a scratched silver snuff box, and finally, a thumb-sized carving of a dragon. This last token was the most impressive; its intricate detail worn and polished not from lacquer, but from the thousands of times its owner had run his fingers across its scaly, wooden hide. Asami's own fingers caressed each of the objects delicately, as if stroking the cheek of an infant, her eyes narrowed in sadness. The deaths of their erstwhile possessors had been most regrettable.

"It's done then," Amanjaku concluded. "I can tell you didn't enjoy it though... that's all right. You will change in time." The little imp from Beyond snickered.

"Was this really necessary?" Asami asked, her thin eyes narrowed in evident distaste. Among the five

victims had been an old woman. The look of horror and confusion on her face as Asami's grasping hands strangled the life from her aging body still haunted her. "Why did it have to be me?"



"It's a little late for that," the oni chuckled. "I couldn't go near those charm warders. Isn't it just wonderful to be human – even if only partly?" he clapped his long-nailed fingers together. "I guess you haven't changed at all since we first met, you know. I find the value you place on life to be... amusing."

Asami said nothing, but knelt before her shrine, begging her gods for forgiveness as she placed each of the trophies atop it. Its altar consisted of an elegantly bound pile of bones held together with colored twine and red wax.

"It probably would have been smarter to have dumped Keita's body... or eaten it," Amanjaku smirked. "But instead, you built this little art project? It's a bit macabre, even for me." His eyes lit up at the very thought, and he twirled his robes of flayed skin with glee.

"He deserved better," Asami answered darkly, now placing a fresh offering of tea cakes and ripened fruit atop the bones that had once formed her handler's palms. Keita had died the first time she manifested her powers on that fateful day when the Nephilim attacked the rail lines. Asami couldn't control her offspring then, but she had become more adroit in the months since the incident. "If I had left him rotting somewhere in the ground, his death would have been meaningless. At least he serves as a reminder now." She glowered at the imp. "There was a cost to letting you in." Asami shot another guilty look at the objects.

Amanjaku's grin didn't disappear. "Chin-up, Asami-chan. Keita tried to make you a circus plaything for the Thunders." He cackled. "Some friend he was... But it's not all bad. I made you a promise, didn't I?"

"It's been months since we sealed our agreement," Asami retorted. "I've done your bidding. I've killed for you while following the orders of the Oyabun. It's just a miracle that she hasn't figured out that *I'm* the one attacking her charm warders." She paced back and forth, driven by both nervousness and anger.

"And my promised child? You've still given me nothing!" she spat. Her locks suspended themselves dangerously, but Asami managed to control herself and they fell back limply to her shoulders. "Why shouldn't I just end you right now?" Asami reached for the wooden dragon and brought it an inch from Amanjaku's eyeline.

"Careful where you point that!" Amanjaku quailed for the briefest of moments, but he regained his usual, smug composure. "You'd banish me after I saved your life from Titus in Kamakura? After I gave you powers? After all I've done to get us here?" He wagged his tongue. "Oh, that simply won't do. If I'm gone, you won't have your child. Why do you think I asked you to track and kill those people over the past few months?" He snorted, as if the answer should have been obvious to her. "Their auras would have made it even harder for us to conduct the summoning. Don't make it so that they died in vain; you're so close to your prize, girl. Destroy the damn talismans already!"

"Fine," Asami conceded. "But you have to go. I don't want you here while I do it. These people... the trinkets are their only remains. They deserve respect."

Amanjaku faded into nothingness, but the flickering golden lights that had haunted her since her birth like a million mocking fireflies clouded her sight. "I'm always with you, Asami, even if you can't see me. Now do what you were chosen to do." The lights pulsed to the cadence of the oni's every word.

Asami gritted her teeth. With but a thought, her glistening locks unfurled. One by one, the serpentine strands inserted the tokens into her maw. She winced ruefully as the sharp fangs crushed each of them into tiny pieces.

The moment the last of them was torn to shreds, she felt a new wave of energy pulse through her. It was only then that Asami realized how this seemingly new force had always been inside; carrying around the charm warders' fetishes just suppressed it. She was still partly human, and their dampening fields hadn't affected her so dramatically that she couldn't manifest her powers. Now, she suddenly felt elated, more truly alive than she had in months.

It terrified her.

"Excellent," Amanjaku said, rematerializing and rubbing his hands together excitedly. "It feels less constricting in here already!" he added, flexing his nimble fingers. Reaching into the filthy pockets of his robe, the demon pulled out a milky stone, licking his lips eagerly as he stroked its smooth surface.

Asami shuddered. "Is that... another Obsidian Gate? How?"

"Perceptive," the oni replied. "But not quite." He closed his eyes and began to mumble under his breath.

After several terse moments, rays of poisonous green shot from the cracks in between the imp's clutching fingers, and the flickering yellow lights burst before Asami's eyes once again. Suddenly, an enormous jolt of pain shot through her, and the pale woman from Kamakura collapsed to her knees, uttering a howl not from her human mouth, but from the jaws protruding out the back of her skull. She heard a wet, choking laugh, like the dying sigh of a drowning man. Covering her ears, still curled on the ground, Asami fought desperately to keep it out of her head.

When Asami thought she could bear it no longer, a new voice – a human voice – spoke loudly and clearly, forcing away the menace. It wasn't one she recognized. Its tone was hoary, aged, and frigid like a biting wind.

"It's been a long time, Tiexin."



The *thing* facing Yan Lo was unrecognizable from the man he remembered. His fair skin was now putrid, scabbed, and yellowing; boils and pustules burst from the gangrenous tears in his rotting, pallid

flesh, now host to maggots and flies like a living hive. His

formally lustrous, silky black hair had become overgrown,

wiry, and tangled. Several tufts were missing, exposing a swollen,

inflamed scalp festering with sores.

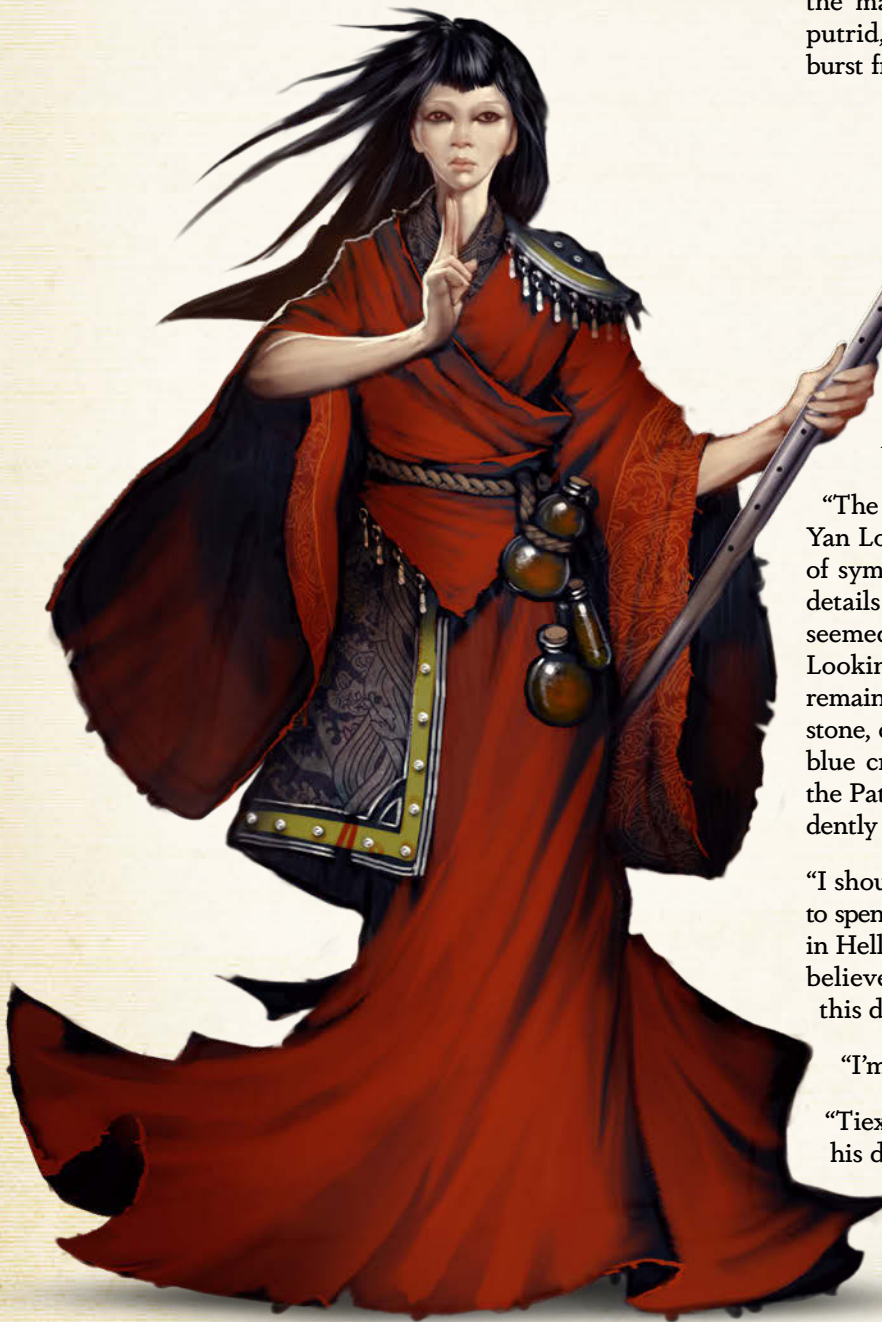
Perhaps most hauntingly, only ragged, hollow sockets remained where two inquisitive eyes had once charmingly captured the hearts of young admirers. Now, they burned with an unnatural, necrotic glow.

"The centuries haven't been kind to you, brother," Yan Lo said, his words lined with the slightest trace of sympathy. He could make out all the gruesome details of Tiexin's new form, but his silhouette seemed to flicker, as if he hadn't fully materialized. Looking down, the mage noticed that the demon remained connected from the waist to a pale green stone, clutched between the claws of a tiny, imp-like blue creature. Even more inexplicably, the woman the Path had shown him lay curled on the floor, evidently in unbearable pain.

"I should say the same of you... But *you* haven't had to spend the better part of a millennium literally living in Hell, have you?" Tiexin responded sourly. "I can't believe it's really you... I have waited so long for this day, Yan Lo!"

"I'm sorry for what happened, I truly am, Tiexin."

"Tiexin's dead. You killed him!" the demon barked, his decaying, clawed fingers curled in fists of rage so tight that his own yellowing nails dug into the flesh of his palms. Clotted blood dripped from the cuts, evaporating with an acidic hiss as it speckled the ground.



"What happened to you?"

"I've become what you made me," Tiexin accused through gritted teeth, stinking spittle dribbling from his purple, bruised lips. "I am Wen Shen!"

Yan Lo shook his head, refusing to look away.

Chiaki gasped. "Uncle... *you did this.*"

Wen Shen cast his gaze towards Chiaki, who fought hard not to quail. "He pushed me through the gate to Hell itself, child," he said. "I thought I was lost forever... until Lingxuzi showed me the true power that lies Beyond!" He raised his rotting hands towards the ceiling and let out a dark, maniacal chuckle. "Before, I commanded respect. Now, I command legions."

"I paid my price, brother," Yan Lo whispered sadly. "The other eight... they cast me out and cursed me." He spat on the ground.

"On the Path, I know no peace; only ashes and bone. I have seen dynasties rise and fall... I had to watch in shame from the aether as Kublai ascended his barbarian throne. I sacrificed far more than blood that night!" Yan Lo's teeth flashed a wide smile as he again appraised the monster before him. "And I would do it again a thousand times over to protect us all. Even Mongol rule was better than this." He gestured disdainfully at Tiexin's rotten, corpulent body.

Wen Shen was about to reply, but a squeaky, malicious voice cut him off. "Welcome to Malifaux, my old friend," the little blue demon said, eyes glazed over in reverence. "It took much to bring you here."

"You!" Wen Shen looked down, wrinkling what remained of his brow with condescending disgust. "It was *you* that summoned me?" He let out another wet, booming guffaw. "You continue to surprise us all... No one believed that a little runt like you could make it across!"

"Yet here I am," the little demon said with a satisfied nod. "Me. The poor, helpless Amanjaku." He crossed his arms and added, "I must admit – I had some help." He nudged the pale woman with his toe; she was still writhing on the ground. "Wen Shen, meet Asami Tanaka."

Yan Lo tightened his grip on his staff as he finally understood... Misaki's pet and this tiny Kimon were connected.

Wen Shen's tone suddenly changed back from incredulity to arrogant condescension. "I knew that you were too weak to cross on your own, you impudent wretch."

"There's no need for jealousy," the thing called Amanjaku responded with a malevolent grin. "Soon, I will help Lingxuzi himself cross... but I need you with me first."

The flames in Wen Shen's sockets seethed with a mad, pulsing glow. "We do not consort with mortals!" he shrieked. "You are contaminated."

"Poor choice of words," Amanjaku retorted with a chuckle as he eyed the maggots clawing their way out of Wen Shen's sockets. "You were mortal once too," he concluded wryly.

"Lingxuzi cured me of my affliction," Wen Shen added dismissively. "What did you promise this Asami?" He pointed at the woman.

"A child."

"Preposterous," Wen Shen gurgled gleefully, clapping his hands together. "I suppose you never planned to deliver... you always were a perfidious little beast." His tone was almost admiring.

"And yet here I am, escaped from Beyond, and here you are, still trapped."

Wen Shen let out another raucous, sputtering laugh. "If only that were true," he mocked. With a snap of his fingers, a portal of miasmic emerald appeared before him, drowning the little chamber in a caustic, noxious glow.

Yan Lo had barely raised his staff before a toxic, vomit-colored wave of putrid liquid began oozing through the tear in the fabric of reality with a stomach-churning *plop*. It seeped towards them with speed that belied its thickness, expanding and contracting to wiggle itself towards him. Within seconds, the substance began pooling around his feet, and to the mage's horror, he realized that it was sentient. The goop wrapped itself between his and Chiaki's legs, binding them in place with its gelatinous quivering. A pulsating network of cobweb like veins crisscrossed their way through the sludgy mess, glowing red with foul, arcane energy. The harder they struggled, the more challenging it became to break free, and the smell alone was growing overwhelming.



The pain...

It was as if a carnivorous parasite had embedded itself inside Asami, its barbed mandibles latched to the inside of her skull, tearing away at her brain with relentless abandon. She had not felt this shattered since the fateful night in Kamakura when Titus had plunged his blade into her womb and changed her life forever. Asami's nerves were so frayed that she could hardly breathe, let alone cry out in anguish. She nearly forgot where and who she was, and she struggled with all her will to stay conscious. But the voice she had heard from before – the one that had contrasted against the demonic laugh – was like an anchor. She concentrated on its humanity, and she somehow understood that as much as she was suffering, she was not alone with Amanjaku and the new monstrosity she had helped him summon. Her breathing slowed, and although the agony was still unbearable, she could still sense beyond it, blind, curled up and broken as she was.

"Nuppeppo!" shouted Chiaki with utter revulsion. Meanwhile, four new Kimon emerged from Wen Shen's gateway, the rings of fat on their squat, chubby orange bodies jiggling and slapping against each other with every careless step. The vicious talons on their stubby arms gleamed with the same keenness as their beady black eyes, and their slimy, purple tongues – longer than the creatures were tall – lashed out towards them.

Yan Lo grunted, and with a wave of his staff, he harnessed his chi and shot a barrage of energy at the oncoming Akaname. The air crackled with aetheric energy as the magical bolts streaked towards their targets. The scent of rancid, sizzling flesh filled the air as the Kimon were struck head-on, but they continued their advance, and the nuppeppo had already enveloped them up to their waists.

"Uncle!" cried Chiaki again, fighting to stay afloat and releasing a wave of magical energy with a note from her flute. The lashing tongues shot back towards the Akanames' mouths as the oozing flesh continued to rise.

The voices – both the old man's and the demon's – rang around her in a whirl of chaos, and she was only able to pick out bits and pieces of their shouting. But she heard one name that almost caused her to stop writhing. *Yan Lo*. Could it be? He didn't exist, of course. The pain was truly driving her mad. She had misheard; the wraithwalker was just a myth.

After a few moments that felt more like centuries, she heard her own name.

"What did you promise this Asami?" the demonic voice asked. She was so detached that the syllables felt foreign to her.

"A child," she heard Amanjaku answer with a squeaky, malicious chuckle.

"Preposterous. I suppose you never planned to deliver... You always were a perfidious little beast."

Immediately, the pain that had engulfed Asami seemed to dissipate; it was nothing compared to the crippling, stifling emptiness that filled her inside like a numbing toxin. She had been played. All those whom she had killed over the past months in her righteous quest to bring just one more life into

the world... it was just a fiction after all. Keita, the five charm warders, and countless others who had died for her precious child – they had perished for naught. There was nothing left inside her but harrowing rage.

Her eyes flickered open.

It took Asami but a fraction of a second to process her surroundings as she struggled to her feet. She saw a wild-eyed old man with big, bushy eyebrows clutching a khakkhara and several strings of prayer beads, accompanied by a young woman adorned in flowing teal robes. They were surrounded by a filthy mass of rotting, animated flesh that Asami instantly recognized as a nuppeppo. Directly above her glimmered a swirling, green portal through which four Akaname burst; their entrance reminded her of a diseased boil when it ruptured and discharged its foul contents everywhere. Of Amanjaku and the other demon, there was suddenly no sign.

Thinking quickly, Asami fought to harness her magic, and she felt a wave of overwhelming relief as the familiar maw burst from the back of her scalp, gnashing its teeth joyously in anticipation of the coming fight. Her hair drifted upwards again and glowed a deep, arcane blue, its almost heavenly radiance defying the pestilential green of the glimmering rift. Asami threw herself forward towards the Akaname, palms forward, commanding the Kimon to stop. Yet the insolent creatures paid her no heed. Instead, they clawed at her throat, trying to reach the old man and his accomplice behind her. Asami's confidence died as quickly as it came, and with fearful realization, she understood that these beasts were beyond even her control. She needed a new plan.

Asami redirected her energy into her locks, which began slithering around her protectively, swatting away any oncoming blows with blinding speed. Encased within an inky blue-black cocoon, she closed her eyes. Just she had done so many times before, Asami called unto the Beyond, reaching into the perverse hellscape with all her focus, fueled by anger and desperation alike. She had become so adept at it by now that it only took her a second to find what she was looking for; she was like a fisherman who had learned the best waters to cast a line. The moment Asami connected with her quarry, she felt her second mouth stretch into impossible proportions to accommodate a new form as it forced its way through.

First to emerge were unnaturally long, dexterous, fingers with razor-sharp nails, each connected to bony palms and skeletal arms; quick to follow was an elongated head, its insipid skin stretched tight around its gaunt skull, wholly covering the area where eyes and nose should have been. All that remained was a wicked mouth of blackened teeth, a hundred, foully glistening needles planted inside rotting, bleeding gums. Asami snarled with fury, and as soon as the Ohaguro Bettari extricated itself completely from the moist prison of her maw, it made a beeline straight for the Akaname and began tearing them to shreds with inhuman bloodlust.

The Kimon stood no chance; they were simply no match for the raw ferociousness of the Ohaguro Bettari's hunger. Thick droplets of demonic ichor misted the air as the stinking orange monsters met their gory end. The old man and his female attendant finally had a chance to focus on the nuppeppo, which had managed to creep up to their waists. They blasted it with wave after wave of magic, assisted by the rapid shredding of the Ohaguro Bettari's claws, until it had shrunk to the size of a puddle, the red veins inside split and leaking. The goo began to smoke and then evaporate, leaving behind the miscellaneous furniture fragments and trinkets from Asami's chambers that it had absorbed in its vacuous corpse.

Asami walked up to the portal, and before any other Kimon could force their way through, she grasped each side, hands glowing with enchanted power. As if closing the drapes of a window, she felt the satisfying elasticity of the magical tear as she overcame its resistance and forced the opposite ends closer and closer together. When they connected, the gate disappeared like the Kimon which had crawled through it, leaving no trace that it had ever existed.

The onlookers gaped as the Ohaguro Bettari approached Asami, its teeth glistening with blood, evidently disappointed that there was nothing left to kill. "Goodbye, *okasan*," said Asami. "Until next time." The oni wrapped its slender fingers around Asami's cheeks with impossible tenderness and brought her forehead close its own; their noses would have touched, if it had one. Then, the being flickered out silently, still caught in a loving embrace until the very end.



"Wen Shen's gone," Yan Lo said bitterly as he muttered the incantation for a spell to deodorize and then dry the slime on his and Chiaki's robes. He paused as Asami recovered from her moment of farewell and cast an astounded glance at him, her eyes wide with a mixture of curiosity and surprise. Chiaki was still staring numbly, as if she couldn't comprehend what had just transpired.

"You must have questions," Asami began. "But I have them, too. Are you really Yan Lo? I thought you were just a boogeyman meant to scare insolent children at night," she said apprehensively.

"Boogeyman?" Yan Lo probed sheepishly. "It's not just some story, child. It's all true. Tiexin, the Kimon... I am cursed to wander the Path by the very men I once considered friends." The old mage continued to eye her suspiciously. "Tell me, is Misaki aware of your connection with Amanjaku?" His voice grew stern. "Be honest. Everything depends on it."

"No," she replied with a shudder, her face in her hands. "She doesn't know why I am the way I am, or what that monster promised me... she just knows what I'm capable of." Her locks began hovering of their own accord again, and the maw on the back of her scalp licked its lips.

"Then you betrayed the Oyabun," interjected Chiaki, uneasily staring at the gigantic, demonic mouth and the thick, wet ropes of aethereal saliva clinging to its fangs. She glared at Yan Lo. "She's been a pawn of the Kimon this whole time. You warned Baojun, and he didn't listen. Misaki too... she's more like her father than she knows. We should have tried harder!" Her right hand tightened instinctively around her flute. "This demonspawn is dangerous."

Yan Lo shook his head gravely, squinting appraisingly at the young woman from Kamakura. "Yes. Amanjaku is an ancient evil."

"You can see him?" said Asami, surprised. "Most people can't—"

But Yan Lo continued speaking as if he hadn't heard her. "His vessel shows much promise." The wraithwalker stroked his beard with one hand and extended the other to Asami, albeit out of curiosity

rather than kindness. She took it nonetheless. "You fought well," he said genuinely, but without warmth.

"I couldn't control them," she conceded with a shudder, reverting to her usual modesty. "Not all of them. Tiexin's minions have a will of their own."

"See!" said Chiaki, pointing at Asami. "Even she admits it!"

"But imagine what she can do with those that she can," Yan Lo patiently mused. "Did you not just see what she could summon? I may have been too conservative in my original apprehensions. She is not just Kimon. She's also human... maybe more human than I am." He let go of Asami's hand. "You have talent, girl, not to mention a fiery will. But you need training and discipline... and you need complete freedom. It is no coincidence that the Path connected us."

Asami suddenly turned cold. "I don't want your pity, wraithwalker!" she snapped. "I can take care of myself." For the briefest of seconds, her eyes flashed red, and her serpentine locks writhed more vigorously. "What is it you want, spirit?"



"We are connected by Tiexin, you and I," Yan Lo mused. "He is my responsibility by kinship, and yours through Amanjaku. I want closure, for the both of us. I do not regret what I did to him. Perhaps all of humanity would have shared his fate if he had opened the gates to Beyond." He tapped his khakhara on the ground eagerly. "I need to finish what I started, and so do you."

Chiaki stepped abruptly between the two of them. "This is crazy, Uncle." She cast a scathing look at Asami and crossed her arms. "We just met this woman. You've seen how dangerous she is! Leave her," she suggested. "What use is she if she can't control the Kimon anyway? We must pursue that imp and Wen Shen on our own."

Yan Lo was about to respond when Asami closed her eyes in concentration. Moments later, the maw at the back of her head stretched into horrifying, unnatural proportions as a simian creature with bluish fur forced its way from the churning chaos within. It let out an ape-like howl as it fully came into existence before their eyes, sharp *kama* clutched in each of its hands. "Dance," said Asami with a curt nod, and suddenly, the Yokai began hopping from foot to foot and clapping its hands, sickles sheathed. It would have been humorous if the demon wasn't so terrifying.

"That's a cheap parlor trick," snorted Chiaki.

Asami pointed at Chiaki with a quivering finger. "Kill," she said coldly.

Immediately, the Yokai roared, drew its weapons and rushed straight towards the other woman.

"STOP," Asami commanded, an instant before one of its sickles pierced Chiaki's chest.

"I was prepared for that," said Chiaki angrily, her flute between her lips.

Asami ignored this. "End yourself," she said, piteously. The Yokai hesitated for the briefest of seconds and looked straight at its mistress, as if hoping it had misheard. Asami nodded, and seemingly resigned, the beast plunged both of its blades into itself before flickering away with a miserable whine. "Satisfied?" Asami asked with a pointed glance at Chiaki. The maw at the back of her head sealed and her hair, no longer suspended in mid-air, returned to its usual position streaming down her shoulders.

"No," Chiaki said stubbornly, returning her flute to her bag.

Yan Lo chuckled. "She's got as much spirit as you do, niece."

"What now then?" Chiaki asked, still frowning.

"We find Amanjaku." The old man glanced at Asami expectantly. "You're connected, are you not?" His eyes narrowed as he peered at the spot on her scalp where the maw had only just moments before protruded.

Asami closed her eyes. She reached out towards the flickering yellow lights, just as she did when she was a child, trying to imagine them pulsating behind her eyelids like always. For the first time since Amanjaku had possessed her, Asami found nothing.

"I can't reach out to him... it's like he cut himself off. I think he knew that we might use our connection against him. But... he's not gone completely." She scratched the back of her head absentmindedly, as if she could feel the maw slumbering inside her. "I... I still have his gifts." Her eyes flickered red again.

"If we can't track him, then perhaps he can't track us," said Chiaki, somewhat reassured. "We should marshal the charm warders and search the city."

Asami shifted guiltily.

"There's no time. Where would he take the stone?" Yan Lo probed, saving her from having to respond.

"This was only the beginning," Asami answered somberly. "The imp's plan was to summon Wen Shen to help him open another, bigger portal for Lingxuzi. But there wasn't even enough strength for Wen Shen to break through... I don't think he was expecting that. He needs a more substantial power source... what's the most powerful, magical place in all of Malifaux?"

Chiaki shot Yan Lo a worried glance, and their eyes widened in mutual understanding. "No, no, no. We're not going there." The niece shook her head vehemently.

"Even I can feel it calling to me," said Yan Lo. "If I can sense it, so can Amanjaku; there is no doubt."

Asami was nonplussed. "What are you both talking about?"

Chiaki looked down at Asami's flowing purple yukata. "I hope you're prepared to get that wet," she said contemptuously, before Yan Lo slammed his khakkara into the ground and the trio disappeared in a flash of lightning.



When Asami rematerialized, she felt the oppressiveness of the newfound humidity consume her, as if an iron weight had been liquefied around her entire body. Heavy garments sagged from her limbs like the moss dangling from the surrounding trees, all rotting like carcasses in the heat. They had teleported to a dense grove lit only dimly by the moon, whose pale light struggled to shine through the grip of the gnarled foliage. It took Asami a moment to register that she was ankle deep in a stinking bog.

"I warned you," grumbled Chiaki with a scowl. She didn't even try to lift up her kimono but resigned herself to the muck pooling at her feet.

"Where are we?" Asami looked around at the dilapidated shacks in the distance, still mystified. "Is this the Bayou?"

"Obviously," she said with a churlish eye roll. "You've never been here, have you?" Chiaki realized. "Lucky you." She whipped out her flute, played a few carefully-chosen notes, and Asami gasped as the water began to part at her feet wherever she stepped.

"You're welcome," the niece said with a self-satisfied smirk as she pocketed her instrument, without so much as a glance at the swill magically repulsed by her own heels.

"It's too quiet," said Yan Lo, his eyes closed and hands outstretched, as though feeling for aetheric threads that the others could not recognize. "No cicadas, frogs, crickets, or mosquitos. And no Gremlins."

"Look!" Chiaki hissed. Beyond the clearing, rising out of the gloom, was a towering structure whose viciously sharp flanges sent a shiver down Asami's spine. Rising from the mire, the edifice looked like the underside of a dying arachnid flipped on its back, legs curled as it breathed its last. A green light pulsed from within, oozing into the harsh contours of its façade's blackened stone and tempered iron with a flickering, decrepit hue. "He's here. You were

right, Uncle," concluded Chiaki before turning her focus to Asami. "Kythera, the tombstone to a former time."

"What is this place?" Asami probed. Despite the humidity of the swamp, she felt a fell, magical chill in the air. This was a place of great darkness. She sensed the fear – not only her own, but that of all the unfortunate souls who had tread here before them... and the screams. She could hear them, ever so faintly, the final, sick paeans of voices long gone, wafting through the hot air like the swirling mists.

"No time," Yan Lo said. "Amanjaku has already begun the ritual." The mage rushed forward, smacking away branches with his staff and beckoning for the two women to follow him. The marsh waters parted before their feet as they marched closer into Kythera's shadow. After several tense minutes, they reached the foot of one of the structure's talon-like pinnacles.

"You couldn't have just teleported us to the top?" asked Chiaki with an exasperated pant.

"You know it doesn't work like that," said Yan Lo impatiently before ducking into the inky darkness of the doorway. Asami could not help but smirk as she ascended the spiral staircase after the wraithwalker, Chiaki in hot pursuit. The scene awaiting them at the top wiped the grin clean off her face.

Amanjaku levitated several feet off the stone floor, his malicious eyes screwed up in concentration as he clasped his summoning stone in one hand and his flaying knife in the other. At the bases of Kythera's rising towers, green portals of radiant energy – each just like the one that had appeared in Asami's chambers – pulsed sinisterly like the refractions within a twirling kaleidoscope. Beams of energy connected the imp's little gem to each of the arcane doorways.

Beside Amanjaku, the hazy form of Wen Shen, surrounded by a cloud of flies, became clearer with every passing moment, drawing sustenance from the both the gem and the passages to Beyond. The plague-bringer was no longer tied to Amanjaku's stone by magical threads; the lower half of his body had rematerialized in full now – or at least what was left of it. The skin exposed by the tears in his robes was bruised, gangrenous, and raw, festering with pus and ichor. Only pure force of will seemed to be holding the muscles and sinew of his legs together; it seemed as if his entire form would collapse in a noxious, fleshy puddle without it.

Wen Shen clapped his hands together slowly. “I knew I had only bought a little time,” the Kimon gurgled, peering intently at Amanjaku. The imp seemed ensnared in a trance so deep that he either could not or would not recognize the new arrivals. “But it will be enough. You’re too late, Yan Lo. Amanjaku will finish the summoning, and with me by his side, Lingxuzi will claim this world!”

The wraithwalker said nothing, and instead, slammed his staff into Kythera’s cold stone. A wave of magical energy pulsed around them, and the spire began to shake. Asami leapt backward in shock as the ground split and sunk, and from the depths emerged five sets of emaciated fingers, shattered arms, and leering skulls, jaws locked forever in silent screams. Within moments, the reanimated corpses had formed complete bodies, fists locked and ready to fight. The undead warriors rattled and snapped menacingly, hands outstretched, thirsting for vengeance. Chiaki blew a single note from her flute, and immediately their eyes and limbs were lit ablaze with necrotic fire.

“I see you *can* teach an old man new tricks,” Wen Shen taunted, almost amused.

“Many have died in this place, Tiexin. You soon will join them,” Yan Lo hissed.

“Not today, Yan Lo. Not today.” The plague-oni cackled again, and with a snap of his fingers, a flood of Kimon began to pass through the portals from Beyond into the confines of reality. Asami’s heart leapt in her throat as she realized that Wen Shen’s incursion party was massive. First came simian Yokai, brandishing their sharpened blades and gnashing their teeth. Close behind were the hulking forms of Obsidian Oni, twirling their polearms in elaborate arcs and beating their chests in anticipation. Other beasts were stranger still – equine creatures of pale blue with flaming manes, ram-like, six-legged hulks with vicious horns, and bat-like pests sprouting leathery, mottled wings of rich lavender and mulberry. All of Kythera was engulfed by the hellish menagerie of Kimon crowding the central dais; Yan Lo, Asami, Chiaki, and their reanimated skeletons were hopelessly surrounded. “You seem awfully confident, Yan Lo,” Wen Shen smirked. “But then again, I suppose you learned that from me.”

“Uncle,” whispered Chiaki with a tremble. “We can’t win. There are too many! We should return to Misaki and regroup!” Yan Lo’s newly summoned warriors turned their heads from target to target, trying to anticipate the first blow. The undead betrayed no

sign of fear, but even they seemed to know that they were dangerously outnumbered.

Before Yan Lo could answer, a multitude of screams erupted from the back of the crowd; several of the smaller oni – especially the Yokai – flickered into oblivion. Their forms distorted themselves in the pale moonlight as they blinked back and forth across the inseparable barrier between worlds. Moments later, some of the bigger demons barely had time to contort their obscene visages into expressions of surprise before they, too, disappeared into the night with a *pop*.

Wen Shen’s eyes widened in shock as he barked his frustration. “Useless, all of you!” he shouted, but it was to no avail. Many of the oni were immaterializing quicker than they could be replaced. Some of the Yokai took only a few steps into Malifaux before they too flickered out of existence.

“The ritual isn’t complete; the connection to Beyond is unstable! There’s still time!” Yan Lo realized, regaining his composure.

Asami needed no more encouragement. Harnessing her magic, she felt her locks animate once again as the back of her head split itself in two. She threw herself forward towards the slowly diminishing tide of horrors from Beyond, freeing the rage that had been building inside her for so long. With sickening ease, the lustrous tendrils swatted aside the savage blows of her opponents. She directed her coils like the conductor of an orchestra, willing them to lash, beat, and block. In the midst of the swirling melee, Asami caught sight of a Yokai that had not yet flickered away. Eagerly, she compelled one of her braids to wrap itself around the demon’s slender ankles, lifting it from the ground and swinging it towards a cluster of its companions. The captive Yokai collided with the glaive of an Obsidian Oni, face-first, showering its companions in gore. Stunned, the lumbering demon dropped the weapon and flew backwards, barreling through yet another wave of newcomers.

Meanwhile, Yan Lo and Chiaki fought their way closer and closer to Wen Shen. The skeletons linked together to form a protective, wall of bones around the duo, striking out at any Kimon daring enough to approach. Chiaki blasted several of the smaller demons aside with precise, well-timed magical surges that erupted from her flute. At her side, Yan Lo tapped into Kythera’s ancient, cursed reservoir, harnessing the souls of the damned who were

trapped there and amalgamating them into barrages of increasing intensity. Spiritual lightning erupted from his staff with such great force that it blasted apart any oni unlucky enough to be in its path. After a few more concentrated bursts, both uncle and niece were within ten paces of Wen Shen, although they had lost three of their summoned servants to the horde of demons.

“NO!” Wen Shen shrieked. With astonishing speed, he unsheathed the rusted sword hanging from his frayed belt and swung it ferociously at Yan Lo. One

of the remaining skeletons leapt forward to intercept the blow. Its bones instantly decayed at the point of contact, crumbling to dust. “You. Will. DIE!” With each ragged word, the Kimon swung his cleaver in wide, sweeping arcs. Yan Lo was forced to harness his chi and redirect the attacks with magical energy instead of his staff; the oni’s perverse strength was simply too great for his aching, physical form.

Another savage swipe forced Chiaki to roll away, avoiding disembowelment by inches. Her flute had fallen out of her hands, dancing away from her scrambling fingers on the flagstones as if it had



a mind of its own. Yan Lo shot a burst of lightning from between his fingers to block yet another bludgeon, but his timing was poor, and the pommel of Wen Shen's blade connected with his side. Searing pain erupted through Yan Lo's body as he fell on the hard stone, claspings his ribs.

For the briefest moment, selfishness and fear overwhelmed him. He considered forcibly untethering from the mortal plane, to cast himself along the Path, to escape his pain... a permanent solution to a temporary problem. The rotting Kimon towered over him, raising his blade for a decapitating blow. "I've waited centuries for this," he said, licking his rotting lips with a forked tongue. "You sent me to hell. It only seems fair that I return the favor!" He brought the blade down with all his might. Chiaki screamed.

Inches above Yan Lo's neck, Wen Shen's blade crashed against the head of a massive halberd. Bushy eyebrows raised in surprise, Yan Lo looked up to see a lumbering creature, half-spider, half man, clutching the polearm that had just barely saved him from death. With unnatural strength, the Jorogumo braced its hind legs against the ground and slowly pried Wen Shen's locked blade upward, giving the mage enough space to slip away.

An ardent command pierced the lull. "Strike back!" It was Asami, her eyes closed and legs folded as though she was meditating. Like Amanjaku, she too floated above the ground, all her focus and concentration spent on controlling the demon she had just brought forth from her maw. "Defend the wraithwalker!" The Jorogumo nodded, blinking its many eyes before leveling its blade towards Wen Shen. Raving that his had been a prize denied, the plague-oni roared and initiated a series of brutal, two-handed strikes against his new adversary.

With Wen Shen distracted, Yan Lo seized his chance. He knew there would not be another. Fighting against the splintering pain in his ribs, the mage harnessed his remaining chi and shot a bolt of magical energy straight at the exposed stone in Amanjaku's hand, drawing upon the soul power of Kythera to amplify his own. When the spell connected, the force of the blast shattered the gem to pieces and threw the imp over the edge of the spire and into the marshland below.

Wen Shen let out a horrified, demonic howl as he watched his own decrepit form flicker away into nothingness. One by one, the remaining oni

disappeared alongside the portals that had facilitated their crossing. The night grew still and Yan Lo, Asami, and Chiaki were alone once more, lit only by the ephemeral glow of the fading moon and its court of dying stars.



Chiaki stared blankly the massive spider-man that Asami had summoned as it flickered out of existence. The oni had followed them down from the spire and into the marsh, the injured Yan Lo clinging to its front legs. "How... how the does *that* come out of *there*?" she asked, gesticulating at the maw protruding from Asami's scalp. "None of this makes sense!"

Asami simply shrugged. "Just go with it. I've done it before."

Amanjaku lay splayed in the mire, mud covering his snarling features as he beat his fists on the ground like a slighted toddler. Asami's locks had fallen limp at her sides, the ethereal energy dying from her eyes as she strode purposefully towards her betrayer. The summoning stone from Beyond was naught but emerald powder coating the imp's taloned fingers.

"It's over," she said curtly, Yan Lo and Chiaki in tow. The wraithwalker's khakkhara was raised and crackling with lightning, while Chiaki's flute gleamed pristinely from between her pursed lips. The niece's delicate fingers pressed tightly against the keys, ready to send forth a banishing note.

"Oh, come now," Amanjaku said, his arms raised as if to surrender while his eyes darted almost imperceptibly to his flaying knife. He looked imploringly at Asami. "You and I have been in this position before, haven't we?" he said, pupils wide. "We made a deal last time. And all things considered, it didn't end so badly for you, right?" He gave a nervous chuckle. "We can make another arrangement."

"Finish this," barked Yan Lo urgently with a nod, well before Asami could answer. His watery eyes narrowed, not with contempt or hatred, but determination. "Too many have suffered already. Lingxuzi must never come this close to Malifaux again."

Chiaki nodded, and Yan Lo began muttering a fatal incantation. Amanjaku closed his eyes as lightning

crackled from between his fingers and the tip of his staff.

"Wait!" Asami's locks came to life once again, and the little oni began to convulse, as though caught in a seizure.

"What's happening?" Chiaki asked fearfully.

"I don't know!" Asami sunk to her knees, her vision blinded by the whispering yellow lights.

Before she could utter another word, Amanjaku's eyes shot open. They were completely glazed over and black as night. His body continued to twitch, as if possessed by a malignant force. The imp began to speak, but the voice was not his own. It was a monstrous guffaw, a laugh that suggested thirst, hunger, and domination in every fiery syllable. It was oppressive and consuming, unlike anything she had heard before.

"STUPID GIRL."

"Who are you?" Asami cried, but the voice ignored her.

"WRAITHWALKER, I SPEAK TO YOU NOW," Amanjaku roared.

Although still stunned, Yan Lo did not quail. "You cannot intimidate me—"

The voice paid him no heed. **"YOU CHANGED NOTHING. I AM COMING TO TAKE WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE."**

"You are entitled to nothing, demon," he answered defiantly.

"NO. I AM ENTITLED TO EVERYTHING. YOU SAID IT YOURSELF ALL THOSE YEARS AGO."

"And what is that?"

"AS ABOVE, SO BELOW. ALL IS MINE."

"You lost, demon. I banish you—"

"TELL YOUR PEOPLE," the voice crooned again, drowning him out. **"LINGXUZI IS COMING."**

Before they could say another word, Amanjaku gave a shuddering rasp, and his twitching slowed and eventually faded away. The force possessing him was gone.

"Was that..." Chiaki stuttered.

Yan Lo nodded gravely, staring down at Amanjaku as its breathing returned to normal.

"We can't kill him," Asami said. "I want him dead as much as you do, but he's our only connection to Lingxuzi. The Great One will try and contact us through him again, I'm sure of it. Malifaux is too tempting a prize. In snuffing out his life, we blind ourselves."

"I agree," said Yan Lo bitterly. "But it is not Malifaux I am worried about. He said *tell your people*. The Kimon are coming for Earth first. Soon. We may already be out of time."

"I will inform the Oyabun," Chiaki decided. "We should start marshaling our defenses Earthside and leveraging our contacts among the Three Kingdoms. It's not too late."

The mage said nothing.

"Uncle, are you listening to me? Uncle!"

Again, Yan Lo didn't answer. He simply found a tree stump protruding from the frothing shallows and sat beneath the stars, the water soaking his monk's robes far past the ankles. With inexplicable dread, he stared up at the heavens, and placed his hands in his lap, hoping – praying – for the Path to guide him against the inevitable storm.

At last, he looked imploringly at Asami. "You and me. Together."

Asami nodded gravely.

Both knew that from this tempest, there would be no shelter.







LOST AND FOUND



by
N. A. Wolf

“The Guild’s Ministry of Antiquities thanks you for your service, Mr. McCabe,” Procurator Cambell said as he eyed Lucas suspiciously through horn-rimmed spectacles. He picked up the crystalline statuette placed before him and weighed it in his leathery palms. “The idol will sell handsomely... but as I understand, its acquisition was not without cost.” The procurator raised his thinning eyebrows. “What happened to Edward?”

“Edward was a valuable asset to my team,” Lucas answered carefully. Unlike most Guild officials who usually espoused a blustering air of arrogance and incompetence, Cambell was keen, soft-spoken, and pensive. That made him especially dangerous. “Slate Ridge proved too much for him, and he passed in an avalanche on the way back. We never found his body.”

“Your tomb raiding never ceases to cost us, McCabe,” Cambell responded, as though the death of one of his men was of little consequence to him. “But you always deliver, and so shall we.” He retrieved a small pouch of Soulstones and slid it across the desk.

The satisfying jangling of the gems tinkled in Lucas’ ears, and the treasure hunter exhaled an audible sigh of relief. The ruse had gone as well as he could have hoped. It was simple, really: bring the treasure back, swap it with several highly detailed forgeries, sell the fakes to the Guild or wealthy private collectors, and hand the original off to the Thunders. Squaring the circle had never been so easy. The template for the plan had been Karen’s, and before her death in Egypt, Lucas and his fiancée had executed it dozens of times for different employers.

“Oh, and one last thing,” Cambell called. Lucas turned around, the smile still lingering on his lips.

Suddenly, Cambell’s grin split into an even wider sneer. “Are you sure Edward was caught in an avalanche?” The Procurator clapped his hands twice, and Lucas was left agape as a third person bounded into the cramped office.

“Surprise!” Edward shouted with unsettling glee, arms raised in the air. “Oh, we’re gonna stick it to ‘im now, aren’t we Pa!”

“Shut up, you waste!” Cambell barked, uncharacteristically stern. The young man immediately fell silent and clasped his hands awkwardly behind his back with a grumble. “My son looks just fine to me.” He slapped Edward across the face contemptuously, leaving a red flush on his cheek. “Feels pretty real. Care to test it yourself?” he sneered as the ruffian winced in pain.

Lucas’ eyes widened. “He’s *your* son?”

Shit.

How had he not known? All this time... Lucas cursed to himself for allowing his apathy to lead to carelessness. The wiser part of him knew that he would never learn.

“Edward told me everything,” Cambell said, squinting at McCabe as he took off his glasses and polished

them with a firm grip. "You tried to use my boy as bait! I can't believe that you were willing to let him die to save your sorry ass."

"That's right!" Edward nodded his head approvingly, his arms folded in front of him.

"Shut up, boy!" Cambell roared, flecks of spittle flying across his desk.

The ruffian looked crestfallen. "But Pa—"

Cambell plowed on. "It really would have done us all a favor if you had left him to die in the snow, but it turns out that my boy has some brains and a smidgen of skill, don't you?"

"We were being chased," Lucas said simply, abandoning any pretense. "We needed to throw the damn beast off our trail, and this idiot is disposable." He glared at Edward.

Edward's eyes flickered excitedly, as though he had never been praised before. He nearly giggled. "Idiot? I did good! Had a knife in my pocket and cut right through your ropes."

"You're not as dumb as you look, son. There's still some hope for you yet," Cambell said darkly. He turned to Lucas. "You know, I certainly don't object to your... *creativity*. I for one appreciate how it never fails to bring us results." The Procurator examined the idol again. "Except that you haven't." He smashed the artifact on the floor. McCabe didn't flinch. "We know it's a fake. I wouldn't have guessed, but one of Criid's researchers took a look at the Thirsty Glass fragments you brought back and found them unreactive to her spells. Then we started looking at everything else you've been dragging back over the past few months..."

For the first time in living memory, Lucas was at a loss for words. But the fact that he was still alive, and that Cambell didn't seem to know about his contact with Misaki, was a good sign.

"It goes without saying that you're fired," the Procurator finished bluntly. "Hand over your badge. Now." Two Death Marshals suddenly entered and flanked the entrance to the office, preventing Lucas from leaving. Cambell was taking no chances.

"Do you really want to go through with this, gents?" Lucas eyed them, hiding his nervousness with bravado. He could tell that they wanted to be here about as much as he did. "Did Lady J put you up to this? She's always hated me... I shouldn't have told that joke about her being 'a sight for sore eyes' at Hoffman's stupid dinner party," he mumbled. "She took it personally, didn't she?"

"Oh yeah," one of the Death Marshals wryly replied.

"Leave." Cambell said to McCabe, then nodded at the Death Marshals. They stepped forward in response.





"I can still be useful to you – imagine how difficult it would be to continue running the Ministry without my contacts and experience. Why give all that up?" McCabe asked incredulously as he fumbled in his satchel.

"Honestly," said Cambell grimly as he struck a match and lit a cigar, "I'd rather not. Like I said, part of me wants to hand you over to an Executioner so I can personally watch as he disembowels you." He licked his lips maliciously. "But the other part of me appreciates the network of contacts you've built over the past few years. Whether the crap you peddled was real or not doesn't really matter; they all turned out to be valuable to the buyers anyways," he laughed. "Sparing you seemed like a fair compromise, and Governor-General Marlow agreed." The Procurator blew several smoke rings nonchalantly and snatched Lucas' badge away the moment he had retrieved it. "Now get the hell out of my office."

McCabe, still flabbergasted, made to depart. "You'll regret this," he said plainly, without so much as a glance back.

"I'm sure I will," Cambell replied dryly. "And McCabe, if I ever see you around the Enclave again, I'll have you killed."

As the Death Marshals escorted him away, Lucas felt a pang of fear. The fact that he had been dismissed hardly bothered him... the opinion of authority mattered less to him than anything else. But how could he now be useful to the Thunders without his connection to the Guild? Yamaziko's words rang in the back of his mind, reverberating with each of the seemingly final steps he took on the Enclave's polished floors. *Serve us well, Lucas, or my mistress will crush more than your precious pocket watch.*

After what felt like an eternity, the Marshals finally reached the entrance to the Enclave and tossed him out the front doors. "Bastards!" he spat, nearly supine on the ground. But they had already slammed the iron doors behind them. "Was that really necessary?" he asked to the unfeeling metal, trying to pick himself off the curb.

"Are you all right?" A woman in a pale blue dress offered Lucas her hand. Long dark hair and a pair of dark spectacles covered most of her heart-shaped face.

"I'm fine," Lucas grunted as he pushed her hand away and rose to his feet.

The stranger gave a soft chuckle. "You won't be for long unless you can find another way to make yourself useful. You have one month before Lady Misaki forcefully renegotiates your terms of employment."

Lucas' blood turned to ice as he did a double take. "I'll make this right," he said. "Tell the Oyabun I've already got another job lined up, I swear!" He reached to grab her wrist but like a phantom, the woman disappeared, and his hand was left scrabbling at the empty air.

He nervously glanced from side to side, trying to hide his panic. Was he being watched? Did the Thunders already have other agents inside the Guild besides him? How useful was he to them now? There was only one thing left to do now.

It was time for a drink.



Lucas McCabe took a sip of his old fashioned and smiled sardonically, twirling the lonely ice cube inside with the tip of a toothpick. "Hell of a drink, Sidir," he said ruefully. "For a hell of a day."

As usual, Sidir Alchibal scowled and eyed the brown liquid with disdain. "This is beneath you," he spat, as if the blend of liquor and bitters was a toxic sludge. "I did not swear a life debt to a wimp." The bodyguard had recently shaped his beard, trimmed his hair, and exchanged his cream-colored robes for a dark, three-piece suit. Although he looked much more kempt, his eyes conveyed the same, unsettling thirst for violence that had drawn Lucas to him when they first shared a jail cell in Cairo all those years ago. Sidir's favorite *mrityu* blade still hung from his hip, nestled within its scabbard.

"I'm gonna die anyway," replied Lucas impishly. "What the hell, right? I've always wondered what these taste like. Not sure how I feel about cutting the whiskey yet."

"Stop moping, *sadiqi*," Sidir answered curtly. "I didn't offer to meet you so you could whine like an injured pup."

"Watch yourself," McCabe warned, slamming the bar top with his fist. "*You* owe your life to *me*, not the other way around."

Sidir almost smirked. "That's better." He thumbed the pommel of his blade with a loving caress. "I wanted to tell you that some strangers with a unique employment opportunity reached out to me about securing our services today."

"Oh?" asked Lucas, putting down his drink. "What do they want?"

"They have... a mission they'd like to discuss with you in private."

"Then why the hell are you here?"

Sidir looked pointedly at the bartender, who disappeared into the cloakroom. "They have a unique and somewhat theatrical plan of getting in touch. I'm just here to make sure they keep their word not to harm you." He paused for a moment before looking directly into McCabe's eyes. "You must trust me."

Lucas looked back at Sidir quizzically, but before he could respond, a black hood was thrust over his head and a pair of strong, firm hands shoved him unceremoniously out of the bar.



"Sidir, you double-crossing ass! I thought you had my back! Who put you up to this?" Lucas asked impatiently, his hands held forcibly behind his back. "Ivan, is that you? I swear to god, you stupid son of a bitch, I would never cheat you! Those Fabergé eggs were made from real Soulstone!" Lucas was surprised to hear laughter as his arms were released and the hood pulled up from his head.

He found himself facing three figures. The first was the fattest man he had ever seen. Seated next to him, also across from Lucas, was an elderly, hawk-eyed lady who was a head taller and a quarter the girth of her companion. Finally, to Lucas' immediate left was a muscular, young woman with tanned skin, long brown hair, and a mysterious smile; she had been the one pinning his arms.

"Mr. McCabe!" The fat man reached out for Lucas' hand and shook it eagerly. His porky jowls quivered as he spoke, flapping like the drooping skin of a basset hound. "A moment, if you please."

"Where's Sidir?" Lucas demanded. "I'll kill him!"

"Relax, Mr. McCabe. He's up front with our driver... and making him very uncomfortable, from the looks of it," he answered with a nervous puff. "Your man doesn't like to smile, does he?"

It took Lucas several seconds to register that he was not in danger. This was the first time a hood had been pulled off his head and he was not facing the barrel of a gun or the blade of a knife. Instead, he found himself inside one of the most lavish coaches he had ever seen. Rich, luxurious velvet upholstered the seats, each studded with golden tacks and silver buttons. The cherry-wood parquet floor was inlaid with intricate designs which complemented those etched into the ceiling. All of the wealth was intoxicating.

"Hell of an entrance," Lucas grumbled, trying to hide his own excitement. "Don't you people know how to say hello? Or do you not follow the rules of being a person?"

"Sorry," said the younger, brawny woman seated to his left. She offered a guilty smile. "We couldn't risk an open meeting now that your name's mud with the Guild." Her voice had a faint, honeyed twang. "They're watching you, and if they see you, they'll see us. Ludvig will explain. I'm Jessie, by the way. Jessie Halliday." She shook his hand.

"My name is Ludvig von Clausewitz," the large man offered. "I'm one of the Overseers of the Malifaux Exploration Society." He pointed at the elderly woman to his left. "And this is Gretchen Janus. She's also an Overseer and the chairwoman of our board." The woman remained emotionless, she but continued to stare at Lucas with her beady eyes, her irises black as coal.

"Never heard of you."

"That's good to hear," Ludvig answered approvingly. "While not totally secret, the MES is... well, somewhat discreet. If Cambell and the Ministry ever knew that there was another organization Breachside with... shall we say an *acute* interest in the history of this world and its relation to our own, they might not take kindly to unsanctioned competition. By day, I'm a Guild executive, but by night, the MES is my 'mistress project,'" he whispered with a little giggle.

"Gross," Lucas interjected.

"We have a new employment opportunity, and if my informants are correct, you are very much in need," Ludvig finished.

Lucas rolled his eyes. Was he the only one who hadn't seen his firing coming? "There are plenty of ways for a man like me to earn his scrip," He had to fight even harder to contain his excitement, and eyed the contents of the carriage again.

"Yes, yes," said Ludvig impatiently. "But what's the point of making a living in the first place if you never really feel alive while doing it? I know your reputation, Mr. McCabe. For you, it's not about the relics... it's about the sport. What I'm offering you is a limitless, endless hunt." He gazed hungrily into the distance at the very thought, like Luna drooling over a steak on the kitchen counter beyond her paws' reach.

Lucas raised his eyebrows doubtfully.

"As I'm sure you've already guessed, the MES is dedicated to exploring the unexplored," continued Ludvig. "While the Guild obviously has considerable interest in understanding the history of this world, they are more interested in profit than truth. We are driven by an unquenchable thirst to peruse the unknown, to uncover the lost, and to bring the dead to life."



Lucas reached for a carafe of brandy in the compartment next to him and poured himself a glass. "Heard about people like you in London," he began. "The Royal Society of Explorers, the Cartographer's Guild, the United Pioneers League – they all said the same things about Amazonia and Africa. In the deepest crevasses of the world, they hoped to find the *cradles of civilization* lost in some godforsaken jungle." He waved his hands mockingly at these last words, and then drained the remainder of his glass. "And do you know what happened to all of those expeditionaries? The poor sods wandered off and disappeared, never to be seen again. It was a complete waste... not one of them ever found anything, or even learned basic jungle survival skills judging from their appalling success rate."

Lucas continued, "What makes you lot so different?" He pointed at Ludvig. "Do you really think *he* can survive the uncharted parts of Malifaux?" Jessie laughed nervously at the affronted expression on Ludvig's crestfallen face, and even Gretchen smiled. "I don't know what you want from me, but you can be sure as hell that I'm not putting my life on the line for some cock-and-bull. I don't care about myths and ideology. I like treasure – treasure that I know exists and that I know I can find... the more challenging the better. But I don't chase ghosts and *'the unknown'*." He put his glass down.

Gretchen clapped her hands together slowly. "Very good, Mr. McCabe. You're asking all the right questions. You're correct to be so frank. Indeed, what's different isn't *us*. It's the world we live in." Her voice was curt and cold, but even her severe demeanor couldn't cloak her eagerness. "Malifaux is not Earth. Her secrets make the darkest corners of our world seem unremarkable. Tell me, have you ever heard of the Tyrants?"

Lucas' ears perked up, and he nodded his head. Now this *was* interesting. He shot her a close glance. "What do you know about them, lady?"

"Only that they're the most powerful beings in this world and the next," Gretchen explained. "Imagine the possibilities... what we as humanity could learn by unlocking the secrets of their power." Her nonchalance melted away, and Lucas saw a fiery passion burning behind her heavy, mascara-lined eyelids. "What Ludvig neglected to mention is that we do not shoot random darts in the dark like those pompous fools from the King's Empire. Nor are we driven by idiotic, colonialist notions of 'duties' to bring 'civilization' to the uncultured."

She scoffed. "No... we are not like Trevelyan, Livingston, or Rhodes. We are on the trail of the Tyrants themselves, and we are tracking them closely. People of considerable means like us do not rely on blind intelligence. There are reliable rumors of a secret entrance to the Sunken City, built by the Tyrants and lost beneath the Bayou. We want you to lead an expedition to find it... with MES agents at your side, of course." She crossed her legs. "How would you like to be one of the first men in history to step inside?"

Lucas sneered. Just how crazy were these people? This seemed like a suicide mission. The idea itself was ridiculous. A secret entrance? But all rumors were based on a shred of truth, no matter how small. Information about the entrance to a lost Tyrant city, not to mention the rare artifacts inside, would surely be useful to Misaki. Maybe even useful enough to curb her wrath.

It took all of Lucas' limited self-control to dismiss his cynicism before he said, "Assuming your intel is reliable, I'm in... with compensation, of course."

"That's it?" Gretchen asked. "You seemed rather quick to make up your mind for a man whose body language suggests nothing but disdain."

"What can I say... I'm bored." Lucas pretended to yawn, but he knew Gretchen didn't fall for the act.

"Does your definition of 'bored' mean that you have no other options?" she pressed doubtfully. Her thin mouth twitched, but she didn't smile. It seemed like moving the corners of her mouth more than once a day was physically taxing. Instead, the woman kept her beady stare on Lucas like a hawk eyeing its lunch. "It seems like we sought you at a good time."

A shiver ran down Lucas' spine. She couldn't know about Misaki, could she? Her next words gave him no more time to consider the probability. "You may keep twenty percent of what you find, chosen at our discretion. This seems more than fair considering that most of the goods should be displayed in a museum, no?"

"Thirty-three," said Lucas disdainfully. "That first offer was right insulting."

"Twenty-five," she countered. "And nothing more."

"Fine, twenty-five," he concluded for appearance's sake. It didn't matter either way; he would find a way to take it all. "And if there's only crappy pottery shards, you'll pay me in scrip."

"Deal." Gretchen whistled. She extended her hand.

"And one last condition, Gretchen," Lucas proposed, his face dead serious.

Gretchen raised her thinly-penciled eyebrows. She seemed affronted that a stranger dared address her by name.

"Jessie comes with me."

"This one's got moxy," Ludvig chuckled. "I like him."

"Or he's a pig," Jessie rolled her eyes. "Who do you think did all the research? Without me, you wouldn't last a day out there," she snorted.

"Pack your things," Gretchen said, still scowling as Lucas finally shook her hand and the carriage ground to a halt. "You and Mr. Alchibal leave for the Bayou in two days with Jessie and her team. A courier will be in touch with the details."

Lucas nodded.

"Oh," she added. "If your expedition succeeds, I see great possibilities awaiting you in the future of our organization. Do not prove me wrong." She gave a quick mirthless laugh as Jessie pushed Lucas out the door.

Their final words rang in his ears once again. He felt a strange sensation that he had never quite experienced before.

"What?" Sidir asked testily, hopping out from the front of the coach, clearly disappointed that there was not an excuse to fight.

"Nothing," Lucas nonchalantly muttered, fighting to hide a slight spring in his step.



"I can't believe you talked me into this," Sidir complained to Lucas as he cleaned goopy insect blood from his blade. The satisfying *squelch* of macheting a mosquito the size of a plum was far less amusing after the dozenth time.

"I can't believe you let them put a bag over my head," replied Lucas with a grimace as he wiped away the sweat beading on his brow. From the prow of the *MES Surefoot*, he looked out at nothing but miles of putrid bog shimmering in the humid morning

breeze. For nearly two weeks, Lucas and an intrepid team of explorers had followed the Bayou charts given to them by the Society Overseers. In that time, they had found nothing. The ruins of the Sunken City protruded from the water like jagged teeth in the jaws of a great beast, but the hidden entrance – if one even existed – remained as elusive as ever. His time was running out.

"I don't understand what we're missing," Jessie mused, teeth clamped around the cap of her pen, well-worn from pensive chewing. "Maybe the cartographers were wrong." A lifetime of research had taught Jessie to be skeptical of everything – even her own conclusions. She had originally begun her career as a botanist in the Bayou trader's village of Frontier Point, where she dedicated her life to researching the flora and fauna of the marsh. After serendipitously saving the outpost from a titanic duel between a very drunk Silurid and a Whiskey Golem brought to life by vengeful Gremlins, she had caught the inescapable thirst for adventure. Thereafter discontent with living in a lab, Jessie became a freelancer for the MES. The board had found her connections amongst both scholars and pioneers most useful, especially in their efforts to map the Bayou. Over the years, the young woman had not only become a consummate field researcher, but also a respectable marksman with her trusty rifle.

"This doesn't make any sense," she mumbled, spitting out the pen cap with a grimace. "There doesn't seem to be any charted superstructure suggesting the presence of an entrance below."

"Maybe you're reading the map wrong," Lucas joked. "Have you tried flipping it the other way around?"

"Don't be an idiot," she said, punching him in the arm. "I gathered the data that contributed to these charts myself. I know how to read them."

"Then why are we stuck?" Lucas retorted sourly, placating Luna as she growled in frustration. "Ludvig should have taken this plan and shoved it right back up his fat-"

Jessie rolled her eyes. "We've got a job to do, and we're not going back to the Overseers until we finish." For a fraction of a second, Lucas thought he sensed the faintest hint of fear behind her eyes. She masked herself by casting a fiery scowl in Lucas' direction before returning to her documents, parting the long blonde locks stuck to her sweaty forehead and wrinkling her nose against the sulfuric

tang of the swirling waters. "The entrance to this goddamn city is out there, and I want to be one of the first to find it!"

"We've known each other for two weeks, and you still don't like me very much, do you, honey?" Lucas mused, almost disappointed. He eyed her slim figure and resisted the temptation to lick his lips. She was pretty... not as pretty as Karen, but her tight, denim pants distractingly accentuated the voluptuous curves of her slender hips.

Jessie chuckled. "I think I'd like you a lot better if you'd stop staring at my ass." She reached for the rifle strapped to her back. "I haven't fired this since we ran into that pack of gators two nights ago. Think I might need to test it again." She pulled the bolt back casually with a dramatic *click*.

The other MES expeditionaries looked up from their work, and the boat's captain dropped the mooring rope he had just started rolling around his wrist. "Forget I said anything," Lucas mumbled morosely. "Get back to work, you lot!" Lucas commanded, and the rest of the crew began scurrying as they had been before.

Jessie shouldered her rifle and folded a section the map for Lucas to read in one hand while scratching Luna affectionately in between her ears with the other. The dog let out a satisfied huff. "This quadrant here... I think we should return for another look." She circled a few darkly shaded blotches on the accompanying topography report. "These features might be anomalies. It was stupid of me to dismiss them as geological clusters during our first two sweeps. Maybe they're ruins after all. We'll have to dig a bit to find them, though." She shouted towards the captain's cabin. "Did you hear that?"

The captain gave a whistle and redirected the boat according to Jessie's coordinates.

"Yeah, all right," said Lucas with an ingratiating nod. "You do that." After several terse minutes, it again struck him how ridiculous the whole mission seemed. Finding a needle in a haystack was dumb, and this was exponentially dumber since the whole of the Bayou was just a bigger, filthier haystack filled with Gremlins, gators, flesh-eating plants, and worse. What intrepid little explorers they all were, lost in the middle of this interminable swamp. "We can't waste any more time than we already have," he conceded. "I think."

Unexpectedly, the boat came to a halt. "If we move forward any further towards those coordinates, we might rupture our hull... seems like you were right, ma'am," the captain shouted to Jessie. "The vox pulses suggest there's something down there. A structure by the looks of it."

Jessie's eyes lit up. "Get the divers ready. I want an excavation team down there immediately."



LOST AND FOUND

At her command, three members of the crew ran into the *Surefoot's* cabin and returned with as many bronze helmets, each attached to hoses made out of a waxed, waterproof fabric that all ran back into the center of the ship.

"Ready to descend?" she asked them as she passed each man a loaded speargun. Each projectile was tipped with a sharp, jagged arrowhead, and the MES sigil was proudly etched in gold into each shaft.

The men checked their gear, tested their helmet ventilation systems, and then flipped the power dials on their weapons. The spearguns hummed to life with an ominous buzzing as the divers nodded and lowered themselves into the murky waters.



"Shouldn't they be back by now? It's been almost an hour," Lucas snapped. Luna growled her assent, and Sidir lit another cigarette.

"It's barely been twenty minutes," Sidir said between drags.

"It depends on how far they had to dig," Jessie replied, as though she had been expecting a delay. "Often, architectural features are buried under silt or debris; the team might still be hauling dirt. Anyway, vox channels are open. We know that they touched down and are investigating. We would have received another signal if something happened."

Lucas scratched his chin. Even for him, this nonchalance seemed tantamount to recklessness. "Something feels wrong."

"What makes you say that?"

"My gut," he said. "I've got an instinct for when a job's gone bad."

"Feelings are dangerous," Jessie retorted coolly. "You've got your gut. I've got my training. I've been with the MES for a long time, and I know protocol."

"Protocol?" Lucas stared at her blankly and then directed his gaze to the weapons locker that housed the spearguns. "Are your men archaeologists or mercenaries? Just who the hell are these MES people?"

"They're occult enthusiasts with considerable resources, just like Ludvig said. Everything he told

you is true... MES members all have a thirst for adventure but understand that their social positions or occupations inhibit them from actually exploring. So they live vicariously through people *like us* who can. They hire us, we bring results, and we get paid. Pretty straightforward," she said shiftily.

"Mm-hmm," murmured Lucas, grinning. This was not an unfamiliar story. "So Gretchen is just... an enthusiast, then? She seems more like a politico to me. Reminds me of Lucius Mattheson."

Jessie's eyes widened and the fire behind them seemed to flicker for a brief moment. "Honestly, I don't know that much about Gretchen. No one does – least of all the contractors. I've always worked with Ludvig, but she took a particular interest in the Sunken City – and in you. Although she's not the wealthiest of all the Overseers, I've heard that her connections run deep. She *knows* things."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, how to find talent, for one. I may not like your methods or your attitude, Mr. McCabe, but as I've said, few in Malifaux can say they've been where you have and survived. Gretchen has a knack for finding people with particular skills – and the perfect jobs to test them with. It's no wonder that she cornered you and invited you to be a more... active participant in the MES," she said with just the faintest hint of jealousy.

"And how does she know who to seek out?"

Jessie's envy shifted into concern. "I'm not sure... she recruited me too. And I made myself very difficult to find." She looked at the curiosity etched in Lucas' face. "Scorned lover," she said with a wink. "The problem resolved itself," she concluded, checking the magazine of her rifle.

Suddenly, a rasping, sputtering noise split the silence. "What the hell is that?" Lucas interrupted.

The pneumatic pump connected to the diving helmets gurgled and began to spark. Luna jumped to her hind legs with a whine. "It's just the filtration system," Jessie answered. "It sucks out the carbon dioxide from the diving helmets and replaces it with fresh oxy-" she cut herself off, a look of confusion on her face as she put her thumb against one of the wax tubes. "There's no resistance. Either they've taken off their suits or..."

"Or?" Sidir's face contorted.

“Or they’re not breathing.” Jessie sat up and shuffled around the *Surefoot*. Within a few minutes, she had thrust a diving suit and a speargun into their arms.

Lucas scratched the back of his head. “Remember the last time we wore these things?” he said to Sidir. “I’m never going anywhere near an ocean again.”

“Don’t remind me.”



The Bayou was no prettier beneath the waves than it was above them. As he descended with Sidir and Jessie, Lucas could barely see a meter in front of him through the inky darkness. He found this vast, sludgy expanse far more terrifying than the cramped confines of even the most sinister tombs. Here, an attack was possible from any direction; he felt exposed and vulnerable – even with Sidir at his side. Since his netgun and whip wouldn’t work underwater, all he had were his wits, his blade, and a spindly speargun that he had never fired before. How useful would it be against the creatures that thrived in the Bayou’s sinister depths?

“How far have we gone?” Lucas looked up to the surface. It wasn’t shimmering like he expected; barely any light refracted through the mud and detritus. All was dark, like a perpetually expanding black square.

“Judging from the how much slack we’ve got left on the breathing tubes, it can’t be any more than thirty feet. If the water were clear, everyone at the top would still see us,” Jessie answered.

“But it’s not,” Lucas said, his grip tightening on his machete.

After several tense seconds, they finally reached the bottom of the mire. “Follow their trail.” Jessie gesticulated the previous team’s tubes, which bobbed in the gloom like phantom worms. Sidir assented and took off, propelling himself through the water.

As they advanced, their boots kicked up little clots of silt, reeds, and small animal bones, limiting their already negligible visibility. Jessie reached into the pocket of her diving suit and pulled out what looked like a glass rod that shimmered with Soulstone dust. At the release of its cap, it crackled to life with a sparkling, pale blue glow. The darkness was still oppressive, but at least they could see a little further

in front of them. “Here,” she offered, pulling out another and tossing it to Lucas, who caught it as it drifted lazily towards him. “Don’t be reckless with that. These flares are expensive.”

The moment he pulled off its cap, he nearly dropped it in surprise. The light revealed the edge of a massive, weathered stone archway carved with intricate runes and covered in creeping underwater vines. Lucas realized that it was the mouth of a tunnel that led further beneath the depths.

Jessie pushed a button on the aethervox attached to her helmet. “Captain, the team stumbled into some kind of cave. McCabe and I are pursuing - standby.” The radio crackled again as the crew of the *Surefoot* confirmed. “Well?” she asked with as much bravado as she could muster. “Are you two just gonna stare or follow?” She brushed past them, weapon and light drawn. Resigned to the worst, Lucas proceeded, his own weapon raised.

They had barely taken a few steps before almost total darkness swallowed them. It was like they were descending into the belly of a great beast. “Do you see these carvings?” Jessie held her flare towards the cave walls. “The markings look old – maybe older than some of the runes our team found in the sewers beneath Malifaux City.” The writing was spidery and sharp, displaying both exaggerated curves and sharp corners, like a blend between Cuneiform and Sanskrit.

“Look,” said Lucas, pointing into the darkness. “We’re actually ascending. I think those are steps.” He raised his own light, revealing the contour of a staircase carved into the rock. Out in the distance, barely discernable, the light’s strange refraction forced him to do a double take. “That’s an airpocket! Jessie, do you think...”

He didn’t have to finish the thought. She made a beeline for the staircase as quickly as the water would allow, pulling on the previous team’s air tube to propel herself forward. Lucas and Sidir followed, and soon, both their heads split the surface.

The three of them emerged in a great antechamber of carved stone, illuminated only by their flares. Still treading water, Jessie removed her helmet and rubbed her eyes as if she did not trust her own sight. Lucas did the same and hoisted himself hastily out of the pool.

“What the hell... Are you seeing this? And that smell... is it blood?” The floor of the entire chamber

was covered with translucent, pearl-like growths interconnected at the base by slippery, fleshy tendrils that zig-zagged and spiraled in a whirl of chaos. Like pustules, the pale orbs pulsated against the light of his torch with a miasmic, milky shimmer. They varied in size; some were as small as cricket balls, but others were the height of Lucas' shin and the diameter of dinner plates.

Jessie extricated herself more gracefully from the water, planting her feet carefully so as not to touch any of the clusters. "Eggs," she concluded with a worried glance.

"From what?" asked Lucas as he removed his diving suit. It felt good to be mobile again. He motioned to help Jessie shed her diving suit, too.

She snorted and dismissed him with a wave, effortlessly unzipping the damp fabric from behind. "I'm not sure. That's what bothers me." Jessie reached down and slipped the aethervox unit out of the helmet's casing. "Captain, can you read me?" She twiddled the dial to change the frequency, but she only found static. "All this rock must be jamming our signal. No wonder the other team couldn't contact us. God, it reeks in here!"

"It's not just the rock," said Lucas. Moments before, his light had penetrated into the room's darkest corner, and he almost dropped his equipment in shock. "Look."

Jessie couldn't find the words to express her horror; her mouth twisted in disgust, remaining silent. A pile of three mangled corpses leaked fresh blood onto the stone tiles, each in a truly horrific state of dismemberment. Jessie almost wretched. "What could have done this?" she said, inching closer with trepidation that belied even her usual confidence.

"I don't know, but I bet it's whatever the hell came out of those." Lucas cast another disgusted glance the egg clusters. "We can't stay here." He forced Jessie to look away.

"We can't leave either," choked Jessie, trying to compose herself. "Not until we know what happened. We can't send another team down here blind."

"She's right, *sadiqi*," agreed Sidir, although the idea seemed to pain him.

Resigned, Lucas exited the chamber with Jessie on his heels and Sidir bringing up the rear, navigating carefully through the eggs as if they were land

mines. The bodyguard had left his machinegun on the boat, and Lucas could tell that he was regretting the decision. Whatever had annihilated their predecessors must have been deadly enough to take out a trained team; their spears might as well have been toothpicks.

The room connected to a long hallway floored with cracked terracotta tiles. Strange murals adorned the walls; stick-like figures bearing libations, hunting animals, or playing strange instruments. Although the drawings were simple, they were far from primitive. Much of the iconography was obscured by the creeping tendrils connecting the eggs growing atop them. The lustrous web of the gooey ropes seemed to sweat black liquid through their exterior membranes. Dark fluid trickled eerily down the walls and pooled in between the cracks of the floor tiles like running ink.

"I don't understand," mused Jessie as she bent down, her face inches from one of the eggs. "That black stuff... I think its embryonic liquid."

"Does it really matter, girl?" asked Sidir, pointedly pulling her back from the egg.

"We shouldn't be down here for long without reinforcements," muttered Lucas. "This is stupid, and if I'm saying that, then we're really in deep."

"Wait," snapped Jessie, craning her neck.

"If you think I'm going to stick around after what we just—"

"No, not that — shut up, I think I heard something!"

Lucas immediately fell silent. Sidir sensed it too.

A strange, high-pitched cry shattered the silence. It was grating, like nails on a chalkboard, but it had a consistent rhythm: A long shriek, followed by two short bursts, and then the cycle repeated again.

"It's coming from up ahead," Sidir said, and without further hesitation drew his blade and advanced deeper into the darkness.

"Wait, don't go so far!" warned Jessie, but he was already gone.

The other two advanced cautiously but quickly, spearguns in hand. Moments later, they arrived in a great chamber even bigger than the one they had just exited. Its vaulted ceiling was decorated with long, elaborate arches, each featuring hundreds of

unseeing stone faces, their eyes hollow and cold. Hundreds, if not thousands of pale eggs grew from between every crevasse like lustrous barnacles. Some were so high that they looked no bigger than tiny pearls. The same black fluid churning in the capillaries dripped with a spine-chilling tingle from the faces' eye sockets; it was as if they were weeping.

At the very center of the chamber was a great stone head, carved at least twenty feet in diameter. Its eyes were sculpted closed, as though the subject was caught in a meditative trance, but its mouth was left agape. Atop its head was a thorny crown cast in what looked like bronze, coated in a thick layer of impenetrable, bubbling verdigris. And at its base...

"Weird." Lucas approached one of the strangest contraptions he had ever seen. He knew that like the rest of the ruins, it had to be as old as Malifaux itself, but its thick metal was still sleek and void of any rust, as if it were recently cast. Just slightly taller than Lucas himself, the machine was shaped like a cube, and each of its faces displayed a vast array of cogs and gears whirling with clockwork precision. Their finely cut teeth and intricate engravings flaunted truly superior craftsmanship. Most strange of all, the organic, tube-like growths winding their way through every inch of this god-forsaken dungeon seemed to leech into the machine. The arteries connecting the eggs had punctured the metal right to its core; whatever black liquid they housed came directly from the inside.

In the center of the device rested a faded blue-green disk. Decorative flanges protruded from its surface, carved with strange symbols that neither Lucas nor Jessie could decipher. As the disk twirled slowly in time with the gears, it emitted the shrieking sound. At least that was one mystery solved.

"What do you make of this?" he asked Jessie as he pressed his hand against the disk's smooth surface, feeling it caress the skin of his palm as it turned with little resistance. It was warm to the touch.

"Honestly, I don't know. The symbols are the same as the carvings from the cave and the murals outside," she said, pointing her thumb back towards the entrance of the chamber. "It looks valuable – and the craftsmanship is exquisite. It's obviously emblematic of a society that developed specialized labor. Metallurgy, by the looks of it. But this artifact is too functional to be decorative. This whole device... it could be anything. A weapon? A tool? A key?"

"So it's worthless, along with this junk," said Lucas, crestfallen. At the base of the machine were several pottery shards and coins, but little else of obvious value. He pocketed them anyway.

"Don't be stupid," said Jessie angrily. "If Gretchen's intelligence is correct, that's ancient Neverborn tech, for lack of a better word. It's more valuable than anything – maybe even Soulstone. I mean, think about the size of the room protecting it. It looks like some kind of a royal court. The stone head in the middle... maybe it's a throne. Or what if we're in a vault?"

"More like a prison," Lucas mumbled under his breath, staring at the disk inside.

Jessie either didn't hear him or chose to ignore him. Her tone suddenly became excited. "We should take part of the machine back. Maybe it might help explain what-"

"Down!" Lucas tackled Jessie to the ground as a pale blur whizzed right past where she had been standing. It landed on all fours and straightened itself upright, flanked on either side by two similar hulks which had also seamlessly emerged from the shadows.

"Silurids!" shouted Jessie, throwing Lucas off her as she sprung to her feet. Somehow, these beasts were nearly twice as big as any she had ever encountered. More hauntingly, their slimy scales were albino white, and their glassy, blood-red eyes flared like burning coals. "The eggs - they're Silurid eggs! Dammit, I knew I'd seen them before, but they're usually green and unconnected to each other. The goop must have mutated them!"

"Have you ever seen anything like that?" Lucas asked as he turned the dial of his speargun, whirring it to life.

"No," said Jessie worriedly, her eyes on each of the beasts, waiting for them to strike. "Silurids aren't like other animals. There's only one recorded species, even though they sometimes have different skin colors and share taxonomic similarities with a few other Bayou organisms at the genus level."

Lucas rolled his eyes. "Jessie, I speak six languages. Science isn't one of them." He tossed the flare to the ground, shifted the speargun to his offhand, pulled the whip out that was attached to his belt, and immediately started cracking it toward the pack.

LOST AND FOUND

A fine mist of black blood danced through the air with each snap, and the creatures roared in fury, approaching nearer every second. The distance was closing fast. "Got a plan? Because I've got only one spear," cried Lucas as two more of the massive beasts joined the fray.

"Get back, get back!" Jessie shouted as she dropped her flare and sniped the middle Silurid cleanly through the throat. The beast was blasted backwards, but within seconds, it managed to climb up to rejoin its companions in the attack, dark blood still gushing from its neck.

The attacks seemed to have little effect; ichor trickled down from their wounds, the liquid dark and shiny against their pale bodies. Sidir fired a precise shot that nailed one of the creatures in the cartilage right where its webbed left arm connected to its torso. By any measure, the spear should have ripped the appendage clean off, but the Silurid barely slowed, making yet another swift pass that Lucas barely managed to duck.

The creature fought through the pain and jumped straight towards Lucas. With a guttural, screeching croak, Sidir leapt up to intercept it with just enough force to alter its trajectory. Both killers became tangled in a swirling knot of moving limbs.

Sidir was lucky; the beast had landed on its back, and the bodyguard sunk his *mrityu* blade into the tender flesh exposed beneath its jaws, pinning it to the ground even though it was nearly twice his size. He then rammed his fist into the wound, and with a brutal crunch, ripped the Silurid's lower jaw clean off. Immediately, Sidir doubled back in pain, his hand blistered and raw. "Black blood! Don't touch it!" He held his wounded arm close as he retrieved his fallen blade with the other.

Before Jessie was able to reload a spear, another Silurid threw itself towards Sidir. She lost count of their attackers; there were simply too many, and the three explorers were too poorly equipped.

"No!" Lucas shouted as he shot a spear into the Silurid's side. When it didn't seem to deter its attack, he dropped his speargun, drew his machete, and made a beeline toward Sidir.



"Dammit!" Jessie hissed. She tossed aside her spear-gun and drew her own blade. After puncturing one of the beasts through the rib cage, she kicked it off her blade with just enough strength and fury to trip up the companion behind it. She blocked another blow by severing her attacker's arm at the elbow, careful to avoid the ensuing jet of black blood. Bobbing and weaving, she bought Lucas and Sidir enough time fight their way up off the ground.

Suddenly, a blood-curdling cry erupted throughout the chamber, echoing with unholy fury. For the second time since they had arrived in this godforsaken place, Jessie's eyes widened in horror as the largest Silurid Spawn Mother she had ever seen let out a fearsome roar. It had emerged from the mouth of the sculpted head, leaping into the fray and causing its smaller kin to scatter. Even while hunched, the beast was taller than Jessie, twice as thick, and albino white like all the others, although its comb was blood-red. Several spiny, cancerous growths clung to its rippling muscles, and the armored scales of its thick hide were hardened and cracked, shimmering like uncut diamonds. It hunched forward eagerly, gills flaring. An instant later, it rushed the three interlopers, forcing them to scatter.

Jessie rolled to avoid the first swipe. The Spawn Mother's filthy claws barely grazed her arm. Had she delayed a fraction of a second longer, the beast would have taken her head. She fell hard on the stone floor, winded but alive. The sensation of blood smarting on her skin spiked her adrenaline further.

Jessie clambered to her feet as Lucas and Sidir darted in between the monster's legs, each slicing deep into its calves. The creature barely acknowledged the wounds as they slowly seeped black blood. With inhuman speed, it twirled again and took further swipes at the new prey.

"Go on! Get out of here! I'll distract it!" shouted Lucas as he swatted away yet another blow with his blade. It punctured the Spawn Mother's arm just above the elbow joint. "Just go!"

Rather than retreat, the colossal creature raised its arm. Lucas' blade was still entrenched, and the motion lifted the relic hunter several feet above the ground with it. He let go of the machete, but before he hit the ground, the Spawn Mother caught him with a vice-like grip in its other hand. Squeezing, the beast opened its great maw and craned its neck forward, as if ready to pick the meat off a kebab.

Jessie rushed forward. Unsure of what she was doing and acting on pure instinct and desperation, she slid toward the two burning Soulstone flares on the ground.

As soon as they were in her grip, she slammed the bottom ends against the stone, triggering a kaleidoscopic array of blue and white light sparking from both sides. For the briefest instant, the room shone a brilliant, blinding white, illuminating the vastness of the chamber. The flares sizzled to a voluminous roar until suddenly they did nothing at all, as though the surrounding darkness consumed all light and sound. In that black and silent moment, Jessie tossed both flares in the Spawn Mother's direction. Upon impact, the light and sizzling roar reemerged tenfold, followed immediately thereafter by an explosion of blue flame.

The Spawn Mother gurgled in fury and pain as the fire began to consume its flesh. It dropped Lucas in an effort to block its eyes from the light, then reached for its back, desperately trying to staunch the flames. It sunk to its knees, keening in pain. Immediately, the other Silurids in the pack rushed toward their fallen queen.

"Let's go, before they regroup!" shouted Lucas. "C'mon!" With lightning speed, he rushed toward the device and extricated the disk at the center, using Sidir's blade like a crowbar.

"They're not regrouping," said Sidir as he began to sprint towards the exit, Jessie by his side. Lucas looked back.

Sidir was right - the other Silurids simply began to feed on the Spawn Mother's charred flesh.



"You did well, Mr. McCabe. In fact, exceptionally well, my boy!" Ludvig's eager voice rang from the aethervox caster in the captain's cabin of the *Surefoot*. Lucas, Sidir, and Jessie had resurfaced less than an hour previously and immediately contacted the MES for a full debrief.

"I always deliver," said Lucas, as if to brush off the praise. But he could not deny the dull, faint feeling of pride he felt slowly swelling in his chest. "And... I could not have done it without Jessie and her fla-"

"It's true," the young woman interrupted. "But Lucas performed plenty well on his own. Despite my hesitation, I don't believe we would have succeeded had it not been for his... expertise."

To Sidir's surprise, a smile had emerged on Lucas' lips – a genuine one.

"Excellent," Ludvig chortled approvingly, his voice still grating through the radio. He swiftly changed tact. "Tell me, what exactly did you find?"

"The thing is, we're not exactly sure." Lucas held out the disk which had once spun in the center of the machine.

"Tell me more about the device," Ludvig pressed.

"We just don't know," Jessie admitted. "Whatever it was, it was old – Tyrant tech, I'm certain. The machine dispersed some kind of embryonic fluid. It's highly corrosive."

"Like the Nephilim's black blood?" suggested Lucas.

"Perhaps," Jessie responded cautiously. "But I wouldn't jump to conclusions. There's still so much about the Tyrants that we don't understand. Our knowledge about them seems to change every day... people are too eager to draw and spread false connections. The narrative gets distorted."

"Very true," answered Ludvig. "Only once we have the disk can we study it more closely. Perhaps we can send another team down to study the chamber too – at the very least, we ought to recover the bodies," he added grimly.

"No," said Lucas flatly. "It's suicide. That place is crawling with Silurids. We barely escaped. The disk is all we have – it's not worth the risk."

"I agree," seconded Jessie reluctantly. "We lost good men down there, and it doesn't do us any good to lose more because of avarice or sentimentality." To this, Sidir nodded in approval.

There was a long pause. "Very well," said Ludvig, clearly disappointed but nevertheless remaining pragmatic. "We will pay you both most handsomely for your services. Mr. McCabe, your deal with Gretchen still stands... Keep the shards. You'll find script and a cache of Soulstones awaiting you upon your return to Malifaux city. And one last thing," he paused dramatically.

"Yes?"

"Have you forgotten about the other part of Gretchen's offer?"

"What was that?" asked Lucas, feigning ignorance.

"Welcome to the MES, Mr. McCabe."

The aethervox grew silent with a final crackle. He tried to remain stoic, but even he couldn't suppress his excitement as he turned to Jessie. "Guess we get to work together again." He held out his hand.

"I suppose so," said Jessie, shaking it with a firm grip.

"So, about those flares..." Lucas said as he continued to hold her hand. "Soulstones, huh?"

"Soulstone *dust*. And not for sale." She let go of his grip, then walked out of the cabin with a wink and an exaggerated swagger that accentuated the curve of her hips.

"You're going soft, *sadiqi*," warned Sidir, checking that Jessie was out of earshot.

"No," retorted Lucas with a grin. He lifted Sidir's injured hand and began to rebandage the wound. Suddenly, the relic hunter gripped it tight. Sidir winced. An instant later, he slacked his grip and gave Sidir a quick pinch. "I'm just trying something different. That's all."

Sidir grunted, clapped Lucas on the back, and returned to sharpening his blade as the *Surefoot* charted a new course for Malifaux City.



"No more smoke and mirrors. If you want to send me a message, do it yourself. I'm sick of your games." Lucas slid a few of the pottery shards from the Sunken City towards Yamaziko. "I deserve better than that stunt you pulled by the Enclave a few weeks ago."

The old tutor sat cross-legged across from him, her eyes closed as if in a meditative trance. The meeting reminded him of their last one-on-one encounter, which was equally unsettling. He coughed pointedly, and the wizened tutor's eyelids fluttered open.

"You were always so entitled and impatient," she grumbled before holding up the pieces towards the light with her spindly digits. "Curious," she whispered, more to herself than to Lucas as she eyed the artifact carefully and ran her fingers over the symbols etched into its surface. "So, the Sunken City is real after all."

"Yes and no. It exists, but there wasn't anything there, ma'am," Lucas lied, keeping his gaze locked onto hers without blinking. "When the city was lost, the inhabitants must have evacuated with all of their valuables, or at least that's my theory."

She pursed her lips skeptically.

"I wouldn't try and cheat you," continued Lucas, forcing his heart rate to stay steady. He knew she would be listening for it. "The same thing happened in Pompeii before the eruption of Vesuvius... believe me, I've seen this before. Anyway, you have no idea how difficult it was to smuggle even those trinkets back," he concluded. "Damn MES archaeologists are cataloging everything – especially the worthless crap. They want it for some museum."

"Tell me about the MES."

Lucas rolled his eyes. "Enthusiasts. Nothing more. They have a lot of cash, but not a lot of experience," he lied again. "I wouldn't consider them a threat."

"This was not the outcome I was hoping for." Yamaziko put down the shards and wrapped her pale teal robes more tightly around her, clearly displeased. "Still, I suppose the city's insignificance is not your fault. Consider your contract renewed... at least for the time being."

Lucas was shocked; he expected to feel relief, but all he experienced was dread and emptiness. Searching for words, he finally offered, "Now, about my payment?" His expression grew expectant.

"Your life isn't enough, Mr. McCabe?" the tutor pressed. Nevertheless, she reached into her robes and pulled out a dented trinket.

He had hoped for scrip or Soulstones. Lucas was about to express his disappointment, but upon recognizing what it was, he grasped the pocket watch tenderly from her open palm with trembling fingers. He flipped open the lid with a familiar *click*, just as his mother had taught him as a child. He was surprised to find that the feeling was less satisfying than he had imagined over all these years.

"You've earned it. Don't give me another reason to take anything more valuable from you next time," Yamaziko scolded.

With a sinking feeling in his stomach, Lucas realized that he hated working for the witch sitting across from him more than he had ever cared for this most prized possession. Placing the watch in his breast pocket, he thought only of his next mission for the MES as he exited Yamaziko's chambers for what he sincerely hoped would be the last time.




Alone with the dying embers of her smoldering hearth, Gretchen clutched the disk Lucas had taken from the Sunken City between eager, spindly fingers. The elderly woman rotated it close to the firelight, admiring the intricate runes carved along the surface. She mouthed their syllables as each symbol met her gaze. *Ra. Koreh. Atlah. R'lon. T'ka.* The artifact began to glow. *Minet. Ahma. Q'ta.* It was so beautiful... oh, how she had longed for this day.

Once more unchained, Gretchen thought to herself as she stopped the incantation and the disk became inanimate once more. *And there wasn't damn thing anyone could do to stop it now.* She winced as she cut her finger on one of the disk's sharper flanges.


The blood that flowed from her veins was black as night.







THREE RIDDLES AND A TRAITOR



by
N. A. Wolf

Night was coming for the Little Kingdom. Urchins selling greasy noodles, candied insects, and steaming buns hastily packed up their stalls, emptying vats of stale oil and burnt syrup into the sewer. Silent attendants lit the hundreds of *huadeng* in the square. Each lantern was but a tiny guardian against the darkness.

Strutting between two of her saffron-clad torakage, Misaki Katanaka, Oyabun of the Ten Thunders, scanned the bustling traffic like a viper searching for prey. Her target probably hadn't arrived yet. She knew that he would be here eventually. She trusted Minako Rei's intelligence. And anyway, common sense dictated that the high street at dusk was always the best place to slip through town unnoticed. Perhaps her quarry foolishly thought that braving the side routes made him more mobile and less obtrusive. With Misaki's sentries watching the alleyways, it didn't matter. The Oyabun would find her prize either way.

A cry of agony erupted from the boulevard, and Misaki gripped her bisento in sweating but steady fingers, knuckles white. Her pulse dropped when she saw that it was only two peddler wagons that had collided in the square, their porcelain and wooden trinkets decorating the cobbles with shards and splinters. Both merchants were furiously shouting at one another in Mandarin. Their words weren't kind; they were the choicest of slurs, delivered with heavy accents. Misaki couldn't help but chuckle as she signaled her men to stand at ease. The argument

quickly turned into a brawl, and several passersby began to cast their own blows with glee. When Misaki reached the site of the kerfuffle, however, the participants stopped as if frozen, dusted themselves off, and scurried away. The Oyabun breathed in the crisp air of the fading dusk with a satisfied sigh.

The Little Kingdom was awash in color and sound. The crowds rushed and teemed through the streets, but their movements grew furtive and timid as Misaki approached. She never grew tired of the way the sea of people parted before her, a sign of both respect and fear. They knew who she was. They knew what she had done to claim her birthright.

The moment that Misaki had separated her father's head from his shoulders, the Little Kingdom had changed forever. Under her leadership, the Ten Thunders' racket profits soared to record highs, its network of informants had practically doubled, and its agents were more stringently trained and better equipped than ever before. This was due in no small part to Misaki's gambit of paying, coercing, or persuading many of the rival gangs in the Little Kingdom to partake in the various components of her well-oiled machine.

The Thunders' exploits included smuggling rare artifacts from the Three Kingdoms, facilitating a black market for drugs and arms, and collecting protection money. They planned kidnappings, assassination, and grand theft. They tampered with crime scene evidence, and – occasionally – they tortured high-ranking Guild officials for information. Each new client who beseeched Misaki's men for illegal services paved the way for his or her own extortion. Blackmail allowed the Thunders to heap profits upon profits.

None of this was new. But Misaki's father, Baojun, had been arrogant and uncollaborative in orchestrating these elaborate efforts. Misaki was determined not to make the same mistakes.

The rival gangs had fallen in line once she had shown them Baojun's headless corpse. The Red Dawn, the Silent Blades, the Stinging Scorpions, and countless other crime families soon pledged their fealty. Perhaps they did so in the hope that Misaki would be a wiser Oyabun than her father. She thought it more likely, however, that they feared the bold young woman who had murdered one of the most powerful and ruthless men in Three Kingdoms history without even batting an eye. The fact that Baojun's killing had been an act of self-defense – after a fashion – was unknown to them, which was how Misaki preferred it.

"My father raised me to kill," she had warned each of her rivals. "He reaped what he sowed, and so shall you."

But one gang remained stubbornly recalcitrant: The Black Dahlias of the Southern Kingdom. Anh Nghiem, *lanh chúa* of the syndicate, had arrogantly dismissed her threats. "The Francs have already taken everything away from us on Earth. We heed no master there, and we do not need one in Malifaux," he had once said before spitting at her feet. "And my men and I will kowtow to no *woman*."



One of the torakage interrupted the Oyabun's reverie. "Mistress," she said, her voice muffled from behind her porcelain mask. "He's here." She pointed to a gang of five men dressed in black. They slipped through the crowded street independently but always remained within a few meters of one another. To passersby, they would have seemed completely

ordinary, but to Misaki's trained agents the formation was clear.

They'd been smart. Staying out in the open like this had prevented Misaki from acting on previous occasions. But her patience was waning.

"Well spotted, Akiko," said Misaki, almost affectionately. She had grown to like the girl over the years; Akiko was perceptive but not inquisitive, and she had an affinity for martial arts the likes of which her tutors saw in few other pupils. Above all, Akiko was fiercely loyal to the Thunders. They had adopted her after both her parents had perished at sea on her twelfth birthday, and that act of charity had ensured her utter obedience.

Misaki could see Anh in the center of the formation of black-clad figures, protected by his men on all sides. He was now passing a gushing fountain, less than a few dozen meters away.

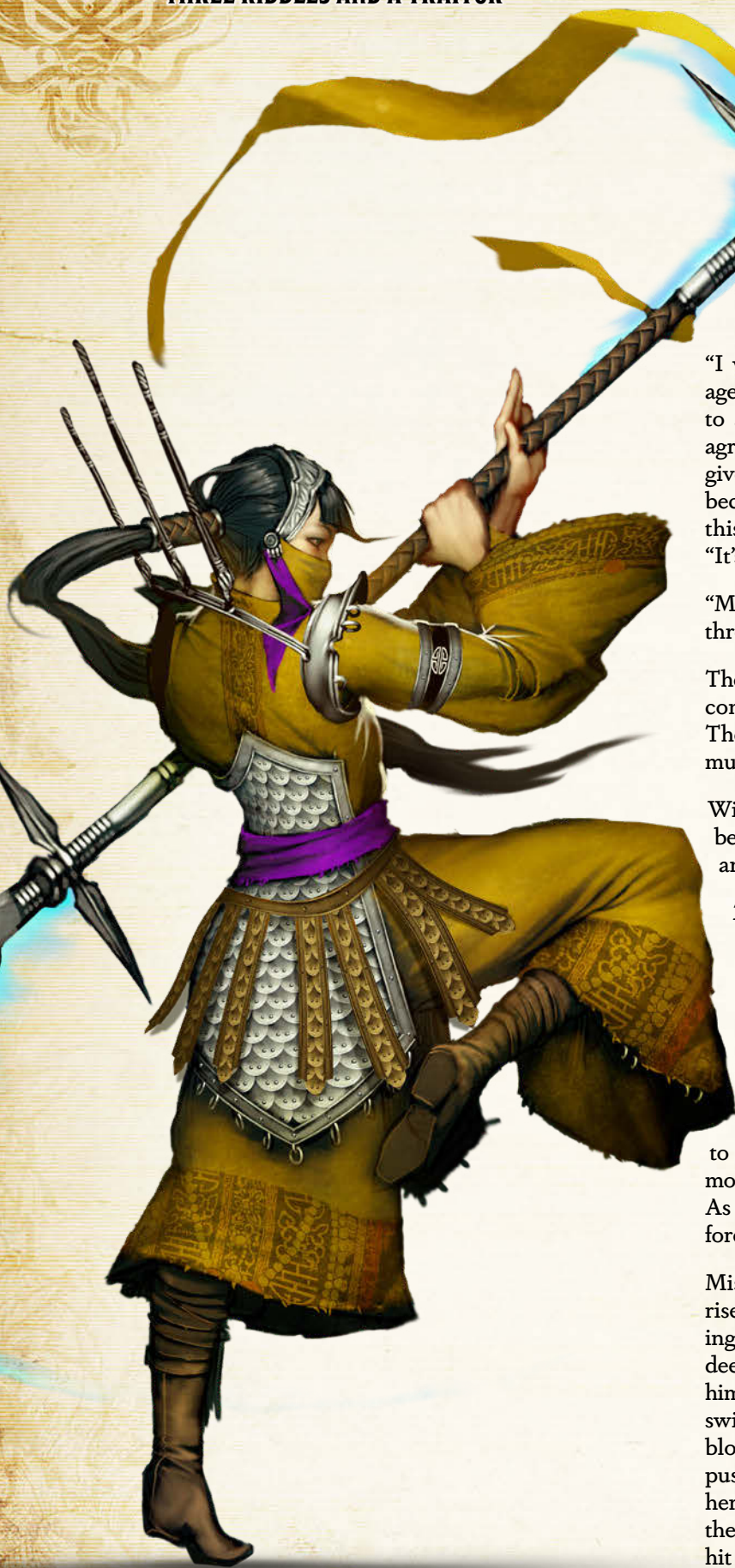
"On my lead," the Oyabun commanded before diving into the sea of people.

With a graceful flip, Misaki landed on the fountain-head. A pulse of magical energy radiated from the tips of her toes as they touched the fountain's stone spout, sending a thunderous shockwave through the crowd. The force of it sent water spraying into the air, and the civilians screamed and scattered. Those knocked to the ground were trampled as others fought to clear the square. Others still shouted in surprise, pointing at the figure perched gracefully like a crane atop the fountain. Radiant in the fading dusk and casting an enormous shadow before her, Misaki gazed imperiously at Anh, her bisento leveled. Still in shock, the throng formed a ring around them both, leaping back as blades slid from their sheaths before cautiously closing in once more.

The Black Dahlia brothers burst from the shuffling crowd, closing formation to protect their *lanh chúa*. At the same moment, Misaki's torakage landed with a splash on either side of their leader, weapons raised.

"Hello, Anh," said Misaki, almost conversationally. The blade of her bisento hovered an inch from the man's neck.

"What is this?" Anh cried. "Low, even for you!" The left side of his face was tattooed with a dark flower surrounded by creeping vines. The tips of its artichoke-like petals were highlighted in rich burgundy. As the skin of Anh's gaunt face contracted with rage, the flower appeared to wilt.



Misaki glanced around at the scattering bystanders. She nearly smiled. “I know what you did, Anh. And I know what you are about to do. You’re getting sloppy.”

“What do you want?” Anh hissed, stepping away from Misaki’s blade and drawing his own.

“I won’t ask for an apology for killing one of my agents. I know I won’t receive one. Instead, I wanted to ask whether or not you had reconsidered our agreement.” Her voice was calm and cold. “I can forgive you, Anh. Your family does not need to suffer because of your mistakes. A partnership would end this.” The Oyabun’s attendants stepped forward. “It’s your choice.”

“Mistakes were made, but not by me,” Anh replied through gritted teeth. “I’m no one’s pawn.”

The other four Dahlias advanced, drawing a vicious combination of swords, spears, and chain-bolas. The sight of the weapons elicited an audible murmur from the crowd.

Without another word, Misaki gestured at her foes, beckoning imperiously with an outstretched palm and curled fingers.

Try me.

On Misaki’s flanks, her torakage engaged one foe each, leaving her to grapple with the two remaining adversaries in the center. The Dahlias stepped forward immediately, their motions synchronized, waving their deadly flails with precision, grace, and skill. Misaki watched the pattern of their movements, waiting for a hole to appear in the wall of blurred steel. When the moment was right, she dove between their weapons. As she skidded to a halt, she sent a wave of magical force that knocked both men to the ground.

Misaki was already on her feet before they could rise. She impaled one through the chest. His bleeding fingers grasped at her bisento blade as it sunk deeper and deeper inside him. The other picked himself up off the ground and sought to take another swipe at Misaki. Before he could complete the blow, she kicked her right leg back. The movement pushed her blade deeper into the man gurgling at her feet while knocking his partner back. She felt the tip of the bisento burst from the man’s back and hit cobblestone.

Victory had come less easily for Misaki's companions. With her partner mortally wounded and bleeding out into the fountain, Akiko was caught between two Dahlias. Three pairs of limbs blurred with speed as the torakage's twin *kusarigama* countered the oncoming blows from her opponents' swords. But the men attacking her were strong, and Akiko was growing tired. As Misaki changed direction to rush to her aid, her second opponent recovered and spun his flail wildly in her direction. Had she not ducked, Misaki would have suffered a severe blow to the head. The Oyabun snarled. With another wide swing of her bisento, she promptly disemboweled him, showering the cobbles in gore.

Glancing back, Misaki saw Akiko slice one of her blades into the neck of the first Dahlia while parrying a strike from the second. With a graceful flourish, she withdrew it and quartered her remaining foe with a pristine, scissor-like cross-strike from both sickles. Misaki's congratulatory cheer died in her throat as Anh grabbed Akiko from behind.

"I will waste this girl!" he threatened, his voice booming as though he were addressing the whole crowd. Some of the onlookers closed their eyes in horror, while others shouted for the violence to stop.

"Like the last one? Let her go, Anh," Misaki answered. She hesitated to say more.

"Look at her," he shouted, pulling off Akiko's mask and throwing it into the fountain. "Do you want more blood on your hands?" Akiko quivered, but her brow was wrinkled in defiance and determination. Her gray eyes betrayed no fear.

"This is your last chance, Anh. The Dahlias and the Thunders – together. Imagine the possibilities." Even now, her voice was calm.

Anh let out a vicious laugh. "Possibilities!" He chuckled darkly, wrestling with Akiko in his vice-like grip. "Look at how well you protect your own. Did you know, Lady Misaki, that with every step you make, your people question your competence? So much so that, as we speak now, one of your pets is conspiring against you?"

Misaki froze.

Anh's eyes widened in triumph. With a mocking shrug, he added, "The Gremlin already made his play. But who is next I wonder? The gambler? The relic-hunting playboy? The rail worker? The homicidal

monk? The wraithwalker? The frail woman from Kamakura?" He counted them off one by one.

"*Usobaki!* Liar!" Misaki responded, her bisento shaking. "Let her go, Anh. I swear by my ancestors that I will end you!"

"It takes a lot to call me a liar when *you* are the pretender," Anh barked. "It was true six months ago when you first threatened me, and it's still true now. I would rather die than serve someone unworthy of loyalty. Even your father would never have stooped so low—"

But Akiko interrupted him. "She's not unworthy," the torakage hissed, still struggling. "Mistress," she called, her voice steady as she addressed her Oyabun. "Do what you must – as we shall always do for you."

Before Misaki could say any more, Akiko drove her own neck into Anh's blade.

Just after crimson sprayed the pavement, Misaki charged forward and swung her bisento from earth to heaven. Anh, cloven in two faster than the blink of an eye, spoke no more.

"You never knew my father," she said, before departing in a puff of smoke just as the distant clanking of a peacekeeper heralded the approach of a Guild patrol.



"You know that this is no longer the type of work you need to do yourself. If we need a bruiser, Ototo could have—"

"There is a traitor in our ranks," Misaki interrupted. She breathed in the familiar smell of jasmine, shiso, honeysuckle, and mulberry wafting from the steaming pot of tea that Minako Rei set in front of her. It was Misaki's favorite blend, elegant and subtle, but with a sharp, sweet aftertaste that lingered almost vexingly on the tongue until another sip was taken to provide temporary relief.

"I think it unwise to believe the words of a desperate killer," Rei muttered. "Still, you should have expected betrayal from the moment you separated Baojun's head from his shoulders. We cannot run the risk of not investigating further, especially since Anh practically mentioned our most elite assets by name."

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Even when she wasn't wearing her pale white death mask – a rare occurrence – Rei's brown eyes betrayed no hint of emotion. The priestess's time with the Order had left her with a Manichaeian disposition. She seemed to take all news – no matter how good or bad – as matter-of-fact. "My sources told me nothing about the Dahlias conspiring with a third party, only that Anh would be passing through the square at dusk. It seems that I have some people to visit." Rei muttered this as she used a grinding stone to sharpen the edges of the barbed blades protruding from her right gauntlet. She casually retracted the claw into its concealed chamber; the knives disappeared without a sound. "Had I known, I would have advised you to take Anh alive. It's a shame that I cannot question him myself." Her regret was delivered without intonation, but Misaki knew it was sincere.



"That wasn't an option. Not after Akiko's sacrifice," Misaki said. "And one of his dogs killed Toshō." She squeezed her fist. The teacup trembled in protest. "I knew it wouldn't be easy with Father gone... but a traitor? Already? I am *not* Baojun. Do people not prefer me? Should I not have killed him?"

"Let's unpack that question." Rei cocked her head, more out of curiosity than empathy. "Firstly, we don't know if what Anh said was true; secondly, that's your pride talking, not your common sense. Your father was arrogant and ambitious. His emotions – especially pride – forged a weakness that you exploited, and it cost him his life. It's that simple. You ought not to make the same mistake."

"You misconstrue my pragmatism for pride," Misaki snorted, trying but failing to match Rei's nonchalance. "Maybe it would have been better if I hadn't eliminated him – not because I loved him, but because his vicious paranoia and addiction to control were the only things holding the Thunders together." Misaki narrowed her brow and shot the priestess a coy glance. "Let me ask you a question. How do you manage agents when *all of them* continue to pursue their own agendas despite swearing to fight for ours?"

Rei held her tongue.

After a long pause, Misaki said, "Fear." She looked straight into Rei's eyes. "It's as if a bucket of effluent hangs above every doorway, and I have no choice but to go through each of those doors. But Baojun could terrify these people into pouring their own buckets over themselves." Her eyes narrowed. "With me, it's two steps back for every step forward, whereas *he* was carried on a palanquin."

"Respectfully, mistress, I find that implausible," Rei said, indifferently. "Your father was cruel, but these people surely had other reasons for complying. I know I did. He–"

Misaki cut her off. "Back in Nippon, on my thirteenth birthday, Father gave me the most beautiful kimono I had ever seen. It was a rich, regal purple with silver constellations threaded into the folds that twinkled like real stars." She looked over Rei's shoulder, as if she were imagining the garment hanging on the wall behind her. "Yamaziko

presented it to me in a gilded, lacquered box. Then, Baojun told me that it was the provincial governor's birthday that evening and that I was to dress up and be his present." Misaki blinked and the moment was gone. "This pig owed Father money. The Thunders provided the bribes he paid to the tax collectors. Father knew that he had certain... exotic tastes in women. Instead of breaking his legs, he sent me as a gift, ostensibly to show that all had been forgiven." Her voice was shaking. "On top of my kimono was a note written in a single, scrawled line. *His life or your honor – choose.*"

"What happened?" Rei, usually unfazed, was now fidgeting uncomfortably. She kept tapping her grinding stone on the tabletop.

"What else could I do? I returned later that night with the governor's head in a burlap sack tucked under my arm," Misaki answered plainly. There were no tears in her eyes, only emptiness. "The creep was too busy untying the kimono to notice the knife I hid underneath it." Misaki struggled not to place her face in her hands. "I couldn't sleep that night. Yamaziko helped me wash the blood away, and she held me so tight that I thought she would never let me go. She rocked me until I felt numb and fell asleep on her shoulder."

Misaki took another swig of tea, as if hoping that it might turn into sake the moment it touched her thinly pursed lips. "The whole night," she pressed on, "I kept dreaming about that man, how close his fingers came to my body, and the stench of his drunken breath on my neck, until everything ended in a red haze. And it wasn't even my first kill. Tell me, Rei, have you ever understood fear like that?"

"The Order teaches us that some experiences defy description. They leave a mark that we cannot describe and that others cannot appreciate. The adage seems apt here."

"Now you understand," Misaki nodded. "Perhaps I've been too lenient. Baojun's spirit must live on, even if he no longer does. There is no other way to keep the Thunders together. If what Anh said is true, then McCabe, Yan Lo, Lynch, Mei Feng, Asami, Shen Long... all of the agents he mentioned – my agents..." She snatched her bisento from the table angrily and headed towards her private bathing quarters. "All of them are under suspicion." Her tone became so hushed and distant that it was as if she were speaking to herself. "Fear... there is no other way. No. Other. Way."

Rei stood up and placed a firm but calming hand on her Oyabun's shoulder. "Before you let your emotions betray you, remember that your agents have always been loyal. Akiko died for you, and she knew you less than other members of this syndicate. It wouldn't be prudent to recall every one of your assets and question them. They might change their loyalties if accused of treason – or worse, questioning them directly may reveal our suspicions to the mole."

"Shouldn't we just torture each and every one of them until the traitor confesses?" Misaki asked. "That's what my father would have done."

"There's another way."

"Oh?" the Oyabun inquired smugly. Her fingers tightened instinctively around her bisento.

"*Without* a blade," said Rei firmly, before leaving Misaki to her bath.



Nestled at the edge of the Slums near the Katanaka trading house, the Qi and Gong had remained resolute, although not intact, since its founding. Against all odds, nothing had succeeded in burning the Little Kingdom's most venerable saloon to the ground – not Malifaux's persistent gang warfare, not undead and Neverborn attacks, not the Event, not even the chaos accompanying Governor General Herbert Kitchener's death. Even more shockingly, the establishment escaped the jurisdiction of Guild authorities, although every guardsman, marshal, and bureaucrat had enjoyed a drink there at least once. Alongside them, Union miners and steam-fitters, drifting mercenaries, rogue necromancers, bumbling scrap collectors, and dangerous criminals all slaked their thirst for sake and adventure. They gambled, bargained, contracted, and traded as they mingled among the stained tables and worn barstools. For these desperate souls, the promise of a better life was just as quenching as the honey-colored liquor that flowed abundantly from the bar's venerable, verdigris-stained taps.

The Qi and Gong was uncharacteristically empty on the day Misaki arrived. A grimy sign reading "Closed for Repairs" hung from the front door, and several of the windows on the upper floor were shattered. Black sheets were draped over the window

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frames on the lower floor, clearly meant to deter curious visitors from observing the bullet holes, the half-cleaned blood, and the wooden splinters that they would have otherwise seen inside.

Misaki approached the vestibule hesitantly, Rei at her side. The image of a wrought-iron key, crossed with the elliptical section of a tilted, rounded gong, was elegantly carved beneath the door's grimy window. As Misaki reached for the handle, the lamp-light flickering behind the stained glass colored the tops of her knuckles an ominous orange.

"What happened here?" Misaki asked.

"A story for another time, Mistress," Rei responded cagily. "Rest assured, my contact still wants to meet."

Hesitantly, Misaki grasped the door handle and turned, uncertain what she would find within. The moment she entered, however, she felt more confident as a familiar warmth surrounded her. The air was full of the sweet aroma of heated sake and baking rice crackers. Although the floors were grimy and the wooden tables were charred and worn, the décor felt homely rather than impoverished. Some of the tables were overturned, and shards of glass still littered the floor, but it was clear that whatever clean-up efforts had taken place were nearly complete.

"I was wondering when you would be coming to collect, Rei." A chuckle rang through the gloom. The laugh was silky and soft, like milk and honey personified, although Misaki had no doubt that the speaker had artfully modulated it this way. She could imagine the same words contorted and weaponized in the blink of an eye with the subtlest of adjustments to intonation and speed.

One of the most gorgeous women Misaki had ever seen emerged from the shadows. She was taller than most ladies from Nippon. Draped across her lithe body was a silken, dark purple kimono embroidered with gold-stemmed orchids. The garment was far more expensive and elegant than anything Misaki had ever bestowed upon even her most loyal Oiran. The sleeves were bedecked with blood-red cherry blossoms whose luminous bulbs sparkled like rubies. The woman's hair was wrapped into a bun just above her petite ears, like that of a traditional geisha, but untamed, lustrous locks draped downward past her pale shoulders, clinging to the voluptuous curves of her waist like creeping vines. Her face, although powdered, was flush with

natural vigor. Leaning at her side was a red parasol patterned with sakura blossoms. Misaki was almost certain that a thin katana was concealed within the parasol's bamboo confines, and she was equally sure that this woman did not need it to kill.

"Thank you for assisting us," Rei said, inclining her head ever so briefly.

"Please, there's no need for formalities." The woman chuckled again. "And don't thank me yet." She shot Misaki a look of curiosity infused with disdain. "I see you've brought me undesirable company," she said abruptly. Even when expressing displeasure, her voice was as intoxicating as a song. It took Misaki a moment to realize that she had been insulted.

"Rei, who the hell is this?" the Oyabun snapped angrily, eyeing Youko with a mixture of condescension and uncertainty. "Do you know who I am?" Misaki's knuckles clenched. But even in her anger, she couldn't help but admire the woman's composure.

"Mistress, please. This is Youko Hamasaki, the owner of the Qi and Gong." A smile spread across Rei's usually stoic features. "It's about time you two met."

Misaki froze. "I've hunted you for a long time," she said wistfully. "We were all searching for a face to match that name." She suddenly fired a furious glance at Rei. "You knew this whole time and you didn't see fit to tell me?"

Before Rei could answer, Youko responded with a wry smile. "No one knows about me unless I want them to. If I didn't owe Rei a favor, I wouldn't have agreed to this meeting." Her voice became more honeyed with each word, masterfully cloaking the regret hiding behind each syllable. "Minako-san understands that people from all over Malifaux feel comfortable here... I owe allegiance to no one. I'd like it to remain that way. It's better for business, you know. Normally I delegate responsibilities to others, but..." she cast a sheepish glance at the wreckage around them, her gaze lingering imperceptibly on the blood stains spattered near the stairwell. "Recent events have forced me to take a more, shall we say, *hands-on* approach to management."

"You've been a ghost," Misaki said, almost enviously. "Not even my best agents could identify you. I've been in here a dozen times but have never seen you."

"I prefer to hide in plain sight," Youko answered casually. "I know some of us struggle to grasp that concept. I heard about your encounter with Anh yesterday. You and your men seem to have a flair for attention and drama, Ms. Katanaka."

"The whole crowd learned not to cross the Thunders last evening," retorted Misaki. "You can't deny that my methods are effective."

"Are they now?" Youko shook her head with an enigmatic smile. "Sometimes, it's better to remain invisible."

"You still haven't answered my question," Misaki pressed. "How has no one noticed you? Especially given... all of this." She gestured at Youko's outfit and then looked at Rei quizzically, but the priestess offered her no answer. "Some sort of magic, right? The same spells my torakage use?"

"Don't look at *her*," Youko said, amused. "You're asking me." She rolled her eyes churlishly. "I don't always dress like this, you know. And it's not magic; it's mastering how people think – their biases, heuristics, and judgments, often designed to help the mind, actually inhibit it and prevent them from seeing what they should. When you know how to exploit those defects, you can avoid unwanted attention." She paused thoughtfully. "Well, they're not technically defects, since we are all born with them."

"What are you talking about?" Misaki asked skeptically.

Youko snickered. "Let me ask you a question. My friend Ichiro is quiet and meek, and he doesn't enjoy socializing with others. He isn't very strong, but he has enough stamina to be considered healthy. He has neat handwriting and is skilled with a brush, and he has mastered basic mathematics. Tell me, is Ichiro more likely to be a bookkeeper or a farmer?"

Misaki looked nonplussed. "What does he have to do with anything?" she inquired angrily. "You're wasting my time."

"Oh, don't take yourself so seriously," Youko said with a jovial wink. "Answer the question."



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"Of course, he's probably a bookkeeper," said Misaki impatiently. "You said it yourself – he's solitary, weak, has neat handwriting, and he can do math."

"Wrong," replied Youko flatly. "Ichiro grows some of the best shishito peppers on either side of the Breach." She laughed. "I asked about the *probability*, not the profession most suited to his disposition. Did it ever occur to you that there are a thousand farmers for every bookkeeper in the world?" Youko shook her head. "Of course not, because our minds are quick to make certain judgments through interpretive shortcuts that often do us disservice if employed improperly. They ignore root probabilities and other potentially compromising factors. They pay attention only to peoples' appearances. I simply exploit those assumptions."

"I still don't understand."

"Isn't it obvious? Since I look and act like my girls during the work day, nobody knows that I'm really in charge. They just assume that because I appear docile, *I'm a server*." Youko fluttered her voice with a titter on the last few words as if mimicking an ingratiating escort. She chortled and reverted to her former tone. "Personality has nothing to do with occupation – at least not really. But I'm only just scratching the surface."

"Go on," said Misaki, unable to hide that she was amused, even in her error.

"Let's try again, shall we? True or false?" Youko began. "All lotuses are flowers, some flowers fade quickly, and therefore, some lotuses fade quickly."

Misaki thought for a moment. After scrutinizing each and every line of the syllogism, she said, "True."

"False," said Youko with a snicker.

"That doesn't make any sense!" said Misaki, now somewhat angry. "You said yourself that if all lotuses—"

"Some flowers do fade quickly, it's true," the geisha interrupted smugly. "Especially Dahlias, it seems," she added with a wink. "But think carefully about the second line. Who said that lotuses were ever included in that group?"

Misaki's eyes widened in realization.

"Now you see, don't you? As humans, we have a predilection for wanting to *confirm* something instead of wanting to question it. That's why nobody ever asks who's in charge. They just assume I'm not the

boss because I carry around a tea tray and serve them rice crackers. You want another example?"

"Fine," said Misaki impatiently. "One last one."

"Excellent," said Youko, clapping her hands together excitedly. "I'll give you three numbers that are related in some way. You are then to give me three numbers of your choosing that you think are related in the same way, and I'll indicate whether or not they match my rule. You can take as many guesses as you want until you figure out the relation I have in mind."

Misaki nodded.

"Two, four, eight," Youko said.

"Three, nine, twenty-seven?" supplied Misaki, almost immediately.

Youko nodded.

"Four, sixteen, sixty-four?"

She nodded again.

"Five, twenty-five, one hundred twenty-five?"

Another affirmative.

"This is obvious," the Oyabun snorted. "The numbers are consecutive squares."

"Wrong," said Youko for the third time.

"But they are! I don't understand. What's the rule?" said Misaki, exasperated.

"That each number had to be bigger than the one before it!" Youko burst out laughing in full. Again, Misaki couldn't help but be amused, despite her embarrassment. "You could have said 'One, two three,' but like most people, you overcomplicated things," Youko chided. "You thought you already knew the answer and asked all of your questions to confirm it. We look for the most difficult explanation possible to elucidate the trivial, and we always try to reconfirm what we expect rather than deny it. And we don't even realize it! You still made this mistake even after I told you the riddle about the lotuses, which taught the same principle. You see, this is why people are easy to exploit. They are predictable because they constantly exhibit the same patterns of failure and *never learn to adapt*."

"And that's helped you survive?" posited Misaki sardonically. "Without a blade?" She elevated her tone to emphasize the question – and her disbelief.

"You discover how people think, master the shortcuts of their flawed mental gymnastics, and outsmart them. Like I said, it's not magic."

"But these mind games won't save you from a fight. It's all well and good while you're in the company of rubes who are amused by such things, but out there," she pointed out the door toward the street, "you die like everyone else."

Youko was unfazed. "Another thing you should know about the human mind," she said as if Misaki hadn't spoken, "is that it has a very limited attention span and that sometimes things happen in plain sight and we don't even register them."

"What do you mean?"

Youko raised her thin eyebrows. "Well, for one, you've been so focused on me for the past three minutes – but did you see her?" She gestured to Misaki's rear.

The Oyabun turned her head and almost jumped as she came face to face with a beautifully made-up woman holding a knife against Rei's throat.

"My entertainers appear when I clap my hands, but you were too busy thinking of numbers to notice what was happening to your friend. Or, more likely, you mistook my gesture as an expression of eagerness to ask another riddle. Once again, mental heuristics fail us. You know, Himiko here could have slit her throat if I had wanted her to."

The woman behind Rei batted her eyelids.

"That's enough," said Youko. "I think we've made our point clear." Himiko immediately retreated into the shadows, melting away as if she had never existed. Her mistress took a swig of sake. "So, tell me – why are you both here?"

"I think your little demonstration speaks for itself, Youko. You are the eyes and ears of the Little Kingdom," said Rei, drumming her fingers on the table, somehow unfazed by what had transpired but moments before. "There's nothing that you and your entertainers don't know. We have reason to believe that one of our most senior operatives has betrayed us."

"News about subterfuge in a crime syndicate? How unexpectedly sordid," Youko responded sarcastically. "Seriously, Minako-chan? I thought you were going to ask me for a real favor – to poison a drink or

seduce a married client for blackmail." Beneath the sarcasm floated the faintest hint of falsehood. Her surprise was just a tad too forced this time.

"This is serious," Misaki interjected. "We're not here to play games, Youko. I know you've heard something, because *nobody* escapes your notice, even if you escape theirs."

"I thought we *were* here to play games," the geisha retorted. "If I remember correctly, you were having a good time."

"Please," said Rei urgently. "When I saved the Qi and Gong from Manos's disciples, you promised that you would pay your debt. My mistress and I," she looked at Misaki, who was still fuming, "are not asking you to compromise your secrecy."

"It's not my secrecy but my integrity that I fear for," said Youko.

"You were willing to commit murder a second ago," chimed in Misaki with indignant reproach.

"This is different," retorted Youko. "What I know affects more than the Thunders alone."

"We just want to know what you've heard," pressed Rei.

Youko sighed. Despite the geisha's relaxed expression, Misaki could tell that her considerable mental forces were exercising themselves to the maximum. She seemed to choose her next words carefully. "In three days, beneath the light of the trickster moon, there will be a... a gathering of sorts in the mountains above Promise. I think you should attend, Misaki. It's been too long since you've been back."

"What?" Rei said quizzically. But Misaki understood instantly. She knew exactly what was hidden there.

"And what will I find at the Ten Thunders' breach facility, Youko?"

"The question isn't *what*, Misaki," said the tavern owner, darkly, as she motioned for them to leave, "but *who*." She now turned to Rei, her tone no longer sweet but curt and urgent. "Consider my debt paid, priestess. Don't ever come back here unless it's for a drink or to sample my rice crackers." She pointed at the door.

"This isn't another one of your mind games?" Rei asked, her face the epitome of confusion.

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Youko didn't answer.

"If only it were," said Misaki, before departing the Qi and Gong for what she sincerely hoped wouldn't be the last time.



Hundreds of miles away from Malifaux City and beyond the Guild's rule of law, the settlement of Promise stood as a lonely blot besmirching the endless miles of cracked, broken earth known as the Badlands. While the town was a valuable trading port for Earthside contraband – especially goods from the Three Kingdoms – and the terminus of the Foundry's great railroad, its true purpose was to serve as a haven for Ten Thunders operatives. In recent months, however, Promise had grown increasingly isolated from the gang's headquarters in Malifaux City, like a colony separated from the metropole. It had been months since Misaki had set foot there, occupied as she was by the power transition that she had so recklessly instigated.

In the years following the Black Powder and Opium Wars, the town had emerged organically from the endless stream of refugees the Thunders shepherded through the secret breach in the neighboring mountains. These hopeless souls exchanged safe passage for unquestioning obedience, loyalty, and servitude.

The Hidden Temple, built into the bedrock of the cliffs so as to loom over the hamlet below, served as both training ground and incubator for the most dangerous of Misaki's spies and assassins, as it had for those of her father. Frequent Nephilim attacks ensured that there was no shortage of opportunities for operatives to exercise their budding martial prowess. The tear between worlds was located in a crater just a few kilometers to the temple's rear, accessible only through a narrow pass chiseled into the rock. If the Nephilim hordes ever discovered the route to Earth, the consequences would surely be catastrophic.

A dozen metal golems stood proudly in the heart of the crater, in front of an army of rail workers. The hulking machines were lit by Malifaux's twin moons. Delios, the trickster moon, shone in inauspicious, rotting green. The constructs were arranged shoulder to shoulder in two neat rows of six, basking in its ethereal glow.

Misaki, hidden behind a boulder, gaped in amazement. These sleek titans were different from their lumbering counterparts. Their iron bodies were oiled, immaculate, and well-polished, utterly devoid of the usual rust, grime, and dents. Each grasped a sword as thick as a girder alongside a shimmering shield embossed with the personal sigil of Zhong Guo's Empress Dowager – a snarling teal dragon enveloping a crimson sun. A lone woman walked among the golems, searching for imperfections as she inspected each of her precious creations from head to toe.

Mei Feng.

Misaki would not have recognized her had it not been for the infamous Tiger's Claws covering her brawny, tattooed forearms. Instead of her usual slacks, tank top, and coal-black ascot, the union boss had dressed in a lithe, blood-red *qipao* with golden threads. The detailing depicted the outline of a phoenix, its feathers spread, with flames erupting from their tips. Her waist-length braid was wrapped in an elaborate, knotted bun shaped like a crown. Here and now, Mei was not just the workers' champion, the mistress of the Foundry, the iron lady, and the keeper of Promise – she was the daughter of Zhong Guo itself.

Accompanying Mei were several metal gamin. They scurried between the legs of their larger brethren, making last-minute adjustments to the armor plates. When Mei approached the end of the line, she cast a satisfied look back at her rail workers and snapped her fingers. In an instant, twelve sets of boilers ejected great clouds of steam and magical flames leapt inside twelve cavernous, iron bellies.

"We have kept our secret long enough, comrades." Mei cried, addressing the crowd of Foundry workers. "Tonight, we march for Zhong Guo! For your Empress!" The crowd cheered. And with an earth-shattering rumble, the constructs began to move in unison toward the glowing portal, swords and shields locked.

"Stop!" Misaki darted from her hiding place and emerged face to face with Mei. A gasp went up from the crowd, and the metal golems faltered. In the same moment, behind the shimmering haze of smoke screens stained a thousand colors by the flickering light of the breach, the Oyabun's choicest torakage, archers, and monks materialized from the darkness.

Immediately, the members of the Foundry raised their mechanical limbs, shovels, and pickaxes. Brawny Kang with his mighty hammer stood at the front of the crowd and snarled a challenge. The tension in the air was so thick that Misaki felt she could pierce it as she leveled her bisento straight at her betrayer.

"Misaki," Mei whispered, hiding her surprise. Her thin lips were pursed, her eyes narrowed with the same look of steely determination she wore when working the forges. "I should have known you would be here." She glanced upward at Delios and cursed. "*Dao mei!* Who ratted me out?"

"A little birdie from the Southern Kingdom," the Oyabun replied disdainfully.

"Anh! *Wang ba dan*. Liên Nguyệt was wrong to trust him. Perhaps her hatred of the underworld is justified."

"Who?"

"A contact from the other side," Mei said dismissively. "It doesn't matter."

"What is this?" Misaki kept her weapon leveled. "You have exactly a minute to explain to your Oyabun what *baka* lunacy is happening here before I take your head!"

"If you wanted to kill me, you already would have," Mei retorted with a cool shrug, but she raised her Tiger's Claws in anticipation of a surprise blow.

"I regret letting my curiosity get the better of me," Misaki answered testily. She looked at the constructs, now frozen. "Those golems... they belong to the Thunders, Mei. Where were you sending them?" She cast a nasty glance at the assembled rail workers, many of whom had rucksacks and sleeping mats slung over their shoulders. Her eyes widened in understanding. "Did you really think you could get the entire Foundry to desert us like a dog with its tail between its legs?"

"There is a call to join the Three Kingdoms coalition. We have answered." Mei's nostrils flared. "Our Empress Dowager needs us. Earth has changed. Insect-like creatures rain down from the sky and rise from the depths, and there are stories about crazed men and women butchering their own families in worship of a spirit seared in the heavens. Have you become so engrossed fighting your petty little gang wars that you forgot? We're going home, Misaki."

"You *are* home!" the Oyabun snapped impatiently. "And don't talk to me about neglecting the suffering on Earth. When those Guild redcoats murdered your parents in Jiangxi, Father brought you and Laohu into his arms! How many years has it been since you and your brother first escaped through that gate?" She gesticulated at the pulsating portal before them. "Ten years? Fifteen? Don't you dare get sanctimonious on me, you ungrateful wretch!"

"Bullshit!" Mei roared. "Laohu and I didn't need saving!" Suddenly, scalding steam erupted around her, cloaking the two women, rendering them invisible to the spectators. The crowd gasped.

"Do nothing!" Misaki commanded her forces. Her tone was strong and unwavering. "This is between your Oyabun and Lady Feng. If anyone is to kill this traitorous bitch, it will be me!"

"Who runs the Foundry?" Mei continued, ignoring the threat. "Who built Promise from the dust of the Badlands and the ashes of Zhong Guo's hopeless Opium War refugees? Who became the people's champion, daring enough to fight Kitchener at the height of his powers?"

Mei's rail workers let out a cheer. "*Mei tongzhi hui douzheng shengli! Comrade Mei struggles for victory!*"

Misaki ignored them. "Baojun gave you all those things. And when he passed, I didn't take them away." The Oyabun's voice hastened in fury. "Why did you betray me?"

"Since when is fighting for my country's survival a betrayal?" Mei snapped. "I came to Malifaux to build a better future for my people. Promise was our manifest destiny, an escape from a century of humiliation and foreign imperialists. Zhong Guo's legacy was to be born again in this new world." Her sadness transformed into ardent rage. "But your father created a hell worse than the one we escaped from, where we were enslaved to him instead of some *yangguizi* Czar, Kaiser, or Viceroy!"

A flicker of doubt flashed in Misaki's eyes. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh," said Mei with a satisfied grimace. "Daddy didn't tell you about what's really been happening here in Promise while you've been playing shinobi in the streets of Malifaux City? About Doctor Huang Dawei and the truth behind the Boxer Rebellion?"

THREE RIDDLES AND A TRAITOR

It was as if Mei had been waiting to speak for months. The words came gushing out like an unrelenting tide. "Promise is a Potemkin village designed to control, manipulate, terrorize, and milk every lost soul from my country for your gain. And your father ordered my brother to start the revolution that exiled them here!" Mei cast a glance in the direction of her rail workers, as if she could see them clearly through the smoke. "And they know it, too!" The workers chanted their support. "You Nipponese have always abused us."

It was Misaki's turn to laugh now. "Oh, so they trust *you* now, do they? If everything you say is true, then you were the one torturing them for protection money on Father's orders!" She addressed the rail workers directly, peering at the shapes in the steam. "Are all people from Zhong Guo sheep? Maybe you all *deserve* to be subjugated!" The crowd hissed.

"My workers follow me because I swore I would return them home or die trying," Mei replied coldly, eliciting another raucous cheer from the crowd. "The Thunders are a criminal syndicate. Anyone

who ever thought we were noble is indulging themselves in an orientalist fantasy." Mei's eyes flashed dangerously. "We don't want that life anymore!"

"Then you've made your choice," Misaki said angrily. And without another word, she jabbed her bisento straight toward Mei's heart in a flash of swirling silver.

Mei used her left Tiger Claw to deflect the blow and followed up with a flaming punch from her right. It came at lightning speed, and Misaki felt the fabric of her dress burn as the scalding talon grazed her. She dove for the ground just in time and swung her bisento wide, attempting to cut her adversary off at the heels, but Mei flipped backward in a graceful arc and landed on one foot, her arms raised and pointed outward in a mantis pose, fingers curled.

Misaki recognized the stance. Yamaziko had taught it to her alongside other foreign techniques long ago, but the tutor had dismissed it as primitive compared to its Nipponese counterpart. Now it would be put to the test. The Oyabun swung her bisento again, slicing at Mei's neck.

It would have been a deathblow had Mei not been ready to intercept it. She angled her arms so that Misaki's blade collided with the iron crux of her crossed gauntlets. A shockwave radiated from the point of contact, and the air pulsed with magical energy, temporarily distorting the barrier of steam. Sparks flew as the steel shrieked in harsh rebuke, howling as if alive and burning. The opening in the steam disappeared as quickly as it arrived, leaving both combatants engulfed again.

Those on the outside could see that the time for words had abated, but warriors on both sides were hesitant to join the swirling melee for fear of hitting their own champion. All remained obscured. Even Kang lowered his hammer, spellbound as the shadowy outline of both women ducked, wove, and dodged one another inside the murky cloud of scalding vapor.

Mei was strong, and Misaki knew that continuing to lock weapons was not a viable strategy. She had reach, but Mei had force. Thinking quickly, Misaki connected the metal tip of her sandal with her opponent's ribs, exposed beneath the cross formed by the sparring metal. Mei grunted in pain, but she flipped backward, ever graceful, in another cloud of blazing steam before Misaki's elegant follow-through could connect with her stomach. She had avoided disembowelment by mere millimeters.



"I won't stop," said Mei, between ragged breaths, clutching her side gingerly. "You know I can't."

"Then you leave me no choice," said Misaki bitterly. She arced her bisento and let out a flurry of quick jabs, which Mei managed to duck or block. The women collided again. Steel met steel, flame met flame, and flesh met flesh in a deadly dance so quick that – had it been visible to the spectators beyond the veil – would have seemed like an inchoate blur of raw chaos. In fact, each blow was as precise and disciplined as it was ferocious.

After scanning for an opening, Mei launched a furious jackhammer kick, which threw Misaki off balance in her effort to block it. But the Oyabun immediately recovered and followed up with yet another strike.

Mei's counter connected too soon, and her Tiger Claw met the staff of Misaki's bisento instead of the blade. The lacquered wood exploded in a shower of splinters as Mei's blow tore through and reached Misaki's chest, although not before the polearm's head cut deep into her own thigh. Mei winced in pain and collapsed on the ground. Misaki was still standing, but only just. The steam evaporated, and the rail workers gasped upon seeing their foreman bleeding in the dust.

Misaki picked up the remains of her weapon from the gravel. The blade was still attached to about a foot of shaft. Exhausted and bruised, she strode purposefully toward her fallen enemy like an executioner walking toward the gallows. She hid her limp and twirled her makeshift sword with bravado, although she was bleeding profusely.

"Do it," Mei whispered, clutching in anguish at her wounded leg. Her breathing was tense and ragged. She knew that Misaki's blade must have been coated in some kind of paralyzing venom.

"You betrayed your Oyabun," said Misaki. "You must pay the price."

"I'm not your *zou gou*," Mei shrieked, coughing up blood. "I would suffer the same pain Baojun inflicted on my brother and all my men a thousand times over before I became a lapdog for you."

Misaki lifted her weapon. She thought of her father and all that he had done to forge her in his image. "*Gomanasai*. I'm sorry for what you've forced me to do." Then, she thrust the blade downward toward Mei's beating heart.

It never connected.

"I don't want to spare you. But I am not my father, Lady Feng," said Misaki gingerly. Her blade hovered an inch above her opponent's chest for a long moment. Then it dropped to the dust by her side.

The rail workers breathed an audible sigh of relief. "Your betrayal... I see now that the fault lies with me. Had I known what Baojun was doing here, I would have stopped it, I swear to you." Misaki's eyes were swimming with tears, but she would not let them fall. "I have no issue with extortion, but the abuse of refugees who put their dream in a new world..." her voice died in her throat.

Mei shot her a look she hadn't seen before. It was a mixture of disbelief, uncertainty, and shock, but it also contained respect. Grudgingly, Mei accepted Misaki's hand, and picked herself up from the dust with her Oyabun's help.

Misaki addressed Kang and the rail workers. "Men and women of the Foundry, heed your Oyabun, lest you meet a fate less generous than your master's." She now turned and whispered to Mei. "Your assignment remains the same. You will run our forges and continue insinuating yourself into the Union. You cannot leave Malifaux, but I will allow you to send limited numbers of Foundrymen and assets Earthside every few weeks to the Three Kingdoms Coalition as I deem appropriate. Tell me, is that really worse than dying?"

"Continuing to serve you? Yes..." Mei sputtered again. "You've humiliated me in front of my men, and I can never return home. Just kill me. This is worse than death."

"Good," said Misaki. "That was the point." Her voice was steady, but now that she was speaking privately, it retained a sliver of warmth. "And if you ever think of killing yourself in some kind of grand gesture," she added, not unkindly, "remember that hundreds of men and women at the Foundry are counting on you. And now, I suppose, so is your country, your Empress, and me. It doesn't matter where we're from, Mei, only where we're going. No one believes that more fervently than me. And I don't care what I was raised to think, or what others from Nippon say about Zhong Guo."

"Yes, my Oyabun."

The word lingered sweetly in Misaki's ears. It was delivered without feeling, but Misaki was sure that

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in time this too would change. She picked up her blade, rose, and turned to leave the valley.

"You had it wrong, Lady Feng," the Oyabun said as she departed, motioning for her men to lower their weapons and join her. "Coming to Malifaux *was* about rebirth – only now I see that it was not intended for your country, but for the Thunders."



Unlike during Misaki's previous visit, the Qi and Gong was so packed with drunken customers that she struggled to find Youko. The geisha was passing around flasks of sake and baskets of warmed rice crackers like a common serving girl. She didn't wear her elaborate kimono today. True to form, she was almost indistinguishable from her entertainers but for the parasol strapped to her back. Misaki barely managed to catch her gaze. With a smile, Youko gestured to a tiny room in the back, away from prying eyes.

"I see you've returned," she said, still smiling as she sat down opposite the Oyabun. "Your trip to Promise was eventful, or so I've heard." She exhibited none of the disdain or uncertainty of their last encounter.

Misaki knew better than to ask about Youko's source. "You seem happy to see me. I did what had to be done. I assume that's why you're not disappointed that I'm here this time. I didn't want to spare her, but I'm at peace with the decision."

"As you should be," Youko said. "A strong woman lives to inspire her people and fight for her homeland, even though she can never return." She had dropped her usual, dulcet tone, and Misaki could tell that she was speaking frankly and openly. Or at least that that was what the geisha wanted her to think. "You know, I believe success is about suppressing our minds' basest instincts. I'm glad that you were able to do that and spare Lady Feng's life."

"Things will be different from now on. My father... he's gone. I want it to stay that way."

"As do I. He was a rat bastard, you know." Youko smirked, took a bite of one of her own rice crackers, and chewed it thoughtfully. "Hmm... this *osembe* needs more seaweed." She swallowed before continuing. "Why do you think I ultimately decided to tell you about the Foundry?"

Misaki's brow furrowed in curiosity. "I came to ask the same thing, actually. You had nothing to gain either way. I can't figure it out. I feel like I'm playing one your mind games, Youko-san," she said. "This is a riddle, isn't it?"

"Perceptive." Youko grinned again. "You're becoming more astute. You've learned to check your presumptions at the door. Good. But once again, you're partly incorrect. It was a game, but this time I was the player, not you."

Misaki shot her a puzzled look before taking a swig of sake. It was the best she had ever tasted, and she hurriedly took a few more sips. "What do you mean?"

"It's no different from the question about Ichiki the farmer, the syllogism of the lotuses, or the problem with the numbers," she answered. "People are so determined to confirm what they know that they always believe the evidence and never try to disprove anything. They're naturally bad investigators. But not me." Youko's eyes lit up. "I told you about Promise, not to see if you would kill your friend, but to test whether you *wouldn't*."

"You risked an entire rebellion by taking a gamble on a woman you've never met, and whom you knew had a ruthless reputation for killing non-collaborators?"

"Not exactly. Your treatment of Anh was a significant data point, but it wasn't determinative. As I already told you, heuristics are deceiving, and one family member doesn't reliably predict the behavior of another. That's a false association, an erroneous attributional tendency that we should know better than to indulge. I was reasonably sure you would spare her, considering that you are not Baojun. Minako Rei speaks highly of you, you know. Anyway, I owed her a favor, and I'm a woman of my word, no matter the cost."

"Are you satisfied, then?" said Misaki, somewhat sarcastically. She didn't like feeling used.

Youko took a swig of liquor. "As I said, it would be expected, although illogical, to assume that you *must* be a thug because your father was." She rapped the table impatiently with her knuckles. "Just because Ichiki is meek doesn't mean he is an accountant instead of a farmer. The fact that some flowers wilt doesn't mean that all lotuses do. And it is not always true that a complex relationship between a string of numbers is the rule that governs their pattern."

Misaki nodded in understanding. "But why were you even testing me in the first place?"

"I think you already know," answered Youko. "I suspected that, with Baojun gone, it was time to come out of the shadows."

"Then you already predicted the other reason I came to you today," Misaki concluded.

Youko's face fell. She knew what question was coming. "I can't, Misaki."

"You haven't even—"

Youko held up a hand. Misaki balked. Never before had someone dared to silence her. "I survive specifically because I owe my allegiance to no one. This was a fun little experiment with promising results, but I will not join your Thunders."

"You just said that you were testing me for that purpose!" the Oyabun responded exasperatedly, but she collected herself. "Still, I thought you might say that. But how could I not ask after what you've done for me, and after I've experienced your skills first hand?"

"I still remember what happened when you asked Anh for a partnership and he refused," Youko concluded sourly.

"It's different. You know I've learned since then," Misaki chuckled.

"Then' was only a few days ago." Youko raised her thin, penciled eyebrows skeptically.

"How about a riddle to prove it then," Misaki suggested. "A talented, beautiful woman hides in the shadows and owes her allegiance to no one. What's the probability that she will eventually have an affiliation with some group or another in Malifaux?"

The geisha rolled her eyes.

Misaki answered her own question. "I would say pretty high, considering that everyone is connected by Fate in this place."

Youko flashed the Oyabun a genuine smile. "You're not your father, that's for certain. You're a much quicker study than he is. But that doesn't change the fact that you and your people have done terrible things. You must realize this." The grin ran away from her face again.

"And who's to say I won't in the future?" said Misaki. "But I'm no more a butcher for carrying my bisento than you are for carrying that katana inside your parasol. And you know that I will compensate you well."

"For what?" Youko was apparently nonplussed for the first time since they had met. "What would you have me do if I were to work for you?"

"Teach me."

Youko nodded. "All right then," she agreed, still somewhat uneasy. "But you need to give me time to make peace with my decision. Anyway, you still have so much to learn, not only about yourself, but also about those you lead."

Misaki held her tongue and simply smiled over her cup of sake, reaching for a rice cracker instead of her bisento. "Oh?" she asked imploringly after taking a bite and feeling the satisfying crunch between her teeth.

"Your first lesson: You are more than just the Oyabun," Youko mused. "Your men – either because they respect you, fear you, or both – count on you since they have nowhere left to turn, or more like nowhere left to run. Perhaps it is time you got to better know your own household rather than wasting time trying to demolish others. May I be blunt?"

Misaki paused. "Courtesy didn't matter the first time we met, Youko."

The geisha chuckled. "Mei Feng might never have betrayed you if you had spent more time in Promise at the Foundry and been a little more vigilant about your father's worst excesses."

"Cut to the chase, Youko. What aren't you telling me?"

"When was the last time you went to the Honeypot?" she asked cryptically. "I think your gambler has no more cards up his sleeves." Before Misaki could answer, Youko snatched the basket of rice crackers as she stood up to depart, the ghost of a smile on her lips. "There'll be more waiting for you when you get back. Your true family needs you now."

True family – it was the one thing Father never had. Although abashed, Misaki smirked and rose to leave. She would visit Lynch.

But first, she had a purple kimono for Shang to burn.





MEI FENG

Full of fire before she came to Malifaux, Mei Feng found herself with an even closer affinity for the element after passing through the Breach. While she was never able to throw fireballs at her enemies, she was still able master the art of heating metal and bending it to her will.

With this unique ability, it was easy for Mei Feng to find a position working in the Foundry, the division of the M&SU that oversaw the steady expansion of Malifaux's rail lines. Between her magical talents and outspoken dislike of the Guild, it did not take long for Mei to draw the attention of the Arcanists. The criminal organization was impressed with Mei Feng's skills and offered her a position of leadership in the Foundry, provided that she would become one of its agents.

Mei Feng accepted the deal, and soon she was able to speed up or slow down the construction of Malifaux's rail lines to whatever degree she and her Arcanist masters wished. Unbeknownst to her new allies, however, Mei Feng's true loyalty was not to the Arcanists but to the Ten Thunders. This was not the blind loyalty of a faithful servant, but the desperate loyalty of someone with few other options. She attempted to curry favor with the Arcanists to break the hold the Ten Thunders had over her numerous times, but Victor Ramos was too wary of Mei's motives to fully trust her.

Misaki's coup was, in many ways, the best thing that has happened to Mei Feng since she arrived in Malifaux. For the first time, she finally feels as if she might have a say in her own destiny, a freedom that has expressed itself in her deepening relationship with English Ivan, a dapper man who rescued her after a confrontation with the former Governor-General and nursed her back to health. Her feelings for Ivan are unexplored territory for her, but she has charged into them with the same reckless abandon that has defined much of her life.

Mei's passion is seen as a virtue by the workers of the Foundry, who are fiercely loyal to her and her alone. Much of this loyalty is due to Mei's habit of purchasing mechanical limbs for injured workers out of her own pocket, ensuring that they can still work to support their families. Mei might not give a damn about the plots of the Arcanists or the Ten Thunders, but her concern for her people is unquestionable.

MEI FENG

Master, Living Construct

FOUNDRY

15

COST



6

Df

5

Wp

5

Mv

2

Sz

ABILITIES

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

RIDE THE RAILS: If this model is within 1" of a Scrap Marker when it takes the **Walk** Action, instead of moving normally, it may Place itself into base contact with another Scrap Marker within 12" (even if this model is engaged).

CONSTANT MOTION: Whenever this model declares a Trigger, it may Push 2" after resolving the current Action (but before resolving any additional Actions granted by that Trigger, if any).

PRESS THE ADVANTAGE: Before declaring Triggers, this model may reduce its final duel total by 2 to add a suit to its final duel total.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

HEALTH

MEI FENG

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

DEADLY CLAWS

1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

☛ **Jackhammer Kick:** Push the target 2" away from this model. Then, take this Action again.

☛ **Heated Claws:** Target gains **Burning +1**. If the target is a Construct, Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with it.

☛ **Blinded by Iron:** Remove a Scrap Marker within 2" of this model. When resolving, target gains **Stunned** and must either discard a card or suffers +1 damage. Then, Push this model into base contact with the target.

BREATH OF FIRE

6" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3 ☛/4☛ damage. Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1**.

☛ **Blaze:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1** for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Burning +2**).

☛ **Condensation:** Take the **Vent Steam** Action.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

VENT STEAM

3" - - -

Until the End Phase, models within range have Concealment. Non-Construct enemy models also treat the area as Hazardous Terrain.

FREIGHT TRAIN

8" 6 - 12

Remove any number of Scrap Markers within 2" of target friendly model. Push the target up to 1", plus up to 3" per removed Scrap Marker. If this Push is interrupted by an enemy model, the enemy model must pass on a TN 14 **Mv** duel or suffer damage equal to the target's **Sz**.

☛ **Scorched Remains:** Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

30MM



FORGELING

At Mei's command, the embers that fuel a forge will gather and rise in a vaguely humanoid form. This Forgeling will then follow her, holding its heat until she has proclaimed its purpose. Most of the time, it remains in the forge, where it burns away impurities to produce the strong steel for which the Foundry is famous.

Mei's control over the Forgeling is more instinctual than learned, and she has difficulty explaining just how she forces the fiery creature to obey her command. For a time, Mei Feng worked with Sandeep Desai, the most prominent elementalists of the Arcanists, to further develop her control over the creature in the hopes of summoning a golem-sized Forgeling, but her lack of patience and innate distaste for authority brought an end to her studies before they could truly begin.

The Forgeling is content to follow Mei Feng in its current form. It knows that she gave it life, and it is more than willing to return that favor by burning her enemies to ash.



FORGELING

Enforcer, Construct
Totem (Mei Feng)
FOUNDRY

2
COST

5
DF

4
WP

FACTION

5
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

FLAMEBORNE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Burning to 0.

FIERY PRESENCE: At the start of this model's Activation, every model within (0)2 gains Burning +1.

RIDE THE RAILS: If this model is within 1" of a Scrap Marker when it takes the Walk Action, instead of moving normally, it may Place itself into base contact with another Scrap Marker within 12" (even if this model is engaged).

WALKING FORGE: At the end of this model's Activation, Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with it.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

FORGELING

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FLAMING FURY	1"	4	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Burning +1.				
☛ Smolder: Reduce the value of the target's Burning Condition by 1. Target suffers 1 damage from Burning.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
✂ REMOVE IMPURITY	2"	4	-	8
Friendly Construct models only. Choose any number of the target's Conditions and end them. For each Condition ended in this way, the target Heals 1.				
☛ Scorched Remains: Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.				

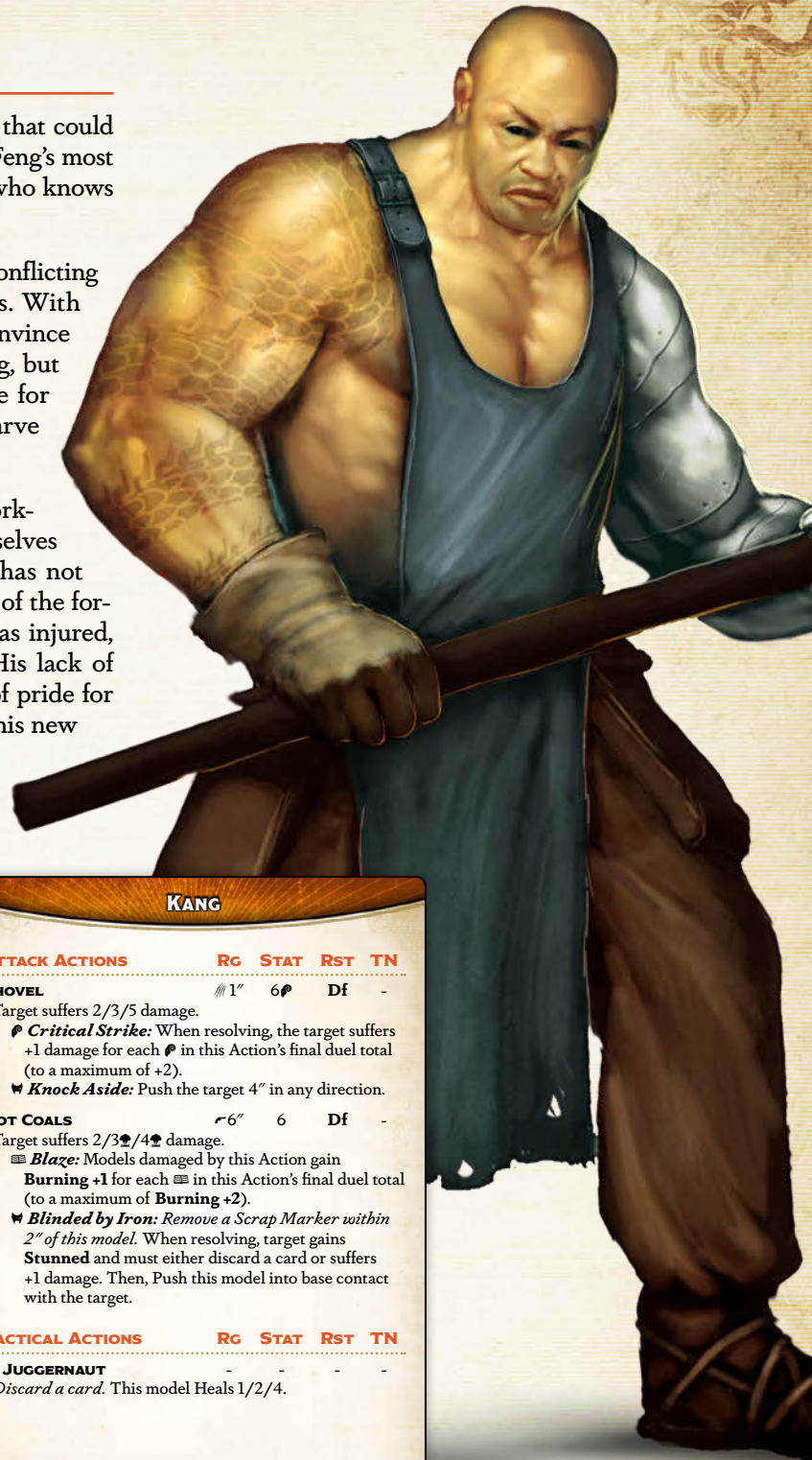
30MM

KANG

Many equate large size with little intelligence, but that could not be further from the truth for Kang. He is Mei Feng's most loyal worker on the rail lines, and one of the few who knows of her dual loyalties.

While many of the workers in the Foundry have conflicting loyalties, Kang has but one: to his fellow workers. With a few words, he can either inspire courage or convince men to work until they faint. He follows Mei Feng, but only because she has proven that she cares more for her workers than for the organizations trying to carve up Malifaux.

Kang believes that leaders should not ask their workers to perform any task that they would not themselves undertake. This desire to lead through example has not been without cost. While helping to foil the plans of the former Oyabun during Misaki's coup, Kang's arm was injured, necessitating its replacement with a prosthetic. His lack of prosthetics prior to his injury had been a source of pride for the large worker, and he has yet to fully adjust to his new situation.



KANG
Henchman, Living Construct
FOUNDRY

9
COST

5
DF

6
WP

4
MV

2
SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

GUIDING PRESENCE: When a friendly model within 4" would gain **Distracted** or **Slow**, it may discard a card to not gain that Condition.

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a -1.

THE WORKER'S CHAMPION: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard a card or remove a Scrap Marker within 2". If it does so, friendly Foundry models within 12" gain **Focused** +1.

RIDE THE RAILS: If this model is within 1" of a Scrap Marker when it takes the **Walk** Action, instead of moving normally, it may Place itself into base contact with another Scrap Marker within 12" (even if this model is engaged).

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HEALTH

KANG

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHOVEL Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.	1"	6P	Df	-
HOT COALS Target suffers 2/3/4/4 damage. Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each B in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). Blinded by Iron: Remove a Scrap Marker within 2" of this model. When resolving, target gains Stunned and must either discard a card or suffers +1 damage. Then, Push this model into base contact with the target.	6"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
JUGGERNAUT Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.	-	-	-	-

40MM

RAIL WORKER

Working on the rails is one of the most dangerous jobs in Malifaux. Between the frantic pace, the dangerous pneumatic machines used for driving rivets, and the lumbering constructs that carry heavy piles of steel rails up and down the track, there are plenty of ways that a worker can lose their limbs or lives.

Before Mei Feng arrived, an injured worker had little option other than to place themselves in debt to the Guild or Union so deeply that there was rarely a chance they could repay it. When Mei Feng took over the Foundry, the M&SU division responsible for the expansion of Malifaux's railway network, she earned the loyalty of its workers by tending to their medical needs without any expectation of repayment.

In return, the rail workers have pledged their loyalty to Mei Feng. The simple, stoic demeanors of these men and women hide cunning minds that are honed by their constant attempts to figure out just which side they're fighting on... and to whom their rail boss ultimately owes her loyalty.



RAIL WORKER

Minion (3), Living Construct
FOUNDRY

5
COST

5 Df

4 WP

4 MV

2 Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

RIDE THE RAILS: If this model is within 1" of a Scrap Marker when it takes the **Walk** Action, instead of moving normally, it may Place itself into base contact with another Scrap Marker within 12" (even if this model is engaged).

CREATIVE SALVAGE: Enemy models killed by this model Drop a Scrap Marker in addition to any other Markers Dropped.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

RAIL WORKER

ATTACK ACTIONS **RG** **STAT** **RST** **TN**

RAIL DRIVER 1" 5 Df -

Remove any number of Scrap Markers within 3" of the target. This Action receives +1 to its final duel total for each Scrap Marker removed this way. Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

■ **Dismantle for Parts:** Enemy Construct only.
Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

PNEUMATIC TOSS 0" 5P Mv -

Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model.

☛ **Hard Throw:** When resolving, the target suffers 1/3/5 damage.

☛ **Give It All You've Got:** When resolving, increase the distance this model may Place the target by +1" for each ☛ in this duel's final duel total (to a maximum of +2").

☛ **SHOVEL FASTER!** 5" 6 Df 10

Target a model with **Burning**. Target gains **Stunned** and reduces the value of its **Burning** Condition by 2.

☛ **Scorched Remains:** Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

30MM



JAKOB LYNCH

Depending on who you ask, Jakob Lynch is either the best or the worst gambler that Malifaux has ever seen. Drawn to Malifaux by its lack of gambling laws, Jakob's biggest stroke of luck came when he won the Honeypot Casino in a high-stakes game of poker. Unfortunately, he proved to be far better at earning money at the tables than he was at running a business, and though the Honeypot wasn't losing money, it wasn't making much, either. A few bad decisions and even worst investments later and Lynch was forced to take out a loan with the Ten Thunders to avoid losing the casino.

Things improved, but nowhere fast enough to pay off his new business partners. Faced with threats of a particularly unpleasant variety and only one day to repay his loan, Jakob contemplated taking extreme measures into his own hands. Before he could go through with it, however, he was stopped by a pair of gentlemen who introduced themselves as Mr. Graves and Mr. Tannen. In exchange for being allowed exclusive access to the casino's basement, the two men fronted Jakob enough money to repay the Ten Thunders.

Soon, the Honeypot began to turn a profit, though the faint glow that Jakob saw in the casino's returning patrons aroused his curiosity. He followed one into the basement and learned the horrible truth of the deal he had struck: there was a terrible creature beneath the casino that had been drawing people in and feeding on their souls.

Jakob was quickly captured by Mr. Tannen and brought before the creature, which called itself the Hungering Darkness. When the Darkness discovered that Jakob was resistant to its insidious influence, which it called "Brilliance," it offered him a deal: become its host, allowing it to leave the dusty remains from which it was currently bound, or be killed. It was the easiest choice that Jakob ever made.

Since that day, the Honeypot has become the most popular casino in Malifaux. Its gambling hall and "hospitality suites" are full every night, and the Hungering Darkness' influence has grown as more and more of the casino's patrons have been infected with its Brilliance. Jakob has even begun expanding his operations by purchasing smaller taverns across the city and stocking their bars with Brilliance-laced alcohol, ensuring that his benefactor's insidious influence can spread to those who might otherwise avoid the Honeypot.

JAKOB LYNCH

Master, Living HONEYPOT

11 COST

5 DF

5 Wp

4 Mv

2 Sz

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HUNGERING DARKNESS

7

Henchman
Totem (Jakob Lynch)
HONEYPOT
COST



5
DF

6
Wp

FACTION

6
Mv

3
Sz

ABILITIES

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 Wp duel or the Action fails.

THE REAL POWER: When this model is selected as the Crew's Leader, it loses the Totem (Jakob Lynch) Characteristic.

DEVOURING NEED: After declaring an Attack Action, this model may discard a Brilliance Token from the target to receive a to that Action's duel.

INCORPOREAL: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

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HEALTH

HUNGERING DARKNESS

In the ancient days of Malifaux, there were many powerful creatures, the most powerful of which were the Tyrants. These entities had undergone various processes to obtain incredible, near-godlike power, and their whims forever altered both Malifaux and the people who would become the Neverborn.

In the shadows of the Tyrants, another entity, one of shadow and guile, steadily worked to increase its own power in the hopes of becoming a Tyrant itself. Before it could finish the process, however, the Neverborn rebelled against their would-be masters, triggering the apocalyptic Tyrant War.

The shadow entity took on many disguises and aspects during the war, avoiding the attention of both sides. When the physical bodies of the Tyrants were shattered by Titania, its body was destroyed as well, though it was able to survive by binding its spirit to a succession of hosts, all of which burned out too quickly to be of any real use... until it encountered Jakob Lynch.

The entity, now calling itself the Hungering Darkness, has begun to regain a measure of its former power. It feeds by steeping human souls in its essence, allowing its Brilliance to accumulate until they are ready for consumption.

HUNGERING DARKNESS

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
TENDRILS Target suffers 2/4/6 damage. Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). The Light Inside: Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of in this model's final duel total. Drain Magic: Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.	12"	6W	Df	-
OBEY <i>This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Master only.</i> Target model takes a non- Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model. The Light Inside: Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of in this model's final duel total.	12"	6W	Wp	14W

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
CONSUME BRILLIANCE Remove a Brilliance Token from each model within range, if able. Then, this model Heals 1 for each Brilliance Token removed this way and enemy models that had a Token removed this way must pass a TN 14 Wp duel or gain Slow.	(1)6"	-	-	-

50MM



GWYNETH MADDOX

Gwyneth is a luck thief. She originally tried to use her talents to steal the luck from the patrons of Malifaux City's casinos, and though she was initially successful, she was forced to expend much of her accumulated luck to stay alive once her plan came to light.

After running afoul of the HoneyPot, Gwyneth was snatched up by one of its agents and given a choice between working for Mr. Lynch or having her skull crushed. She chose the former and started working with Mr. Tannen to control the casino's tables.

Over the years, Gwyneth has come to enjoy working at the casino, despite her forced servitude. Unlike Mr. Graves and Mr. Tannen, she has little interest in tormenting the casino's patrons, save for stealing a bit of luck here and there from high-rollers. This sliver of humanity has endeared her to Mr. Lynch, who has taken to leaving her in charge of the casino during his visits to check on his other establishments.

Gwyneth has repaid his trust by keeping her mouth shut and pretending not to notice all the weirdness associated with the casino's clientele.



GWYNETH MADDOX
Henchman, Living
 HONEYPOT

9
 COST

5
DF

6
WP

FRACTION

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

LUCK THIEF: When performing opposed duels and damage flips against this model, Enemy models treat all as if they were . After an enemy model fails an Action targeting this model, this model Heals 2.

RIG THE DECK +3: At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw three cards and then place three cards from its Control Hand on top of its deck in any order (before discarding for Maximum Hand Size).

THE PARTY NEVER ENDS: After an enemy model Cheats Fate within 6 of this model, the enemy model gains a Brilliance Token after resolving the current Action.

DF/WP (X) UNIMPRESSED: When resolving, if the Attacking model declared a Trigger, reduce the damage this model suffers by 2.

HEALTH

GWYNETH MADDOX

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

CARD SHARK 1" 6 **Wp** -
 Target suffers 1/2/3 damage, +1 damage per Brilliance Token it has (to a maximum of +2).
 ♣ **The Light Inside:** Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of ♣ in this model's final duel total.
 ✕ **Deja Vu:** Discard a card. Draw two cards.

DERRINGER 8" 6 **Df** -
 Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.
 ♣ **Draw Out Secrets:** Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.
 ♣ **The Light Inside:** Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of ♣ in this model's final duel total.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

COME PLAY AT MY TABLE 6" 7 - 14
 Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 **Wp** duel or be Placed into base contact with this model. Models with 3 or more Brilliance Tokens suffer a to this **Wp** duel.
 ♣ **I'll Deal:** Models Placed by this Action gain a Brilliance Token.

✕ **HIT THE JACKPOT** - - - -
The opposing player must choose a number between 0-14. Reveal the top three cards of this model's Fate Deck. If none of the revealed cards has a value equal to the chosen number, draw two of them and discard the other. Otherwise, discard all of the revealed cards and the opposing player draws a card.

30MM

KITTY DUMONT

Earthside, she was an alcoholic with a nasty card shark habit. Where there was an opportunity to scam a few poker players of a few coin, she was there. She was slick, conning the most experienced up and down the American east coast. But once you reach the top of your game, so does your reputation. And hers, a gorgeous “quick learner” with a penchant for whiskey, grew alongside her coin purse.

Eventually, her constant name changes weren’t enough. She got sloppy; racked up debts, got chummy with the wrong people, and regularly reached the bottom of the bottle. In an attempt to escape her former self, she hopped on the train to Malifaux and became Kitty Dumont. But old habits die hard, and the Honeypot’s allure was too enticing.

When it came time for the Hungering Darkness to devour what was left of her soul, however, it was met with resistance. The body was torn from the physical world, but the spirit could not be consumed. Despite not having a physical form, Kitty Dumont has never been happier, and the Hungering Darkness was uncharacteristically pleased, as well. An agreement was made, and now she haunts the floors of the Honeypot. Another ally in the pocket of darkness has never made Lynch more terrified.



KITTY DUMONT

Henchman

HONEYPOT

9

COST

5

DF

5

WP

6

MV

2

Sz

ABILITIES

INCORPOREAL: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

SUCCUMBED +2: When this model enters play, it gains two Brilliance Tokens.

BRILLIANCE SATURATION: After resolving an Action in which this model moved through one or more other models (or vice versa), those models must each pass a TN 13 **Mv** duel or gain a Brilliance Token.

RIG THE DECK +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw two cards and then place two cards from its Control Hand on top of its deck in any order (before discarding for Maximum Hand Size).

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HEALTH

KITTY DUMONT

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

UNASSUMING DEMEANOR

1"

6

Wp

-

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. This Action's damage flip treats all as if they were .

✦ **Under the Table:** When resolving, if this model did not Cheat its damage flip, it may draw any cards revealed as part of the damage flip and not chosen.

✦ **Sharpened Brilliance:** Discard a Brilliance Token from either this model or the target. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.

REACHING TENDRILS

8"

6

Df

12

This Action ignores Friendly Fire. Target is Pushed 6" in any direction.

✦ **On Your Heels:** Enemy only. Place this model into base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

DRAW ESSENCE

3"

-

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-

This model suffers 1 damage. Models within range must each pass a TN 12 **Df** duel or suffer 2 damage. For each other model damaged by this Action, this model Heals 1.

DRAWN TO BRILLIANCE

12"

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Discard a Brilliance Token from the target. Push this model 5" toward the target.

LINGERING CONTAMINATION

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-

-

Discard a Brilliance Token. Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with this model.

30MM

MR. GRAVES
Enforcer, Living
HONEYPOT

8
COST

5 Df **5** Wp **5** MV **3** Sz

ABILITIES

BLACK BLOOD: After this model suffers damage from an Action or Trigger, every model within (1)1 suffers 1 damage. This model ignores damage caused by **Black Blood**.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

RIG THE DECK +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw two cards and then place two cards from its Control Hand on top of its deck in any order (before discarding for Maximum Hand Size).

BODYGUARD: Other friendly models within (1)2 have Cover.

HEALTH 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

MR. GRAVES

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
FENCE POST Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. ♣ Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ♣ for each ♣ in the final duel total (to a maximum of ♣♣). X Severe Injury: Models damaged by this Action gain Injured +1 for each X in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Injured +2).	2"	6	Df	-
LEAD THE WAY This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Target model is Pushed 4" in any direction, then Push this model up to 4" toward the target. ♥ The Light Inside: Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of ♥ in this model's final duel total.	2"	5	Df	11

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
✓ KEEPING THE PEACE Until the End Phase, enemy models within range that declare the Charge Action must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or the Action fails.	6"	5	-	10

40MM

MR. GRAVES

The walking mountain known as Mr. Graves maintains order on the floor of the Honeypot Casino. Only the foolish cause trouble there, as the bouncer's reputation is well known. When Lynch travels on business, Mr. Graves often accompanies him to keep the gambler-turned-casino-owner safe. To all appearances, Mr. Graves is quite loyal to his employer.

In reality, however, Mr. Graves is as much Lynch's jailer as his guardian. A skinwalker posing as human, Mr. Graves ensures that Lynch does what his real boss, the ancient entity known as the Hungering Darkness, wants. He is the one responsible for selecting the choicest morsels for his real master and ensuring that they come to the attention of the casino's Beckoners.

Originally a Nephilim before he learned how to assume human form, following the brutal civil war between Lilith and Nekima and the latter's attempted assassination of Lynch (and thus, the Hungering Darkness), Mr. Graves has since turned his back on his people. It is only the will of the Darkness that truly matters now.



ILLUMINATED

Those who spend too much time at the Honey Pot Casino invariably end up infected with the supernatural substance known as Brilliance. Some of those addicted to the substance suspect that they are hooked on a drug, while others believe that they are experiencing feelings of euphoria that is a result of the Honey Pot's atmosphere.

In reality, Brilliance is the influence of the Hungering Darkness made manifest. Upon initial exposure, the infected are subjected to intensely pleasurable sensations that fade into crushing depression and listlessness as the Brilliance fades. These extreme highs and lows push the infected to seek out more Brilliance, driving them further into addiction (and filling the Honey Pot's coffers).

Repeated exposure to Brilliance gradually saturates an addict's body and soul with Brilliance, leading to a blue glow about the eyes. The Brilliance even begins to affect an addict's body, twisting their limbs into hideous shapes. These men and women are eager servants of the Hungering Darkness, willing to do anything – literally *anything* – for one more taste of Brilliance.



ILLUMINATED

Minion (3), Living

HONEYPOT

7

COST

5

DF

5

Wp

5

Mv

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

REGENERATION +1:

At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +1.

TERRIFYING (10):

After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 10 Wp duel or the Action fails.

RIG THE DECK +1:

At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw a card and then place a card from its Control Hand on top of its deck (before discarding for Maximum Hand Size).

SUCCUMBED +3:

When this model enters play, it gains three Brilliance Tokens.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

ILLUMINATED

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

TEAR APART

1" 6X Df -

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

Flay:

When resolving, this Action's damage flip may be Cheated even if it suffers one or more .

Sharpened Brilliance:

Discard a Brilliance Token from either this model or the target. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.

SCINTILLATING CLOUD

8" 5 * 11

Shockwave 2, Wp 13, Damage 2. Models damaged by this Action gain a Brilliance Token.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

BRILLSHAPER

- 5 - 10

Discard a Brilliance Token. This model Heals 1/2/3.

30MM

MR. TANNEN

Mr. Tannen is the pit boss at the Honeypot Casino, though he spends much of his time roaming the casino floor at random, congratulating guests on their winning streaks and offering friendly conversation to gamblers. Those who have watched him closely believe that he is there to ensure that the house always wins; they claim that he is a “cooler,” a person whose mere presence near a gambling table is enough to curdle the luck of everyone around him with nothing more than a few innocuous words of encouragement.

Even the sharpest-eyed gamblers don't call it cheating. After all, Mr. Tannen doesn't interfere with the games or the players. He simply drifts, grinning in a way that makes him look like a predator eyeing up its prey. Most people who speak with Mr. Tannen have a sense that there isn't something right about him, and a few even claim that he isn't human.

They're right, of course. Mr. Tannen is actually a Woe who is posing as human, though he has severed all ties with his people in the wake of Pandora's steadily declining mental state. Now, he serves only Lynch... or, more accurately, the entity inside Lynch.



MR. TANNEN

Enforcer, Living HONEYPOT

6 COST

4 Df

6 Wp

FACTION

4 MV

2 Sz

ABILITIES

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a \square to their duel.

BETRAYAL: Enemy models within 6 must each discard a card to Cheat Fate.

RIG THE DECK +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw two cards and then place two cards from its Control Hand on top of its deck in any order (before discarding for Maximum Hand Size).

DELIRIUM: Once per Activation. After a model within 6 gains a Brilliance Token, this model may either move it up to 2" or have it suffer 1 damage.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

MR. TANNEN

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
LUCKY KNIFE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ☛ Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a \square for each \square in the final duel total (to a maximum of 6).	1"	6	Df	-
DESPICABLE PROMISES Target gains Distracted +1 and a Brilliance Token. ☛ Get in There: A friendly Minion within LoS of the target may Push up to 3" toward the target. X Drain Magic: Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.	10"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
☛ BORING CONVERSATION Until the End Phase, when an enemy model within range declares a non-Walk Action it must pass a TN 10 Wp duel or the Action fails. X Bored to Tears: Until the End Phase, increase the TN of this Wp duel by +1 for every Brilliance Token on the model taking the Action (to a maximum of +3).	6"	7	-	13

30MM

BECKONER

Before Lynch entered into his arrangement with the Hungering Darkness, the prostitutes at the Honeypot Casino were relatively ordinary. They were perhaps a bit higher class than those found at smaller establishments, and more so, one of the few places in the Little Kingdom willing to employ westerners. After Lynch became the host of the Hungering Darkness, however, something changed in the Honeypot's service staff.

After spending time with one of these seducers, a patron finds their feelings of pleasure linger for hours. Repeat visits only deepen this obsession, until soon they are throwing their lives (and fortunes) away in order to spend as much time as possible with their new paramours.

Unbeknownst to their customers, the ladies of the Honeypot are infused with the Brilliance of the Hungering Darkness. Few of these women understand just what it is that has made them so irresistible, only that a light caress or a soft kiss is enough to make men and women melt in their hands. As their own need for Brilliance intensifies, they eventually become Illuminated and new, wide-eyed recruits take their place.



BECKONER

Minion (2), Living

HONEYPOT

5

COST

5

DF

5

WP

5

FACTION

5

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

DON'T BITE THE HAND: When an enemy model with one or more Brilliance Tokens targets this model with an Attack Action, the Action suffers a \square to its duel.

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT?: During the Start Phase of Turn 1, choose an enemy model without any Brilliance Tokens. The chosen model gains a Brilliance Token.

THE PARTY NEVER ENDS: After an enemy model Cheats Fate within $\bullet 6$ of this model, the enemy model gains a Brilliance Token after resolving the current Action.

SUCCUMBED +2: When this model enters play, it gains two Brilliance Tokens.

RIG THE DECK +1: At the start of this model's Activation, it may draw a card and then place a card from its Control Hand on top of its deck (before discarding for Maximum Hand Size).

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

BECKONER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

DECEIVING TOUCH $\bullet 0"$ 5 **Wp** -

Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains a Brilliance Token..

\heartsuit **The Light Inside:** Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of \heartsuit in this model's final duel total.

LURE 12" 6 \heartsuit **Wp** 12

Move the target its **Mv** toward this model.

\square **Desperate Need:** When resolving, increase the target's **Mv** by its number of Brilliance Tokens.

\heartsuit **Reposition:** Move this model up to 3".

\heartsuit **The Light Inside:** Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of \heartsuit in this model's final duel total.

DESPICABLE PROMISES 10" 5 **Wp** -

Target gains **Distracted +1** and a Brilliance Token.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

\heartsuit **A PLEASANT DISTRACTION** $\bullet 6"$ - - -

Until the End Phase, if a model takes the **Interact** Action within range, this model may discard a Brilliance Token from that model. If it does so, the Action fails.

30MM

DEPLETED

All it takes is the gentle caress of a Beckoner, a few sips of tainted alcohol, or even a few hours of breathing in the faintly glittering air of the Honeypot's gambling floor for a person to become infected with Brilliance. The more Brilliance a person consumes, the more they become obsessed with the rush of pleasure that it brings. By the time they have become so suffused with the substance to manifest it physically as an Illuminated, the next rush of Brilliance is all that matters.

Eventually, each desperate addict is escorted into the VIP room at the Honeypot, where the Hungering Darkness awaits. The ancient horror surges forth, grasping its would-be servants in its tendrils as it feeds upon their life essence, which has been marinated in Brilliance like a fine steak. When the Darkness is sated, all that is left is a remnant that is dumped in the sewers and left to die.

Deprived of their souls, these Depleted are little more than incoherent monsters who desire nothing more than the sweet taste of Brilliance. Lynch uses them as distractions, reasoning that the casino might as well get some benefit out of its former patrons.



DEPLETED
 Minion (3), Living
 HONEYPOT

3
 COST



3
 Df

4
 Wp


 FACTION

4
 Mv

2
 Sz

ABILITIES

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a .

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

CONSTRUCTION: Enemy models engaged by this model suffer a  to duels generated by the **Disengage** Action.

INSIGNIFICANT: This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

SUCCUMBED +3: When this model enters play, it gains three Brilliance Tokens.

DEMISE (CONSUMED): After this model is killed, all models in (M)2 suffer 2 damage and gain a Brilliance Token.


HEALTH

DEPLETED

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FRANTIC FLAILING Target suffers 1/2/3 damage.	/// 0"	4	Df	-
♥ The Light Inside: Target gains a number of Brilliance Tokens equal to the number of ♥ in this model's final duel total.				
X Maim: Target discards a card.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
♣ DRAWN TO BRILLIANCE Discard a Brilliance Token from the target. Push this model 5" toward the target.	12"	-	-	-

30MM

MISAKI KATANAKA

As a child, Misaki lived in the shadow of her father, Baojun Katanaka. It wasn't until he decided that she would be part of their first wave of infiltrators entering Malifaux that she was finally able to break out from under his stifling presence and act on her own. A childhood of relentless martial arts and weapons training allowed her to quickly dispatch a number of troublesome gangs to clear the way for her father's people.

When the Katanaka family finally arrived in Malifaux and established the Ten Thunders, Misaki was granted the title of First Lieutenant, giving her the power to act in her father's name as Oyabun. Unfortunately, her father was unable to see her as the skilled combatant she had become. Nothing she did was ever great enough to earn his respect, and time and time again, her trusted agents brought her word that she was being mocked and belittled behind her back.

In 1907, Baojun Katanaka decided to capitalize upon the chaos that had overtaken Malifaux by ordering strikes against the power bases of the other factions. Misaki counseled against the plan, claiming that it was short-sighted, and was rewarded for her caution by being backhanded by her father and scolded as one might a child.

Working from the shadows, Misaki's loyal agents sabotaged her father's plans, and when he learned of her betrayal, she challenged him to a duel for control of the Katanaka family. Rather than lose face in front of his most powerful subordinates, Baojun agreed and was cut down by his daughter, who then ordered the death of his most loyal lieutenants, save for Minako Rei, who had betrayed the former Oyabun to support Misaki's claim to rule.

Since becoming Oyabun, Misaki has struggled to balance her love for combat with the burdens of leadership. She feels obligated to run the criminal empire her father built to the best of her ability, but she feels boxed in by her responsibilities and unable to react in the swift and decisive manner to which she was accustomed. When she is finally able to escape her duties and lead a mission herself, Misaki revels in the freedom waiting for her in the shadows.

MISAKI KATANAKA

Master, Living

LAST BLOSSOM

15

COST

6

DF

7

WP

5

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

INTO SHADOW: During the Start Phase, this model may Bury itself. When resolving an effect that Buried this model, Drop two Destructible Concealing Shadow Markers anywhere within 8" of this model before it is Buried.

FROM SHADOW: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is Buried, Unbury it in base contact with a friendly Shadow Marker, then remove that Marker. If it does so, for every two friendly models that have Activated this Turn, this model has -1 **Mv** until the end of its Activation.

CHARGE THROUGH: This model's // Actions that are generated by the Charge Action receive a 1 to their damage flip.

MOBILE WARRIOR: This model may declare the Charge Action while engaged.

EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within 12 cannot take Attack Actions generated by the Charge Action.

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4

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9

10

11

12

HEALTH

MISAKI KATANAKA

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

BISENTO

// 2" 7 Df -

Target suffers 2/4/5 damage.

Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

Reposition: Move this model up to 3".

Execute: The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring Demise Abilities.

LIGHTNING STRIKE

8" 7 * 13

Shockwave 1, **Mv** 13, Damage 2.

Cataclysm: When resolving, Drop another Shockwave Marker within range and LoS.

Flash of Blinding Light: When resolving, before removing the Dropped Shockwave Marker, Drop a Destructible, Concealing Shadow Marker into base contact with it.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

THE OYABUN'S COMMAND

8" 6 - 14

Other friendly model only. Target may take the Charge Action. If the target is a Last Blossom model, it may take the Charge Action while engaged.

ABANDON HONOR

- 6 - 10

For each other friendly model that has not Activated, this model shuffles a card of its choice from its Discard Pile into its Fate Deck.

"You're Already Dead": For each X this model shuffled into its Fate Deck, choose an enemy model within 8" and LoS. Each chosen model must either discard a card or gain Stunned.

30MM



SHANG

As a child, Misaki's time was spent in endless training. In addition to spending hours each day with her instructor, Yamaziko, she was also forced to learn the art of leadership and covert warfare from her father. While others her age were making up imaginary friends, Misaki was learning how to slit a man's throat.

Throughout her lessons, however, Misaki kept catching glimpses of foxfire from the corners of her eyes. It wasn't until Misaki traveled through the Breach and into Malifaux that her childhood companion was finally given true form.

Now Shang follows behind his mistress, a silent, flaming guardian, ready to intervene if Misaki should come to harm. He has been known to attack her enemies, but years of watching her train has tempered his protectiveness with confidence in Misaki's capabilities. Instead, the spirit heals his mistress' wounds in the rare moments when her enemies have managed to land a blow.



SHANG

Enforcer

Totem (Misaki Katanaka)

LAST BLOSSOM

4

COST

5

DF

6

Wp

6

Mv

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

FLAMEBORNE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Burning to 0.

ARCANE RESERVOIR: Crews containing one or more models with this Ability increase their Maximum Hand Size by one.

INSIGNIFICANT: This model cannot take the Interact Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

FLICKERING FLAMES: When a friendly Misaki Katanaka model Unburies using the From Shadow Ability, it may Unbury into base contact with this model. If it does so, the friendly Misaki Katanaka model Heals 2, then this model suffers 2 irreducible damage.

ASSASSIN: After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains Fast.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

SHANG

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLAWS Target suffers 1/2/4 damage. ☐ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each ☐ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). ☐ Flay: When resolving, this Action's damage flip may be Cheated even if it suffers one or more ☐.	1"	5	Df	-
HEAVENLY BLAZE Shockwave 1, Mv 12, Damage 2.	8"	4	*	10

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CHANNELED HEALING This Action can target Buried models, ignoring range and LoS. Friendly only. Target Heals 1/2/3. If it is Buried, it may discard a card to Unbury into base contact with this model.	6"	6	-	12

30MM

OTOTO
Henchman, Living
 LAST BLOSSOM

10
 COST



4
Df

4
Wp

5
Mv

3
Sz



ABILITIES

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

GRIT (FRANTIC): While this model has half of its maximum Health or less, its Attack Actions receive a  to their duels and damage flips.

CHARGE THROUGH: This model's  Actions that are generated by the **Charge** Action receive a  to their damage flip.

ASSASSIN: After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

12345678910


HEALTH





Ototo


Ototo was always powerful and trained tirelessly to maintain that prowess. After finishing his training, he discarded his name and birthright in favor of the title of Ototo, and he has hidden his face behind a mask since that fateful day. Only a man with no past, he reasoned, could control his own future.

After crossing through the Breach and into Malifaux, he found that in addition to his great strength, he could now command the thunder itself. In his years fighting alongside the Oyabun's daughter, he came to see that her honor, skill, and intelligence put her father to shame, and when Misaki launched her coup, Ototo was at her side for all to see. His loyalty to Misaki earned her the loyalty of others, and it has not wavered since. He would die for her, were she to ask it, though that day has, thankfully, not yet arrived.

To those outside the Ten Thunders, Ototo is an incarnation of everything there is to fear from the Ten Thunders, and this pleases him greatly.

OTOTO

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MASSIVE TETSUBO	 2"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.  Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).  Thunderous Blow: Enemy models within (1)2 of this model must each pass a TN 13 Mv duel or gain Slow .				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
THE STORM IS COMING	6"	5	-	10
Drop a Destructible Concealing Shadow Marker within range. If this model has LoS to a friendly Leader, models within (1)2 of the Shadow Marker must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Slow .  Unexpected Smoke Bomb: Place this model into base contact with the Shadow Marker.				

JUGGERNAUT	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.	-	-	-	-

40MM

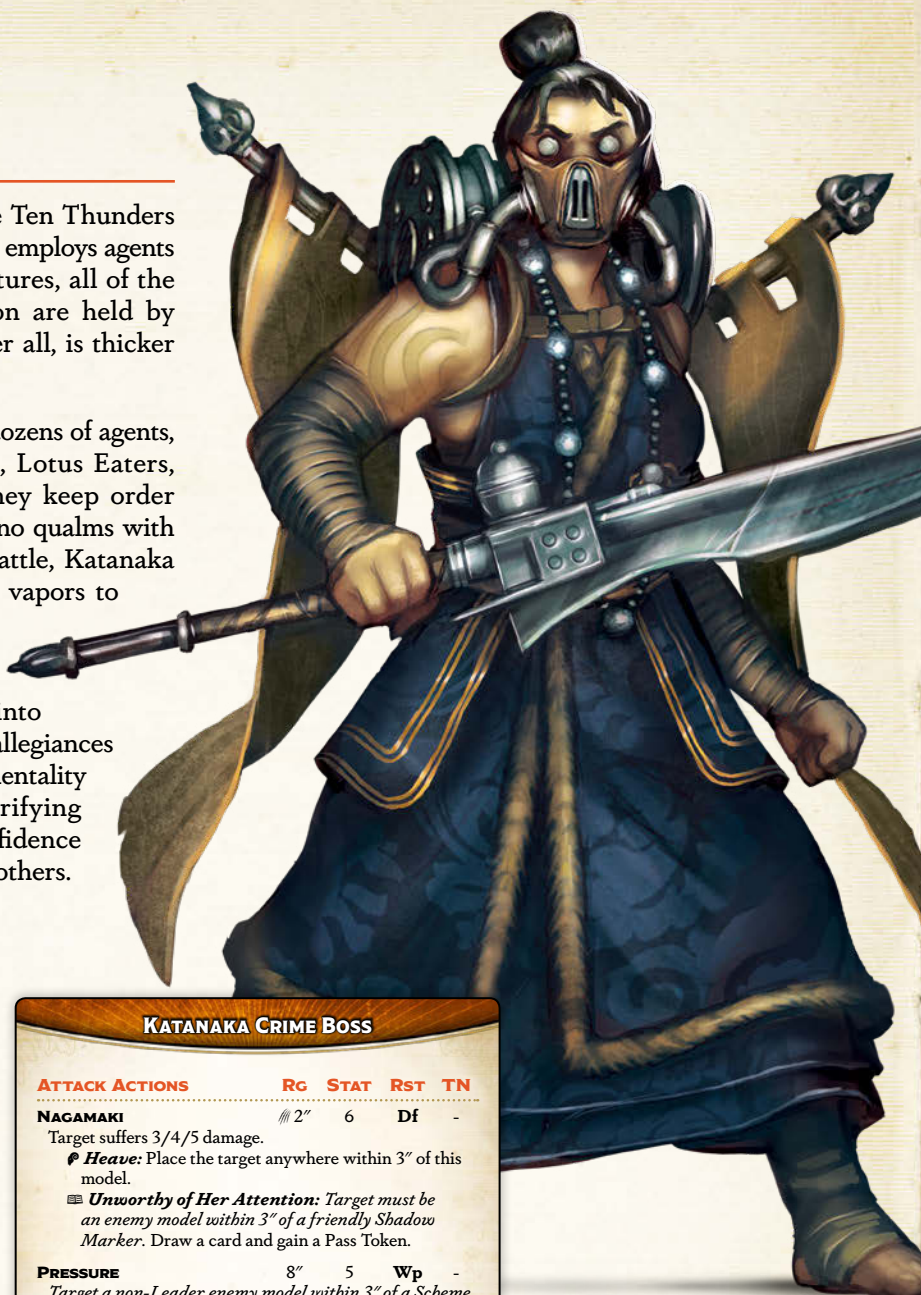


KATANAKA CRIME BOSS

The Katanaka family sits at the center of the Ten Thunders like a spider in the middle of a web. Though it employs agents drawn from many different nations and cultures, all of the important positions within the organization are held by members of the Katanaka family. Blood, after all, is thicker than water.

Each Katanaka Crime Boss is responsible for dozens of agents, often a mixture of Ten Thunders Brothers, Lotus Eaters, Torakage, Katanaka Snipers, and more. They keep order through fear, but when necessary, they have no qualms with resorting to brute force. To assist them in battle, Katanaka Crime Bosses rely upon strength-enhancing vapors to push their capabilities beyond mortal limits.

Unlike most agents who hide in the shadows, the Katanaka Crime Bosses proudly stride into battle wearing *sashimono* that display their allegiances for all to see. For those who understand the mentality of the Ten Thunders, the banners are a terrifying symbol, for they represent the wearer's confidence that none of their enemies will survive to tell others.



KATANAKA CRIME BOSS

Minion (2), Living

LAST BLOSSOM

8

COST

5

DF

6

WP

FACTION

4

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

PROTECTION MONEY: After an enemy Scheme Marker is Dropped within 6, this model may draw a card.

EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within 2 cannot take Attack Actions generated by the Charge Action.

LAUGH OFF: If this model would be moved during an enemy model's Activation or from an enemy model's effect, it may choose not to.

CHARGE THROUGH: This model's Actions that are generated by the Charge Action receive a to their damage flip.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

KATANAKA CRIME BOSS

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

NAGAMAKI

8" 5 Wp -

Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.

Heave: Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model.

Unworthy of Her Attention: Target must be an enemy model within 3" of a friendly Shadow Marker. Draw a card and gain a Pass Token.

PRESSURE

8" 5 Wp -

Target a non-Leader enemy model within 3" of a Scheme or friendly Shadow Marker. Target must either discard a random card and suffer 2 damage or take a non- Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model.

Under Pressure: Push the target 2" away from this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

THUNDERS TERRITORY

6" 6 - 10

Target a friendly Scheme or Shadow Marker within range. Place this model into base contact with the target, then Push any enemy models within (1/2 of this model 2" away from this model.

Gang Warfare: Remove an enemy Scheme Marker within 2" of this model. Take a Action targeting a model that was Pushed by this Action, ignoring range.

Display Their Dead: Remove a Corpse Marker within 2" of this model. Enemy models Pushed by this Action gains Distracted +1.

40MM

MINAKO REI
Henchman, Living Versatile
LAST BLOSSOM

8
COST



6
Df

5
Wp

6
MV

2
Sz


ABILITIES

LAUGH OFF: If this model would be moved during an enemy model's Activation or from an enemy model's effect, it may choose not to.

CHARGE THROUGH: This model's  Actions that are generated by the **Charge** Action receive a  to their damage flip.

KARMIC TIES: After this model suffers damage from an enemy model, enemy models with the Karmic Fate Upgrade Attached suffer an equal amount of damage.

DF/WP (M) KARMIC DEBT: After resolving, discard any Karmic Fate Upgrades attached to enemy models. Attach the Karmic Fate Upgrade to the Attacking model.

ASSASSIN: After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

1

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4

5



6

7

8

HEALTH

MINAKO REI

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
METAL CLAWS Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.  Face Justice: Target gains Adversary (Last Blossom) .  What Goes Around: This Trigger may only be declared if the target has an Attached Karmic Fate Upgrade. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible.	1"	6X	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CREATE KATASHIRO Remove target Scrap or friendly Shadow Marker. Summon a friendly Katashiro with Slow anywhere within range. It gains a Flicker Token.	3"	5	-	15
EQUALITY OF FATE If the opposing Crew has more cards in its Control Hand than this model's Crew, draw a card.	-	-	-	-

30MM

MINAKO REI

Until recently, the Order of Balance was a group of priests, warriors, and assassins who brought an end to those who had fallen from the karmic wheel. They were the mortal enemies of the Jiangshi, terrible sorcerers who fed on the souls of peasants to extend their own unnatural lives. Though many of the Jiangshi were killed with the opening of the first Breach, a few yet remained, and it was one of these dark sorcerers that corrupted Manos, a warrior-priest of their order.

At the behest of his Jiangshi masters, Manos murdered the entirety of the Order of Balance, save for one member: Minako Rei. Minako followed Manos to Malifaux and murdered him twice, but each time, the immortal assassin would resurrect, styming her chances to avenge her brethren. With no way to destroy him on her own, Minako turned to the Ten Thunders for assistance. Her knowledge and skills earned her a place among Baojun Katanaka's generals, but she betrayed the Oyabun, who she saw as dishonorable and reckless, in favor of his daughter.

In return for her assistance, Misaki has vowed to help find a permanent end to Manos, though they have very few leads.



KATANAKA SNIPER

When the Ten Thunders wish to eliminate a target without getting close, they call on the snipers of the Ansatsu dojo. Traditionally, these snipers trained with bows, but modern times have shifted their focus from archery and toward rifles, making them far deadlier than their ancestors could have ever imagined.

All missions given to the Ansatsu snipers are passed through the Master of Assassins, the sensei of their dojo. The sensei reviews each request, either passing it on to the sniper most suited for the task or, more rarely, returning the assignment with a refusal to complete it. Such is the respect the Ten Thunders have for the Ansatsu that these refusals frequently result in the organization turning toward more non-lethal means of dealing with the troublesome target.

To ensure that they do not reveal the secrets of the Katanaka, each sniper has his or her tongue removed before their first mission. The Ansatsu communicate using a gesture-based language that is hidden from outsiders. To speak of the Ansatsu is forbidden, resulting in most agents simply referring to these assassins as “Katanaka Snipers.”



KATANAKA SNIPER
Minion (2), Living
LAST BLOSSOM

7
COST

5
DF

5
WP

4
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

FROM THE SHADOWS: This model may be deployed at the start of the game, rather than during Deployment. If so, this model may be deployed anywhere on the table that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone, and it may not take the **Interact** Action on the first Turn.

ADVANCED SIGHTS: This model's Attack Actions ignore Concealment and Friendly Fire.

ASSASSIN: After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

SNIPER: When this model takes a **Move** Action, it may lower the value of its **Focused** Condition by 1 to treat the Action as having +10" range.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
HEALTH

KATANAKA SNIPER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SWORD Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ☛ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".	1"	5	Df	-
CLOCKWORK RIFLE This Action ignores Cover. Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. ☛ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ☛ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ☛ Unworthy of Her Attention: Target must be an enemy model within 3" of a friendly Shadow Marker. Draw a card and gain a Pass Token. ☛ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".	14"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
QUICK RETREAT This Action may only be taken while engaged. This model may move up to 4".	-	-	-	-

30MM

THUNDER ARCHER

Minion (3), Living
LAST BLOSSOM, MONK

7

COST

5
DF

6
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

FACION

ABILITIES

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Chi Token. When this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may gain a Chi Token instead of **Focused +1**.

HARNESS CHI: After this model flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to gain +2 to its duel total.

DF (W) LEAP ASIDE: Place this model anywhere within 3" of its current location.

ASSASSIN: After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

EXPERT SHOT: This model's Attack Actions ignore Friendly Fire.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

HEALTH

THUNDER ARCHER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLESSED LONGBOW <i>This Action ignores Concealment. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring Incorporeal.</i> Aggressive Chi: Discard a Chi Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible. War Eternal: If this model Cheated this Action's damage flip, draw a card. Shadow Pin: Target must have Concealment or be within 3" of a friendly Shadow Marker. When resolving, target suffers +1 damage and gains Staggered.	~12"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TARGET PRACTICE <i>The TN of this Action is equal to the distance in inches between this model and target Scheme Marker. Remove the target.</i>	~20"	4	-	X
FISTFUL OF ARROWS <i>Until the end of this Activation, this model's ~ Actions gain +1 damage.</i> Inner Peace: This model may take the Concentrate Action.	-	6	-	14

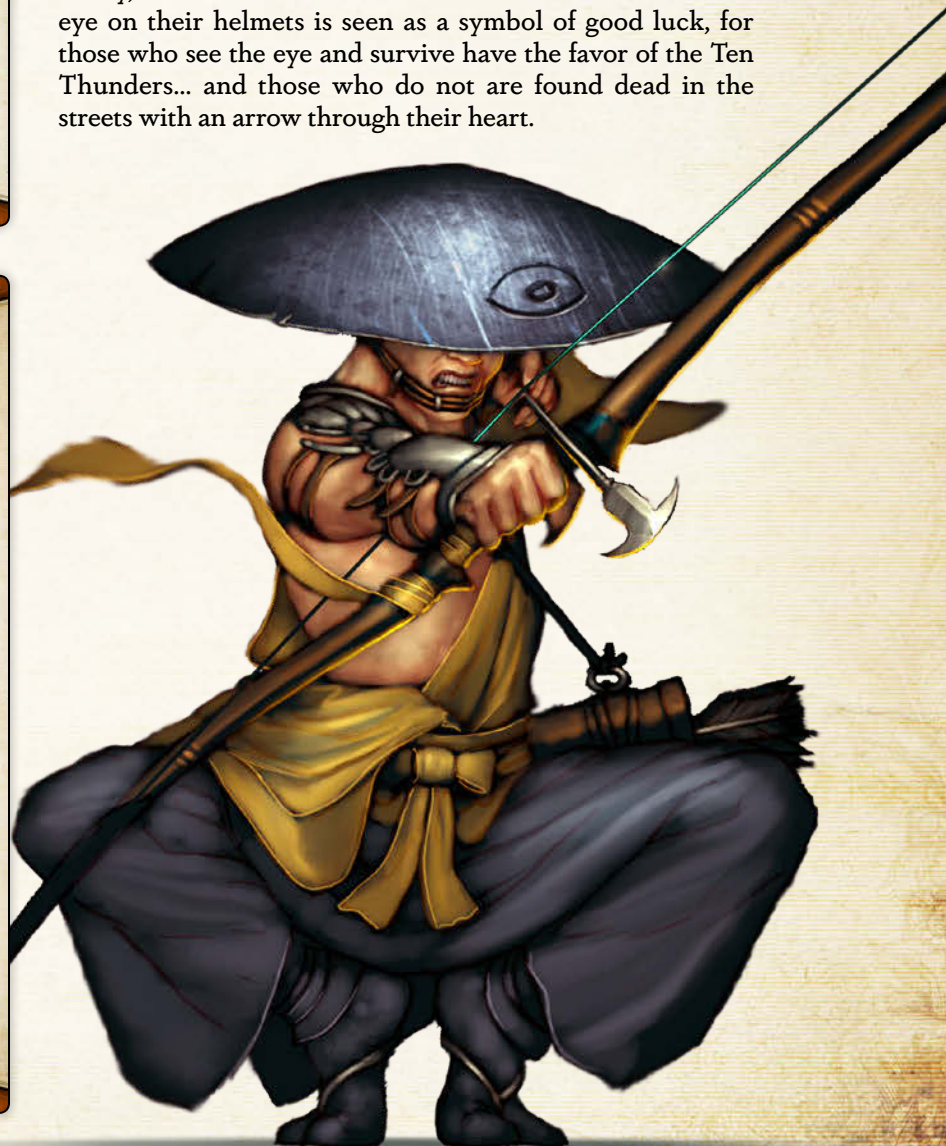
30MM

THUNDER ARCHER

The Three Kingdoms heavily restricts the possession of fire-arms, which has made the bow the weapon of choice for outlaws and drifters. It is from these lawless ranks that the Thunder Archers recruit their students, drawing them into a tight-knit family of specialists who work together to teach their students not just how to become better archers but how to live by a code of conduct far older than themselves.

The Thunder Archers hide their faces behind a wide metal helmet engraved with the symbol of an eye. Legend has it that the eye was once the insignia of an elite group of archers fielded by the bloody general Izamu Katanaka. The Archers of the Silent Eye were among the first of his army to rebel, ending his life in a hail of arrows... but not before the general butchered half the unit.

Today, the Thunder Archers serve the Ten Thunders. The eye on their helmets is seen as a symbol of good luck, for those who see the eye and survive have the favor of the Ten Thunders... and those who do not are found dead in the streets with an arrow through their heart.



Yamaziko's weapon of choice is the yari, a long spear that allows her to keep her enemies outside of striking distance. Even at her age, there is plenty of strength in her body. For a time, she had retired, but the former Oyabun demanded that she travel to Malifaux to put his daughter back in her place. That she ended up supporting Misaki's coup to usurp the Ten Thunders from Baojun is, in Yamaziko's mind, her final lesson to the departed former Oyabun.

YAMAZIKI
Henchman, Living
LAST BLOSSOM

7
COST

5
DF

7
WP

FACTION

4
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

HONORABLE: This model cannot gain the **Distracted** Condition. Enemy models that target this model with Attack Actions ignore the suffered from the **Distracted** Condition.

CHARGE THROUGH: This model's Actions that are generated by the **Charge** Action receive a to their damage flip.

NIMBLE: This model may treat the **Walk** Action as a Action.

EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within cannot take Attack Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
HEALTH

YAMAZIKO				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
YARI Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ■ Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +♣ damage. ■ Unworthy of Her Attention: Target must be an enemy model within 3" of a friendly Shadow Marker. Draw a card and gain a Pass Token. ♣ Knock Aside: Push the target 4" in any direction.	♣ 2"	5■	Df	-
MASTER TACTICIAN <i>Enemy Leader only.</i> Target must discard a random card for each of its unrevealed Schemes.	6"	6	Wp	-
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
♠ FINESSE Until the End Phase, ♠ Actions targeting this model suffer a ♢ to their duels.	-	-	-	-
♠ GREAT TEACHER <i>Discard a card.</i> Until the End Phase, friendly Minions within range receive a ♠ to all duels.	♠ 6"	6	-	11

TORAKAGE
Minion (3), Living
LAST BLOSSOM

6
COST



5
Df

5
Wp

7
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

AGILE: This model may leave the engagement range of enemy models with the **Walk** Action.

ASSASSIN: After this model kills an enemy model that has not Activated this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

CHARGE THROUGH: This model's **Charge** Actions that are generated by the **Charge** Action receive a **1** to their damage flip.

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH

TORAKAGE

Many years ago, the people of the Three Kingdoms practiced a form of warfare that was rife with rules and honor. The Torakage were those who worked outside those traditions. Their skills were such that the warring factions began to turn to the Torakage to solve their problems more and more frequently, until finally the honor of the Kingdoms was forever stained by their mark.

Torakage are assassins, thieves, and extortionists. They serve at the beck and call of the Katanaka family, performing whatever tasks their masters ask of them without objection. Their identities are kept secret, even from each other, ensuring that even if a Torakage fails their mission and is interrogated, they know nothing that can be used against the Ten Thunders.

Every Torakage lives a double life. They masquerade as normal citizens by day, only donning their signature masks when they have an assignment. Communications with the Torakage tend to be done via esoteric means, such as a lantern burning in a window or a phrase scrawled onto a certain wall.

TORAKAGE

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
EXOTIC WEAPONS Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Reposition: Move this model up to 3". No Witnesses: This Trigger may only be declared if no other enemy model (other than the target) is within 12" and LoS of this model. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and damage from this Action ignores Armor .	1"	5	Df	-
SHURIKEN This Action ignores Concealment . Target suffers 1/2/3 damage, then this model may move up to 3". Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model. No Witnesses: This Trigger may only be declared if no other enemy model (other than the target) is within 12" and LoS of this model. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and damage from this Action ignores Armor .	8"	5	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS NINJA VANISH Target a friendly Scheme or Shadow Marker within range. Place this model into base contact with the target. Then Drop either a Scheme Marker or a Destructible Concealing Shadow Marker into base contact with the target and remove the target.	6"	5	-	12

30MM



SHENLONG

In the aftermath of the Tyrant War, one of the hunted Tyrants, the Dragon, carved its essence in half and hurled part of itself through the dimensions. Its severed half appeared on Earth and slammed into a mountain near Sicily, triggering a volcanic landslide that caused a megatsunami, devastating the eastern Mediterranean coastline.

Weakened by traveling through the dimensions, the Dragon bonded with a shaman that came to investigate the disturbance. Though kept youthful by the Dragon's influence, the shaman's body eventually failed her and she collapsed in a Tibetan river. The Dragon learned, to its horror, that it could not separate itself from its host's corpse, and millennia slowly passed as the Dragon struggled to escape its prison of bone.

Eventually, the Dragon was freed and possessed a new host. Rather than risk such a long imprisonment again, it traveled across Tibet, twisting the tenets of Buddhism to suit its own needs and creating a dogma that had but one purpose: to prepare humans to become the Dragon's next host.

Even as a young monk in the temple of High River, Shenlong was exceptional. His brutality was matched by a ruthless cunning that drove him to travel from one temple to the next, mastering each style in turn. While he was aware of the political power that this granted him, he was not prepared for what would follow.

As dusk fell one day, sunlight blazed from an isolated temple on the valley wall. Shenlong found himself drawn to the ancient building and entered to find the Dragon's elderly host waiting for him. The Tyrant found Shenlong worthy of its presence and passed its essence from the old man into the awestruck young monk.

When Shenlong emerged from the temple in the morning, he was covered head to toe in dragon tattoos, and a new light blazed in his eyes. A new era in the valley had begun; the Dragon had chosen a new host.

Although he does not look it, Shenlong is over eighty years old. The Dragon does not permit its hosts to age at the normal rate, holding them at their physical peak for as long as possible. While initially honored to have been chosen as the host of such a powerful spirit, since coming to Malifaux, Shenlong has learned of the true intent of the Tyrant in finding its other half and has begun to seek a means of freeing himself from its destructive influence.

SHENLONG
Master, Living
MONK

15
COST



5
DF

6
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

MASTER OF THE FIVE TEMPLES: At the start of this model's Activation, discard all Style Upgrades Attached to it. Then, this model may Attach a Style Upgrade.

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Chi Token. When this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may gain a Chi Token instead of **Focused +1**.

HARNESS CHI: After this model flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to gain +2 to its duel total.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

SACRED INK: When this model would gain a Condition, it may instead discard a Chi Token to not do so.

TRAINING GROUNDS: Friendly Monks may ignore the Once per Activation restriction of the **Concentrate** Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

HEALTH

SHENLONG

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FURY OF THE DAWN 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. If the target is an enemy model, this model gains a Chi Token. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☛ Aggressive Chi: Discard a Chi Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible. ☞ Inner Peace: This model may take the Concentrate Action. ☛ Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model. ✕ Stunning Strike: Target gains Stunned. 				
THE DRAGON'S LIGHT 8" 6 Wp - This Action ignores Friendly Fire . Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring Hard to Kill and Demise Abilities. For each enemy model killed by this Action, a friendly Monk within (1)6 of this model may gain a Chi Token. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☛ Galvanize: Another friendly model within 3" of this model gains Focused +1. 				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SPIRITUAL ALIGNMENT 8" 6P - 12 Target two models. Choose a Condition affecting one target. The other target gains that Condition at the same value (to a maximum of +3), then end the chosen Condition on the first target. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☛ Transfer Chi: When resolving, instead of Choosing a Condition, this model may choose up to three Chi Tokens, which are removed from one target and gained by the other. 				
✕ THE DRAGON COMMANDS IT 8" 6 - 12 Friendly Monk only. Target may take the Interact Action or a ✕ Action. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☞ Preparations: Target gains Focused +1. 				

30MM



ASPIRING STUDENT

The life of a monk is one of constant training, meditation, and learning. The training begins when a monk is young, and involves renouncing one's family and adopting a life of spiritual purity over material concerns. No matter their age, a student must often spend years preparing their body and spirit before being allowed to move beyond basic techniques and into more advanced forms.

Most of the time, this training takes place at a temple, with the major temples in the Five Rivers Valley drawing the most would-be students each year. This affords students a number of benefits, such as stability, comrades to assist them in their learning and sparing, and the prestige that comes from studying in such renowned temples.

This is not the only path, however. Some students travel with a single monk, learning from him or her in a much more intimate environment. This is the style favored by Shenlong. He hand picks each of his students for their potential to host the spirit of the Dragon, knowing that he might be training the one that will one day depose him and become the its new host.



ASPIRING STUDENT

Minion (2), Living
Totem (Shenlong)
MONK

2
COST

4
DF

4
WP

FACTION

4
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Chi Token. When this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may gain a Chi Token instead of **Focused +1**.

HARNESS CHI: After this model flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to gain +2 to its duel total.

FACE IN THE CROWD: If this model is within 3" of one or more models, it gains Cover.

INSIGNIFICANT: This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

1

2

3

HEALTH

ASPIRING STUDENT

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DEFENSIVE STAFF 1" 4 Df - Target suffers 1/1/2 damage and gains Distracted +1 . Inner Peace: This model may take the Concentrate Action. Under Pressure: Push the target 2" away from this model.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS <i>Once per Activation. Select an Action printed on a Style Upgrade Attached to a friendly Shenlong. This model may take the selected Action with a penalty of -1 to its Stat.</i>	-	-	-	-
CHANTED SUTRA 6" 5 - 10 Target two other friendly Monks. Move a Chi Token from one target to the other.				

30MM

Every ten years, the best students from each temple in Tibet gather at the Five Rivers temple to hone their skills and study the techniques of the other temples. Those who show promise in learning these techniques are allowed to travel to the other temples and train with their masters, affording them a great deal of influence throughout the country.

30MM

HIGH RIVER MONK

As acolytes of the oldest temple in the Five Rivers Valley, the monks of the Temple of High River are rightly feared. Trained in both agonizing and lethal combat skills, the monks are adept at violence and its application. They are seen by some as demons of pure rage, a reputation that the monks have been happy to exploit in order to preserve their political power in Tibet.

The monks of High River cannot be swayed to a cause with promises of power or wealth. They do not concern themselves with material rewards, only with the perfection of their murderous arts. The promise of skilled and dangerous opponents is often enough to draw their interest, for they believe that constant challenge and adversity are the whetstone upon which their skills are sharpened.

Those who request the assistance of High River Monks do so knowing that they are unleashing living weapons onto their enemies and must hope that those enemies prove worthy of the monks' attentions, lest the monks seek worthy opponents among the ranks of their would-be allies.

HIGH RIVER MONK

Minion (3), Living
MONK

8
COST



5 Df 5 Wp 5 Mv 2 Sz

FACION

ABILITIES

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Chi Token. When this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may gain a Chi Token instead of **Focused +1**.
HARNESS CHI: After this model flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to gain +2 to its duel total.
RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.
FLURRY: *Once per Turn.* After this model resolves a // Action during its Activation, it may discard a card to take that Action again.
RIVER'S CONFLUX (HIGH): After a friendly Leader attaches a High River Upgrade that it has not had Attached this Turn, this model may take the **Concentrate** Action.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
HEALTH

HIGH RIVER MONK

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FLAMING FURY // 1" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Burning +1 . ☛ Aggressive Chi: Discard a Chi Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible. ☑ Inner Peace: This model may take the Concentrate Action. ☛ Quick Reflexes: Take this Action again, targeting a different model.				
CHI BLAST 8" 5p Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ☑ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each ☑ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). X Up in Flames: Remove all Scheme Markers within (1)2 of the target. ☛ Aggressive Chi: Discard a Chi Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
☛ RISKY MANEUVER This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Focused +1 and may Push up to 3" in any direction.				

30MM

Charm Warders are spellcasters who have dedicated their lives to warding off evil spirits. By harnessing and focusing their Chi, they are able to create mystical barriers that prevent spirits from passing. The most powerful of their number can even create deadly Chi Blades, which can cut through many of the defenses of otherworldly creatures.

CHARM WARLORD

Minion (2), Living
MONK, QI AND GONG

7
COST

5 DF
6 WP
5 MV
2 SZ

ABILITIES

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Chi Token. When this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may gain a Chi Token instead of **Focused +1**.

HARNESS CHI: After this model flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to gain +2 to its duel total.

LEVERAGE: During the Start Phase, if the opposing player has any revealed Schemes, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a **1** to that duel.

BARRIER TO THE OTHER WORLD: After an enemy model is Summoned within **75**, it suffers 2 damage.

LANTERN OF SOULS: Enemy models within **75** ignore their **Demise** Abilities.

HEALTH

CHARM WARDER					
ATTACK ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST	TN
CHI BLADE		1"	6	Wp	-
<p><i>This model may discard up to two Chi Tokens. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring Incorporeal. For each discarded Chi Token by this Action, this model may ignore one ☐ to its damage flip.</i></p> <p>♣ Aggressive Chi: <i>Discard a Chi Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible.</i></p> <p>♠ Inner Peace: <i>This model may take the Concentrate Action.</i></p> <p>✕ Exorcism: <i>Target must have a Summon Upgrade Attached. Target is killed.</i></p>					
JYNX		10"	6	Wp	-
<p>Target suffers 1/2/3 damage and gains Injured +1.</p> <p>✕ Shady Dealings: <i>For each of the opposing player's unrevealed Schemes, the target must discard a random card.</i></p>					
TACTICAL ACTIONS		RG	STAT	RST	TN
CHAOS THEORY		0/5"	6	-	12
<p><i>Choose a suit. Triggers on this Action must be declared, if able. One at a time, every enemy model within range discards the top two cards of its Fate Deck. For each discarded card that matched the named suit, the enemy model suffers 2 damage.</i></p> <p>✕ No Causality: <i>Choose a model in LoS that is not within range. When resolving, the chosen model counts as being within range of this Action.</i></p>					

FERMENTED RIVER MINION
Minion (3), Living
 MONK, TRI-CHI

5
DF

4
WP








ABILITIES

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this duel, this model gains a Chi Token. When this model takes an Action, it may gain a Chi Token in addition to the normal part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token from its duel total.

TOO DRUNK TO CARE: When this model is at the end of its duel total, it may discard one Chi Token from its duel total.

When a monk first begins to walk the path of the Fermented River, they must drink significant quantities of alcohol to loosen their muscles and minds. They train while inebriated, and every year, the weaker monks succumb to alcohol poisoning and perish. Those who endure learn how to replicate their drunken swaying while sober and how to combine it with unpredictable and seemingly counter-intuitive attacks.

In combat, Fermented River Monks surrender themselves to the weaving strands of fate, relying upon only their instincts and training to fight. Alcohol only enhances this no-mind state, so it is not uncommon for a Fermented River monk to drink before and during a battle in order to reach the correct state of mind.

FERMENTED RIVER MONK				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STAGGERING PUNCH  0" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Staggered .  Drunken Strength: When resolving, the target suffers an additional amount of damage equal to the value of this model's Poison Condition (to a maximum of +2 damage). Then lower the value of this model's Poison Condition by 2.  Aggressive Chi: Discard a Chi Token . When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible. X Shower of Booze: Models within (M2 of this model gain Poison +1 .				
HAVE A DRINK  2" 6 Wp - Target gains Poison +2 .  Inner Peace: This model may take the Concentrate Action. X Drinking Problem: This model gains Poison +2 .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 TRUSTY FLASK - 5W - 10 This model Heals 1/2/3 and gains Poison +1 .  Drunken Stumble: Push this model 1" in any direction.				

LOTUS EATER

Lotus Eaters are an ancient crime syndicate that has plagued China for centuries. It was only with the success of the Boxer Rebellion that they realized just how much influence the Katanaka family had gained in their homeland. Rather than attempt to fight a much stronger opponent for control over a rapidly changing China, the Oyabun of the Lotus Eaters instead contacted Baojun Katanaka and asked to become vassals of the Katanaka.

Their petition was accepted, but the Katanaka family is slow to trust. They are currently using the Lotus Eaters are low-level thugs and enforcers within the Ten Thunders until they have sufficiently proven their loyalty to the organization.

Lotus Eaters follow a strict regimen of intense physical and mental training that is supplemented by the consumption of rare, mystical lotus blossoms. The effects of each blossom differ depending in color, but they must be taken in moderation: those who follow the path of the lotus too far invariably lose their minds to madness.



LOTUS EATER
Minion (3), Living
MONK

6

COST

5

5

5

5

2

Df

Wp

FACTION

MV

Sz

ABILITIES

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Chi Token. When this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may gain a Chi Token instead of **Focused +1**.

HARNESS CHI: After this model flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to gain +2 to its duel total.

PATH OF THE LOTUS: At the end of this model's Activation, it may Push up 3" toward a Marker within ①3, then it may remove that Marker to Heal 2.

DF/WP (X) SOUL WARD: If this Action is a // Action, the Attacking model suffers 2/3/3 damage, which cannot be Cheated.

SACRED INK: When this model would gain a Condition, it may instead discard a Chi Token to not do so.

PROTECTION MONEY: After an enemy Scheme Marker is Dropped within ①6, this model may draw a card.

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH

LOTUS EATER

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

HURRICANE PUNCH

1"

5

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

☛ **Aggressive Chi:** Discard a Chi Token. When resolving, damage from this Action is irreducible.

▣ **Inner Peace:** This model may take the **Concentrate** Action.

✕ **Stunning Strike:** Target gains **Stunned**.

THREATEN

8"

5

Wp

-

Choose a Keyword. Target gains **Adversary (X)**, where X is the chosen Keyword.

☛ **Rip and Tear:** Take a // Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a ♣ to its duel.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

AGGRESSIVE STANCE

①3"

5

-

12

Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain **Distracted +1**.

▣ **Inner Peace:** This model may take the **Concentrate** Action.

30MM

WANDERING RIVER MONK

Minion (3), Living
MONK

5

COST



5
DF

5
WP


FACTION

6
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

ENLIGHTENED: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Chi Token. When this model takes the **Concentrate** Action, it may gain a Chi Token instead of **Focused +1**.

HARNESS CHI: After this model flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to gain +2 to its duel total.

BUTTERFLY JUMP: After resolving an enemy Attack Action targeting this model, this model may move up to 3".

DEADLY PURSUIT: During the End Phase, this model may Push up to 4".

RIVER'S CONFLUX (WANDERING): After a friendly Leader attaches a Wandering River Upgrade that it has not had Attached this Turn, this model may take the **Concentrate** Action.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

WANDERING RIVER MONK

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
COMBAT STAFF Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ■ Inner Peace: This model may take the Concentrate Action. ♣ Pouncing Strike: Place this model into base contact with another enemy model within 5" and LoS. Then, take this Action again, targeting that enemy model.	1"	5	Df	-
WIND BLAST Target is Pushed 3" away from this model and suffers 1/3/4 damage. ■ Wind Wall: Create a 50mm Concealing Wind Wall Marker anywhere within 2" of the target. During the End Phase, remove all Wind Wall Markers in play. ✕ No Witnesses: This Trigger may only be declared if no other enemy model (other than the target) is within 12" and LoS of this model. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and damage from this Action ignores Armor .	8"	5	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
♣ LEAP Place this model anywhere within range.	6"	5	-	10W

30MM

WANDERING RIVER MONK

According to legend, the Temple of the Wandering River is the second oldest temple in the Five Rivers Valley. It is said that the first element was fire, and then his brother wind emerged to enrage him and spread his flame.

In many ways, the Temple of the Wandering River is the most secretive of Tibet's many temples. The monks believe that guile, stealth, speed, and agility are the greatest of virtues, and they have a keen understanding of the power that comes from operating from the shadows. More than any of the other monastic orders that accompanied Shenlong into Malifaux, the Wandering River Monks understand the value of the deception and misdirection.

Trying to catch those who follow the path of the Wandering River is like trying to catch the wind. They dart in and out of combat, landing quick blows upon their enemies before disappearing. Indeed, many of these monks have an unnatural control over the wind itself and employ its strength to knock over their opponents with mighty gusts.



The Temple of Low River is said to have been founded by a High River Monk who grew tired of destruction and violence and wished only to heal and protect others. This soft-hearted monk endured his training until he had reached the position of instructor, at which point he led his students down the mountain to the valley, where he built a new temple. Whether or not this story is true, the Monks of High and Low River believe it to be so. The two temples are in constant competition with each other, both in terms of students and in terms of philosophy.



Following an attack on her family shrine, she lost not only her father, but also her fertility, and with it the hope of escape from a life of debilitating loneliness as a solitary temple attendant. Mortally wounded, she heard the voice of Amanjaku calling to her, promising her revenge if she would only allow it to possess her body. In her moment of weakness, she agreed to the oni's deal and was filled with its bestial powers.

The flesh and bones of those she devours are repurposed into the new bodies for Amanjaku's faithful servants. The onisense Amanjaku's mark upon their "mother" and obey her wishes, and for a time, she experiences a fraction of the love that a mother feels for a child... as well as the grief of watching them torn apart as their physical forms fail them and send their souls careening back to the Beyond.

With few other allies to whom she could turn, Asami allowed herself to be recruited by the Ten Thunders, who hope to use her demonic strength for themselves. Asami, for her part, cares little for the Ten Thunders and is merely following their orders in order to gain access to their Charm Warders and spiritualists, any of whom might hold the key to freeing her from Amanjaku's terrible influence.

ASAMI TANAKA

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED

♠ 1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.

❖ **Pulled Here and There:** Push either this model or the target up to 3".

✕ **Execute:** The target may either discard a card or a Soulstone. If it does neither, it is killed, ignoring **Demise** Abilities.

REACHING TENDRILS

r 8" 6 Df 12

This Action ignores *Friendly Fire*. Target is Pushed 6" in any direction.

♣ **Rip and Tear:** Take a ♠ Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a ♣ to its duel.

❖ **Coordinated Attack:** Another friendly model may take a ♠ Action targeting the same model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

FROM THE MAW, THEY COME

6" 6 - X

Once per Turn. Name any number of Oni Minion models.

The TN of this Action is 10❖ plus the total Cost of the named models. Summon the named models within range, then Attach a Manifested Upgrade to each of them.

✕ **From Me:** This model may suffer any amount of irreducible damage. For each damage this model suffered, discard a Flicker Token from a Summoned model.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

8" 6 - 10

Friendly Oni only. Target discards a Flicker Token and gains Focused +1.

INSATIABLE HUNGER

(1)2" - - -

Remove any number of Scheme, Scrap, and Corpse Markers within range. This model Heals 2 for each Marker removed in this way.

30MM



AMANJAKU

Trapped in the Beyond, the realm of the oni, Amanjaku lingered near the Obsidian Gate, a sealed portal between the Beyond and the mortal realm. Like many of its kin, the clever little oni would peer out longingly at a world much better than its own and dream of ways to cross over.

Rather than attempt to clumsily force its spirit upon those who came into contact with the Obsidian Gate like its brethren (a rare event even at the most chaotic of times), Amanjaku took a different approach and spent many years influencing the daughter of the Gate's guardian. It was a plan years in the making, but gradually, the girl's exposure to its essence began to lay the groundwork for her possession.

When that girl – Asami Tanaka – became injured and lay dying at the foot of the Obsidian Gate, Amanjaku realized that its plans were about to come undone. It made a hasty deal with Asami and bound its soul to her own, saving her life and bringing it into the mortal realm, albeit at the cost of much of his power. Now, it must carefully manipulate Asami in order to achieve its goals of true independence.

AMANJAKU

Enforcer
Totem (Asami Tanaka)
ONI

2
COST

5
DF

4
WP

6
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

INSIGNIFICANT: This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

THE TRUE POWER: After a friendly Asami Tanaka is killed, this model discards all Flicker Tokens and Attaches an Absorbed Soul Upgrade.

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

AMANJAKU

ATTACK ACTIONS

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLAWS	1"	5W	Df	-

Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.

Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

Unnatural Speed: Gain a Flicker Token. Take this Action again.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

	RG	STAT	RST	TN
ANCHOR ONI	6"	6	-	12

Friendly Oni only. Target discards a Flicker Token.

Purification: End one Condition on the target.

STORM OF SHADOWS 3" 5 - 10

Until the End Phase, models within range have Concealment.

30MM



Ama No Zako

Ama No Zako is widely believed to have been one of the first oni to cross over to Earth after the creation of the Obsidian Gate. For centuries, she tormented people like a cat playing with its food, eating some and merely butchering others. In her amusement, she often makes deals with mortals, and though she adheres to the agreement, she has become very good at twisting the intent for her own amusement. On the rare occasion that a human manages to best her, she has allowed them to enjoy their victory, though she often returns a few decades later to test their children.

When the Breach first opened, Ama No Zako paid it no heed, thinking that it was a portal to the Beyond. After its closing, however, she became intrigued by Soulstones and gathered up a few of her own in order to preserve the souls of those humans that had impressed her. Strangely, for an oni, she often waited until such a human was on their death bed before appearing to claim their soul.

When the Breach reopened, Ama No Zako possessed a woman and traveled to Malifaux. The woman is long dead, but Ama No Zako's powers have increased, and her murderous games have begun once more.



Ama No Zako

Henchman

ONI

10

COST

5

DF

7

WP

6

MV

3

SZ

ABILITIES

FLIGHT: When resolving the **Walk** or **Charge** Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's **Mv**. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 **Wp** duel or the Action fails.

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a ♣ to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

HEALTH

AMA NO ZAKO

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SAVAGE BITE

1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.

♣ **Drink Blood:** When resolving, this model Heals an amount equal to the damage suffered.

× **Delay:** Target gains **Slow**.

× **Swallow You Whole:** After killing, the target does not Drop any Markers, and this model Heals 1/2/3.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

MIASMA OF BOILS AND FLIES

4" 6 - 12 X

Gain a Flicker Token. Until the End Phase, non-Oni models treat the area within range as Severe and Hazardous Terrain.

♣ **DARK BARGAIN** 6" 5 - 10

Friendly only. Target suffers 1 damage and may then take the **Interact** Action.

♣ **Promising Whisper:** Gain a Flicker Token. When resolving, the target may take any Action instead of the **Interact** Action.

50MM

JOROGUMO

According to legend, when a golden orb-weaver spider reaches four hundred years of age, it develops magical powers and gains the ability to feed on humans instead of insects. Many of the stories featuring these spider demons involve them transforming into beautiful women and luring young men to their doom, often to serve as food to one of their many children.

In actuality, the Jorogumo share no heritage with the spiders of Earth, despite their similarities. They are capable of walking along walls and ceilings, and though they can spin webs, they are primarily used to cocoon incapacitated prey.

Most of the Jorogumo that serve the Ten Thunders are ancient creatures that once stabilized their physical forms by conserving their strength and sleeping for centuries at a time. Given human sacrifices in exchange for their service, these oni serve the Thunders, though their habit of eating the wounded (on both sides of a battle) tends to be somewhat off-putting.

JOROGUMO

Minion (3)

ONI

9

COST

5

DF

7

WP

FACTION

5

MV

3

SZ

ABILITIES

HERALD: During the Start Phase of the first Turn, this model may move up to 6".

EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within 12 cannot take Attack Actions generated by the Charge Action.

EAT YOUR FILL: After killing an enemy model with a // Action, this model Heals 2.

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a ♣ to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

JOROGUMO

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

GLAIVE

// 2" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.

♣ **Puncture:** When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ♣ for each ♣ in the final duel total (to a maximum of 3♣).

■ **War Eternal:** If this model Cheated this Action's damage flip, draw a card.

✕ **Delay:** Target gains Slow.

♣ MARK OF VENGEANCE

10" 6 Wp -

Until the End Phase, the target cannot Heal.

♣ **Defensive Reflexes:** This model gains Shielded +1.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

♣ FRIGHTENING REMINDER

6" 6 - 10

Other friendly model only. Push the target up to 4" away from this model.

50MM

OHAGURO BETTARI

According to Japanese ghost stories, a young man out walking late at night will sometimes see a woman loitering near a temple, dressed in beautiful wedding clothes. Beckoned closer to the woman, the young man is unable to resist her charms... at least, until she turns her head and reveals that her face is nothing more than a huge, gaping mouth full of blackened teeth.

When Asami first attempted to summon one of these foul creatures, her “partner” Amanjaku used some his memories of Asami’s mother to sculpt the oni’s soul as it was being brought into the mortal realm. When it was finally freed, Asami looked upon the creature’s eyeless face with a growing sense of familiarity and horror.

While Amanjaku was once able to assert greater control over Asami with this maternal terror, the summoner has learned to embrace and even weaponize her fears.



OHAGURO BETTARI

Henchman

ONI

8

COST

6

DF

6

WP

6

MV

2

SZ

ABILITIES

UNNERVING PRESENCE: Enemy models within 6 may not declare Resistance Triggers.

DIVING CHARGE: This model may declare the **Charge** Action while engaged. When this model takes the **Charge** Action, it ignores terrain while moving and can move through other models.

DRAWN TO ESSENCE: After a model is Summoned within 6, this model may Place itself into base contact with the Summoned model.

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a 1 to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

OHAGURO BETTARI

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

TEAR APART

1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage.

☞ **From the Heavens:** When resolving, damage from this Action may not be reduced using Soulstones.

☞ **Shove Aside:** Once per Activation. Push the target 4" away from this model. Then, this model may Push up to 4" and declare a ☞ Action targeting a different model.

☞ **Puncture:** When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a 1 for each ☞ in the final duel total (to a maximum of 3).

✕ **Tear Limb from Limb:** Enemy only. Drop a Marker into base contact with the target that would be Dropped after the target is killed.

LURE

12" 6 Wp 12

Move the target its Mv toward this model.

☞ **Unnatural Speed:** Gain a Flicker Token. Take this Action again.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

WHISPERED TRUTHS

3" 6 - 12

Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or gain Slow.

30MM

TEN THUNDERS • MALIFAUZ THIRD EDITION

101

Even when they are defeated, Obsidian Oni have the final laugh, for their stone bodies are inherently unstable. As their spirits release their hold upon their mortal forms, their expressions twist into knowing grins. Moments later, the oni's body explodes in a shower of razor-sharp shrapnel that wounds anyone standing near them.



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OBSIDIAN ONI

SK ACTIONS **RG** **STAT** **RST** **TN**

WEAPONS 1" 6 Df -

suffers 2/3/4 damage.

Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers damage for each ♠ in this Action's final duel total to a maximum of +2).

Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +1** for each ☐ in this Action's final duel total to a maximum of **Burning +2**).

FROM BEYOND 8" 5♠ Df -

suffers 1/3/4 damage and gains **Burning +1**.

Scorched Remains: Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

Draw Out Secrets: Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.

AL ACTIONS **RG** **STAT** **RST** **TN**

IT DOWN 4" 5 - 11

re all Destructible Markers within range. Until the phase, other models treat the area within range as **hostile (Burning +1) Terrain**.

40MM

OBSIDIAN ONI

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

EXOTIC WEAPONS

// 1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

♣ **Critical Strike:** When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

■ **Blaze:** Models damaged by this Action gain

Burning +1 for each ■ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Burning +2**).

FLAMES FROM BEYOND

r8" 5♣ Df -

Target suffers 1/3/4 damage and gains **Burning +1**.

♣ **Scorched Remains:** Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target.

■ **Draw Out Secrets:** Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

✂ BURN IT DOWN

14" 5 - 11

Remove all Destructible Markers within range. Until the End Phase, other models treat the area within range as Hazardous (**Burning +1**) Terrain.

40MM

ONI • STAT CARDS

A detailed illustration of an Oni, a blue-skinned, horned demon with red eyes and sharp fangs. It is wearing a brown scale-like tunic and holding a large curved blade and a smaller axe. The background is a textured, light brown surface with a faint, ornate pattern in the upper right corner.

YOKAI

What Yokai lack in intelligence, they make up for in brutality. Considered to be among the lowest of the oni, these creatures love nothing more than a blood-drenched frenzy. Wielding their magical kama, sharp sickles imbued with soul-rending curses, Yokai leap into each battle with unhallowed frenzy, relishing each new opportunity to tear their enemies apart in a gory mist.

Despite their fighting prowess, such simple creatures are also fickle; they do not have the willpower to remain in the mortal realm for very long, so they go to great lengths to cause as much damage as possible while they are still able. It takes a powerful summoner to convince these murderous oni to turn their attention away from combat in order to perform other tasks, but even then, promises of bloodshed must be made, lest these warriors grow frustrated and turn on their master.

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Many of these paper dolls end up getting stuck in the same whorls and branches, and when enough of them have accumulated in one spot and at least one bears a hint of magic from an actual curse, the dolls wrap together to become a composite creature of sin and vice. These Katashiro are one of the few types of oni that owe their origins to the mortal realm, a trait that would most likely make other oni jealous, were it not for a Katashiro's low intelligence.



KATASHIRO

Minion (2), Construct
ONI

5
COST

4 DF

4 WP

5 MV

2 SZ

ABILITIES

BLADE RUSH: When this model takes the **Charge** Action, it can move through other models. Enemy models moved through in this way suffer 1 damage.

MADE TO KILL: *Once per Activation.* After this model is Placed, it may take a **///** Action after resolving the current Action.

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a **1** to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

HEALTH

KATASHIRO				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLAWS	1"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 1/2/4 damage.				
W Unnatural Speed: Gain a Flicker Token. Take this Action again.				
SPIRITUAL TRANSFERENCE	6"	5	Wp	12
Choose a Condition with a value on the target. This model gains the chosen Condition with a value equal to the target's Condition value (to a maximum value of +2). End the Chosen Condition on the target.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLOWN BY THE WIND	5"	-	-	-
Place this model anywhere within range.				
SHRUG OFF	-	-	-	-
Discard a card. End one Condition on this model.				

KAMAITACHI
Enforcer
 ONI

4
 COST



5
DF

4
WP


 FRACTION

5
MV

1
SZ

ABILITIES

INSIGNIFICANT: This model cannot take the **Interact** Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

WONDER WEASEL: *Once per Activation.* After a model is Summoned, this model may draw a card. If it was a friendly model, discard a card.

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a ♣ to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

1

2

3

4

HEALTH

KAMAITACHI

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TALONS Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ♣ Puncture: When resolving, this Action's damage flip receives a ♣ for each ♣ in the final duel total (to a maximum of 3 ♣). ♠ Into the Vortex: Enemy only. Push a friendly Dust Devil Marker up to 6". Any models the Dust Devil Marker comes into contact with during this Push and gain Staggered (in addition to any Hazardous effects).	0"	5W	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
♠ DUST DEVIL Discard a Flicker Token. Remove any friendly Dust Devil Markers from play, then Drop a 40mm Severe, Destructible, Hazardous Dust Devil Marker within range. Models killed by the Hazardous trait of this Marker are treated as having been killed by this model.	6"	5	-	12

30MM

KAMAITACHI

Opinions on the appearance and nature of the Kamaitachi vary wildly from each of the Three Kingdoms. Most people see little more than a whirlwind of dust and claws when it appears, so descriptions range from a trio of rodents to a large predatory beast with sickles for claws. What is agreed upon, though, is that these oni are mischievous and disruptive.

The Kamaitachi is playful with those it likes, pushing them about and generally trying to be helpful (or at least, what it considers to be helpful). To those who stand against it, the oni is a hurricane of razors. While the wounds it causes do not result in much pain or bleeding at first, they grow more severe as time passes and can easily become life-threatening if they are not properly treated.

Having traveled across the length and breadth of the Three Kingdoms, the Kamaitachi was quite intrigued when it learned about Malifaux and snuck through the Second Breach to explore this strange new world. Its powers intensified upon reaching Malifaux, and it has been exploring the remote outskirts ever since.





TENGU

Legends of the Three Kingdoms claim that the Tengu were once human. Their pride in life cursed them to exist after death as demons that were bound to protect the forests and mountains they once claimed as their own. The Tengu dismiss such crude origins as nothing more than a tall tale told to some gullible humans many centuries earlier.

Whatever the truth, it is no secret that the Tengu have fared better than most oni, primarily due to their penchant for choosing stealth over physical confrontations. In villages all across the Eastern world, clever Tengu have set themselves up as seemingly beneficent protectors of the mountains and forests. For modest offerings of food, these oni are willing to assist mortals in their daily affairs by healing wounds and frightening interlopers away from secluded villages.

For all the good that they might do, Tengu are also inherently mischievous. They cannot resist tormenting mortals who think too much of themselves, and those “jokes” can often have lethal consequences.

TENGU
Minion (3)
ONI

4
COST

4
Df

5
Wp

6
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

FLIGHT: When resolving the Walk or Charge Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's Mv. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

GUIDING PRESENCE: When a friendly model within 4 would gain Distracted or Slow, it may discard a card to not gain that Condition.

FROM BEYOND: Before performing a duel, this model may gain a Flicker Token to receive a 1 to that duel and any damage flips it generates. After any model ends its Activation, if this model has three or more Flicker Tokens, this model is killed.

DEVOUR SOULS: After this model kills an enemy model, it may discard a Flicker Token.

1 2 3 4 5
HEALTH

TENGU

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
TALONS Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. ♥ Unnatural Speed: Gain a Flicker Token. Take this Action again. ✖ Mutilate: When resolving, if the target has Slow, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains Slow.	0"	5	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
A SONG OF NIGHT AND DAY Models within range Heal 1. ♥ Unnatural Speed: Gain a Flicker Token. Take this Action again.	5"	5	-	12
♥ DARK BARGAIN Friendly only. Target suffers 1 damage and may then take the Interact Action. ☞ Surge: Draw a card.	6"	6	-	10

30MM



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At more than 100 million, the number of infants participating in the study is the largest ever.

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T CARDS • QI AND GONG

YOUKO HAMASAKI

ay that the Katanaka family is slow to trust is an incredible overstatement: traditionally, it would take generations for a loyal family to prove their loyalty and gain the trust of a family's daimyo. Since arriving in Malifaux and founding Ten Thunders, the family has relied upon outsiders to fill their ranks, but the most important positions within the organization are still held by members of the Katanaka family.

that is, save one.

At first glance, Youko Hamasaki appears to be nothing more than a particularly attractive young woman. Prior to assumption of management of the Qi and Gong, the most famous (and profitable) tea house in the Little Kingdom, she managed a number of smaller tea and geisha houses, none of which were particularly notable.

In essence, she is exactly what someone would expect from a woman of her position, which is one of her greatest strengths. Youko knows just how to walk the line between ordinary and impressive to such a degree that she appears nearly unremarkable. It is a useful skill for a geisha to possess, and an even more useful skill for the woman who runs an impressively widespread spy network.

A great amount of information that passes through Youko's hands is staggering. Each day, thousands of reports find their way to the Qi and Gong: the mumbled words of a Guild member speaking in his sleep, the scrawled tally of Soulstones a Union pulled out of a mine on a given day, the reports of an affric as spied out by spellcasters seeing through the eyes of various pigeons... there is little that happens in Malifaux that does not make its way back to Youko, and she is very good at and extrapolating the behavior of others from that information.

For the Katanaka family trust her with such information is testament to her skill and loyalty, though they might reconsider their trust if they had any idea just how much blackmail Youko has gathered on her fellow lieutenants. Youko doubts that she will ever have to turn over that particular card, but she believes in preparation.

Would anyone ever suspect that Youko is more than she seems, they would have a difficult time proving it. She has tirelessly scoured all traces to her past life that can be found, but for one: her daughter, Chiyo. Any conversation about Chiyo's parentage is forbidden, and those who have brought up the topic, even in passing, have disappeared completely.

MAUX THIRD EDITION • TEN THUNDERS

YOUKO HAMASAKI
Master, Living
 QI AND GONG

15
 COST

5 DF **7** WP **5** MV **2** SZ

ABILITIES

SERENE COUNTEenance: Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a \square to their duel.

LEVERAGE: During the Start Phase, if the opposing player has any revealed Schemes, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a \square to that duel.

CALM DEMEANOR: After an enemy model within $\bullet 6$ discards a card from its Control Hand, this model may draw a card.

UNSEEN MANIPULATOR: If this model is this Crew's Leader, the opposing player's Maximum Hand Size is reduced by 1.

INFORMANTS: When an enemy model starts its Activation within $\bullet 6$, this model may look at the top card of either player's Fate Deck. Then, this model may place that card on the bottom of that player's Fate Deck.

HEALTH

YOUKO HAMASAKI

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	STAT	RST	TN
EXOTIC WEAPONS	$\bullet 1''$	5X	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Beautiful Clothes: Target gains Distracted +1. No Witnesses: This Trigger may only be declared if no other enemy model (other than the target) is within 12" and LoS of this model. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and damage from this Action ignores Armor. 				
RIDDLES IN THE DARK	10"	6	Wp	-
Target gains Distracted +X , where X is the difference in the number of cards in each player's Control Hand (to a maximum of 2).				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Information Network: This Trigger may either be resolved Immediately or After resolving. Draw a card. 				
BLACKMAIL	6"	6	Wp	-
This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Leader enemy only. Target may discard up to two cards. This model's Crew gains two Pass Tokens, minus one for each discarded card.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> We Own You: When resolving, if the target discarded one card or less, it takes an Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model. 				
BACKROOM DEALINGS	10"	7	Wp	-
Enemy only. Reveal the target's Control Hand.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Risking It All: Choose a suit. When resolving, the target suffers 1 damage for each card of the chosen suit in the opposing player's Control Hand. Shady Dealings: For each of the opposing player's unrevealed Schemes, the target must discard a random card. 				

30MM

YOUKO HAMASAKI
Master, Living
QI AND GONG

15
COST

5 DF **7** WP **5** MV **2** SZ

ABILITIES

SERENE COUNTEenance: Enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a \square to their duel.

LEVERAGE: During the Start Phase, if the opposing player has any revealed Schemes, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a \square to that duel.

CALM DEMEANOR: After an enemy model within $\bullet 6$ discards a card from its Control Hand, this model may draw a card.

UNSEEN MANIPULATOR: If this model is this Crew's Leader, the opposing player's Maximum Hand Size is reduced by 1.

INFORMANTS: When an enemy model starts its Activation within $\bullet 6$, this model may look at the top card of either player's Fate Deck. Then, this model may place that card on the bottom of that player's Fate Deck.

HEALTH

YOUKO HAMASAKI

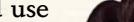
ATTACK ACTIONS	Rc	STAT	RST	TN
EXOTIC WEAPONS	$\bullet 1''$	5X	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Beautiful Clothes: Target gains Distracted +1. No Witnesses: This Trigger may only be declared if no other enemy model (other than the target) is within 12" and LoS of this model. When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and damage from this Action ignores Armor. 				
RIDDLES IN THE DARK	10"	6	Wp	-
Target gains Distracted +X , where X is the difference in the number of cards in each player's Control Hand (to a maximum of 2).				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Information Network: This Trigger may either be resolved Immediately or After resolving. Draw a card. 				
BLACKMAIL	6"	6	Wp	-
This Action cannot target the same model more than once per Activation. Non-Leader enemy only. Target may discard up to two cards. This model's Crew gains two Pass Tokens, minus one for each discarded card.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> We Own You: When resolving, if the target discarded one card or less, it takes an Action that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name, chosen and controlled by this model. 				
BACKROOM DEALINGS	10"	7	Wp	-
Enemy only. Reveal the target's Control Hand.				
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Risking It All: Choose a suit. When resolving, the target suffers 1 damage for each card of the chosen suit in the opposing player's Control Hand. Shady Dealings: For each of the opposing player's unrevealed Schemes, the target must discard a random card. 				

30MM



For as long as she can remember, Chiyo grew up with a set of rules: no running, no speaking unless spoken to, no looking her superiors in the eye, no sweets, and so on. For years, she felt more like a doll than a real girl, like something her mother would dress up and put on a shelf.

That changed when she arrived in Malfaux. Suddenly, there was a whole world around her, a world of danger and intrigue, of monsters and western gunfighters... a world filled with hairpins that she could snatch from her mother's geisha and use to pick the lock on her window.



No matter how many times Chiyo manages to escape, her mother's goons always find her and haul her back, kicking, and cursing in ways that would make a sailor blush. She's punished after each escape, but Chiyo takes a certain amount of pride in knowing that she's one of the few people that can really push her mother's buttons.

What Chiyo is pretty sure that her mother hasn't noticed yet is that each time Chiyo escapes, she manages to stay out just a little bit longer...



CHIYO HAMASAKI

Enforcer, Living Totem (Youko Hamasaki)

QI AND GONG

2
COST

4
DF

4
WP

5
MV

1
SZ

FACTION

ABILITIES

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

SUBTERFUGE: When an enemy Scheme Marker would be Dropped within **6**, this model may discard a card. If it does so, a friendly Scheme Marker is Dropped instead.

INCONSPICUOUS: During the Start Phase, if this model is on the enemy table half, this model's Crew gains two Pass Tokens. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a **1** to that duel.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

CHIYO HAMASAKI				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SHARP WIT	1"	4	Wp	-
Target gains Slow .				
W Rake the Eyes: Choose a suit. The target must reveal the top three cards of its Fate Deck and discard any of the chosen suit. Place the rest back on top of the deck in any order.				
X Pilfer: Target must be able to use Soulstones. Target enemy model must discard one Soulstone. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.				
BITING INSULT	6"	5	Wp	-
<i>Enemy only.</i> Target gains Distracted +1 . If the target has not yet Activated this Turn, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token.				
MISINFORMATION	6"	4	Wp	-
<i>Enemy only.</i> Target reveals its Control Hand and discards up to two cards of this model's choice. Then, the target draws a number of cards equal to the number of cards it discarded.				
30MM				

Youko Hamasaki's most trusted employee is the quiet, contemplative Bill Algren. How he became her bodyguard is a mystery to everyone but those two, and the stories surrounding their bond are as many and varied as the scars on his arms. To the Geisha he has sworn to protect, it is a story of love, where Bill has chosen to watch over Youko, regardless of where she travels. To the Kabuki Warriors, he was a loud-mouth fighter who traveled the world, later to be left tongueless and penniless after speaking wrongly of his opponent in Japan, and has been recruited by Youko for his fighting capabilities and his inability to spread any secrets.



BILL ALGREN

CTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Pushes 3/4/4 damage and this model may Push it away from this model.	2"	6	Df	-

Strike: When resolving, the target suffers damage for each **P** in this Action's final duel total (maximum of +2).

Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in action, then Place this model into base contact

CTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Pushes 8" 7 Wp 13	8"	7	Wp	13

Phase or when this model is killed (comes first), the target must discard a card to model other than this model with an Action.

Attention: This model gains **Focused +1**.

CTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Pushes 6" 6 - 12	6"	6	-	12

ally model only. Target Heals 1/2/3.

ize: Another friendly model within 3" of this gains **Focused +1**.

CTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Pushes 6" 6 - 11	6"	6	-	11

Push all other friendly models within 1" of away from the target. Then, Push this model the target. This model may take a **/// Action same model.**

Gratitude: Target must remove a Scheme friendly to its Crew from anywhere in play. not, it suffers 2 damage.

30MM

BILL ALGREN				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
NAGINATA	♣ 2"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 3/4/4 damage and this model may Push it up to 2" away from this model.				
♣ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).				
♥ You're Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.				
CHALLENGE	8"	7	Wp	13
Until the End Phase or when this model is killed (whichever comes first), the target must discard a card to push any model other than this model with an Action.				
♣ Focused Attention: This model gains Focused +1 .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STOIC NOD	6"	6	-	12
<i>Other friendly model only.</i> Target Heals 1/2/3.				
♥ Galvanize: Another friendly model within 3" of this model gains Focused +1 .				
HEROIC INTERVENTION	6"	6	-	11
<i>Enemy only.</i> Push all other friendly models within 1" of the target 5" away from the target. Then, Push this model 6" toward the target. This model may take a ♣ Action targeting the same model.				
✕ Debt of Gratitude: Target must remove a Scheme Marker regardless to its Crew from anywhere in play. If it cannot, it suffers 2 damage.				

The art of the ninja and where the opponent is appearing into the shadows and fighters who suit the eye-catching costumes. These warriors start to imagine that they are former, even when around and shouting.

It's only after a crowd a member of the crowd in that panic, the Kabuki warrior and discard the only the exaggerated.

Meanwhile, and been made sil



KABUKI WARRIOR
Minion (2), Living
QI AND GONG

8
COST

5 Df **5** Wp **6** Mv **2** Sz









ABILITIES

COMBAT FINESSE: When this model is targeted with a // Action, the Attacking model's duel cannot be Cheated.

DISTRACTION: Enemy models within 12 of this model suffer 1 to Wp duels.

LEVERAGE: During the Start Phase, if the opposing player has any revealed Schemes, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a 1 to that duel.

It's only after a crowd gathers around the performer that cuts a member of the crowd in half that people start to panic, and in that panic, the Kabuki Warrior need only to step into an alley and discard their costume. The witnesses can describe only the exaggerated nature of the performer.

KABUKI WARRIOR				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GREATSWORD Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. If this model has not taken the Charge Action this Activation, this Action receives a  to its damage flip.  Beautiful Clothes: Target gains Distracted +1 .	 2"	6	Df	-
LURE Move the target its Mv toward this model.  Rip and Tear: Take a  Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a  to its duel.	12"	5	Wp	12
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
 A NEW HORIZON Target a <i>Scheme Marker</i> . Place the target anywhere within 6" of its current location.	6"	5	-	10 

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

BUNRAKU
Minion (3), Construct
PUPPET, QI AND GONG

6
COST



5
Df

4
Wp

6
Mv

2
Sz


ABILITIES

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

Df (W) DISAPPEAR: Until the end of this Activation, this model gains +2 Df.

LEVERAGE: During the Start Phase, if the opposing player has any revealed Schemes, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a  to that duel.

1

2

3

4

5

6

HEALTH






BUNRAKU

Bunraku are puppets that have been brought to Malifaux from the Three Kingdoms. They are frequently used to reenact battles from the history of the Three Kingdoms, complete with whirling blades and sharp claws. The blades used by these puppets are real and very sharp (often demonstrated by a puppet cutting a fruit in half during a performance), which serves to showcase the skill of the puppetmaster in being able to swing such weapons without cutting a puppet's strings.

Legends state that it is bad luck to watch a Bunraku show without throwing it a coin at the performance's end, and Malifaux seems to have given a sinister life to this myth. More than one Three Kingdoms puppeteer has packed up their belongings and put their puppets into storage after finding blood on a Bunraku's knife the next morning.

Many of these creatures have been obtained by the Qi and Gong. When not on stage, Youko Hamasaki often employs these puppets as expendable assassins, though such missions must be carefully described as a scene from a new play lest the puppet grow confused and murder the wrong person.

BUNRAKU

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BRUTAL BLADE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.  Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). X Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.	1"	5	Df	-
LURE Move the target its Mv toward this model.  Rip and Tear: Take a  Action targeting the same model. This Action receives a  to its duel.	12"	5	Wp	12
TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
X RISKY MANEUVER This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Focused +1 and may Push up to 3" in any direction.	-	-	-	-

30MM



Though they are often dismissed by those outside the Ten Thunders as entertainers, within the ranks of the crime syndicate, the Kunoichi are treated with deference.

Kunoichi frequently serve as handlers for the specialized members of the organization, ensuring that each member's needs are met while simultaneously monitoring the organization's members for any signs of disloyalty or weakness. These meetings frequently take place in tea houses, brothels, and the various establishments that are somewhere between the two extremes, with the Qi and Gong being a particularly favored base of operations.



KUNOICHI				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
.....				
EXOTIC WEAPONS	♣ 1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
♣ Unexpected Ferocity: When resolving, target suffers additional damage equal to the value of its Distracted Condition (to a maximum of +2).				
♣ Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
✕ No Witnesses: <i>This Trigger may only be declared if no other enemy model (other than the target) is within 12" and LoS of this model.</i> When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage and damage from this Action ignores Armor .				
SHURIKEN	♣ 8"	5	Df	-
This Action ignores Concealment . Target suffers 1/2/3 damage, then this model may move up to 3".				
♣ Unexpected Ferocity: When resolving, target suffers additional damage equal to the value of its Distracted Condition (to a maximum of +2).				
♣ Galvanize: Another friendly model within 3" of this model gains Focused +1 .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
.....				
♣ I'VE GOT YOUR BACK	6"	6	-	10
Target other engaged friendly model. Target is Placed into base contact with this model.				
▣ Preparations: Target gains Focused +1 .				
30MM				

GEISHA

The Qi and Gong is a notorious brothel, but it is a classy brothel with heavy velvet curtains, spacious balconies, and thick walls that provide plenty of sound dampening. Since Youko Hamasaki took over management of the establishment, it's also gained the service of her best Geisha.

The Geisha are highly skilled performers who are trained in the arts of conversation, traditional dances, music, and art. Their presence has allowed Youko to slowly begin pushing the clientele of the brothel to a higher class, one that might travel to her establishment to relax in a way that doesn't involve getting undressed.

That the exotic nature of her Geisha might draw curious and wealthy westerns – those against who blackmail would be especially effective – to the Qi and Gong is assuredly just a pleasant little bonus.

Youko's Geisha are specifically recruited from outside the Ten Thunders and shielded from much of the organization's activities, though sometimes she must allow one of them to accompany one of her fellow lieutenants on a mission. While she has faith in their ability to distract others, she is less confident in their ability to dodge bullets.



GEISHA

Minion (3), Living

QI AND GONG

4

COST

4

DF

5

WP

5

MV

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

DISGUISED: This model cannot be the target of Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

DISTRACTION: Enemy models within ② of this model suffer ① to **Wp** duels.

LEVERAGE: During the Start Phase, if the opposing player has any revealed Schemes, this model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Before performing a duel, this model may discard a Pass Token to receive a ① to that duel.

1 2 3 4

HEALTH

GEISHA

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

SHARP WIT

① 1"

5

Wp

-

Target gains **Slow**.

Beautiful Clothes:

Target gains **Distracted +1**.

Unrequited Love:

Enemy only. Choose another enemy model in the target's LoS. The chosen model gains **Distracted +1**.

LURE

12"

6

Wp

12

Move the target its **Mv** toward this model.

Galvanize:

Another friendly model within 3" of this model gains **Focused +1**.

30MM

YAN LO

In many forms across many paths in as many years, Yan Lo has existed. While harnessing and summoning the spirits of his ancestors is a strength unique to himself, he is a broken man, wandering aimlessly while trying to piece together his shattered past. There are only glimpses, brief windows of clarity, that remind him of his wrongdoings and of the great and terrible oni that cursed him to this fate, tearing his spirit from the mortal plane in the process. Yan Lo's fractured spirit was forced to wander, unable to truly die but incapable of finding his way back to the physical world. His memory was in tatters, and it was only through the devotion and focus of his descendant, Chiaki Katanaka, that he was finally shown the way back to the physical world.

As the pieces of Yan Lo's broken spirit drew close to the beacon, his mind was brought back together for the first time in centuries. He could finally remember who he was and what he sought, and for short moments, he could even manifest his spirit in the physical realm. He could not gather such strength for long, but that brief encounter was a turning point for them both.

When Chiaki crossed into Malifaux, Yan Lo followed his niece. There he found abundant magical energy, which he harnessed to allow a more lasting transition into the physical world. The clouded paths that he had once walked were now clear to his eyes, and with some effort, his spirit was able to cross from one path to the other. When he was not needed by his descendants, he tested the boundaries of these paths, twisting their routes in an effort to fully regain his humanity. While traveling, he found the spirits of his most powerful descendants – Izamu, Toshiro, Yin – and brought them back to Malifaux to serve in the modern age.

Finally, after harvesting the souls of hundreds of his descendants, Yan Lo was able to craft a mortal form that was less fleeting, though just as fragile, as his need to walk the paths means that his physical body is only as permanent as his mortality allows. While he appears to be nothing more than a frail old man, Yan Lo's spirit is ancient and powerful, and he is capable of drawing upon the power of multiple paths to become truly terrifying.

His service to Baojun Katanaka was rewarded with information about his past, and now, Yan Lo knows who is responsible for the centuries of torment that his spirit was forced to endure. He has turned his efforts toward learning more about the fearsome Lingxuzi and, eventually, subjecting the treacherous oni to the same soul-shatter curse.

YAN LO

Master, Living

ANCESTOR

RETAINER

15

COST

3

DF

4

Wp

4

Mv

2

Sz

ABILITIES

ASCENDANCY: At the start of this model's Activation, Attach an Ascendant Upgrade to this model.

DEMISE (SHATTER RELIQUARY): After this model is killed, it may discard a Reliquary Upgrade Attached to any friendly model within 10" to Heal 3/4/5.

FORTIFY THE SPIRIT: For each Ascendant Upgrade Attached to this model, this model adds +1 to its duel totals (to a maximum of +3). If this model has three or more Attached Ascendant Upgrades, it gains +1 Mv.

RECOVER LOST SOULS: After a friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade is killed within 6", this model may Attach all Reliquary Upgrades attached to the killed model.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

HEALTH

YAN LO

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

THE DARKEST MAGICS 12" 4 Wp -

This Action ignores Friendly Fire. Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. If this model has three or more Attached Ascendant Upgrades, target suffers +1 damage.

☛ **My Loyal Servant:** Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3.

✕ **Drain Magic:** Target discards a card. This model may draw a card and then discard a card.

THE TREACHEROUS PATHS 8" 4 Wp 10

Place this model into base contact with the target. Then, this model may Push the target up to 2" for each Ascendant Upgrade Attached to this model.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG

STAT

RST

TN

TRANSCENDENCE 04" 4 - 12

Friendly models within range gain **Shielded +1**.

☛ **Growing Power:** This model must have two or fewer Attached Ascendant Upgrades. Friendly Retainer models within range may Push up to 2" in any direction.

REBUILD CORPUS 10" - - -

Target friendly non-Ancestor model and choose one of its Attached Reliquary Upgrades. Replace the target with the model named in the title of the chosen Upgrade, then the new model Heals 5 and draws two cards.

☛ **INSTILL YOUTH** 8" 3 - 10

Other model only. Target Heals 1/2/3. If the target has an Attached Reliquary Upgrade, it Heals an additional +1 and may end a Condition.

☛ **It's Dangerous to Go Alone:** Discard a Reliquary Upgrade Attached to this model and Attach it to the target.

30MM



SOUL PORTER

While he walked the paths between life and death, Yan Lo found other things silently creeping along their currents. The Soul Porter is one such creature. It hunted in the periphery of the spirit realm, capturing souls in the soft glow of its lanterns. Yan Lo watched it for decades in an attempt to learn just what the little creature did with the souls that it captured, but its motivations remained unclear.

Ultimately, Yan Lo decided that whatever purpose the Soul Porter might have was inconsequential next to his own goals. When he returned to the physical realm, he brought the diminutive creature with him to make use of its abilities.

The Soul Porter prefers to linger near the spirits of those who have returned from beyond death. Its lanterns capture their fleeing souls when they are killed, preventing their return to the afterlife and allowing Yan Lo to retrieve them with little effort. Each time its master pulls a soul from its lanterns, the Soul Porter grows sad and despondent, but the moods of his silent servant are simply not a concern for Yan Lo.



SOUL PORTER

Enforcer
Totem (Yan Lo)
RETAINER

2
COST

5
DF

5
WP

6
Mv

1
Sz

1 2 3

HEALTH

INCORPOREAL: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.

RECOVER LOST SOULS: After a friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade is killed within 6", this model may Attach all Reliquary Upgrades attached to the killed model.

INSIGNIFICANT: This model cannot take the Interact Action and is ignored for Strategies and Schemes.

SOUL PORTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BLADED SPEAR Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. <i>✗ Marked by the Ancestors:</i> Target gains Adversary (Ancestor).	2"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
EMPOWER ANCESTOR This Action may not target the same model more than once per Activation. Ancestor only. Target may move up to its Mv in inches.	8"	6	-	10
FINAL REST Remove all Scrap and Corpse Markers within range. Choose a number of friendly models in this model's LoS up to the number of removed Markers, then each chosen model Heals 1.	4"	5	-	10

30MM

IZAMU, THE ARMOR

There are legends of Izamu's bloodlust stretching back to before the fall of the Katanaka. It is said that his savagery and brutal tactics were the stones that began the landslide of rebellion in the Katanaka armies. The archers accompanying Izamu eventually turned on their general and slew him, but not before he had slaughtered many of his traitorous subordinates.

After his death, Izamu's body was burned and scattered to the winds, which left Yan Lo with few options for bringing his descendant back to life centuries later. Ever the creative necromancer, Yan Lo instead bound Izamu's spirit to the blood staining the inside of the warrior's ancient armor.

Even in life, Izamu was neither sane nor reasonable, and the trauma of his betrayal made him even more unstable. His spirit is filled with so much rage that he endlessly relives his final battle, refusing to accept his death. As a result, Yan Lo keeps his descendent on a short leash, lest his endless rage become a liability.

IZAMU

THE ARMOR

Enforcer, Undead

ANCESTOR, RETAINER

10

COST

4

DF

5

WP

4

MV

3

SZ

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

DEMISE (RELIQUARY): After this model is killed, a friendly model within 8" may Attach the Reliquary (X) Upgrade, where X is the name of this model.

UNYIELDING: When this model would take an Action outside of its Activation, its owner may choose for it not to.

FLURRY: *Once per Turn.* After this model resolves a **Flurry** Action during its Activation, it may discard a card to take that Action again.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

HEALTH

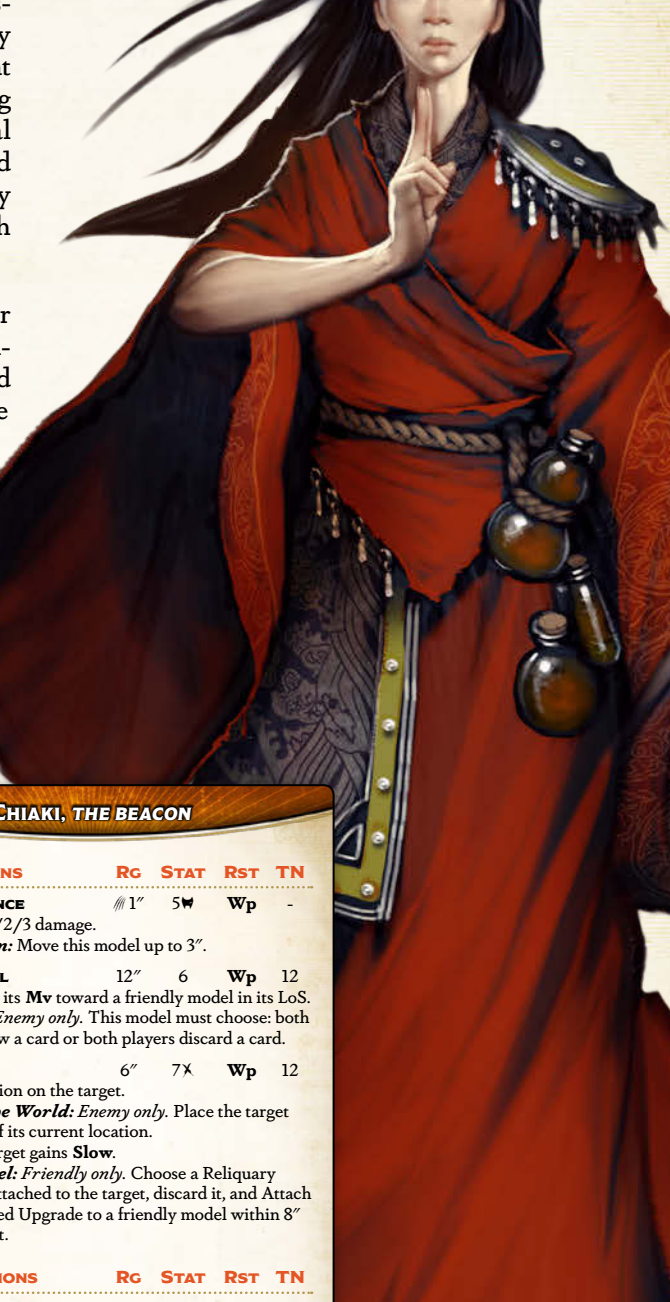
IZAMU, THE ARMOR

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	RST	TN
NAGAMAKI Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. ☞ Defensive Reflexes: This model gains Shielded +1 . ☞ Armor Piercing: When resolving, damage from this Action ignores Armor . ✕ Marked by the Ancestors: Target gains Adversary (Ancestor) .	2"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	RST	TN
HEROIC INTERVENTION <i>Enemy only.</i> Push all other friendly models within 1" of the target 5" away from the target. Then, Push this model 6" toward the target. This model may take a Flurry Action targeting the same model. ☞ Grasping Spirits: Enemy models within (0)2 gain Staggered .	6"	7	-	11
✕ JUGGERNAUT <i>Discard a card.</i> This model Heals 1/2/4.	-	-	-	-

50MM

Without Yan Lo, the Katanaka would not have their ancestors fighting alongside them in combat. Without Chiaki, they would not have Yan Lo. This affords Chiaki a certain amount of respect and freedom among the Ten Thunders. Headstrong in her rejection of tradition, particularly the patriarchal mindset of many of her superiors, it was only after she heard the distant voices of her ancestors that she found some way to break away from the path that destiny had placed beneath her feet.



Chiaki, The Beacon

BACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
EXISTENCE	1"	5W	Wp	-
et suffers 1/2/3 damage.				
Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
ONING CALL	12"	6	Wp	12
e the target its Mv toward a friendly model in its LoS.				
Duality: <i>Enemy only.</i> This model must choose: the both players draw a card or both players discard a card.				
L MAGIC	6"	7X	Wp	12
one Condition on the target.				
Hole in the World: <i>Enemy only.</i> Place the target within 6" of its current location.				
Delay: Target gains Slow .				
New Vessel: <i>Friendly only.</i> Choose a Reliquary Upgrade Attached to the target, discard it, and Attach the discarded Upgrade to a friendly model within 8" of the target.				

ICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
RIT FLUTE	(1)4"	6	-	10
ndly Retainer models within range may move up to 3".				
Split the Soul: Choose a friendly model within range. The chosen model may Attach the Reliquary (X) Upgrade, where X is the name of any one other friendly model within range.				
RITY	(1)4"	6	-	12
oy models within range must each pass a TN 14 Wp				



Chiaki, The Beacon

BACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
EXISTENCE	1"	5W	Wp	-
et suffers 1/2/3 damage.				
Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
ONING CALL	12"	6	Wp	12
e the target its Mv toward a friendly model in its LoS.				
Duality: <i>Enemy only.</i> This model must choose: the both players draw a card or both players discard a card.				
L MAGIC	6"	7X	Wp	12
one Condition on the target.				
Hole in the World: <i>Enemy only.</i> Place the target within 6" of its current location.				
Delay: Target gains Slow .				
New Vessel: <i>Friendly only.</i> Choose a Reliquary Upgrade Attached to the target, discard it, and Attach the discarded Upgrade to a friendly model within 8" of the target.				

ICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
RIT FLUTE	(1)4"	6	-	10
ndly Retainer models within range may move up to 3".				
Split the Soul: Choose a friendly model within range. The chosen model may Attach the Reliquary (X) Upgrade, where X is the name of any one other friendly model within range.				
RITY	(1)4"	6	-	12
oy models within range must each pass a TN 14 Wp				

SUN QUIANG

Sun Quiang is a famed healer from the Three Kingdoms. He is an expert in the arts of medicine, and his talents were sought from across the land by the sick and dying.

The Guild arrested Quiang's son on false charges of treason. Desperate, Quiang sought the aid of the dreaded Katanaka family, who agreed to rescue his son on the condition that Sun Quiang agreed to serve them. They kept their word, but at the command of Yan Lo, Sun Quiang was whisked away to Malifaux, where he now plies his trade aiding their injured warriors.

Since meeting with the mysterious Yan Lo, Quiang has begun to dream of ancient battlefields strewn with dead soldiers bearing familiar banners. In these dreams, he employs half-remembered medicines to bring the dead back to life, all while watched by the ominous shadow of an emperor given immortality by his own hand.

Each night, the dreams progress a little further, and Quiang has begun to fear that they might not be dreams at all, but rather, memories of a previous life...



SUN QUIANG
Enforcer, Living
 RETAINER

7
COST

7
DF

6
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

HEALING DRAUGHTS: Friendly models that start their Activation within 13 Heal 1.

DON'T MIND ME: This model may take the **Interact** Action while engaged or if it has taken the **Disengage** Action this Activation.

BEDSIDE MANNER: After resolving an Action in which another friendly model within 13 suffered damage, this model may discard a card to Place the damaged model into base contact with this model.

KING OF MEDICINE: After a friendly model is Placed within 13, it Heals 1.

QUICK CURE: After taking the **Assist** Action, this model gains **Fast**.

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HEALTH

SUN QUIANG

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
YIN AND YANG Target gains this model's choice of either Distracted +1 or Focused +1 . ☯ Duality: <i>Enemy only.</i> This model must choose: both players draw a card or both players discard a card. ♣ Quick Reflexes: Take this Action again, targeting a different model. ✕ Marked by the Ancestors: Target gains Adversary (Ancestor) . ☑ Hole in the World: <i>Enemy only.</i> Place the target within 6" of its current location.	8"	7	Wp	13

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HEALING ENERGY Target Heals 1/2/3. ☯ My Loyal Servant: Another model (other than this model) within 3" of the target Heals 1/2/3. ☑ Surge: Draw a card.	8"	6	-	12
✕ STUDY Target a Scrap or Corpse Marker . Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with the target, then remove the target. ☑ Surge: Draw a card.	6"	5	-	12

30MM

Komainu

Important buildings in the Three Kingdoms often have a pair of large stone or iron creatures flanking their entrances. Often standing as tall as a human, these beasts look like a cross between a lion and a dog. Traditionally, these imposing statues were believed to ward off evil, though in truth, they were prepared as special vessels for the spirits of a temple's guardian spirits.

In times of need, the spirits will inhabit a Komainu to defend its charges. With the grinding of stone or metal, the hulking beasts step down from their plinths and begin tracking their prey by its spirit-scent.

During the Black Powder Wars, the Three Kingdoms constructed many pneumatic Komainu, each forged from blessed steel. These new Komainu accompanied their clans into battle and became even more deadly when their charges fell into danger.

Since the reopening of the Second Breach, the Ten Thunders have imported a number of these pneumatic creatures to Malifaux. They hide in plain sight, guarding the temples of the Little Kingdom against any who would harm them. Yan Lo frequently makes use of these Komainu as temporary homes for the spirits of his noble descendants, a task for which the steel creatures are perfectly suited.



Komainu

Minion (2), Construct

RETAINER

6
COST

5
Df

4
Wp

FACTION

5
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

TAKE THE HIT: After an enemy model targets a friendly model within ② with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to Place itself into base contact with the friendly model and become the new target of the Attack Action (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).

EMPTY VESSEL: While this model has a Reliquary Upgrade Attached, it gains +2 Mv and receives a 1 to its duels.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

Komainu

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
METAL CLAWS Target suffers 2/3/5 damage. ☐ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each ☐ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). X Delay: Target gains Slow .	1"	5	Df	-
BREATH OF FIRE Target suffers 2/3/4/4 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 .	6"	5	Df	-
POUNCE ON CHEST <i>Enemy only.</i> Place this model into base contact with the target. The target gains Injured +1 .	4"	2	Sz	-

40MM

GOKUDO

The Gokudo are thugs that operate within the Little Kingdom district of Malifaux City. While they sometimes run protection rackets in that neighborhood, they primarily exist to enact the wishes of their master, the mysterious Yan Lo.

Membership in the Gokudo is by invitation only, and one must be selected by Wei Lu for the honor. Once a prospective recruit has undergone the necessary training to ensure that they have the skills needed to serve her new master, the recruit is finally introduced to Yan Lo himself, allowing them to swear fealty to the ancient sorcerer.

What the Gokudo don't know is that they are actually the descendants of those who swore fealty to Wei Lu centuries earlier, and that the oaths of their ancestors have been strengthened by the sorcerer's magic, making them utterly subservient to his wishes, both in this life and the next.

The dark magics worked upon a Gokudo's soul make them excellent vessels for the spirits of Yan Lo's favored descendants, and he is more than willing to sacrifice one of these expendable minions to ensure the continued survival of his more powerful servants.



GOKUDO
Minion (3), Living
RETAINER

5
COST

5
DF

5
WP

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

ANCIENT BLOODLINE: After this model is Replaced with an Ancestor, the Ancestor Heals 3, then Summon a Gokudo within 1" of any table edge and at least 6" from the enemy Deployment Zone.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

FACE IN THE CROWD: If this model is within 3" of one or more models, it gains Cover.

KNOW THE WARRIOR: After this model Cheats Fate in an opposed duel with an enemy model, if this model has **Focused**, it may draw a card after resolving the current Action.

EMPTY VESSEL: While this model has a Reliquary Upgrade Attached, it gains +2 **Mv** and receives a ♠ to its duels.

1 2 3 4 5
HEALTH

GOKUDO

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
STAGGERING PUNCH 0" 5 Df - Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Staggered . ♣ Coordinated Attack: Another friendly model may take a ♣ Action targeting the same model. X Marked by the Ancestors: Target gains Adversary (Ancestor).				
SHURIKEN 8" 5 Df - This Action ignores Concealment . Target suffers 1/2/3 damage, then this model may move up to 3". X Marked by the Ancestors: Target gains Adversary (Ancestor).				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
X RISKY MANEUVER - - - - This model suffers 1 damage. This model gains Focused +1 and may Push up to 3" in any direction.				

30MM

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Lucas' larcenous ways caught up with him in Egypt, but it was his fiancé, Karen, who paid the price. Murdered by people who wished to hurt McCabe, they stole his future by shooting her three times in the chest. She died on the empty desert sands, her soul absorbed by a Soulstone amulet that Lucas had discovered inside a pyramid. By drawing upon the power of Karen's soul, Lucas was able to obliterate his attackers, albeit at the cost of his lover's immortal soul.

For years, McCabe scoured both Earth and Malifaux for magical artifacts at Governor Kitchener's request, each time turning the item over to the Governor-General only after it had been reviewed by his Ten Thunder masters. Eventually, they realized that the Governor-General was planning to become a Tyrant and arranged for McCabe to sabotage his ascension ritual. The plan succeeded, and Kitchener's ritual was foiled, though with his disappearance, McCabe soon found himself out of a job. Neither the Governor's Secretary nor his replacement had any interest in his services, and thus, McCabe was unceremoniously fired.

LUCAS McCABE, RELIC HUNTER				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BULL WHIP	11" 2"	6P	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, then Push this model up to 2" in any direction.				
<p>♣ Rear Up: Enemy models within (1)2 of this model must each pass a TN 13 Df duel or suffer 2 damage.</p> <p>♥ Like the Wind: Push this model up to 5" in any direction, ignoring other models.</p>				
NETGUN	10"	6	Mv	-
Target suffers 2/2♣/3♣ damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Slow and Staggered .				
♣ Pull and Drag: Push the target 3" toward this model.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SCROUNGE FOR RELICS	5"	6P	-	12
Discard target <i>Corpse Marker</i> or <i>Scrap Marker</i> . Attach an Artifact Upgrade to this model.				
♣ Doling Out the Loot: Choose an Artifact Upgrade Attached to this model. Discard it, then Attach it to a friendly Minion or Wastrel model within 6".				
"CAREFUL, IT'S CURSED!"	10"	-	-	-
Discard an Attached Artifact Upgrade from target friendly model. Enemy models within (1)2 of the target must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or suffer 2 damage and gain Injured +2 .				
♥ RIDE WITH ME	2"	7	-	12
This model may target another friendly model of lower Sz . Push this model up to 5" in any direction. Then, if this Action targeted another friendly model, Place the friendly model into base contact with this model.				



LUCAS McCABE
DISMOUNTED HUNTER
Master, Living
WASTREL

15
COST

6 Df
6 WP
5 MV
2 Sz

ABILITIES

DISMOUNTED: This model cannot be hired, even if chosen as a Leader.

SWAGGER: After this model resolves the **Walk** Action, if this model does not have the **Focused** Condition, it gains **Focused +1**.

LOOTED SUPPLIES: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is within **1** of any Scrap or Corpse Markers, it may draw a card.

EXTENDED REACH: Enemy models within **2** cannot take Attack Actions generated by the **Charge** Action.

1 2 3 4 5
HEALTH

LUCAS McCABE, DISMOUNTED HUNTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	Rst	TN
GLOWING SABER Target suffers 2/3/4 damage, ignoring Hard to Wound , Hard to Kill , and Incorporeal . ♣ Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each ♣ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). ✕ Siphon Essence: <i>Enemy only.</i> After killing, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.	1"	6	Df	-
COLLIER REVOLVER Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. ♣ Focused Attention: This model gains Focused +1 . ♣ Burst Damage: When resolving, the target suffers +♣ damage.	12"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	STAT	Rst	TN
SCROUNGE FOR RELICS Discard target Corpse Marker or Scrap Marker . Attach an Artifact Upgrade to this model. ♣ Doling Out the Loot: Choose an Artifact Upgrade Attached to this model. Discard it, then Attach it to a friendly Minion or Wastrel model within 6".	5"	6♣	-	12
✕ CHAIN GANG <i>Other friendly model only.</i> Move the target up to 3". Then, this model may move up to 3", which must end within 3" of the target.	3"	-	-	-

30MM



Luna has been at McCabe's side since his tragedy in Egypt. The mastiff is a large, heavily built hunting companion who has saved his life on numerous occasions, though McCabe lost count. He is as devoted to her as she is to him, and either would risk their life for the other. They have faced all manner of inventive traps, strange beasts, and dangerous criminals in their adventures and have always come out on top.

Since arriving in Malifaux, Luna has developed an uncanny ability to sniff out treasure and rare artifacts. She's not above chewing on the more interesting relics when the opportunity presents itself, though McCabe does his best to get the most valuable of his recovered objects out of her jaws before she can damage them too much.



LUNA				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BITE	0"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.				
W You're Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.				
X Chew Toy: <i>Discard an Artifact Upgrade Attached to this model.</i> Draw a card, then Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with this model.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FRANTIC DIGGING	-	-	-	-
Once per Activation. Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with this model.				
SCROUNGE FOR RELICS	5"	4	-	12
Discard target Corpse Marker or Scrap Marker. Attach an Artifact Upgrade to this model.				
X Chew Toy: <i>Discard an Artifact Upgrade Attached to this model.</i> Draw a card, then Drop a Scheme Marker into base contact with this model.				

SIDIR ALCHIBAL

Sidir's past is a mystery. The Guild's investigations have failed to uncover very much, and nothing prior to 1901. A series of unusually vague police records implies that he has enough money or influence to make such unpleasant details vanish. There are few Indian families with such power, but as of yet, Sidir has not been linked to any of them. All that the Guild has been able to determine for certain is that "Alchibal" is not his given surname.

It was during one of his stints in prison that Sidir encountered Lucas McCabe. In the brutal confines of the prison, each found the other to be a valuable comrade. After being released at roughly the same time, they stayed together in a mutually beneficial arrangement.

Sidir displays an astonishing capacity for precise and measured violence that leaves even McCabe's brutish followers wary of him. His tendency to resolve most problems with deadly force has resulted in a high bounty on his head, but his fearsome reputation has thus far prevented anyone from trying to claim that bounty.



SIDIR ALCHIBAL
Henchman, Living
WASTREL

9
COST

6
DF

5
WP

FACTION

4
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

LOOTED SUPPLIES: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is within 1" of any Scrap or Corpse Markers, it may draw a card.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

DF (P) PARRY: If this Action is a P Action, the Attacking model suffers 2/3/4 damage. This damage flip suffers a D.

SWAGGER: After this model resolves the **Walk** Action, if this model does not have the **Focused** Condition, it gains **Focused +1**.

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HEALTH

SIDIR ALCHIBAL

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SWORD Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). Bloody Fate: Draw a card. If the target was not killed, discard a card.	1"	6	Df	-
MACHINE GUN Target suffers 2/3/6 damage. Quick Reflexes: Take this Action again, targeting a different model. Delay: Target gains Slow .	12"	6	Df	-
ANALYZE WEAKNESS Until the End Phase, all damage the target suffers ignores Armor and Shielded .	10"	6	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BLOW IT TO HELL Remove any other Blown Apart Markers Dropped by this model. Drop a Blown Apart Marker within range, then remove any Destructible Terrain within (1/2 of it. Models within (1/2 of a Blown Apart Marker do not benefit from having Cover . Blown Apart Markers cannot be removed from effects other than this Action.	8"	6	-	10
JUGGERNAUT Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.	-	-	-	-

40MM

DESPER LARAUX

Henchman, Living
WASTREL

8

COST



5
DF

5
WP

FACTION

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

LOOTED SUPPLIES: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is within 1 of any Scrap or Corpse Markers, it may draw a card.

DON'T MIND ME: This model may take the **Interact** Action while engaged or if it has taken the **Disengage** Action this Activation.

EXPERT GETAWAY: This model may ignore terrain and models while moving.

DF (W) LEAP ASIDE: Place this model anywhere within 3" of its current location.

LOOT THEIR CORPSE: At the end of this model's Activation, it may remove a Corpse Marker within 12 to add one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.

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HEALTH

DESPER LARAUX

Desper LaRaux is an exceptional thief that McCabe encountered in his tour of the world's most unpleasant prisons. Like McCabe, Desper is a "treasure hunter," though his preferred treasures are art pieces and gemstones. The two had an amicable relationship, much of it fueled by Desper's great skill at breaking out of prisons and his habit of leaving a rope behind for McCabe (though he didn't actually tie the rope onto anything, as that would have been, in his opinion, "a bit patronizing").

Shortly after Governor-General Kitchener disappeared, Desper was caught poking around the ruins of the mansion. There were three large paintings tucked under his arm and a handful of Soulstone cufflinks in his pockets, and his claims that he was an art restoration expert fell on deaf ears.

McCabe managed to get Desper released from the Guild Gaol before his termination paperwork went through, and in thanks for saving him, Desper decided to join McCabe's "merry gang of thieves," despite McCabe's protests.

DESPER LARAUX

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HIDDEN BLADE 1" 5P Df - Target suffers 1/2/4 damage, ignoring Armor . Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each P in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). Reposition: Move this model up to 3".				
EXPERT THIEF 1" 6 Df - Target a model that can use Soulstones. Target must discard a Soulstone. If it does so, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool. Reposition: Move this model up to 3". Stunning Strike: Target gains Stunned . Useless Trinket: Once per Activation. Enemy only. Drop a Scrap Marker within 2" of the target.				
GRAPPLING HOOK 8" 6 Df - Target suffers 2/2/3 damage. Pull and Drag: Push the target 3" toward this model. You're Comin' with Me: Push the target up to 3" in any direction, then Place this model into base contact with it.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
LEAP 6" 3W - 10W Place this model anywhere within range.				

30MM

HUCKSTER

The newspapers of Malifaux are filled with advertisements for all sorts of wonder medicines, from Snake Oil to Black Blood Tonics. The advertisements claim that these medicines can cure anything from baldness to infertility, claims that can't be enforced in any way, due to Malifaux's lack of any sort of governing food or drug laws. Still, these advertisements are easy to ignore if someone isn't interested in them.

More difficult to ignore are the men and women perched atop carts or standing on the street corner, shouting down passers-by and promising them a cure to all of their ills. If they're not interested in medicine, perhaps they would like to purchase a rare trinket pulled out of the legendary ruins of WhoKnowsWhere, with its vague magical powers of glowing a little bit and maybe sometimes making a strange noise.

No matter what they're hawking, these Hucksters provide an invaluable service to Lucas McCabe, namely that of flipping the less impressive or more damaged artifacts that he finds and turning them into scrip. If they're able to sell a few bottles of rat urine as healing potions to some gullible fools, well, that's just a bonus.



HUCKSTER
 Minion (3), Living
 WASTREL

6
 COST

5
DF

5
WP

FACTION

5
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a to their duel.

LOOTED SUPPLIES: At the start of this model's Activation, if it is within of any Scrap or Corpse Markers, it may draw a card.

THIS WILL FETCH A HIGH PRICE: After this model uses the **Interact** Action to remove an enemy Scheme Marker, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool.

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HEALTH

HUCKSTER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
GANG WEAPONS <i>The target may not declare Resistance Triggers during this Action. Target suffers 2/2/3 damage.</i> Dismantle for Parts: Enemy Construct only. Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target. Shady Dealings: For each of the opposing player's unrevealed Schemes, the target must discard a random card.	1"	5	Df	-
SALES PITCH <i>Enemy only.</i> This model and the target both discard the top card of their Fate Deck. If this model's discarded card is higher, draw that card. If the target's card is higher, they draw that card and this model adds one Soulstone to its Crew's Soulstone Pool.	6"	5	Wp	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
FALSE CLAIM <i>This Action cannot be taken while engaged.</i> Drop two Scheme Markers within range. During the End Phase, remove a friendly Scheme Marker from play. Inflated Worth: When resolving, instead of Dropping two Scheme Markers, this model may Drop a Scheme Marker and a Scrap Marker.	3"	6	-	12
SECRET PASSAGE <i>This Action may only be declared if this model is within 1" of Blocking Terrain.</i> Place this model anywhere within range within 1" of Blocking Terrain.	12"	6	-	14

30MM

RUFFIAN

Ruffians are people who have been given every privilege from birth and have subsequently squandered them. They often consider themselves above the law, relying upon their family's wealth and good name to keep them out of any real trouble.

During his time with the Guild, Lucas McCabe gathered a cadre of these ruthless men and women around himself to form a (very unofficial) group of agents with questionable loyalty and ethics. They dealt with issues that the Guild could not be seen to be officially involved in, such as evicting people from Downtown homes that are desired by prominent politicians, breaking into the homes of M&SU representatives, and so on. What the Guild didn't realize was that most of those Ruffians were also in the pocket of the Ten Thunders.

McCabe's Ruffians were fired shortly after he was, and since then, they've been hanging around McCabe in the hopes of leeching off his success. Thus far, McCabe has managed to keep them pacified by giving them the occasional minor trinket or broken artifact to sell off, but he knows that such scraps are only delaying the inevitable betrayals of his so-called loyal followers.

RUFFIAN

Minion (3), Living WASTREL

5

COST



5

Df

5

Wp

5

MV

2

Sz

1

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4

5

HEALTH

SWAGGER:

After this model resolves the Walk Action, if this model does not have the Focused Condition, it gains Focused +1.

LOOTED SUPPLIES:

At the start of this model's Activation, if it is within 1 of any Scrap or Corpse Markers, it may draw a card.

RUTHLESS:

This model ignores the Terrifying and Manipulative Abilities of other models.

RUFFIAN

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

GANG WEAPONS

1" 5 Df -

The target may not declare Resistance Triggers during this Action. Target suffers 2/2/3 damage.

Reposition:

Move this model up to 3".

Mutilate:

When resolving, if the target has Slow, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains Slow.

DERRINGER

8" 5 Df -

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

Burst Damage:

When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage.

Focused Attention:

This model gains Focused +1.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

CHAIN GANG

3" - - -

Other friendly model only. Move the target up to 3". Then, this model may move up to 3", which must end within 3" of the target.

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SHADOW EFFIGY

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

KNIFE

// 0" 5 Df -

Target suffers 1/3/4 damage.

✗ **Mutilate:** When resolving, if the target has **Slow**, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains **Slow**.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

REMEMBER THE MISSION

4" 5 - 12

Target a friendly model that has not been targeted by this Action this Activation. Target may take the **Interact** Action, even if engaged.

✦ **Get into Position:** When resolving, before the target takes the **Interact** Action, it may Push up to 3" in any direction

✦ **STORM OF SHADOWS**

13" 5 - 10

Until the End Phase, models within range have Concealment.

30MM

SHADOW EMISSARY

In an attempt to manipulate the Ten Thunders, the Swamp Witch, Zoraida, created a puppet infused with the essence of the Three Kingdoms. She crafted it in the image of the faction that she held in her mind, a sinister, silent figure clad in a gi and sugegasa.

On the night that Governor-General Kitchener disappeared, Zoraida intended to funnel the energy of the ascending Tyrant into herself, but the power was greater than she anticipated and it instead leapt into seven new conduits... including the Shadow Effigy.

In that moment, bathed in the raw power of transformation, the Effigy's old existence shattered and reformed into something new. Freed from its trappings, the Effigy took on a form more befitting the true spirit of the Three Kingdoms: a mighty dragon with the voice of thunder and wind.

The transformation was not permanent, however, and after a time, the Shadow Emissary reverted back to its puppet form. With Zoraida's hold over it severed, the puppet was free to follow its own path, and it chose the path of servitude; specifically, servitude to the Ten Thunders, both as a puppet and as a dragon.

SHADOW EMISSARY

Enforcer, Living Versatile

EMISSARY OF FATE

10

COST

5

Df

7

Wp

6

Mv

3

Sz

ABILITIES

DRAGON'S FIRE: Once per Activation. After this model is Placed, enemy models within (t)2 must each pass a TN 12 Mv duel or suffer 2 damage.

TERRIFYING (11): After an enemy model targets this model with an Attack Action, the enemy model must pass a TN 11 Wp duel or the Action fails.

FLIGHT: When resolving the Walk or Charge Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's Mv. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

AGILE: This model may leave the engagement range of enemy models with the Walk Action.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

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HEALTH

SHADOW EMISSARY

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

SAVAGE BITE 1" 6 Df -

Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.

☞ **Heave:** Place the target anywhere within 3" of this model.

LIGHTNING STRIKE 8" 6 * 13

Shockwave 1, Mv 13, Damage 2.

☞ **Hurricane:** When resolving, increase the TN of this Mv duel by +2.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

☞ **STORM OF SHADOWS** 3" 6 - 10

Until the End Phase, models within range have Concealment.

☞ **Bolster Strength:** Friendly models within range Heal 1.

☞ **PROPHECIES IN THUNDER** 6" 6 - 12

This model's controller sets aside their Control Hand and draws a number of cards equal to the number of cards that were set aside. Shuffle the set aside cards and place them on either the top or the bottom of this model's Fate Deck.

☞ **No Future but Our Own:** Both players shuffle their Discard Pile into their Fate Deck, then the player with the least amount of cards in their Control Hand draws cards until they have as many cards in their Control Hand as the other player.

50MM

Like all of her bandmates, Lust's memory of things prior to the man in black and the woman in red is a bit... fuzzy. She remembers the music, of course, and the warm beds that she shared in countless forgettable towns across Earth and Malifaux alike, but they're just blurry images in her mind. She can't even remember her name.

LUST

CK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
vious Music	10"	6	Wp	-

try only. Target reveals the top three cards of its Fate
 , plus one additional card per Sin Token on the
 (to a maximum of six revealed cards). Choose one

Then she steps outside, catches the grin of a handsome young man or woman, and she feels the music inside her once again, calling out for comfort in the cold.

LUST				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
LASCIVIOUS MUSIC	10"	6	Wp	-
<i>Enemy only.</i> Target reveals the top three cards of its Fate Deck, plus one additional card per Sin Token on the target (to a maximum of six revealed cards). Choose one for the enemy model to draw, then discard the rest.				
X Unrequited Love: <i>Enemy only.</i> Choose another enemy model in the target's LoS. The chosen model gains Distracted +1 .				
SEDUCTION	10"	6	Wp	-
Target ends its Focused Condition (if any). Then, the target gains Distracted +1 .				
X Sin Spiral: Target gains a Sin Token, then this model Heals 1.				
NOW, KISS!	6"	6	Wp	-
<i>Enemy only.</i> Place the target into base contact with another enemy model within 6" and LoS of it. Both models must each pass a TN 12 Wp duel or gain Distracted +1 .				
■ Love Hurts: When resolving, the target suffers 2 damage.				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DESTRUCTIVE PERFORMANCE	(1)3"	6	-	12
<i>Once per Activation.</i> Enemy models within range with one or more Sin Tokens must each discard a Sin Token and suffer 3 damage.				
■ The Beat Goes On: <i>Discard a card.</i> Another friendly Crossroads model in this model's LoS may take the Destructive Performance Action.				

YASUNORI
Enforcer, Living Versatile

10
COST



6
Df

7
WP


FACTION

7
MV

3
Sz

ABILITIES

HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a .

FLIGHT: When resolving the **Walk** or **Charge** Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's **Mv**. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

Df/Mv (♥) UNNATURAL REFLEXES: When resolving, reduce the damage this model suffers by 1 for each ♥ in its final duel total.

CHASING ADVANTAGE: For every two cards in the opposing player's Control Hand (rounded down), this model adds +♥ to its final duel totals.

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9

HEALTH

YASUNORI


The oldest legends from the Three Kingdoms speak of a man known as Yasunori, a Kabuki actor with no peer. He could captivate his audiences with a voice that boomed louder than thunder or movements that were so graceful he could cross the stage in a single leap.

One night, after a particularly mesmerizing show, the audience begged Yasunori to take off his mask so that they could see the true face of the man underneath. Yasunori complied, but the crowd turned on him once they saw his demonic visage and chased him into the forest.

A figure matching the description of the legendary Yasunori has recently appeared in Malifaux. Mounted atop a fearsome longma, the masked man appears from the shadows and fights alongside the Ten Thunders, laughing maniacally at the chaos he inspires. Once the fight is finished, he salutes those still standing and disappears, leaving only confused looks and dead bodies in his wake.

Is the masked man the Yasunori from legend or merely a human who wishes to conceal his true identity? The Ten Thunders do not know, and that frightens them.

YASUNORI

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BALANCED SWORD  1" 6♦ Df - Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. ♥ Onslaught: Take this Action again, targeting the same model. ♥ Chaos Unleashed: Choose X models within (♥)5, where X is equal to the number of ♥ in this model's final duel total. Push each chosen model up to 2" in any direction.				

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
✎ THE WIND'S WRATH (♥)3" - - - Move this model and other models in range up to 1".				
✎ REVEL IN CHAOS - 8 - 12♥ <i>This model may suffer any amount of damage. Each player draws cards equal to the damage suffered by this Action. If the opposing player must discard one or more cards due to the Maximum Hand Size, they must do so randomly.</i>				

50MM



DAWN SERPENT
Enforcer, Beast
Versatile

9
COST



5
DF

6
WP

FACTION

7
MV

2
SZ

ABILITIES

FLIGHT: When resolving the **Walk** or **Charge** Action, instead of moving normally, this model may Place itself completely within X", where X is equal to this model's **Mv**. This model does not suffer Falling damage.

COUNTERSPELL: Enemy models within 6 must each discard a card to declare Triggers during opposed duels with this model.

AGILE: This model may leave the engagement range of enemy models with the **Walk** Action.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 HEALTH

DAWN SERPENT

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
SAVAGE BITE Target suffers 3/4/5 damage.	1"	6	Df	-
BREATH OF FIRE Target suffers 2/3/4 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 . ♦ Scorched Remains: Drop a Scrap Marker into base contact with the target. ■ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2).	6"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
↑ RISING DAWN This model Heals 1 for each enemy model within range. ♦ Light of Dawn: When resolving, each enemy model within range may discard a card. Each model that does not gains Burning +1 .	(1)6"	6	-	13

40MM

DAWN SERPENT

Not all monsters are born in Malifaux.

Dawn Serpents are native to Earth, though they were already extremely rare by the time the first Breach opened, let alone the second. Created at the behest of the Tyrant known as the Dragon during its time on Earth, these serpentine creatures can grow up to eight feet in length. The thick scales on the body of a Dawn Serpent shimmer with golden light as they fly through the sky like a fish through water, giving them their name.

Though Dawn Serpents are often assumed to possess great intelligence, in truth, they are no smarter than an average dog. For a time, these flying serpents were seen as holy creatures among the people of Tibet, and at least one was worshiped as a divine entity and fed regular amounts of fresh meat by its devoted servants.

The Ten Thunders have imported a handful of these creatures to Malifaux, much to the Dragon's personal amusement. Upon crossing through the Breach, the magic of their bodies flared up, filling these sinuous sky-snakes with a golden fire that they are happy to breathe upon anything they perceive as a threat.



FUHATSU
Henchman, Living Versatile

9
COST



4
DF

3
WP

5
MV

3
Sz


ABILITIES

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

LAUGH OFF: If this model would be moved during an enemy model's Activation or from an enemy model's effect, it may choose not to.









HARD TO WOUND: Damage flips against this model suffer a .

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

RAPID FIRE: Once per Turn. After this model resolves a  Action during its Activation, it may discard a card to take that Action again.


HEALTH

FUHATSU

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
HURRICANE PUNCH Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.  Quick Shot: Take a  Action, even if engaged.  Daze: Target gains Stunned and is Pushed up to 3" in any direction.	1"	5	Df	-
GATLING GUN Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.  Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each  in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).  Sweeping Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +  damage.	12"	6	Df	-
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
SCATTER Enemy models within range are Pushed 3" away from this model.	(1)3"	-	-	-
 JUGGERNAUT Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.	-	-	-	-

50MM

FUHATSU

Fuhatsu Katanaka was once a respected Japanese warrior. He led multiple skirmishes against the occupying forces of the Guild. The very sight of his massive form rallied those who were honor bound to serve him and struck fear in his enemies, and for a time, it seemed as if Fuhatsu might be the sword that would finally drive the Guild from his homeland and place the Katanaka family in power.

Then, in 1902, a Guild sniper put a bullet in Fuhatsu's head. His loyal retainers hauled him from the battlefield and used their Soulstones to heal Fuhatsu's wound, but the bullet in his skull interfered with the process. He survived the incident, but Fuhatsu was never quite the same. Gone was his charisma and tactical acumen, replaced with a fondness for screaming and a dislike for pants.

Rather than place him back on the battlefield, the Katanaka family arranged for Fuhatsu to be transferred to Malifaux, where his reputation could still be of use. Now, he is accompanied into battle by loyal retainers who ensure that he points his gun in the correct direction and continues to bring honor to his family. They've had no luck in getting him to wear pants, though.



The resurgence of magic on Earth since the opening of the first Breach has led to some odd events. Perhaps one of the strangest was the sudden awakening of the Obsidian Statue that guarded a small, forgotten temple in Tibet. The statue could only move its mouth, but even this was enough to draw pilgrims from faraway lands.

In the year since its crossing into Malifaux, the Obsidian Statue's core has regressed back to its volcanic birth, effectively transforming the statue into a massive, walking brazier. Though quite useful for keeping even the largest of the Ten Thunders' hideouts warm during Malifaux's long winters, the statue is just as valuable in combat, where it smashes and immolates the enemies of its masters with remorseless glee.

Obsidian Statue				
Attack Actions	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Huge Fist	1"	6	Df	-
Target suffers 3/4/6 damage.				
Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2).				
Breath of Fire	6"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3/4/5 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 .				
Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2).				
Up in Flames: Remove all Scheme Markers within (1)2 of the target.				
Tactical Actions	RG	STAT	RST	TN
Reconstitute Fragments	(1)3"	-	-	-
Remove all Scrap Markers within range. This model Heals +1 for each Marker removed in this way.				
Ring of Fire	13"	6	-	10
Until the End Phase, other models treat the area within range as Hazardous (Burning +1) Terrain.				
Forge in Fire: This model Heals 1 and may take the Reconstitute Fragments Action.				



SAMURAI

Within the Three Kingdoms, only the most powerful and high-ranking nobles are allowed to own and carry firearms. When the nobles hailing from Japan go to battle, they do so armed with the best weapons and armor that their vast fortunes can purchase. More often than not, this takes the form of a shoulder-mounted Gatling cannon and an advanced suit of powered armor modeled after the armor of their samurai ancestors.

These modern Samurai tend not to stray far from Japan and their holdings there, but a small handful of them have traveled to Malifaux at the behest of the Ten Thunders, either as willing partners of the crime syndicate or as the unfortunate victims of extortion or blackmail.

Regardless of their reasons for serving the Ten Thunders, these Samurai are dangerous warriors who are more than capable of destroying their enemies at range or in close combat. More importantly, however, they are natural leaders with deep pockets, and anyone who runs afoul of a Samurai will find themselves harried relentlessly until either they or the Samurai are dead.



SAMURAI

Minion (3), Living

Versatile

9

COST

4

Df

5

Wp

4

MV

2

Sz

FACTION

ABILITIES

ARMOR +2:

Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +2.

HEIGHTENED SENSES:

This model may treat the Concentrate Action as a Action.

BLADE RUSH:

When this model takes the Charge Action, it can move through other models. Enemy models moved through in this way suffer 1 damage.

RUSH:

When this model takes the Charge Action, increase the distance it Pushes by up to +2".

DEMISE (FINAL STRIKE):

After this model is killed, it may take an Attack Action targeting the Attacking model before it is removed. This Action cannot declare Triggers.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

HEALTH

SAMURAI

ATTACK ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

DAITO

1"

6

Df

-

Target suffers 2/3/5 damage, ignoring Armor.

Critical Strike:

When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2).

Mutilate:

When resolving, if the target has Slow, it suffers +1 damage. Otherwise, it gains Slow.

GATLING GUN

12"

5

Df

-

Target suffers 2/4/6 damage.

Burst Damage:

When resolving, the target suffers + damage.

TACTICAL ACTIONS

RG STAT RST TN

JUGGERNAUT

-

-

-

-

Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.

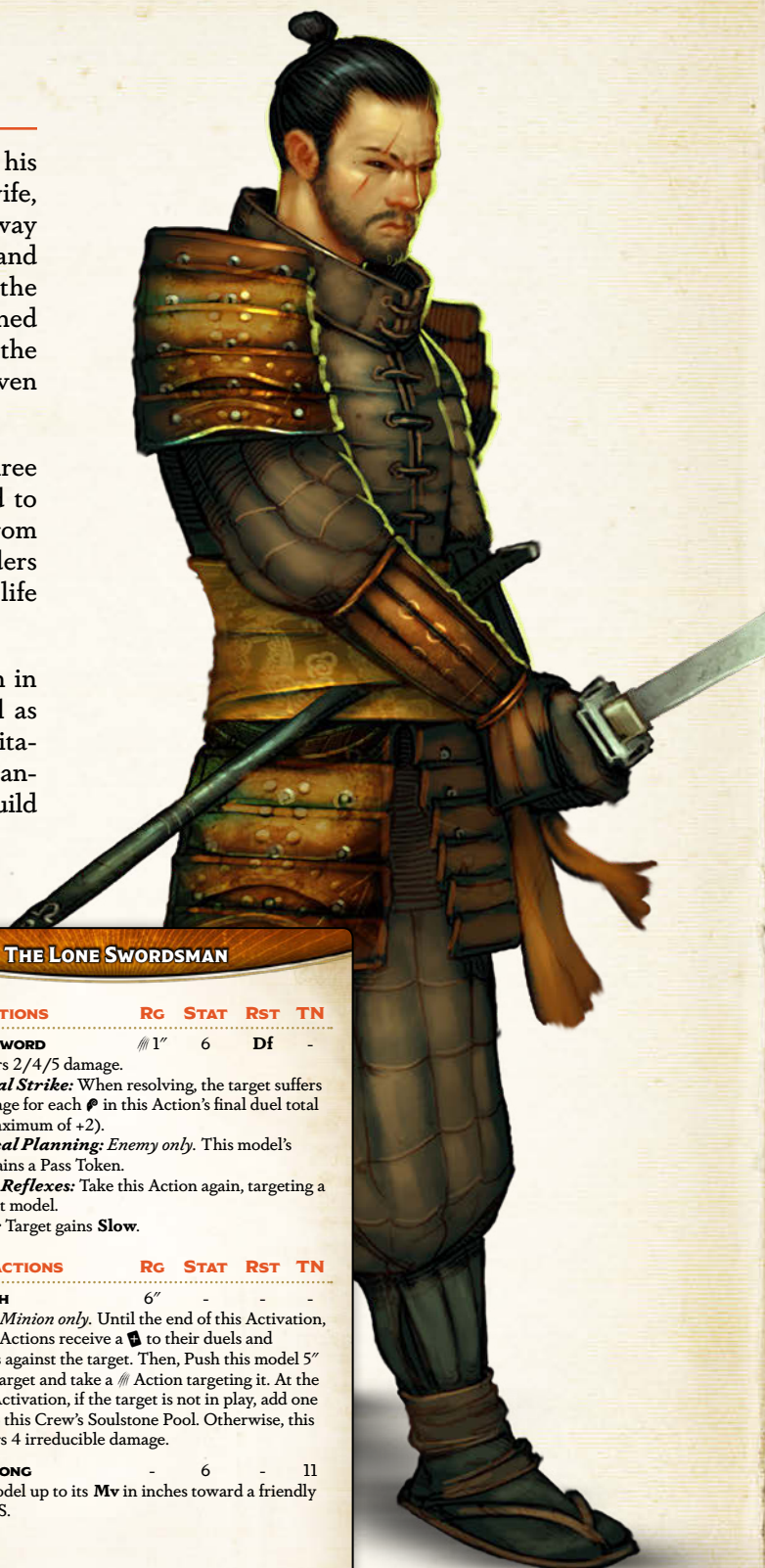
30MM

THE LONE SWORDSMAN

The Lone Swordsman is the last surviving member of his family line. Once, he had parents, brothers, sisters, a wife, and children, but the Guild's forces took all of that away from him. He was a simple merchant with two ships and a head full of shipping lanes and profit margins, but the Guild took that away from him, too. His estate was burned to the ground and his family name was stricken from the Imperial records at the Guild's request, denying him even those comforts.

When he left Japan, the Lone Swordsman had only three things: his life, his father's sword, and a burning hatred to make the Guild suffer for everything they had taken from him. Such a man proved too useful for the Ten Thunders to ignore, and in exchange for training, he pledges his life to them.

Now, the Lone Swordsman is little more than a weapon in the hands of his amoral masters. He knows this as well as they do, yet he does not care. His days are spent in meditation and training, and though he kills Neverborn and Arcanist with equal measure, it is only when his sword draws Guild blood that he truly feels alive again.



THE LONE SWORDSMAN

Enforcer, Living Versatile

8

COST

5

Df

6

WP

FACTION

5

Mv

2

Sz

ABILITIES

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

ADAPTIVE: At the start of this model's Activation, choose a suit. This model adds the chosen suit to its duel totals until the end of its Activation.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

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8

HEALTH

THE LONE SWORDSMAN

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
BALANCED SWORD Target suffers 2/4/5 damage. Critical Strike: When resolving, the target suffers +1 damage for each in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of +2). Tactical Planning: <i>Enemy only.</i> This model's Crew gains a Pass Token. Quick Reflexes: Take this Action again, targeting a different model. Delay: Target gains Slow .	1"	6	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
LAST BREATH <i>Enemy non-Minion only.</i> Until the end of this Activation, this model's Actions receive a to their duels and damage flips against the target. Then, Push this model 5" toward the target and take a Action targeting it. At the end of this Activation, if the target is not in play, add one Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool. Otherwise, this model suffers 4 irreducible damage.	6"	-	-	-
CREEP ALONG Push this model up to its Mv in inches toward a friendly model in LoS.	-	6	-	11

30MM

Wanyudo are tormented spirits that take the form of a head that has been imprisoned within a flaming wagon wheel. In life, these smoldering creatures were daimyo and other important leaders who were wicked to their subordinates. In death, their spirits are tortured by the spokes that have been thrust into their skull and the flames that burn their skin.

Wanyudo are particularly feared among residents of the Three Kingdoms, as they represent a spirit so wicked that it has been deemed utterly without redemption. They serve as warnings for others to mend their evil ways, lest they find their spirits shackled to a flaming wheel of their own.



WANYUDO				
ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
BURNING WHEEL	1"	6	Mv	-
Target suffers 2/3/4 damage and gains Burning +1 . Push this model up to 5" in any direction.				
<div> ■ Blaze: Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 for each ■ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of Burning +2). </div>				
<div> ♣ Reposition: Move this model up to 3". </div>				
BREATH OF FIRE	6"	5	Df	-
Target suffers 2/3♣/4♣♣ damage. Models damaged by this Action gain Burning +1 .				
TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
<div> ♣ HOLD BACK THE FLAMES </div>	113"	6	-	11
<div> Enemy models within range with Burning suffer 1 damage from the Burning Condition and reduce the value of their Burning Condition by 1. </div>				
40MM				

TEN THUNDERS BROTHER

Life in the Three Kingdoms is difficult for those who are born without rank. It is even more difficult for those who have ambition and wish for more than the life of a farmer can offer. Many of these disenfranchised men and women turn to criminal organizations to obtain the money and power their birth denied them.

The term “Ten Thunder Brother” is an inaccurate translation for “Shí léi jiazú,” which means something closer to “Ten Thunder family” in Mandarin. Still, the name has spread through the years, to the point where even female members are referred to as “brothers” by their fellow thugs.

The Ten Thunder Brothers hide their identities behind masks that depict the faces of leering oni. Anonymity is one of a Brother’s most dangerous weapons, and it has created a culture of fear surrounding not just the Brothers but also the Ten Thunders. Those who would speak out against the organization’s money laundering, protection rackets, and smuggling rings are unable to give accurate descriptions of the Brothers to the authorities... any of whom might even be one of the masked thugs themselves.



TEN THUNDERS BROTHER

Minion (3), Living
Versatile

6

COST

5

5

5

5

2

DF

Wp

FACTION

Mv

Sz

ABILITIES

PROTECT OUR HOLDINGS: Friendly Scheme Markers within 4 may not be removed by the effects of enemy models.

DIVERSION: Enemy models within 4 cannot declare Actions.

DF (W) MISDIRECTION: Immediately, another model within 2" of this model must either discard a card or suffer the effects of this Action instead of this model. The Attacking model may not be chosen for this effect.

1 2 3 4 5 6

HEALTH

TEN THUNDERS BROTHER

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
EXOTIC WEAPONS	1"	5	Df	-

Target suffers 2/3/4 damage.

- Worthy Opponent: After resolving, draw a card. If the target was killed, discard a card.
- Delay: Target gains Slow.

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
DANCE OF THE HEAVENS	-	5	-	12

Once per Activation. This model gains Focused +1.

- Defensive Reflexes: This model gains Shielded +1.
- Surge: Draw a card.
- Reposition: Move this model up to 3".
- Change Weapon Style: Until the End Phase, increase the range of this model's Actions by +1".

KEEPING THE PEACE 6" 5 - 10

Until the End Phase, enemy models within range that declare the Charge Action must each pass a TN 13 Wp duel or the Action fails.

30MM

TANUKI
Minion (3), Living
Versatile
TRI-CHI

5
COST



5
Df

4
Wp

5
Mv

1
Sz

ABILITIES

"DON'T DRINK THAT!": After an enemy model within 6 moves into base contact with a Scheme Marker, it gains **Poison +1** after resolving the current Action.

BEER GOGGLES: After an enemy model with **Poison** targets this model with an Attack Action, it must either discard a card or the Action suffers a \square .

DF (III) "I'M A TEAPOT!": *Enemy only.* After resolving, this model may take the **Interact** Action, even if engaged, then Place this model anywhere within 6" of the Attacking model.

HIGH TOLERANCE: Reduce all damage this model suffers from **Poison** to 0.

1 2 3 4 5

HEALTH

TANUKI

Tanuki are small, raccoon-like spirits. They are playful by nature, if a bit mischievous. They tend to know a handful of magical tricks of debatable usefulness, such as the ability to switch locations with a nearby teapot (and only a teapot).

Tanuki have an intense (some would say unreasonable) love of alcohol, but they are too impatient to brew it themselves. They usually attempt to steal their booze from the unaware, but if pressed, they can easily conjure up a magical (though, tragically, non-alcoholic) elixir that instantly cures most ailments.

It was their love of alcohol that led to the Tanuki first arriving in Malifaux: a group of them had hidden inside a shipment of sake the Ten Thunders were shipping through the Second Breach. When the crate was opened, the drunken Tanuki scattered.

After initially considering the Tanuki to be nothing more than pests, the Brewmaster established a relationship with the little creatures. They make for good spies, provided that they are only given their promised moonshine after their assignment is complete, and the Brewmaster has used his new friends to keep tabs on the Ten Thunders and their assassins since he abandoned the organization.

TANUKI

ATTACK ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
JUG SWING Target suffers 2/2/3 damage. ✖ Drunken Confusion: This model and the target both gain Distracted +1 . ✖ Shower of Booze: Models within (t)2 of this model gain Poison +1 .	1"	5	Df	-
SOBER UP End one Condition on the target. If the target is a friendly model, it gains Focused +1 . ✖ Smashed: Target gains Poison +2 .	6"	5	Wp	12

TACTICAL ACTIONS	Rg	Stat	Rst	TN
✖ FOUL-MOUTHED MOTIVATION <i>Other friendly model only.</i> Target Heals 1/2/3 and gains Focused +1 . ✖ Drunken Stumble: Push this model 1" in any direction.	6"	5	-	12

30MM



TERRACOTTA WARRIOR

Originally found by local farmers in Shaanxi, China, deep within a tomb nearly forty square miles in diameter, these large clay constructs were kept as a secret until the explorer, Lucas McCabe, made his way to the pit. Haunting as it was to find a still army of man-sized soldiers watching guard over a dead emperor, it wasn't until they started moving that McCabe and his crew truly understood what they had discovered.

Dozens were carefully pulled from the catacomb and brought to Malifaux City. It didn't take long for the mysterious sorcery that animated them to come to light, as they nearly walked off the train themselves. Now, this malleable militia is utilized whenever the Oyabun deems it necessary, whether as defenses or for more formidable means.



TERRACOTTA WARRIOR

Minion (3), Construct
Versatile

4

COST



5
Df

4
Wp


FACTION

4
Mv

2
Sz

ABILITIES

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

1

2

3

4

HEALTH

TERRACOTTA WARRIOR

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
CLAY FIST Target suffers 1/2/3 damage. Grab On: Target gains Slow . End this model's Activation.	0"	4	Df	-

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	STAT	RST	TN
MOLD OF THE OTHER Name a friendly Minion or Enforcer that was killed this game. The TN of this Action is equal to 10 plus the Cost of the named model. Replace this model with the named model, then the new model Heals 3.	-	6	-	X
JUST LIKE YOU! Once per Activation. Target a model with higher Cost than this model. Select one of the target's non- Tactical Actions that does not Attach Upgrades or list a model by name. This model may take the selected Action with a penalty of -2 to its Stat.	5"	-	-	-

30MM



UPGRADE CARDS

EFFIGY OF FATE | 2

This Upgrade is a part of every Faction.

This model gains the following Ability:

EFFIGY OF FATE: During the Start Phase of Turn 3 and every Turn after, this model may be Replaced with an Emissary of Fate model that shares a Faction with this model. If it does so, the new model Heals 2.



LIMITATIONS

Restricted (Effigy)

MASKED AGENT | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

WITH ME: After this model declares the Charge Action, it may choose a friendly model within 3" of itself. After this model has completed the move portion of its Charge Action, if it is now engaging an enemy model, it may Place the chosen model into base contact with the enemy model.

UNNERVING PRESENCE: Enemy models within 6" may not declare Resistance Triggers.

If this model is a Minion, its Attack Actions gain the following Trigger:

✦ **Coordinated Attack:** Another friendly model may take a // Action targeting the same model.



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

SILENT PROTECTOR | 2

This model gains the following Ability:

HARD TO KILL: When this model suffers damage, if it has 2 or more Health, it may not be reduced to below 1 Health.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS RG St Rst TN

✦ **CHALLENGE** 8" 6 Wp 13

Until the End Phase or when this model is killed (whichever comes first), the target must discard a card to target any model other than this model with an Action.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

TAKE THE HIT: After an enemy model targets a friendly model within 6" with an Attack Action, this model may discard a card to Place itself into base contact with the friendly model and become the new target of the Attack Action (ignoring range, LoS, and targeting restrictions).



LIMITATIONS

Plentiful (2)

TRAINED NINJA | 2

This model gains the following Abilities:

UNIMPEDED: This model is unaffected by Severe Terrain.

STEALTH: Enemy models cannot target this model from more than 6" away.

If this model is a Minion, it gains the following Ability:

FROM THE SHADOWS: This model may be deployed at the start of the game, rather than during Deployment. If so, this model may be deployed anywhere on the table that is at least 6" away from the enemy Deployment Zone, and it may not take the Interact Action on the first Turn.



LIMITATIONS

Restricted (Living)
Plentiful (2)

ASAMI'S SOUL

O

This model gains the following Abilities:

ATTUNED: This model may use Soulstones.

MY TRUE FORM: When this model suffers damage, it may discard one Flicker Token to reduce the damage suffered by 3, to a minimum of 0.

BULGING MUSCLES: This model's **///** Actions inflict +2 damage.

EMERALD SHIMMER: Friendly Oni cannot gain Flicker Tokens while controlled by enemy models.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Absorbed Soul)

FADED MIRROR

O

This model gains the following Abilities:

PAID WITH TRINKETS: At the start of this model's Activation, if this Upgrade was Attached this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

KNOW THE WARRIOR: After this model Cheats Fate in an opposed duel with an enemy model, if this model has **Focused**, it may draw a card after resolving the current Action.

This model gains the following Actions:

TACTICAL ACTIONS **RG** **ST** **RST** **TN**

✧ **EQUALITY OF FATE** - - - -
If the opposing Crew has more cards in its Control Hand than this model's Crew, draw a card.

✧ **"TAKE THIS!"** 6" 5 - 9
Choose an Artifact Upgrade Attached to this model. Friendly Minion or Wastrel only. Attach the chosen Upgrade to the target.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Artifact)
Plentiful (2)

TIMEWORN BLADE

O

This model gains the following Abilities:

PAID WITH TRINKETS: At the start of this model's Activation, if this Upgrade was Attached this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

PRECISE: This model's **///** Actions ignore Armor, Hard to Wound, Hard to Kill, and the Shielded Condition.

This model gains the following Actions:

TACTICAL ACTIONS **RG** **ST** **RST** **TN**

✧ **BLADE STORM** (1)3" 5 - 10
Models within range must each pass a TN 12 Df duel or suffer 2 damage.

✧ **Severe Injury:** Models damaged by this Action gain **Injured +1** for each ✧ in this Action's final duel total (to a maximum of **Injured +2**).

✧ **"TAKE THIS!"** 6" 5 - 9
Choose an Artifact Upgrade Attached to this model. Friendly Minion or Wastrel only. Attach the chosen Upgrade to the target.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Artifact)
Plentiful (2)



PHANTASMAL MASK

O

This model gains the following Abilities:

PAID WITH TRINKETS: At the start of this model's Activation, if this Upgrade was Attached this Turn, this model gains **Fast**.

LIFE LEECH: When an enemy model starts its Activation within Ⓢ4, this model Heals 1 and the enemy model suffers 1 damage.

This model gains the following Actions:

TACTICAL ACTIONS **RG** **ST** **RST** **TN**

✧ **PROTECTIVE SPIRITS** (1)3" 5 - 12
Friendly models within range gain **Shielded +1**.

✧ **Focused Cleansing:** This model Heals 2 and may end a Condition on itself.

✧ **"TAKE THIS!"** 6" 5 - 9
Choose an Artifact Upgrade Attached to this model. Friendly Minion or Wastrel only. Attach the chosen Upgrade to the target.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Artifact)
Plentiful (2)

UPGRADE CARDS

ASH ASCENDANT

After Attaching this Upgrade, every enemy model within (X)X of this model gains **Staggered**, where X is equal to the number of Ascendant Upgrades Attached to this model.

This model gains the following Ability:

SWIRLING ASH: Friendly models within ③3 have Concealment. Enemy models treat the area within ③3 as Hazardous Terrain.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG ST RST TN

STORM OF ASH (X)3" 3 - 12

Enemy models within range must each pass a TN 13 **Mv** duel or suffer 2 damage and gain **Staggered**.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Ascendant)

BLOOD ASCENDANT

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model may take the **The Darkest Magics** Action.

This model gains the following Abilities:

DIVING CHARGE: This model may declare the **Charge** Action while engaged. When this model takes the **Charge** Action, it ignores terrain while moving and can move through other models.

GUNFIGHTER: This model may treat any of its ⚔ Actions as having a range of ①1".



LIMITATIONS

Special (Ascendant)

BONE ASCENDANT

After Attaching this Upgrade, one friendly Undead model within LoS of this model may take a ⚔ Action.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG ST RST TN

RECLAIM CORPSE 6" 3X - 10

Target a Corpse Marker. Add a Soulstone to this Crew's Soulstone Pool. Then, remove the target.

X **Bone Shard:** When resolving, before removing the target, an enemy model within 3" of it must pass a TN X **Df** duel or suffer 2/3/4 damage, which suffers a ☐. The TN of this duel is equal to 10 plus the number of Ascendant Upgrades Attached to this model.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Ascendant)

FLESH ASCENDANT

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model and every friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade Heals X, where X is equal to the number of Ascendant Upgrades Attached to this model.

This model gains the following Abilities:

REGENERATION +2: At the start of this model's Activation, it Heals +2.

ETERNAL WARRIORS: This model's **Instill Youth** Action can target friendly models with Attached Reliquary Upgrades regardless of LoS.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS RG ST RST TN

⚔ **JUGGERNAUT** - - - -
Discard a card. This model Heals 1/2/4.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Ascendant)

SPIRIT ASCENDANT

O

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model and every friendly model with an Attached Reliquary Upgrade may Place itself within X" of its current location, where X is equal to the number of Ascendant Upgrades Attached to this model.

This model gains the following Ability:

INCORPOREAL: Reduce all damage this model suffers from Attack Actions by 1, to a minimum of 0. This model ignores terrain while moving and is unaffected by Hazardous Terrain. This model can move through other models and vice versa.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Ascendant)



THE DARKNESS BECKONS

O

If Jakob Lynch is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to **Plentiful (3)**.

This model gains the following Abilities:

BRILLIANT GLOW: At the end of this model's Activation, remove a Brilliance Token from this model. Then, every enemy model within (1)2 of this model gains a Brilliance Token.

FADE INTO DARKNESS: At the end of any Activation, if this model has no Brilliance Tokens, it is killed (ignoring any **Demise** Abilities).



LIMITATIONS

Special (Summon, Darkened)
Plentiful (2)



KARMIC FATE

O

This model gains the following Abilities:

ATONEMENT: At the start of this model's Activation, it may discard two cards to discard this Upgrade. If it does so, an enemy Minako Rei model Heals 2.

FINAL REWARD: After this model is killed, the opposing player may Summon an enemy Wanyudo into base contact with this model. If this model was not killed by an enemy Minako Rei, the Summoned model suffers 3 irreducible damage and gains **Slow**.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Karma)



GIVEN FLESH

O

If Asami Tanaka is this Crew's Leader, increase this Upgrade's **Plentiful** Limitation to **Plentiful (5)**.

After Attaching this Upgrade, this model gains two Flicker Tokens. It may then remove any number of Corpse Markers or Scrap Markers within (1)1. For each Marker removed in this way, this model discards one Flicker Token.

This model gains the following Ability:

IMPERMANENT FORM: At the start of this model's Activation, it gains a Flicker Token.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Summon, Manifested)
Plentiful (2)



UPGRADE CARDS

RELIQUARY (CHIAKI)

This Upgrade cannot be Attached to Chiaki models.

This model gains the following Abilities:

GUARDIAN SPIRIT: At the start of this model's Activation, it may end any number of Conditions on itself.

MANIPULATIVE: If this model has not yet Activated this Turn, enemy Attack Actions that target this model suffer a \ominus to their duel.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	ST	RST	TN
A NEW GUARDIAN	6"	-	-	-

Friendly only. Attach this Upgrade to the target.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Reliquary)

RELIQUARY (IZAMU)

This Upgrade cannot be Attached to Izamu models.

This model gains the following Abilities:

ARMOR +1: Reduce all damage suffered by this model by +1.

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

This model gains the following Action:

TACTICAL ACTIONS	RG	ST	RST	TN
A NEW GUARDIAN	6"	-	-	-

Friendly only. Attach this Upgrade to the target.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Reliquary)

FERMENTED RIVER STYLE

This model and friendly Aspiring Student models gain the following Ability:

DRUNKEN KUNG FU: When this model performs a flip, it treats all \ominus as if they were a $\omin�$ and all $\omin�$ as if they were a \ominus .

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	ST	RST	TN
FALLING RAVE KICK	\mathbb{M} 1"	6	Df	-

*Discard a Chi Token, then this model may move up to 6", ignoring other models. Target suffers 1/3/5 damage and gains **Staggered**. This model may move up to 1" in any direction.*

\mathbb{M} **Changing Styles:** If this model is this Crew's Leader, Attach a Style Upgrade to this model, then discard this Upgrade.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Style, Fermented River)

HIGH RIVER STYLE

This model and friendly Aspiring Student models gain the following Ability:

RUTHLESS: This model ignores the **Terrifying** and **Manipulative** Abilities of other models.

This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS	RG	ST	RST	TN
FLAMING DRAGON KICK	\mathbb{M} 1"	6	Df	-

*Discard a Chi Token. Target suffers 3/4/5 damage. Models damaged by this Action gain **Burning +2**. End the **Burning** Condition on this model.*

\mathbb{M} **Changing Styles:** If this model is this Crew's Leader, Attach a Style Upgrade to this model, then discard this Upgrade.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Style, High River)

LOW RIVER STYLE



This model and friendly Aspiring Student models gain the following Ability:

PEBBLES IN THE WATER: After a friendly Monk within 3 flips one or more cards as part of a duel, it may discard one Chi Token to add one suit of its choice to its final duel total.

This model gains the following Action:

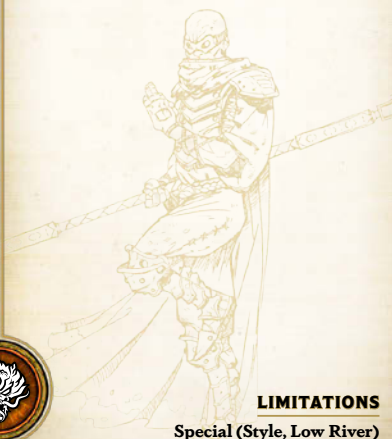
TACTICAL ACTIONS Rg St Rst TN

REVITALIZE 8" 6 - 12

Discard a Chi Token. Target Heals 2/3/4.

Every friendly model within 1 of the target Heals 1.

■ **Changing Styles:** If this model is this Crew's Leader, Attach a Style Upgrade to this model, then discard this Upgrade.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Style, Low River)

WANDERING RIVER STYLE



This model and friendly Aspiring Student models gain the following Ability:

BUTTERFLY JUMP: After resolving an enemy Attack Action targeting this model, this model may move up to 3".

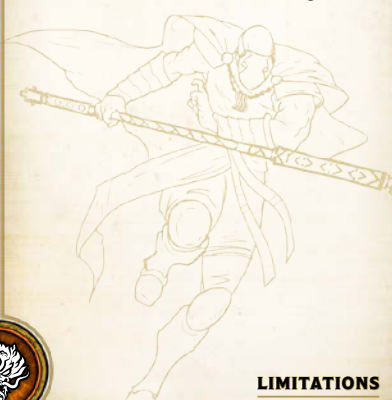
This model gains the following Action:

ATTACK ACTIONS Rg St Rst TN

FOUR WINDS PUNCH 8" 6 Df -

Discard a Chi Token. Remove up to three Scheme, Scrap, and/or Corpse Markers within 3 of the target. Push the target 6" in any direction, then Drop any Markers removed by this Action within 3 of the target.

■ **Changing Styles:** If this model is this Crew's Leader, Attach a Style Upgrade to this model, then discard this Upgrade.



LIMITATIONS

Special (Style, Wandering River)



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THE TENTHUNDERS



M3E

BAD THINGS HAPPEN

THE TEN THUNDERS



The shadowy criminal enterprise has quietly grown to dominate the streets and politics of the Three Kingdoms for years, but the Ten Thunders strive for more. Sworn to secrecy until death, and sometimes further still, each and every member under their banner is utterly devoted to their cause. By infiltrating through a hidden portal, these ninja and assassins have found their way into nearly all organizations this side of the Breach, creating a powerful syndicate with eyes and ears on both Earth and Malifaux.

M3E

Malifaux Third Edition is a story-driven skirmish game that carries the events from the lore directly into the characters' mechanics. With a streamlined hiring system, straightforward and updated rules that don't get in the way of the fun, and enough strategic depth to keep those mental gears turning for years to come, it's never been a better time to dive into the world of Malifaux.

Seek your fortune, test your luck, and stake your claim in this fast-paced and brutal tabletop miniature skirmish game.



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