

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the Realm of Chaos, the nightmarish domain of the Dark Gods. In these pages are the collected visions of the insane and the damned, detailing the warped territories and daemonic servants of Khorne, the Blood God, and Slaanesh, the Lord of Excess.

The Realm of Chaos is endless and ever-shifting. It is a dimension devoid of reason and logic, a sphere of reality unbound by space and time. Though infinite in its expanse, it contains nothing but seething anarchy, a constant and paradoxical landscape in which anything that is imaginable can be brought into being. Hopes, dreams, fears and desires are given fleeting form before mutating into new shapes or fading from existence. Cause and effect twist in upon themselves, creating insane loops and impossible anomalies. Nightmares are made real in order to play out in endless succession, becoming more and more horrendous with every iteration. In this realm, rationality has no place, and madness reigns supreme.

A thin veil separates the Realm of Chaos from many other realities. It is the minds and souls of the mortal creatures throughout these myriad existences that feed the realm with its anarchic energies. The emotions of these mortals coalesce and are given substance amidst the wild maelstrom, and strange landscapes are birthed from the deepest recesses of their subconscious thoughts. While most of these projections promptly evaporate, tearing themselves apart and reforming rapidly, those created from the strongest emotions are able to persist. Rage, greed, hope and despair – these and many others are constants in the Realm of Chaos, with each congealing into vast and terrifying domains.

Of all the hellish entities that inhabit the Realm of Chaos, none are greater than the Dark Gods. Known as the Ruinous Powers, the Chaos Pantheon and countless other

names, these gods rule great swathes of the realm, claiming dominion over the anarchy that surrounds them and twisting it towards their malefic designs. Never content with their holdings, the Dark Gods are at constant war with one another, waging apocalyptic battles to bring more territories under their command, and seeking ever to sway the souls of mortals into their infernal service.

The eldest of the Ruinous Powers is Khorne – the Blood God and Lord of Slaughter. He is the master of warfare and violence, whose enraged bellows fill the hearts of those who hear them with fury. Tzeentch is the god of sorcery and manipulation. He is the Architect of Fate and the Changer of Ways, and by his magics flesh and thought are mutated into ever-more horrific configurations. Nurgle is the Lord of Decay, the creator of plagues and the bringer of despair. His fecund diseases perpetuate an unending cycle of rot and rebirth. Youngest of all the Chaos Gods is Slaanesh – the Dark Prince and Master of Excess. Through temptation and allurements he drives others to acts of hedonism, feeding off their degradations and revelling in their grotesquerie.

From their own essence each god creates innumerable Daemons, mindless and merciless slave beings that mirror the cruel will of their deific creator. Formed into vast legions, these Daemons march in unending wars, not only in the Realm of Chaos, but also through the veil of reality. By persecuting their horrors upon mortal worlds, the daemonic servants of the Dark Gods create the fear and hatred that gives power to their masters.





As the daemonic servants of Khorne and Slaanesh engage in combat, the battlefield is flooded with bloodthirsty howls and shrieks of sadistic euphoria. The wars between these hateful entities are unending, and as the battling Daemons spill forth from the Realm of Chaos they transform ever more spheres of existence into nightmarish extensions of the Dark Gods' domain.



THE GREAT GAME

The Dark Gods of Chaos are locked in an eternal struggle for supremacy. The hierarchy of the pantheon is in a constant state of flux, with power ebbing and flowing over impossibly long spans of time. In this Great Game, the fates of worlds and mortal souls are but playthings for the Ruinous Powers.

The Realm of Chaos is a place of dreams and nightmares, where cause need not precede effect. Within its bounds, anything is possible – there are no physical laws; hopes and fears are given grotesque shape; and reality itself is reborn as a vista of fevered hallucination. Gravity, form, space and reason, all are in flux and utterly mutable to the will of the Chaos Gods. Few mortals are capable of perceiving the Realm of Chaos in its true splendour, for the living mind recoils from its otherworldly landscapes. Thus, no two visions of the Realm of Chaos are exactly alike – indeed, they are often contradictory.

The Dark Gods of Chaos each have their own particular spheres of influence, their own daemonic servants and their own territories. Yet the Realm of Chaos is not merely the home of the Dark Gods – it is also their battlefield, the arena for a Great Game of supremacy. There are myriad differences between the Chaos Gods, and though they share a common goal – total domination of all that is – they are constantly at war with one another, vying for power. Each holds that absolute power cannot be shared, even amongst gods. So it is that their realm is burdened by constant wars of attrition. Vast daemonic armies swarm across crystal plains, venomous forests, bone-choked swampland and rivers of churning gore, battling to the death to claim and counterclaim territory and the magical lifeblood that goes with it. In the Realm of Chaos, where magic is the stuff of being, the breadth of a domain is not merely a symbol of power, it is indeed power itself. As the minions of one god seize advantage, captured territory is moulded to the whims of its new master. If Khorne overruns a portion of Slaanesh's decadent realm, the seductive paradise is reduced to a ruddy wasteland. Similarly, should Slaanesh manage to wrest that same territory back from Khorne, pillars of screaming flesh and gilded statues burst forth from the parched firmament, returning the land to its nightmarish splendour.

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

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





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

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

Conversely, Khorne is already seated at the top of the Dark Gods' hierarchy. Regardless of which armies go to battle, and the motivations that drive their conflicts, it is the Blood God who is empowered by the carnage of warfare. It is nigh impossible to topple Khorne's reign through acts of aggression, for every killing blow delivered in anger serves to praise the Lord of Slaughter. Khorne cares not if entire legions of his own warriors are massacred at the hands of those who worship his brother gods, for so long as the blood flows his power increases. When no worthy enemy presents itself, the servants of the Blood God will even engage in raging internecine wars, battling amongst each other to slake their master's thirst for murder.

While unable to match the sheer rage or violence of their brother, the other Dark Gods constantly seek ways to pervert the fury of the Blood God's barbarous campaigns, and twist his fury to their own advantage. In the fires of war that are spread by Khorne, Tzeentch sows confusion and mistrust, birthing mutations and wreaking change upon those whose way of life has been sundered. On gore-strewn battlefields and amongst the crowded horror of besieged cities, Nurgle sees fertile grounds in which he can spread his plagues and grow his fecund garden. And as conflicts grow to apocalyptic proportions, Slaanesh delights in the escalation of tensions, the extremes to which mortal warriors must push themselves, and the extents to which their cruelty towards their enemies steadily increases. Of all the wars the Blood God persecutes against the other Ruinous Powers, none are more excessively brutal than those waged against the Dark Prince. The malefic desires of these two gods are in one sense directly opposed, yet also serve to amplify one another. Khorne's forces are intent on swift and senseless slaughter, while Slaanesh's servants strive to inflict prolonged suffering upon their enemies. Yet both revel in the wrath and rapture that abound in times of war, and so each seeks ways to eternally escalate the conflict between them.



KHORNE

THE BLOOD GOD

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

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

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

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

THE BLOOD TITHE

That which Khorne demands is simple: blood and more blood. His only temple is the battlefield, his sole sacrament the gore of nations. Consciously or not, all warrior cultures pay Khorne homage with their acts of murder and destruction, from headhunting tribes of backwater savages to conquering armies of hardened soldiers.

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

THE DOMINION OF KHORNE

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

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

Beyond this moat lies league upon league of cracked land littered with the splintered bones of those fallen in battle. Packs of slaving Flesh Hounds prowl these wastes for intruders, skirting along the edges of seas of blood, roving



through mazes of bone and tracking down any interlopers. This blasted wasteland is split by a great crevasse, a canyon many miles long and unfathomably deep. It is said that in one of Khorne's particularly vehement rages, he took up his gargantuan sword and smote the ground, splitting it asunder for eternity. Occasionally, the Canyon of Death erupts with a tide of hot blood. The flood of gore spills out over the plains and sweeps away the heaps of headless corpses and mountains of skeletal remains, surging forth as if existence itself were bleeding from some hideous wound.

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

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

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

War – constant, mindless bloodletting and destruction – is all Khorne cares for. He is almost heedless of who is victorious,

and is far more intent that the combatants fight until they can fight no more. All that Khorne exists for, all that his entire being is bent towards, is the flow of blood from fresh wounds and the taking of skulls.



THE NUMBER OF KHORNE

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



BLOODLETTERS

KHORNE'S CHOSEN, HATEFUL SLAYERS, TAKERS OF SKULLS

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

Bloodletters are Khorne's most numerous warriors, the foot soldiers of his mighty legions. Their every aspect is designed for their gory craft, and their horrific appearance is an assault upon mortal sensibilities. Their skin is the colour of blood and flame, ranging from bright red to deepest crimson, and their pitiless eyes are like burning coals. From their heads protrude cruelly curving horns and their snapping mouths are lined with rows of serrated teeth. The Bloodletters' lean bodies are corded with muscle and each is possessed of unnatural strength, able to rip a mortal apart with contemptuous ease. In one hand they carry long, jagged hellblades that glow with the heinous energies of their infernal domain. In their other hand, some Bloodletters carry gore-soaked banners made from the flayed skin of their

enemies, or large brass horns with which they sound the call to war. Khorne's domain contains countless legions of these snarling warriors, each of which is like a sea of red flesh from which serried horns and wicked blades protrude.

Unlike the foot soldiers of Khorne's rival gods, Bloodletters march to war in regimented formations, accompanied by an overwhelming charnel stench and proudly displaying the profane iconography of the Lord of Battle. Though they might manifest themselves and even manoeuvre in rank-like precision, once they draw close to their prey, it becomes apparent that they are barely restrained killers that bay for the blood of their foes. As the war-horns of each pack ring out they charge, quickly breaking formation as they enter a battle furore, their black tongues lashing out in anticipation of the taste of blood.

Few foes can withstand such an onslaught, for the sight of their own comrades cut in half and butchered by howling Bloodletters is enough to break the resolve of even the stoutest soldiers. Those combatants not instantly slain are greeted with a frenzied rage, the Bloodletters screaming with fury as they fall upon them with dark blades, teeth and claws. As they slash at their opponents, the Daemons spit obscene promises of death and suffering, their guttural voices inspiring dread in all who hear them.

In order to maintain their physical form outside of the Realm of Chaos, Bloodletters must partake in constant slaughter, and they loose their murder-lust on whoever stands before them. It is not uncommon for Bloodletters to fall upon each other in their competition to spill the most vital fluid or claim the skulls of the greatest warriors on the battlefields, for in such a way they strive to distinguish themselves before the eyes of their almighty creator. But their fell attentions are drawn most fervently to where Khorne's rage burns brightest. Those who spurn brutal combat or who seek to corrupt the purity of senseless carnage are hated by the Blood God above all others, and it is against these enemies that the Bloodletters are unleashed.



HELLBLADES

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

BLOODCRUSHERS

SOUL CRUSHERS, HOOVES OF KHORNE, KNIGHTS OF THE BLOOD GOD

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

Only the most favoured of Khorne's daemonic creatures are granted the boon of a Juggernaut to ride to battle. Such an undertaking is not for the weak, and those chosen Bloodletters are first taken deep within the Brass Citadel to the great stockade, an enclosed steppe so large that its cracked earth dips beyond the horizon. In this enormous chamber, the floor quakes constantly under the thundering hooves of thousands of Juggernaut herds. The giant beasts stampede across the plain and ram furiously into each other. Sparks fly as their riveted metal hides clash and plumes of ashen smoke billow from their snouts. The Khornate runes carved into their brass-and-iron hides glow with the heat of a furnace as molten metal blood courses through their daemonic bodies.

Juggernauts are feral monsters that only respond to strength, and must be dragged from the stockade before serving a Daemon rider. Bloodletters grab the brass collars of Juggernauts or leap onto their backs from the stockade's iron-spiked palisades, attempting to wrestle control of the metal monsters. Most are flung, gored or crushed into an unrecognisable smear before the Juggernaut devours what remains of their essence. However, those who manage to survive through the thrashing and bucking emerge from the Brass Citadel with a truly fearsome steed.

A Juggernaut can never be completely broken. Trying to tame one is like trying to harness an avalanche or funnel an erupting volcano. When Bloodcrushers go to battle, it is the war-mount, not the rider, who decides where they will attack. When the Juggernaut sights an enemy, its blood begins to boil and it bursts into a flat-out charge. The Bloodletter merely stands on its steed as it is borne through the combat, hacking from on high with homicidal fervour. Incoming blows patter harmlessly from the daemonic beast's hide, merely serving to enrage it further. Only the most devastating weaponry has a chance of piercing its armoured skin, and those who bear such armaments are usually the first to be pulverised beneath the Juggernaut's hooves.

Bloodcrushers can be found in many of Khorne's armies, where they are used as a bludgeoning wedge to break enemy battle lines or smash through fortifications. The thunder of a group of stampeding Bloodcrushers sends gut-churning reverberations through the ranks of the enemy, eroding the resolve and sanity of many great warriors and generals before the combat even begins. Once the armoured cavalry of Khorne begin their lumbering charge, nothing can



deter them from their course. With broad heads lowered and powerful legs pistoning them ever onwards, the Bloodcrushers surge forward like unstoppable battering rams. They smash their way through stone walls and spiked barricades alike without ever slowing down. Sparks cascade in their wake as they batter through obstacles, lowering their bladed and brutal heads for the collision they know is coming. The ground itself shakes with fear under the daemonic cavalry's heavy treads, and to the sounds of murderous screams from the Bloodletters atop them, they crash into their terrified foes with the force of gigantic sledgehammers. Such an impact sends lifeless bodies flying in all directions, and anything foolish enough to remain in the path of the rampaging beasts is trampled underfoot.

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

FLESH HOUNDS

INEVITABLE ONES, BLOOD TRACKERS, HOUNDS OF WRATH

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

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

Flesh Hounds are as much reptilian as they are canine, with leathery frills extending from their heads or jowls, and rows of spines running along their backs. Their long, muscular bodies are covered in scales and their powerful limbs end in sabre-like claws. In battle, they are usually released prior to the main attack, and with red froth dripping from their snarling maws they charge towards the opposing army. They

launch themselves at the front rank of the enemy, crunching through armour and bone to strip away flesh and disembowel their prey. Such is the rapacious fury of Flesh Hounds that they are a deadly threat to other creatures in Khorne's domain. Even Greater Daemons must tread warily when out on the plains of powdered bone, for in their native hunting grounds the Flesh Hounds are viciously territorial, and pounce on intruders in ravenous packs.

Many Flesh Hound packs contain creatures that are even larger and more vicious than others of their kind – slaving beasts of pure aggression that have dominated their Daemon kin throughout long centuries of challenges. The roar of these Gore Hounds is so redolent with rage that it causes their prey to burst into flames, the scent of burning flesh driving the rest of the pack to even greater heights of fury.

COLLARS OF KHORNE

Each Flesh Hound wears a studded brass collar gifted to it by Khorne. In casting these collars, molten metal is infused with the blood of sorcerous mortals who have been slain by Khorne's legions. Furnace-daemons then hammer out the brazen gorgets on the anvil that sits in the chamber of the Skull Throne. When fixed around a Flesh Hound's neck, each brass collar exudes a portion of the Blood God's mighty will, repelling the influence of arcane energies through sheer contempt. In this way, devious spells, illusion and trickery are rendered useless – nothing can throw Khorne's prized hunters off the blood scent of their quarry.



KARANAK

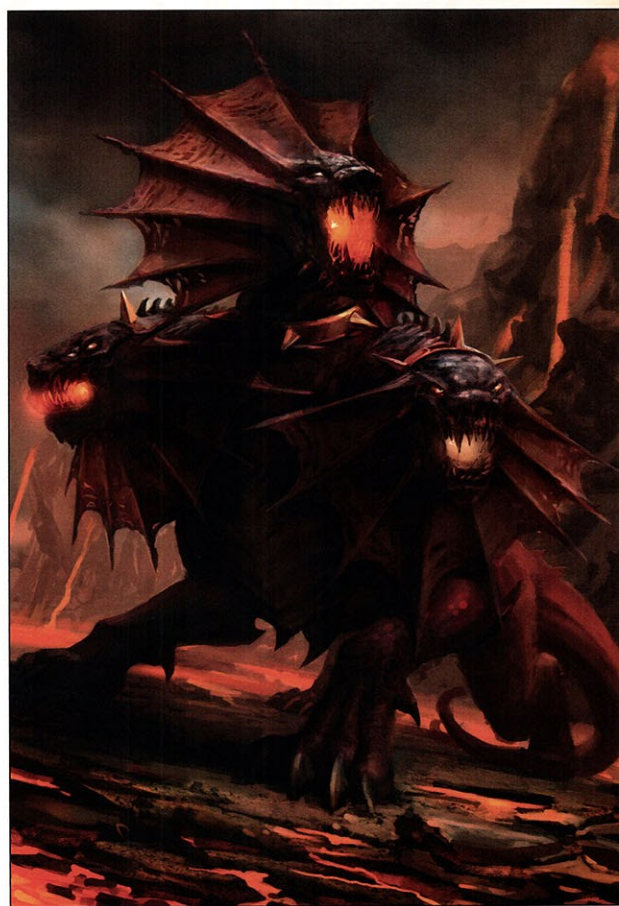
HOUND OF VENGEANCE, ENDLESS HUNTER, TALON OF THE SKULL THRONE

The three-headed Daemon Karanak is the alpha of all Flesh Hounds. A hulking beast, he is the manifestation of Khorne's vengeance and serves as the Blood God's personal hunter. When not seeking out the quarry marked by his master's rage, Karanak prowls around the Skull Throne, sniffing out each recess and shadow of the great chamber in the search for intruders. Careless Bloodletters and emboldened Greater Daemons who venture unbidden into the vaulted hall are set upon by the Daemon hound, their essences torn apart mercilessly. When Karanak runs out of playthings to devour, he lies at the foot of the skull mountain, gnawing on bones that are not worthy enough to be added to his master's throne.

Karanak is sent to hunt those who have caused the Blood God's infinite wrath to erupt. Boastful warriors who have proven to be snivelling cowards, great slaughterers who have sullied themselves with sorcery, and Khorne's own champions who have failed him in battle – all are prey to Karanak. When one of Karanak's three snouts locks on to a scent, the fate of the hunted is already sealed. The first head tracks its quarry across space, picking out the specific blood-scent of the target, no matter where they are and no matter how far they run. The second head is able to perceive through time, seeing those who try to hide from Khorne's wrath in the recesses of history as well as those who will incite his rage in the future. The third head tracks the movements of prey from within their own minds, ensuring that those who manage to outwit the Blood God still betray themselves through their own thoughts.

When he has a scent fixed in his nostrils, Karanak begins his pursuit, running slowly at first and then ever faster as he nears his victim and the smell of blood grows stronger. As he peers through the veil of reality he sees his prey shining like the burning heart of a volcano, illuminated by Khorne's immense hatred. Each of Karanak's three heads begins to howl, louder and more dreadful with every bounding step. This daemoniac dirge echoes throughout the Realm of Chaos, drawing other Flesh Hounds to join in the hunt. As the number of daemons increases, so too does the snarling din and the hunger for meat. For the doomed quarry, the growling sound of pursuit is ever in their ears, following them wherever they flee. Whether a day, a month or a year later, the slaving jaws of Karanak and his pack inevitably find their mark, whereupon they bring a brutal end to those who have incited Khorne's ire.

Karanak kills his victims with lightning speed, sinking all three sets of teeth into flesh to swiftly sate his appetite for blood, as well as that of his master. The prey's limbs are torn in different directions, its torso thrashed about until bones are shattered and organs are burst, and amidst showers of gore the hunt is brought to its grisly end. The carcass is then dragged back to the Realm of Chaos, to the Brass Citadel, where it is laid at the feet of Khorne. If the quarry put up a worthy fight, the skull is added to his Skull Throne, while the remains are left for Karanak. For days, the splintering crack of bones echoes throughout the chamber with every crunch of Karanak's jaws.



INESCAPABLE FURY

Nothing rouses Khorne's wrath more than those who use magic and trickery to avoid bloodshed, and it is upon these individuals that Karanak is set loose. One such prey was the sorcerous Slaaneshi Daemon Prince known as the Splinter King. Not content with torturing the flesh of his enemies, the King of Splinters used his magic to mutilate time itself, creating a contorted principedom within the Realm of Chaos that encroached upon the border of Khorne's domain. The Blood God's Daemon Legions were sent to slaughter this depraved entity, and upon entering his twisted domain they were met by rank upon rank of Daemonettes. But at the moment the battle was about to erupt, the armies were frozen in time, so that the blades borne by Khorne's forces never reached the necks of their enemies. They stood as statues locked in the moment before battle, unable to slake their lust for murder. Upon seeing this the Blood God bellowed in rage. His ire roused Karanak to the hunt, and the savage hound raced to burst through the magics surrounding the Splinter King's domain. Karanak pounced on the Daemon Prince, ripping his essence to shreds, and at that moment Khorne's Daemons were freed from their stasis and allowed to indulge in their long-awaited slaughter.

COLOURS OF CARNAGE

Khorne's Daemons embody the brutal and bellicose nature of their god. Their flesh takes on tones that range from deep crimson to bright, fiery red, their horns and serrated barbs are black or bone in colour, while their weapons are made of burnished brass or cruel iron.



Bloodhunter



Bloodcrusher



Karanak



Gore Hound



Flesh Hound



Flesh Hounds





Bloodletter



Bloodreaper



Bloodletter



*Bloodletter Hornblower
with Instrument of Chaos*



Bloodletters



Bloodletter Icon Bearer



Karanak's bloodthirsty howls echo throughout the Realm of Chaos, drawing other slaving Daemons of Khorne to join in the hunt.



SLAANESH

THE DARK PRINCE

Slaanesh is the Lord of Pleasure, the Obsessive God dedicated to the pursuit of gratification and the overthrow of all decent behaviour. Wherever mortals are ruled by their own unquenchable desires, the Dark Prince is there in the shadows, whispering, tempting, and feasting on a banquet of souls.

Of all the Dark Gods, Slaanesh alone is supernaturally glamorous: long-limbed and elegant, with a haunting androgynous beauty. It is impossible for mortals to look upon that divine face without losing their souls, for all who see Slaanesh become slaves to his slightest whim. Slaanesh can alter his appearance and form at will, though he mostly manifests himself as a young man, fresh with vigour. He is seductive as only an immortal can be, disarming in his innocence, utterly beguiling in his manner and all-powerful in his skills of temptation.

The sensual pleasures of art, music and companionship fascinate Slaanesh, and he is drawn to mortals in whom talent and passion burn bright. By fuelling ambitions and offering ever-greater rewards, he leads unwary souls down the path of excess, making them slaves to their craft, as well as to his perverse will. What starts as a desire to excel soon twists into outright obsession, with those mortals enthralled by Slaanesh casting aside decorum and notions of morality. They are drawn towards the most extreme sensations, seeking pleasure and pain in a vain attempt to fill the void carved into their soul by the Dark Prince's whispers. Stoic warriors are transformed into raving fanatics, and benevolent rulers are reduced to sadistic tyrants.

While the other Chaos Gods rarely welcome intruders to their lands within the Realm of Chaos, Slaanesh loves to lure visitors to his unnatural domain, and those that dare enter the Lord of Pleasure's territory risk becoming trapped in its warped delights for eternity. Once caught in this web of temptation, the bodies and souls of these hapless individuals become the playthings of the Dark Prince's Daemons. Screams of unbearable joy and unfathomable agony echo endlessly across these lands, a ceaseless symphony of cruelty and degradation.


THE DOMINION OF SLAANESH

Slaanesh's realm is divided into six domains, arranged in concentric rings about the Palace of Pleasure. Each of these is a celebration of Slaanesh's desires, and while they might be mistaken for paradises, nothing in the lands of the Dark Prince is as it seems. An intruder can only reach the Palace of Pleasure, in the very heart of Slaanesh's territory, by passing through all six of the circles – an act of will beyond most souls, both mortal and daemonic.

The first circle through which a mortal passes is richly appointed beyond the dreams of kings. Mountains of stacked gold reach towards rainbow mosaics of gemstones in the marble vaults high above, glittering ingots and diamonds beyond count litter the ground. These lands contain many a starving wretch attempting to count the innumerable gold coins. Their sallow faces twist with mounting greed until their piles topple and, weeping, they have to start over again. At every corner and crossroads stand gilded statues, some of beautiful Slaanesh, others of Daemons and mortals trapped in blissful ecstasy. The trails in the diamond dust underfoot betray the fact that the statues were once flesh and blood. Only those who have left notions of material wealth long behind can stride forth without touching a single coin.

The mortal then comes across a beach of golden teeth on the shores of a vast lake of dark wine. The lake is dotted with pallid islands formed from the backs of giants, each linked by criss-crossing bridges. The backward hands of each giant hold up a table that groans under the weight of a lavish feast. There, mortal men gorge themselves on the banquet, wide-eyed and desperate in their hunger as others frantically try to gulp down the lake itself. The bloated and the obese moan in pain as they cram ever more food into their wine-stained mouths.





Next on the journey are fields of golden light and soft hay, where lissom and youthful beauties frolic near-naked in the hallucinogenic musk of the lithe beasts that cavort with them. The faces and fertile forms of the dancers are impossibly sensual, moulded to satisfy perfectly the desire of the heart. The crooning Daemons flock to those who pass by their merrymaking, stroking their flesh and whispering of the sweet, carnal pleasures in which they wish to indulge. But the severed limbs and heads that lie underfoot speak of the truth behind the honeyed words.

Those who pass this lust-filled land emerge onto a balcony where they are greeted by roars of adulation and approval. An army of admirers waits before them on an endless plain, listening in fevered anticipation for their commands for conquest. Generals nod obsequiously, and exalted lords smile up from smaller balconies of their own, motioning for the honoured arrival to speak. But with the cries of sycophancy come barely perceptible whispers of hateful loathing. This feeds the listener's most hidden doubts, until their paranoia and suspicion have eaten away their soul.

Any who are able to break past the cloying crowds and their corrosive self-doubts must then wander through a mesmerising woodland paradise, its maze of pathways thick with flowers and heavy with thorns. The gentle, fragrant breeze whispers of past glories. Mirrored pools reflect the onlooking mortal as a shining saint, but beside them are tortured figures staring intently into mirror-pools of their own, each held immobile by the undergrowth as whispering thorns insinuate themselves into their flesh.

The last circle through which an intruder passes is an endless beach, upon which heavenly choirs sing soothing lullabies as the perfumed sea laps at the mortal mind. The wanderer's bones cry out for rest, even if only for a moment. The warmth of the golden sun above calms the soul and the tide erodes all will. But the bone-white sand is made from the remains of those who have rested here and fallen into a coma of blissful indolence.

Finally, the mortal reaches the elegant spires of Slaanesh's Pleasure Palace. This shimmering alcazar haunts the dreams and nightmares of those that look upon it in a way that no other place can. It is said that contests in every

manner of excess are found within the palace, and its fleshy walls pulse to the rhythms of such multifarious decadence. These debauched competitions occur in six great halls, each cavernous chamber devoted to one of the six deadly seductions of Slaanesh. Such are the incredible depths to which these earthly sins are pursued that their practitioners pass beyond pleasure into torments so terrible that only the truest devotees of Slaanesh can take any joy in them.



THE NUMBER OF SLAANESH

To Slaanesh, there is no number more alluring than six. Six are the circles of his domain in the Realm of Chaos; six are the deadly seductions by which he enthralls his devotees. When his legions go to war, they often do so in groups of six, with each army subjecting its foes to different forms of torment. The grandest plans of Slaanesh usually play out in six phases, each serving as a single movement in a symphony of anguish that, when viewed in total, is far greater and more depraved than the sum of its parts. Mortal followers of the Prince of Pleasure also consider six to be the most beautiful number, augmenting their flesh with six-fold scars, or slicing their tongues into six branching forks. Amongst these sadists, it is said that there are six types of pleasure and six hundred and sixty-six types of pain, all of which must be experienced to achieve communion with their debauched god.



INFERNAL ENRAPTURESSES

MUSES OF AGONIES, BRINGERS OF DISCORD, HERALDS OF THE CHOIR INFERNAL

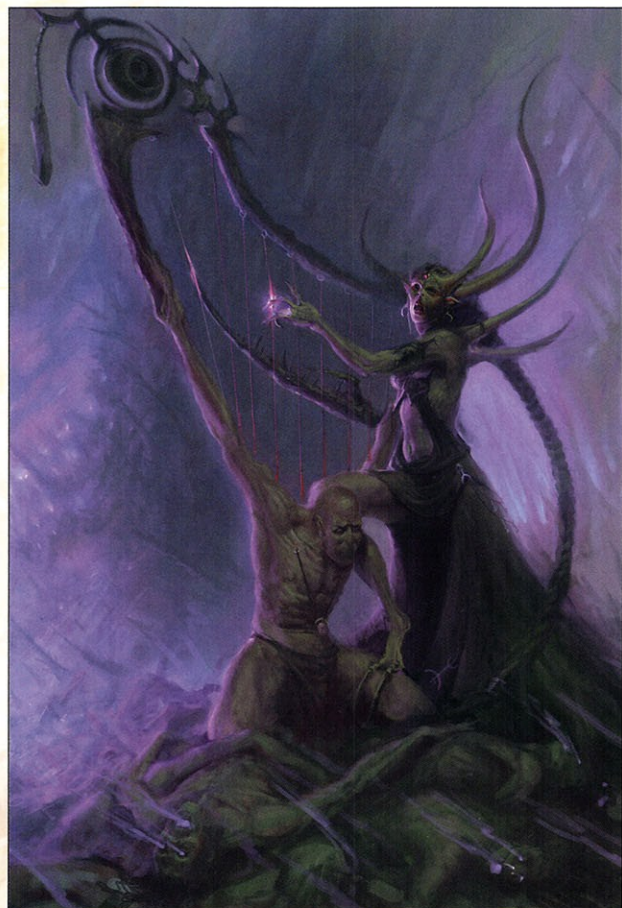
To a Daemon of Slaanesh, there is no greater pleasure than leading a mortal soul down the path of infinite excess, and in this endeavour Infernal Enraptureesses are true virtuosos. Like all of the Dark Prince's Heralds, they are creatures of impossible grace and terrifying beauty who dwell in the inner sanctums of their master's Palace of Pleasure. They are music makers, crafters of sublime harmonies and mind-shattering cacophonies. Their songs ring loud over Slaanesh's domain, shifting from lilting sonatas to bombastic capriccios with jarring irregularity. Through their music they are able to convey vast arrays of extreme emotions in quick succession, or may instead focus on one droning note until the mood it expresses is all-consuming. Only when the Dark Prince's Daemon Legions march to war does the song of the Infernal Enraptureesses reach its operatic crescendo.

An Infernal Enraptureess often advances ahead of a Slaaneshi army, using her beguiling charms to infiltrate enemy cities. Veiled by daemonic illusion, she presents herself as a muse to mortal artists, those who strive to create beauty amidst the horrors of war. In feeding their passions she allows their craft to flourish, bringing out of them the greatness that had always lain dormant. At first she comes to them in their dreams, stripping them of their inhibitions and magnifying the ambition and obsession buried deep within their souls. She then places in their minds a vision of the perfect piece of music that they will one day compose, an opus so idyllic

that it will end wars and unite empires, or a battle hymn so bellicose that soldiers will march in their millions just to hear its rousing notes. Those the Enraptureess visits enter a state of utter bliss. They feel themselves liberated from all other concerns, casting aside their responsibilities and abandoning family and duty in order to delve further into their artistic practice. Many die of starvation, having forsaken food and drink as they toil at their masterpiece. Others are reduced to gibbering lunatics, their minds and souls unable to bear the weight of their beauteous undertaking. Eventually, only a single musician remains, and to this hapless mortal the Enraptureess reveals herself. The pupil then learns that, in order for their great work to be completed, they must become the instrument of its execution, and must give over their flesh to be played by their muse for eternity.

With her newly crafted mortal instrument, the Enraptureess plays songs that sow discord throughout the enemy city. This music reaches all ears, but flits ever on the edge of hearing, existing as a soft whisper that turns compatriots against one another. Citadel guards find themselves helplessly distracted, their animosity and paranoia flaring out of control. Those who try to craft sorcerous wards over their holdings find it impossible to concentrate, allowing their emotions to bleed unchecked into their spellcraft, resulting in catastrophic backlashes that flay them of their souls. As this discordance continues to grow, and the enemies' defences begin to fracture, so does the song of the Enraptureess call out to the armies of Slaanesh, drawing them towards her.

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



HEARTSTRING LYRES

Wrought from the contorted body of a willing subject, and strung with tattered fragments of that mortal's soul, a heartstring lyre is a living instrument of destruction. When played by an Infernal Enraptureess, the lyre emits screams of pure elation and raw torment that vibrate through the physical and spiritual essences of those who hear them. By playing a cacophonous medley of notes, the Enraptureess conducts each individual muscle and nerve fibre in her enemies to dance to its own anarchic rhythm, causing their bodies to rip themselves apart. Alternatively, the Daemon muse can strum her weapon to create a focused blast of sound that resounds within the souls of her enemies, vivifying their emotions to such an extent that their joy can no longer be contained, and erupts through their flesh in a shower of glorious gore.

DAEMONETTES

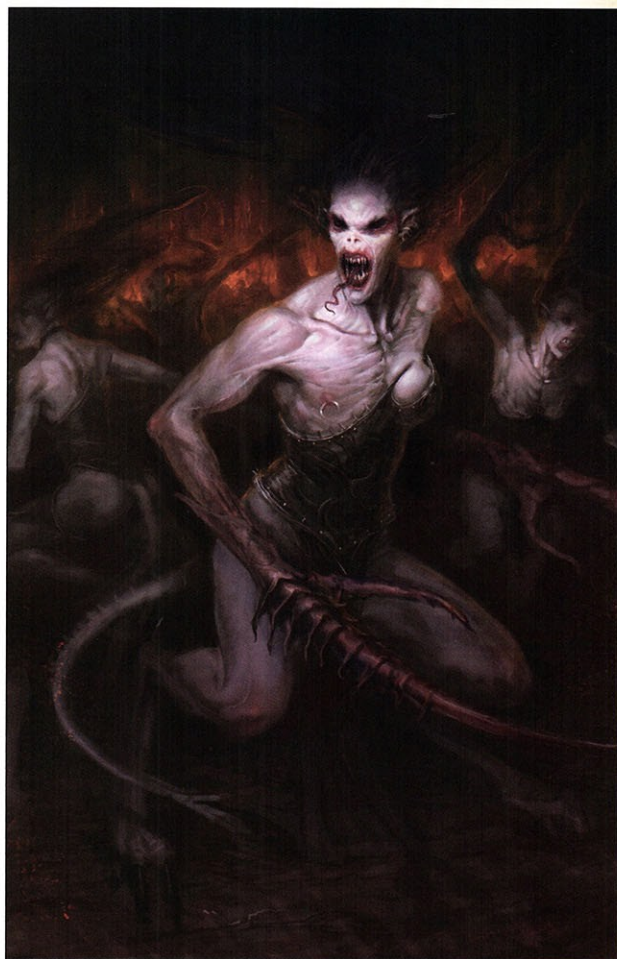
MAIDENS OF ECSTASY, CHILDREN OF SLAANESH, DECADENT SEEKERS

Most numerous of Slaanesh's servants are his Bringers of Joyous Degradation, his Maidens of Excess, his sadistic and sycophantic Daemonettes. They were created to fulfil Slaanesh's every passing whim, serving as courtiers and torturers in the Palace of Pleasure. They abound throughout the Dark Prince's domain, gathering in heaving throngs to lounge upon silken cushions and toy with the flesh of their latest playthings. Their twisted minds are fixated on physical, mental and spiritual pain. They take in and divulge the most lurid and perverse secrets they have pried from mortal hearts, using this knowledge to rise ever higher in the esteem of their decadently wilful master.

The Daemonettes are warriors and messengers, both in Slaanesh's domain and beyond. When the forces of the Dark Prince go to war, packs of Daemonettes serve as a core for many of his armies. As creations of Slaanesh, they are given to extreme depths of emotion, and when their hatefulness becomes all-consuming they lash out, their horrifying legions marching forth to tear down that which they find repugnant, unsubtle and crude, and replace it with artistic vistas of destruction. Well-ordered societies, conclaves of the chaste and phlegmatic, disciplined armies that kill without passion or joy – these are the most distasteful to Slaanesh, and so it is upon such groups that the Daemonettes loose their outrage. When at last they return to their master's domain, the Daemonettes take with them not gold or jewels, but truths learnt from the dying lips of their enemies – unique morsels of suffering borne upon terrified screams.

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

In appearance, the Daemonettes are both beautiful and revolting. They have slender, clean-limbed bodies with pale smooth skin, and an androgynous charm that is augmented by a permeating sense of beguilement. This is heightened by the strange musk that hangs about them like a cloying perfume. Those who face the Daemonettes in battle find



themselves stricken with unnatural emotions, their martial instincts giving way to overpowering feelings of lust and adoration. Yet there is something about the Daemonettes' charms that causes self-loathing amongst any who view them. The most stoic warriors find themselves overtaken by jealousy and disgust, seeing perfection in their otherworldly foes that is impossible for they themselves to attain.

Daemonettes are possessed of a hypnotic glamour, an aura that disguises their true forms, rendering them as alluring visions of perfection. Though their true forms are repulsive and terrifying, this supernatural power makes them appear as the ultimate beauty and object of desire in the eyes of mortals, regardless of their race, gender or morality. None exposed to the Daemonettes forget the tide of sensuality that washes over them as they gaze upon those graceful forms; the strange feelings evoke both repugnance and a perverse longing that forever gnaws at the minds of those who see them. It is only when a Daemonette is poised to strike that she unveils her true appearance. Her opponents look upon the grotesque disfigurements of her face and body, seeing her barbed claws for the first time just as those cruel talons are about to tear through flesh. Those few who survive are left devastated in mind and soul, forever haunted by the monstrous beauty of the Daemonettes.

SEEKERS

RIDERS OF SLAANESH, DISCIPLES OF DECADENCE, DARKLING DELIGHTERS

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

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

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

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

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

With their unnatural tracking ability, there is little sense in running from a Seeker, and few of their chosen quarry ever escape. The Daemons often back off in their pursuit so as to prolong the terror of their victim, fanning the flames of false hope for a little longer. When they go for the kill, the Steeds' long, toxin-coated tongues dart out to ensnare their victims, shuddering in delight as they taste the mortals' souls. Before the horrified morsel can struggle free, they are dragged towards the daemonic beasts and their riders, whose fanged smiles and curving claws welcome them to an agonising oblivion.



FIENDS

HARBINGERS OF DEADLY FRAGRANCE, FIENDS OF EXALTANT EXCESS

Fiends of Slaanesh appear as an unholy mixture of physical creatures and writhing nightmares. They are chimerical beings, formed from the Chaos-induced dreams of mortal minds and given shape by the Dark Prince of excess. Their lower limbs resemble those of a human, with one pair of legs that faces forward and a second pair that is twisted to face backwards, and their arms end in enormous pincer-like claws. A Fiend's head is sleek and draconic, and from it sprout long horns, rows of insectile spines or shocks of sickeningly vibrant hair. Such a collage of forms should by all rights repulse the sane mind, but Fiends exude an unnatural soporific musk, a heady fragrance that attracts and immobilises their prey. The narcotic pleasures they exude are reserved only for their enemies, lacing mortal thoughts with the most rapturous of hallucinated visions. As a victim succumbs to the pervasive sweet state of euphoria, their limbs grow heavy and their thoughts drift dreamily elsewhere. Notions of combat, strategy and even survival fade from their consciousness, and are replaced by an endless, salubrious sea of delirium. It is then that the Fiends close, moving like a wafting breeze given form until the Daemon's razor-sharp claws sweep down and rend its unresisting victim apart with luxurious care.

When a Fiend strikes, it seems to the addled minds of those it has enraptured like a harmless manifestation of their deep subconscious. Few foes put up any semblance of a fight – most are simply slaughtered in a state of unbridled ecstasy. Only a superhuman feat of willpower has any hope of fighting through its bewitching aura, and a mortal who somehow emerges from the euphoric nightmare alive will never be the same again. Though they recall little of the experience – their mind unable to recollect the Fiend's dreams without inviting insanity – they are left with dim impressions of writhing limbs and long, lashing tongues, of inhuman squeals of delight and impossible faces contorted with the ecstasy of pain. Even worse than this is the overwhelming sense of sweet suffocation that haunts their every waking moment – a cloying, seductive scent that sends dark desires into their heart and an irresistible urge that beckons their soul to certain destruction.

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

When war calls, the Fiends are summoned through disturbing rituals and grouped into formations. These packs stalk ahead of the Daemonettes and run alongside



the Seekers of Slaanesh, dashing forth to strike vulnerable targets. There is stiff competition amongst Fiends to be first into the fray, with each striving to place the greatest number of enemies under the effects of its own delusion. Those whose musk is most hypnotically potent are known as Blissbringers, and are capable of transforming stoic warlords into carefree dreamers, adrift with ecstasy and completely incapable of defending themselves.

Fiends are unnaturally swift, moving with a strange and scuttling gait as they pursue those who would refuse Slaanesh's intoxicating embrace. As the daemonic beasts close for the kill, they let out a keening song to each other – a haunting discordance interweaved with melodic riffs and a throbbing, bass beat. This call is not merely sonic, but also etheric, resonating through the veil so that it is heard all the way back in the Palace of Pleasure. Daemonic creatures within Slaanesh's domain are entranced by these distant hymns and lullabies, their eyes glazing and their sadistic revelries becoming drawn out as they listen to the Fiends' music. For mortals – especially those attempting to wield sorcerous energies – the siren call of the Fiends of Slaanesh is far less pleasurable, and the rapidly shifting scale and pitch can cause eyes to vitrify, noses to bleed and eardrums to burst. This shrill chorus continues to echo long after battle, and through its song the agony and ecstasy of slaughter can be heard for days, months, or even years to come.

DEPRAVED PANOPLY

The excesses of the Dark Prince are manifested in the exotic colourings of his daemonic servants. Their skin tends to be pale and smooth, offset by ornate armour and splendidous jewellery, while their grotesquely clawed appendages have variegated hues of pink and purple.



Heartseeker



Seeker Icon Bearer



*Seeker Hornblower with
Instrument of Chaos*



By performing her symphony of agony and elation, the Infernal Enraptureess brings the battlefield into harmonic resonance with the Dark Prince's realm, drawing more of Slaanesh's sadistic Daemons into reality.



*Daemonette Icon
Bearer*



Daemonette



Alluress



Infernal Enraptureess



Daemonettes



Fiend



Blissbringer

A DAEMON NAMED

A Daemon takes great care to hide its true name, for it can be enslaved by another entity that speaks its title. These names are redolent with Chaos power, and most mortals that hear them are rendered insane, their minds obliterated as the Daemon's essence is unveiled before them.

The true names of Daemons are completely alien and very nearly unpronounceable to any mortal who is within their right mind. Knowledge of a true name grants power, and gives some leverage when it comes to dealing with a Daemon. As a consequence, a Daemon never voluntarily reveals its true name, and even upon pain of utter destruction it can rarely be compelled to do so. However, Daemons that have been trapped by powerful sorceries can be tortured to the point that they reveal the true name of another Daemon, usually belonging to a weaker entity of the Realm of Chaos. In this way, mortals have compiled lists of true Daemon names, though to do so is to invite destruction, for while knowledge of a name grants power over its owner, the Daemon also gains complete awareness of those who learn its true identity.

A Daemon's true name reveals its most fundamental nature. By incanting this name, its owner can be summoned into being, bent to the will of the speaker and made an unwitting slave. Similarly, by laying bear the Daemon's essence, a powerful mortal mind can cast the creature back into the Realm of Chaos. By dominating the creations of the Dark Gods in this way, many mortals fall to delusions of grandeur in which they believe themselves comparable to the Ruinous Powers. Such lofty thoughts are quickly proven false, for

to wield the true name of a single Daemon is to incur the displeasure of that creature's real master and deific creator. Many a would-be Daemonologist enjoys a brief moment of success before their soul is shredded, torn to pieces by the manifold creatures that are sent from the Realm of Chaos to punish them for their impudence.

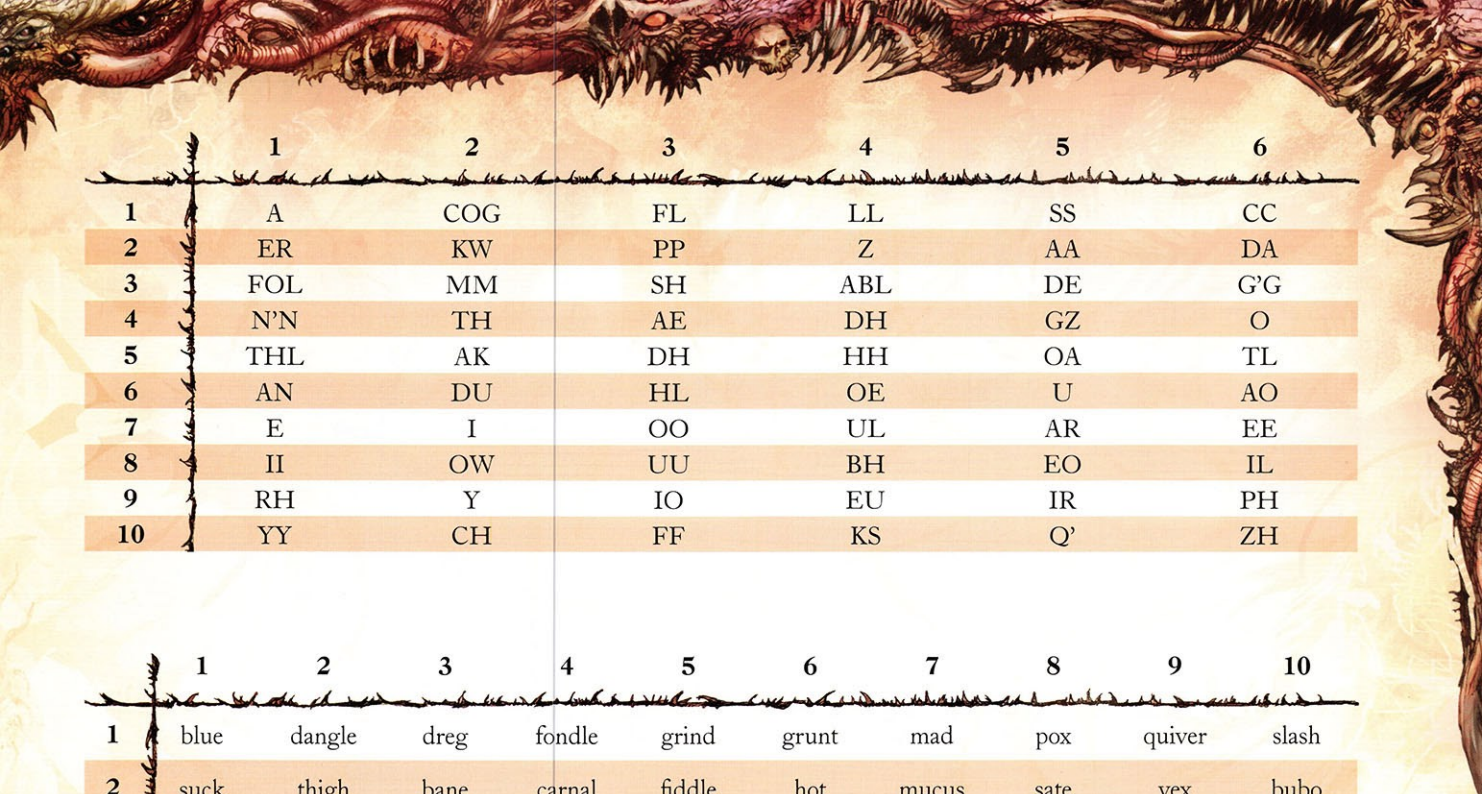
To keep their true names secret, Daemons use a number of false names and titles, which vary according to mood or circumstance. Daemons will apply such 'use-names' to themselves as they think fit or as amuses them, and those with the power to change shape are not above such elementary practical jokes as changing their names to match their latest form.

The use-name of a Daemon will often reflect its nature. The Daemons of Khorne, for example, have use-names such as Fluxgore, Skullsucker, The Render of Limbs, The High-handed Slayer of Innocence and the like. On the other hand, the Daemons of Slaanesh have names and titles such as the Puissant Giver of Indescribable Pleasure, Graceblade, The Lurking Despoiler and The Bringer of Joyous Degradation. The tables opposite allow you to generate titles for your Daemons, by rolling randomly or by choosing those that best fit your Chaos creatures.



FORGING THE NARRATIVE

As the commander of a Daemon horde, you may wish to give even more character to your malefic warriors. The tables on the opposite page provide you with the tools you need to name your daemonic servants, while on page 24 you will find others that can help inspire the battles you wage between the forces of Khorne and Slaanesh. The naming tables allow you to give both true names and use-names to any of your Daemons. To randomly generate names on these tables, roll a D10 to select a row followed by a D6 or D10 to select a column. The top table contains the weird and esoteric elements that make up Daemons' true names, and you can generate any number of these to create a suitable name. The middle and bottom tables contain the elements to make a Daemon's use-name. To make a first name, generate two components on the middle table and join them together; for example, 'vile' and 'brute' would become Vilebrute. Then generate two more components from the bottom table to create a second name, such as Witherbite. Finally, to generate a motivation for doing battle with your enemy, you can simply roll a dice on the table on page 24 that corresponds to your army. This allows you to quickly create narrative hooks for your games.



	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	A	COG	FL	LL	SS	CC
2	ER	KW	PP	Z	AA	DA
3	FOL	MM	SH	ABL	DE	G'G
4	N'N	TH	AE	DH	GZ	O
5	THL	AK	DH	HH	OA	TL
6	AN	DU	HL	OE	U	AO
7	E	I	OO	UL	AR	EE
8	II	OW	UU	BH	EO	IL
9	RH	Y	IO	EU	IR	PH
10	YY	CH	FF	KS	Q'	ZH

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1	blue	dangle	dreg	fondle	grind	grunt	mad	pox	quiver	slash
2	suck	thigh	bane	carnal	fiddle	hot	mucus	sate	vex	bubo
3	chew	dog	gibber	gnaw	grope	maul	offal	pus	spasm	spittle
4	sword	wrack	cackle	fang	hammer	mildew	rot	toad	bile	blister
5	canker	eat	fester	flux	glut	hate	ichor	leper	mire	rend
6	rut	skull	spike	tremble	vomit	wind	brute	dung	glop	gut
7	mark	red	spider	thrash	bag	blade	cold	death	face	fist
8	grab	gristle	helm	loon	pest	puke	rip	sharp	spume	sweat
9	vile	whip	blunt	drink	gall	gross	maggot	rabid	sore	taint
10	worm	belch	bog	buttock	crush	fire	froth	gobble	grim	liver

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1	maim	moulder	pinch	scratch	slobber	spew	stare	wort	wobble	blood
2	doom	foul	grin	loose	putrid	slob	string	wither	axe	black
3	break	dread	eye	thrust	fury	grue	heart	loath	mange	quake
4	rheum	scum	smut	tear	twist	water	blast	cut	foam	green
5	lewd	plague	slake	squeeze	whine	ash	beast	chaos	crab	drool
6	fiend	gnash	grasp	hack	lick	nibble	pierce	reap	scab	spite
7	spurt	throb	war	beetle	craze	flesh	gore	lip	pile	sin
8	spot	warp	bend	blight	bowel	clap	fat	flush	fume	gob
9	howl	lust	man	ooze	rotten	sinew	slug	spoor	venom	wight
10	bite	claw	filth	glutton	kill	pain	scrape	spine	wail	burble

ENDLESS RIVALRY

The rivalry between Khorne and Slaanesh is as old as the gods themselves, and their Daemon Legions have clashed on uncountable battlefields across myriad realities. The tables below represent but some of the reasons that the forces of these two Dark Gods might once again be drawn to war.

KHORNE

- 1 A mighty Khornate warlord is seduced by Slaanesh, eschewing bloody battle in order to craft the perfect weapon.
- 2 A Slaaneshi army wipes out a Khornate horde, but instead of killing their foes they fashion them into mangled puppets.
- 3 While chasing down their mortal prey, a horde of Khornate Daemons crosses paths with a Slaaneshi legion in pursuit of the same quarry.
- 4 After a thousand and one years, a mighty Daemon of the Blood God once more challenges a Herald of the Dark Prince, continuing the cycle of combat that has existed between these two entities since time immemorial.
- 5 Khorne sets his gaze on a redoubtable mortal fortress, only to find that the servants of Slaanesh have already insinuated themselves amongst the citadel's populace.
- 6 In the Realm of Chaos, the sadistic frivolities of Slaanesh's Daemons spill across the border into Khorne's domain, causing volcanoes to erupt in anger and drawing the fury of the Blood God's servants.

SLAANESH

- 1 Khornate Daemons slaughter a torturer queen and her captive subjects, prematurely ending their cruel suffering and denying the sound of screams to the listening Slaaneshi Daemons.
- 2 A field of living sculptures is reduced to dust by a stampeding Khornate legion, rousing the ire of its Slaaneshi creators.
- 3 The bellowed war cries of a Khornate army interrupt an impeccably orchestrated symphony of pain.
- 4 When a mighty mortal warlord opens himself to the Dark Gods, the Daemons of Slaanesh and Khorne wage a bitter war over his corrupted soul, either to claim it for their own deity or to be first to shred it to pieces.
- 5 A Slaaneshi Daemon takes cruel delight in trapping mortal warriors in sadistic snares, and in the process provokes the insensate rage of Khorne, who is denied the spectacle of glorious battle.
- 6 A servant of the Dark Prince strides ahead of a surging Khornate legion, deliberately provoking the Blood God's warriors by killing all the mortals in their path.