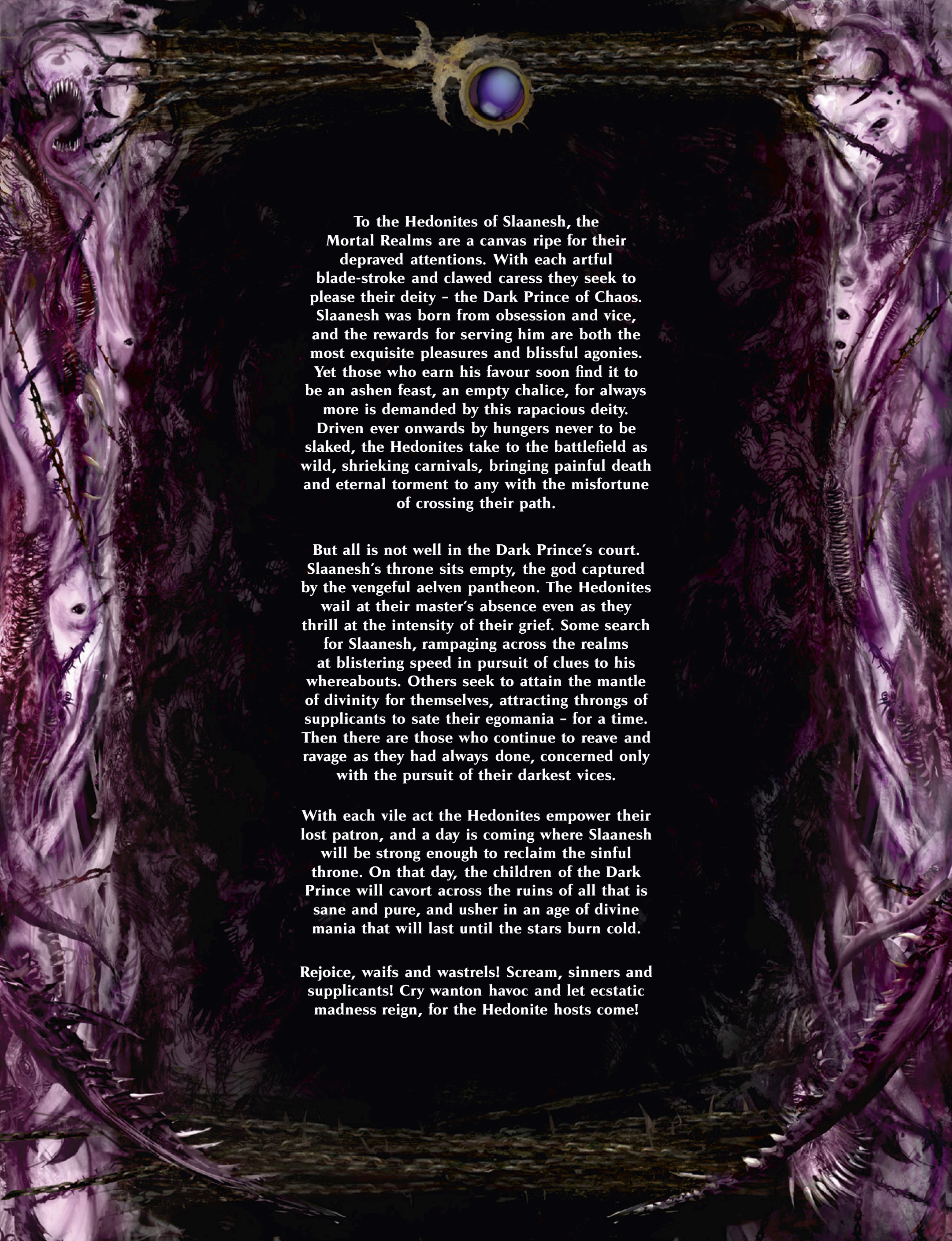


WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR



CHAOS BATTLETOME

HEDONITES OF SLAANESH



To the Hedonites of Slaanesh, the Mortal Realms are a canvas ripe for their depraved attentions. With each artful blade-stroke and clawed caress they seek to please their deity - the Dark Prince of Chaos. Slaanesh was born from obsession and vice, and the rewards for serving him are both the most exquisite pleasures and blissful agonies. Yet those who earn his favour soon find it to be an ashen feast, an empty chalice, for always more is demanded by this rapacious deity. Driven ever onwards by hungers never to be slaked, the Hedonites take to the battlefield as wild, shrieking carnivals, bringing painful death and eternal torment to any with the misfortune of crossing their path.

But all is not well in the Dark Prince's court. Slaanesh's throne sits empty, the god captured by the vengeful aelven pantheon. The Hedonites wail at their master's absence even as they thrill at the intensity of their grief. Some search for Slaanesh, rampaging across the realms at blistering speed in pursuit of clues to his whereabouts. Others seek to attain the mantle of divinity for themselves, attracting throngs of supplicants to sate their egomania - for a time. Then there are those who continue to reave and ravage as they had always done, concerned only with the pursuit of their darkest vices.

With each vile act the Hedonites empower their lost patron, and a day is coming where Slaanesh will be strong enough to reclaim the sinful throne. On that day, the children of the Dark Prince will cavort across the ruins of all that is sane and pure, and usher in an age of divine mania that will last until the stars burn cold.

Rejoice, waifs and wastrels! Scream, sinners and supplicants! Cry wanton havoc and let ecstatic madness reign, for the Hedonite hosts come!

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From atop his opulent palanquin and with the blessing of Slaanesh's daemons, Glutos Orscollion leads a host of debauched Hedonites in search of the newest and most sublime excesses.



THEY WHO SEEK EXCESS

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

The Hedonites of Slaanesh thrill at all forms of sensation, and the more extreme the stimulus the better. They are united only by a singular, supernatural focus on their own desires for excess. Hedonites will compete among themselves to perform the most outrageous acts in service to their deity, hoping that in the perfection of their unrestrained behaviour, they will set their absent god free – and though it may be a horrifying thought, they are right.

If the worshippers of Slaanesh bring enough wilful violence and wickedness to the Mortal Realms, Slaanesh will once again rise to glory amongst the Pantheon of Chaos, and bring decadent ruin to those who sought to restrain the lord of depravity.

WROUGHT IN MORTAL FLESH

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

Those who regularly indulge their secret vices unwittingly empower Slaanesh, and are but a hair's breadth from his worship, whether intentional or not. Even a breathy word from a daemon of Slaanesh, crossing the aether much as a kiss blown from the lips, can push such an individual over the edge into a spiral of obsession. A small voice may cry out within the soul, warning that all is not well – that way lies madness. But it is drowned out by the relentless tide of temptation that emanates from Slaanesh to lap against every mortal with a taste for indulgence.

A savoured luxury or secret treat, formerly partaken of only as a reward or during a celebration, develops into a semi-regular fixture of a person's routine. An artist gradually neglects their societal responsibilities in order to labour over their self-proclaimed magnum opus, egged onwards by sickly whispers in their mind. As the mortal's willpower gradually erodes, those moments of weakness become a daily occurrence, and eventually the sole focus of their existence. Preoccupation leads to intemperance, then decadence, then debauchery. All proper duties and innocent pursuits are put aside, material possessions and even loved ones bartered away so that the next fix may come a few moments sooner.



By this time it is too late, for Slaanesh's claim upon that soul is all but concrete. When all caution is thrown to the wind, and the corrupted individual reveals themselves as a seeker of extreme experience to the exclusion of all else, a dark metamorphosis can take place, both within and without. Their unspoken pact with Slaanesh is often sealed with a blade, for should

the obsessive feel driven to kill in order to protect or further their grotesque vice, they pass the point of no return. Those who commit murder or shatter sacred taboos in the name of their obsession complete their sinister transformation into a Sybarite – a mortal warrior of the Dark Prince. Their destiny from then on is to cavort alongside fiends and monsters in the service of a gloating, uncaring god until they lie torn and forgotten by the wayside.

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

Opulent champions stride atop living carpets of devoted sycophants, utterly lost in the self-destructive spiral of obsession. Though they may seem dazzling, urbane, even charming, these maniacal overlords are supremely deadly warriors, and there is no depth of depravity they will not stoop to in order to satisfy their perverse whims. Swift outriders mounted on trilling daemoniac steeds range around the carnival's periphery in the search for sensation. Elegantly armoured warriors and daemoniac symbiotes turn death into a grisly art form, their every killing strike delivered with a disturbing grace. Some, in the act of making their desires central

to their existence, are rewarded with mutations and other strange powers; these tend to further the devotee's ability to immerse themselves in that vice, encouraging them to wallow in madness until they embody their own corruption to a supernatural degree. Over time they grow into forms perfectly suited to the acts of excess upon which they thrive, just as the deep-leeches of Ghyran have adapted to feed on the blood of those who stray into their swamps.

INDULGENCE GIVEN FORM

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

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

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

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



THE HEDONITES AT WAR

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

To a devotee of Slaanesh, their particular obsession seems to them the only correct path to the glory of the Dark Prince; those with other

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

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

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





Sensation is a gift. Overindulgence is holy writ. To overstep every bound, to gorge on excess – these are the only commandments of the Dark Prince. And such gifts he grants! Claws that snap and eyes that shine, beasts that trill and souls that scream. The realms are our canvas, brothers and sisters mine. Let us make them into sinful art.



THE DEITY SLAANESH

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

Long ago, when the dreaming cultures of the realmspheres took form, the glimmering potential of the Mortal Realms attracted the eyes of a wanton god. That entity was Slaanesh, at that point grown powerful beyond measure on a stolen ambrosia of aelven souls. At the time of the shattering of the world-that-was, Slaanesh had gorged on the spirits of that ancient race to the point that only a pitiful few survivors escaped – and even then, only because the god was all but incapacitated by such indulgent feasting. Whereas before each sinful soul that fell into Slaanesh's clutches was to be savoured in full, by eating so many millions of spiritual essences at one time the Dark Prince became vast and swollen well beyond the limits of Khorne's rage, Tzeentch's machination, and even Nurgle's cosmic corpulence. Yet still Slaanesh longed for more. His appetites could never be sated, just as the stars would never cease to burn.

THE TIME OF PROMISE

The sight of the Mortal Realms inspired within Slaanesh a hunger unlike any that had come before. Tongues of solid ichor licked at tapering fingers that could feel every known sensation in the universe at one time. The god shuddered in eager anticipation of the feasts to come, cascades of liminal unlight rippling through the aether to glimmer in a thousand skies. Slaaneshi daemons of every kind had sprung into being as the god's power had grown. All were eager to begin their master's perverse work; here was a new beginning, a new stage for the endless acts of the Great Game to take place upon, to be performed with fresh vigour by those that would fall under his sway – and never break free from it.

Eight realities were slowly spinning in the void, each linked to the others by the works of long-lost civilisations

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



And so Slaanesh shrugged off digestive lethargy to salivate over the glorious soul-banquet to come. Daemonic temptors were sent forth in glorious cavalcades of excess, pressing hungrily against the veil between worlds. But then Slaanesh spoke, and they fell silent, billions of daemons prostrate or sprawling as the sibilant words stimulated every nerve, every sense, to the point of ecstatic agony. The Dark Prince commanded them to insinuate, to seduce, to inveigle and enchant – to bring about the corruption of mortals. So was the Subtle War begun, and the demise of empires put into dread motion.

THE DARK ONE COMETH

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

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

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

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

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

THE PRINCE OF CHAOS

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

Slaanesh is hence indefinable by mortal standards, perhaps more so than any other Chaos God, for the secret vices of the beholder do much to shape the hungering being staring back at them from beyond the void. By far the most common interpretation of the deity is as a parody of human desire, shown as a horned hermaphrodite with one half male and the other female, or a perfect, smooth-limbed youth, without flaw but for the abyssal darkness of two staring, hypnotic eyes.

Stranger portrayals can be found in the sculptures and drawings of Slaanesh's devotees. The depraved artwork of the Gelded Vizier depicts the Dark Prince as Oslaan, an immensely obese glutton of indeterminate gender with every inch of flesh covered in obscene tattoos. The scrawlings of the Lunatic Ayadahn, Bhan Gaddr, rant of Shlarranesh – a great white serpent made of writhing bodies, with four knife-tipped arms and a

screaming face hidden by the stolen features of an impossibly serene woman. The Lumineth of Hysh often choose to represent Slaanesh only by a melody, a strain of music written upon a six-bar stave – for many fear that the very act of naming their ancient tormentor will see them damned once again. In the ancient tablets and frescoes of the Seraphon, the Lord of Excess is represented as an angular spiral, each twist in the icon symbolising an act or decision that leads further downward into the abyss of corruption. The Stargazers of Ulthar refer to this dread entity as Slaa-Nulthé, She who Devours, an ever-staring eye surrounded by a vortex of shrieking maws. The Dark Prince is all these things and more.

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



THE SCIONS OF SLAANESH

Those who pray at the altar of excess come from all walks of life, from primitive shamans and the warlords of bloodthirsty tribes, to the richest sophisticates of the new cities. The wanton indulgence of primal lusts appeals to many barbaric cultures, as well as many civilised ones. Musicians, artists, poets and dancers can all be seduced by the desire to

perfect their skills. In doing so to the exclusion of all else – even their own humanity – they find Slaanesh.

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

THE INEVITABLE TRUTH

Though arguably the youngest of the Chaos Gods, the Dark Prince was once the most powerful of their number, and will be again. Slaanesh thrives on being underestimated, and delights in exploiting the predictable contempt of Khorne, the generous sentimentality of Nurgle, the spiteful treachery of the Great Horned Rat and the self-defeating complexity of Tzeentch. In their more paranoid moments, each of these fellow gods has paid mind to Slaanesh's conquests. None can escape the thought that perhaps their own obsessions also empower the Prince of Excess, for at their simplest level the Dark Gods are the embodiments of all-consuming ideals and emotions. There is always a suspicion that the Dark Prince will rise like a sin-soaked phoenix to one day eclipse them all in power – or worse still, absorb them, making their excesses part of his own and subsuming their territory into his sovereign realm.

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

TO CAPTURE A GOD

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

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

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

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

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



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

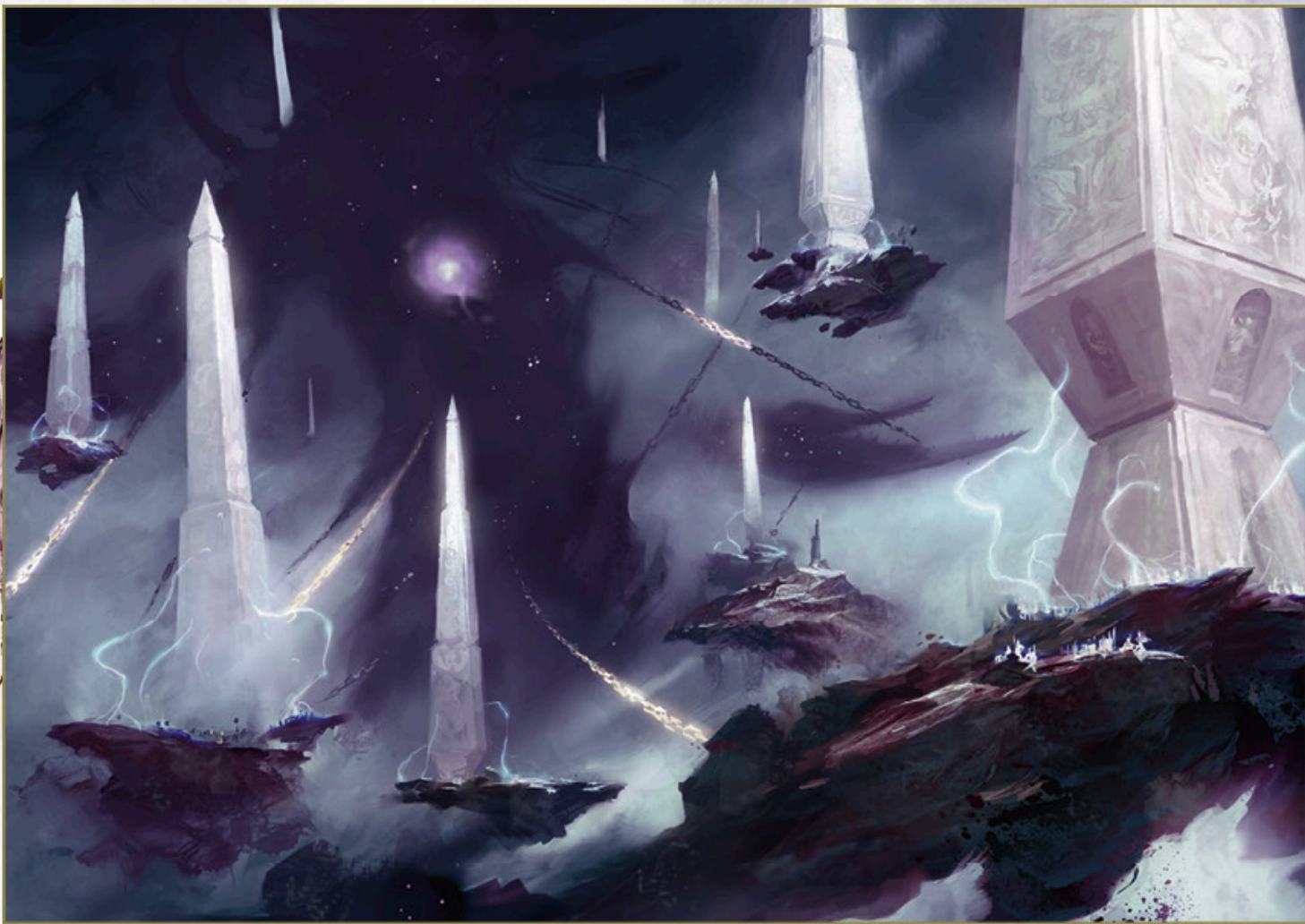
Alarielle was content to look to her own defences. She had bonded with the Jade Kingdoms of Ghyran and, having taken the role of matriarch to better watch over the natural

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

THE PARADOXICAL TRAP

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

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



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

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

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

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

THE RESCUE BEGINS

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

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

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

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

FIENDISH PARADISES

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

Glimpsed in the nightmares of madmen or fever dreams of those overwhelmed by their vices, Slaanesh's realm is a reflection of its overlord. Though at first glance it may appear a paradise, the truth is anything but; all that was righteous is twisted here through a subtle mirror, remade to please Slaanesh's sensibilities. In the asylums of the free cities, inmates wail of the fecund Vale of Creatures that divides the territories of the Dark Prince and the Plaguefather, and the Marcher Fortress where daemonic aristocrats break corpse-bread together and tempt mortals to succumb to their most obscene desires. Alone of the Dark Gods, Slaanesh revels in luring mortals to his realm, for he thrills to watch these unfortunates unravel themselves. Even those who do not actively swear themselves to the Lord of Delights are not above temptation. One who has sampled the raptures of Slaanesh's principedom may never leave unchanged – if, indeed, they ever leave at all.

THE SIX CIRCLES

The heart of this sinister realm is divided into six domains, arranged in concentric rings around the Palace of Slaanesh itself. Each of these is a crystallisation of one of the Dark Prince's most celebrated desires, and while they might be mistaken for paradises, nothing could be further from the truth. The domains of

Slaanesh possess a hypnotic allure that can lead trespassers – even those who are followers of the other gods – to be trapped forever in their strange realities. In this way they form not only a celebration of those aspects of reality Slaanesh finds most pleasing, but also act as his chief defence. An intruder can only reach the Palace of Pleasure, in the very centre of Slaanesh's territory, by passing through all six of the circles – an act of will beyond most souls, even those of immortal daemons. Many of the Dark Prince's mortal champions are fated to eventually embody one Circle of excess above all others, and in this way does Slaanesh's principedom find ingress into the Mortal Realms themselves.

AVIDITY

The first circle of Slaanesh's palatial domain is that of Avidity. Here can be found the spectre of greed unmasked. Mountains of stacked gold reach towards rainbow mosaics made of gemstones set in the marble vaults high above, and glittering ingots and diamonds beyond count litter the ground. Many a starving wretch scrabbles among the shimmering hoard, attempting to count the innumerable gold coins. Their sallow faces twist with mounting greed until their piles topple. Weeping, they are forced to start over again. At every corner and crossroad stand gilded statues, some of beautiful Slaanesh, others of daemons and mortals trapped

in blissful ecstasy. The trails in the diamond dust underfoot betray the fact that the statues were once flesh and blood. Those who so much as touch a single coin with the intention of taking it for their own will be forever damned to join the wretched misers at their feet – or the living statues that loom above them.

GLUTTONY

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

CARNALITY

Across the other side of this darksome lake can be found fields of golden light and soft hay, where lissom and beautiful youths of

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

PARAMOUNTCY

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

VAINGLORY

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

INDOLENCY

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

from the remains of those who have rested here and fallen into a coma of blissful inactivity.

THE PALACE OF SLAANESH

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

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

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

CARNIVALS OF HORROR

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The act of summoning Slaanesh's daemons is foremost in the minds of many Sybarites, no matter what breed of host they belong to. The corruption of a Realmgate is a potent means of bringing forth the children of delight – and the more shockingly perverse the rituals of defilement, the more majestic the daemons that can be entreated.

Even the Sybarites are often unsure where their depraved quests will take them next. No matter what, however, their garish champions always intend to arrive with the pomp and ceremony they believe they deserve.

It is far from uncommon for warbands of Hedonites to break off from the main element of a host to pursue their own cruel whims, from running down terrorised foes to seeking out relics of the Dark Prince. Only the most narcissistic warlords – most often Pretenders who believe that their ascent to godhood will be secured by the number of worshippers that surround them – seek to curtail these breakaway groups, for to follow one's impulsive passions without restraint is a core tenet of Slaanesh's twisted faith.

Where Glutos Orscollion and his devotees travel, a truly gruesome fate is in store for their unfortunate adversaries. Even before the screams of battle have faded, a feast of unsurpassed horror will commence, Hedonites both mortal and daemonic cackling as they carve through still-living flesh and sup upon drained blood as if it were the finest of wines. Aelf-flesh is seen as a particular delicacy. Though they consider themselves far above the oafish cannibals of Khorne's Bloodbound, in truth the desires of the Hedonites are just as sickening – they prize the act of overconsumption in itself, gorging upon mangled corpses until their own bodies agonisingly distend.

INVADERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

In many ways, the Invaders consider themselves traditionalists in their devotion to the Dark Prince. It is their belief that by conquering as much of the Mortal Realms as possible, they will empower Slaanesh, and in doing so return him to them. There are countless millions of these warriors abroad in the realms, all searching for the wildest of sensations and debauches. Many such hosts are as infamous for the creativeness of their vile deeds as for the havoc they wreak; the Lurid Haze, hailing from the Fadelands of Ulgu, use a sense-heightening incense known

as Prince's Skin to confound and disorient their enemies, while the Porcelain Princedom employ the magic of their many Viceleaders and Shardspeakers to transform the populations of entire cities into immovable yet still-conscious statues trapped in the moment of indulging their worst vices.

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

repulsion and shock. Some have been known to make the ears of mortals bleed with their sheer viciousness.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was a flare of energy at the heart of the

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

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

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

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

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

PRETENDERS

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

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

Needless to say, Pretenders hugely overestimate their own importance in the Great Game. Should Slaanesh break his bonds, it is likely that his first act would be to swallow every claimant to his position, be they mortal or daemon. Conversely, should one of these warlords somehow become so powerful that they could pose a genuine threat to the other Chaos Gods, they would likely be undone in a matter of days. Only Slaanesh himself can rightfully claim to be the nemesis of his Brothers in Darkness. But that does

not stop would-be successors from doing everything in their power to play the role, nor does it stop their egos from becoming so colossal they act as gods in everything they do. To the followers that trail in their wake, offering adulation at every step, they may as well be.

Pretenders are universally egomaniacs, utterly psychopathic and dedicated in the pursuit of their goal. They stride into battle as if parading down the central aisle of a regal wedding, arms held out in gestures of benediction or acceptance. Their armies applaud and roar in approbation, hoping their living idol will bless them with a glance from beneath hooded, painted eyelids. Some will use their own followers as bait, chattel, living shields or even food in the furtherance of their own glory. A Pretender thinks nothing of sacrificing a hundred adoring worshippers, for there are always more to take their place, and callousness has ever been the province of those who are truly godly. Others know their might is linked to the strength of those who believe in them, and will seek to deliver a swift and savage death to the leader of the enemy army to prove their right to ultimate power; Zaresta Silverheart, sword-queen of the Faultless Blades, favours this stratagem above all others, awing her throngs of Myrmidesh supplicants with the divine artistry of her kills – and her utter refusal to slay two foes using the same technique.

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



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

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

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

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

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

Odlec had ever seen.

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

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

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

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

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

‘Charr-Sha-Gansa Slan-a-zar!’

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

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

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

Pretenders are fiercely jealous of their status, and assume that all others of the same rank seek to tear them down due to envy and bitter spite. On the few occasions that two such individuals meet, they will fight to the death, much as some rare species of fish or insect will attack each other on sight. Their delusions of godhood cannot bear any aspersion, after all. When one is laid low, their followers too are despatched – only those with the wisdom and adroitness to quickly turn their coats and somehow ingratiate themselves into the favour of their new master will survive.

Should a Pretender be slain, a great wail will rise up from the ranks of their followers. The throng will tear and rip at everything around them in their anguish, convinced that Slaanesh is truly dead, and that nothing holds any value save for utter oblivion and a sweet release

from existence. They become nigh suicidal in their deep and bitter heartbreak – that is, until another Pretender strides proudly over the horizon to claim their allegiance. The false god of yesterday is forgotten, and the new incarnation of Slaanesh becomes the focal point of their existence.



GODSEEKERS

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

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

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

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



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

as they savour the essence of all living creatures nearby. Their senses transcend the usual mortal limits, a truth perhaps best exemplified by the chariot-riding Scarlet Cavalcade; none of their number know for certain where the hideous flesh-thing known as the Inhilus originated. For as long as any can remember it has remained bound to the yoke of their glorious master Reshevius's chariot, limbs atrophied and body wracked by extrasensory 'blessings'. Yet Reshevius believes unreservedly that the Inhilus can detect the psychic spoor of the Dark Prince – and certainly the mutant seems to possess powers unexplained, for it has led the Cavalcade to take more than one far-ranging aelven warhost utterly by surprise.

The rumours upon which the Godseekers thrive are extracted painfully from a variety of victims,

As was their wont, Thelion and his fellow Slickblade Seekers were first to crest the overlook. Surrounded by his speed-siblings and twirling his polearm with a sublime dexterity, the Sybarite gave a needle-toothed grin as his gaze turned downward. Below, the armoured orruks were forming into something approaching a battleline. Thelion's staring, eternally bloodshot eyes took in every nuance: every lumbering step, every torpid command bellowed from bucket jaws. Slow. So painfully, painfully slow.

'Haste and hurry, kinsmen!' cried Loquanius, the ruling Blisterblade of Thelion's war-party. 'Our lackadaisical lackeys dare draw near enough to offend mine nostrils!' Sure enough the clatter of the cavalcade's chariots echoed from close behind, followed by the bestial roars of loping Slaangors and the dissonant war-operas of the Blissbarb. But first blood was, as ever, to belong to the Slickblades. The dictates of the hunt demanded nothing less.

Hooting and howling alongside his fellow riders, Thelion directed his Exalted Steed down the sharp slope towards the orruks. The path was treacherous, near vertical at times, the ground churned into mud and mire. The daemon neither stumbled nor slowed. It barely seemed to even touch the filthy earth at all, the wind shrieking in agony as the beast's raw momentum forced it to contort. By Thelion's left, Symeria let her

long serpent-tongue flick out to taste the tormented zephyrs. To his right Olofos was composing some sonnet to honour the coming slaughter.

Then they hit the orruk line.

Thelion had never ceased spinning his polearm through the air as he rode, its edge fine enough to bisect the wind. Now he used it to lash out with sublime grace. The tip of his glaive sliced through the open jaw of an orruk and erupted out the back of its thick skull; Thelion withdrew the weapon with a cry, twirling it once more before launching a diagonal chop that sliced another greenskin's neck neatly in twain. From the corner of his eye Thelion saw Olofos dragged down by a mob of the lesser Ironjawz, his body soon trampled by the onrushing charge of the rearmost Slickblades. The sharp crack of breaking bones sent blissful shivers through Thelion's body and drew an ecstatic moan over his thin lips.

Through the howling melee, Thelion's eyes settled on a cloaked and stooped greenskin. The shaman bellowed and swung its fetish-draped staff to and fro, directing its warriors between himself and the Sybarites. In a detached part of Thelion's mind, a suspicion twigged – was he not supposed to be hunting this warleader, to be looking for something?

Then he shrugged, and returned his attention to the swirling carousel of combat around him.

but the finest usually come from kings, sorcerers and seers. The grander the prey, the more likely they are to possess knowledge hinting towards the location of the absent god. Because of this the Godseekers are drawn not to lone travellers or lowly paupers, but instead the largest and most successful of the many rival armies that roam the realms. A travelling force that makes its way through the wilderness with pomp and circumstance, pennants fluttering high and sun gleaming from polished armour, makes for a choice target for the Godseekers. Even when badly outnumbered they engage with a terrifying single-mindedness, charging pell-mell into the enemy ranks. They are no more caring of their own safety than a stampede of frenzied bulls, for even should they dash themselves to pieces on the enemy defence, they would have died in an act of sublime excess – and in that moment, come closer to Slaanesh than ever before.

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

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



Unfortunately for these would-be consorts of Slaanesh, the Dark Prince has been sequestered with sublime skill by the aelf gods, and locating him is a nigh impossible task. In truth, he is not in any of the Mortal Realms, is not present in any

domain that the Godseekers comb for signs of his presence. The very idea that Slaanesh might be found trapped in some deep cavern or resplendent jail is a flawed conceit, for how could a god be held in such a mundane prison? Yet the Godseekers never examine this too closely, instead egging each other on so that they never have to stop for long. The sumptuous, intoxicating despair that they experience when a lead is proven false is but another sensation in which to wallow, as is the slow dawn of optimism, and the gradual acceleration of hope that leads to another headlong, manic charge.

Long have the Godseekers been drawn to shrouded Ulgu. It is said that Slaanesh's spoor lingers on the winds here, though few Hedonites appreciate why. Yet now rumours spread through the travelling carnivals, titillating beyond words for the tireless hunters; a gateway that leads to a secret shadow place, perhaps even to the jail of the Dark Prince himself, has been found somewhere in the depths of the Grey Realm. Of course, the reality of such talk has twisted much from the sheer extent of its telling, but it has not stopped more cavalcades than ever before riding headlong across the land, convinced that they are on the cusp of reaching their beloved deity's side.



THE DARK PRINCE STIRS

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

While their actions may have smacked of arrogance to some, the aelven powers were not fools. None amongst their number believed that Slaanesh would suffer incarceration lightly. Indeed, Morathi – though not a god herself, and thus arguably the least of the conspirators – was vocal in arguing that the Dark Prince's escape was but a matter of time, and that preparations must be made for the day the ancient nemesis of their people broke free. Yet her caution was largely scorned, for even her own son Malerion would not entertain the possibility that the lord of excess could shatter the crepuscular fetters of Uhl-Gysh. This confidence was to prove sorely misplaced.

It was true that even the Dark Prince could not escape the prison constructed by the aelves through raw might alone. But such has never been Slaanesh's way. No other being could have endured the physical and spiritual agonies of having soul-essence extracted from their gullet by the searing energies of Hysh or penumbral hooks of Ulguan magic, but Slaanesh was a deity who thrived through the intensity of sensation. Thus, a portion of the Dark Prince's consciousness was gradually released from its tormented captivity – and rendered able to plot not only for freedom, but for vengeance.

Slaanesh's favoured servants heard the whispers of their lost god in dream-quests and flickering sacrificial fires, mortal and daemon alike compelled to aid the Dark Prince's striving for freedom. By preying on the minds of those aelven sorcerers who had once guarded Slaanesh's prison and been forced to return to the Mortal Realms before the god's corrupting presence stole their sanity entirely, Keepers of Secrets gradually uncovered the nature of Slaanesh's chains – and more importantly, how they could be sundered.

Each of the sixty-six chains binding the Dark Prince was a magical masterwork, a testament to the skill and artifice of the aelven gods. Formed of a paradoxical mixture of light and shadow sorceries, they still could not escape the irrefutable laws that decreed all magic could be undone with the appropriate countermeasure. However, so cunningly had Slaanesh's jailers fashioned these bindings it soon became apparent that to unravel each one would require a unique and nigh-on impossible event to be brought about.

Had another of the Dark Gods been caught in this web, save perhaps Tzeentch, it may well have proven sufficient to hold them indefinitely. But Slaanesh had always excelled in matters of contradiction and subtlety. Whatever the greater daemons of depravity knew, the Dark Prince knew also, and little by little that portion of Slaanesh's godly mind which had retained its agency worked to undermine and unravel the chains that formed its prison.



PUREST HATRED

As the years went by, the component pieces of the cosmic riddle were gradually assembled by Slaanesh's minions. From the greater daemon Glittus, Slaanesh learned that the Chain of Purest Hatred could only be undone by the one who loathed

Slaanesh the most. The aelven gods had reasoned that one of their number surely had claim to that title, for almost their entire race had been devoured by their ancestral enemy, and their anger burned fiercely indeed. But there was one whose hatred for the Dark Prince had spanned aeons – the Blood God.

Khorne would never willingly help the Dark Prince, nor would proud Slaanesh ever stoop to asking for it. But he had thought long and hard on the chain's secrets. He sent a vision to his foremost Infernal Enrapturess, Allegaria Sen'sathra, bidding them to steal the sacred daemon axe Eigngrom and hence thread a melody through the Great Game that Khorne could not ignore. Enraged, the Blood God sent his three-headed hound, Karanak, across time and space to destroy the Daemonette and reclaim the axe. A merry dance of chase and counter-chase saw the two rivals hunt one another across the realms. Meanwhile, deep in Uhl-Gysh, Slaanesh twisted this way and that like some serpentine contortionist until the Chain of Purest Hatred was entwined around him.

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

In a heartbeat, the Dark Prince fashioned an illusion of desire to replace that shattered chain. It was a risky gamble, but his captors were looking to their own holdings in the war against the other Chaos Gods. The incarcerated deity knew well the art of secrecy, and his illusion was potent enough to fool even Malerion, master of lies, and the visionary Archmage Teclis, whose mind's eye could not be everywhere at once.

THE WORST OF BETRAYALS

The next fetter that Slaanesh sought to break was the Chain of Utmost Betrayals. This could only be broken by an act of extreme dissonance – the slaughter of thousands of unblemished souls by their own righteous protectors. This chain, perhaps above all others, was one the Dark Prince looked forward to outwitting, for the suffering of the betrayed and the innocent is an ambrosia of the finest vintage.

Since the breaking of Sigmar's Tempest, his faithful had striven to turn their beachheads in the Mortal Realms to thriving cities. In their haste, they built upon shaky ground. Azyrite attitudes of nobility and privilege clashed with the cynical Reclaimed and the inevitable toll of commerce, leading to disparities of wealth and station. Murmurs of discontent turned to whispers of outrage – and Slaanesh further stoked these embers with whispers, dreams and artful seductions.

In the caldera city of Vindicarum, the bloody-handed temperament of its Celestial Vindicator guardians had spawned a climate of fear. Yet even as the city's inhabitants adopted puritanical existences to avoid the wrath of their protectors, a counterculture arose – and the cult of hidden luxury known as the Silken Revel spread. In Hammerhal Aqsha, the sorcerer Redomir worked with merchant kings, alchemists and cultists to undermine the Cinderfall district and bring about a resurgence of Slaaneshi worship. In Hysh's City of Prisms, the friendly rivalry between aspiring young geomancers turned sour as the whispering of

Slaanesh's daemons compelled them to seek victory over one another at any cost. Nor were these cults dedicated to Slaanesh alone. In Excelsis upon the Coast of Tusks, the machinations of Tzeentch saw the underbelly of the city riddled with rebellion. Cults that worshipped Nurgle blossomed in the darkness across the sickening cities of Invidia and Verdia, for the truly ill will often seek out any cure they can rather than face another day of agony.



Slaanesh's true masterstroke was in ensuring these flashpoints of discontent reached critical mass simultaneously. In a realm-spanning event that would become known as the Fated Uprising, dozens of Chaos cults rose up within the heartlands of Sigmar's domains. They were met, as the Dark Prince had known they would be, with extreme measures by the very Stormcast Eternals whose duty it was to protect them.

During the infamous Purge of Vindicarum, the Celestial Vindicators took their blades to three quarters of the population, believing it the only way to expunge the taint that had infected the city. They put to the sword every single citizen with a hint of corruption or hatred in their heart – just as Sigmar had in Azyrheim so long ago. At the same time, the Battle of Excelsis saw the Knights Excelsior butcher every citizen that stood against them regardless of their reason. In Hammerhal Aqsha, the

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

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

THE WEAKENING OF THE LINKS

When the Shyish necroquake erupted across the cosmos, the shockwave of amethyst magic rocked every Mortal Realm and sub-realm to its foundations. One of the chains of Slaanesh's prison, that which was bound to the cosmic principles of the realmspheres themselves, was shattered in that instant, for the cataclysmic surge of deathly energies was an event of such magnitude it reordered the laws of reality across every realm at once. By this point, Slaanesh's skill at replacing those chains no longer holding him with illusionary simulacra was such that he capitalised on the event immediately. Another fetter had been broken beyond repair, and the Dark Prince grew closer to his final escape.

Had his prison not already been secretly undermined by Slaanesh's prior efforts, perhaps the arcane forces unleashed by the necroquake would not have damaged the jail of Uhl-Gysh so badly. But in addition to the Chain of Cosmic Law being shattered, the web-like tissues of misdirection that surrounded each link were shaken and torn. Made from the spider-web realmstone of Ulgu, they had been tightly and skilfully bound by the arts of Malerion, and it was only through

the aelven god's superlative skill that they were not dispersed entirely by that deathly cataclysm. Slaanesh spotted the damage in the lie-sheaths of each chain nonetheless, for his senses were becoming clearer by the day. He learned the secrets of dozens of chains that had been damaged by the unravelling of their fabric, and committed these insights to memory even as the magical integrity of his bonds was repaired once more by the talented aelven mages that acted as his jailers. This subtle knowledge was soon to be put to use as another opportunity to shatter one of the paradoxical chains presented itself.

The Chain of Leashed Wrath was vulnerable only to the claws and blades of Khorne's daemons. Slaanesh had already tricked the Blood God before, and Khorne was unlikely to fall for aiding his ancient nemesis twice, but there was another who could command such a creature – Archaon the Everchosen, favoured of the Ruinous Powers.

The Everchosen had long sought the location of Slaanesh's jail, for his goal of conquering all reality could not be realised before the Brothers in Darkness were united behind him in their entirety. At last, his enthralled Gaunt Summoners were able to use their realm-traversing fortresses, the Silver Towers, to infiltrate the hidden sub-realm, and Archaon led his elite Varanguard into battle against the aelven guardians appointed to watch over Slaanesh's prison.

Fighting his way to the God of Excess's side, the Everchosen directed the Khornate head of Dorghar – daemonic Steed of the Apocalypse – to tear through the Chain of Leashed Wrath. Though the Everchosen was ultimately forced to return to the Eightpoints in the face of resurgent aggression from Nagashizzar before he could finish his task of freeing the Dark Prince, it mattered little; Slaanesh was brought one step closer to freedom, another illusory chain concealing the god's growing power.

THE GRAND COUP

Though only a fraction of the sixty-six chains that bound Slaanesh had been broken, the Dark Prince had gathered the knowledge he needed to break dozens more. Moreover, his strength was returning. The emptiness he had felt after the aelven souls had been drawn from him was brewing an epoch-ending hunger. Not only that, but his creeds were spreading through the seedy corners of civilisations across the realms.

As the Dark Prince's influence slowly seeped back into reality, so too were his mortal followers emboldened. These Sybarites had long dwelt in the realms, but – at least since the capture of their beloved deity – had kept to the periphery of each realmsphere, lacking as they did the direct favour enjoyed by their Bloodbound, Rotbringer and Arcanite equivalents. Yet as Slaanesh stirred, that began to change. No great summons was issued, no call to action boomed out across the cosmos, yet still the grand carnivals



of the Sybarites assembled with what could only be described as a crazed desperation. So much time had been lost, and so much had to be experienced to make up for it.

From isolated temples marched countless blade-sects of the Myrmidesh, each faceless warrior burning with the need to inflict beautiful agonies in Slaanesh's name. The depraved revels of the Slakefrays reached new heights as gangly, loping Slaangors joined the fray. Across every realm save Azyr and in every civilisation, whether devoted to Sigmar or lost to Chaos, mortals abandoned duty and propriety as the keening song of Slaanesh echoed through their minds. Many simply walked out of their former lives and into the beguiling wastes beyond sanity's edge; those who pined for them were soon to regret their woe when these faithless men and women returned, their bodies and blood-slick blades marked with runes of allegiance to Slaanesh and their faces locked in manic grins of ecstasy.

At the head of these hosts came terrible cliques of champions blessed with unholy favour. Glutos Orscolion, Lord of Gluttony and Grand Gourmand of Slaanesh, reinvigorated his twisted legend in the minds of mortals as border towns and even entire cities fell to his sadistic appetites. Sigvald the Magnificent sought to demonstrate his primacy in this new world by plunging into every war and sampling every vice that lay in his path. Agonised rhapsodies filled cathedrals of living flesh and angular crystal, voiced in praise of Slaanesh's favoured children. The Great Pretender of Stygxx cast its silken voice into gloomy Lethis, luring all manner of mortals from their beds and into the wilds of Bacchanalia, while Zaresta Silverheart led the adoring hosts of the Faultless Blades into the depths of Aqshy to hunt down and slay a score of Fyreslayer patriarchs.

From Uhl-Gysh, the resurgent flickers of Slaanesh's consciousness watched the rise of the Sybarites with the unblinking fascination of a serpent. The Dark Prince saw no

need to actively direct the ravages of these champions; their undeniable need to follow their own obsessions already served Slaanesh's ends, and in any case, there were still more chains to be broken. Yet events in the realms at large were progressing in a manner that offered great opportunity to the God of Excess.



In glorious Hysh and shrouded Ulgu, the aelven nations were on the rise. The Lumineth Realm-lords had finally marched forth from their paradisiacal domains in force, casting themselves as heroes even as their stubborn reluctance to acknowledge the cost of their methods fostered tensions with those who should have been their allies. Meanwhile, Morathi sought to finally make her play for long-denied divinity. Yet wherever aelves tread, so shall the shadow of their souls follow.

Even as Morathi wrought a dark ritual to imbue herself with the power of a goddess, her citadel of Hagg Nar came under attack by a mighty warhost of Idoneth, for an ancient treasure of the deep aelves had been stolen to fuel the High Oracle's scheme, and they were determined to recover it. Salvation was to come from an unexpected corner for the Khainites. The Herald Glavia Sinheart, allied to the Lord of Pain Gestharyx, was to launch a sudden and devastating strike on the Hagganal Bay – into the flank of the Idoneth. The time

this bought allowed Morathi to complete her ascension. In doing so, however, a greater cost was paid than perhaps even this most masterful of manipulators realised.

As he brooded on his incarceration, a truism had resolved itself in Slaanesh's mind. Even if he continued to break his chains at his current pace, it would an agonising eternity before he could force his escape – and that was provided the hated aelven gods had not planned other unknown countermeasures. More direct steps would need to be taken to see his will take shape in the Eight Realms. Morathi's ritual had required her to open a mystic conduit to Slaanesh's prison, but a conduit could be harnessed both ways – especially considering that Morathi was unaware that the Dark Prince had already succeeded in recuperating a measure of his former strength. As the sorceress's ritual ripped bright aelven souls out of Slaanesh's gullet in an excruciating deluge, the Chain of Stolen Apotheosis wrapped around the god's throat snapped.

The Dark Prince did not waste this one chance. Inflamed by an aetheric conflagration of agony and outrage the god mustered every ounce of his bottomless spite, his divine resplendence and his will to see all things unmade and remodelled in his perverse image. With a haunting shriek that went almost unheard over the magical cataclysm that rocked the Hidden Gloaming, Slaanesh cast forth a crystallised fragment of his own divine being into the realms – no mere daemonic reflection, but a shard of his truest and most vile essence. This embryonic entity hurtled from the depths of Uhl-Gysh, slipping with a stiletto knife's grace into the fabric of the Mortal Realms. Its keening birth-cry drew Hedonites from far and wide to shadowy Ulgu. At the heart of an abyssal hollow, the god-spawn contorted and writhed, surrounded by a dark nimbus of majesty as its throngs of worshippers howled and chanted in praise.

It was the dawn of a new age of depravity for the Mortal Realms.

A LEGACY OF DEPRAVITY

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

● AGE OF MYTH ●

THE FETTERED GOD

In a desperate plot to save the souls of their people, the aelven gods seek to exploit Slaanesh's ravaging greed. Luring the Chaos God into the crepuscular sub-realm of Uhl-Gysh, they and their disciples employ metaphysical chains of Ulguan and Hyshian magics to bind Slaanesh into confinement, and begin extracting half-digested souls from the Dark Prince's gullet. Slaanesh rages against this captivity, but over time, the god begins to concoct a subtle plot for escape and vengeance.

● AGE OF CHAOS ●

SINS ILLUMINATED

The Lumineth aelves of Hysh, bright scions of Tyrion and Teclis, believe themselves to have escaped the clutches of Slaanesh's corrupting influence. The daemons of excess take great delight in proving otherwise, their malicious whispers fanning the flames of pride and competition between the Great Nations. These tensions intensify, until at last they violently erupt. Spells and artefacts of terrible power are unleashed, and the realmscape writhes in torment. From the wounds in reality wrought by these wars pour forth Slaaneshi daemons. They fall upon the survivors and cavort through the broken cities of the aelves, slaking unnatural thirsts on Hysh's most enlightened minds. With the aid of their gods the Lumineth at last begin to fight back, but the Realm of Light will forever be tainted by the cataclysmic consequences of their pride.

BLOOD IN THE GLOOM

The conflict known as the Cathtrar Dhule begins as the armies of Slaanesh pour into Ulgu. Though the Daughters of Khaine seek to repel them, the natural propensity for secret vices to flourish in the

Realm of Shadows renders it fertile land for the Dark Prince's influence. Nonetheless, Khainite forces achieve at great cost several major victories, expunging the Flayerhost of the whip-handed Krulla Sha'vhr and laying low the mighty Luxcious the Keeper. The revenge of the Hedonites is slow in coming, but with the scent of Slaanesh picked up in the Thirteen Dominions, ever more Hedonite hosts are drawn to Ulgu.



THE SKINNER'S WAR

From across the Draining Tides of Shyish sail the garish pleasure-barques of the Lurid Haze. Great clouds of Prince's Skin waft from overwrought censors as the fleet closes on its prey; the isle of Tzlid, domain of the Unmade. No sooner have the Invaders landed, they are plunged into warfare of the most savage kind against the sadistic tribes. War rages through the black-rock canyons and dark forests of Tzlid. Neither side fights for territory, glory or even victory – only to inflict and receive agony. Yet without warning, the Lurid Haze retreat into the perfumed fogs, returning to their ships and soon departing. With them they take not only those Unmade who have come to see the Haze as worthy brethren in

torment, but also the flayed skins of hundreds of warriors who fell in the fighting, their intent unknown.

FLESH AND GOLD

Even as Chamon convulses under Tzeentchian aggression, the duardin hold of Karak Zorkai stands thanks to the Gilt Menagerie of Bront Quartzthumb. These clockwork war-golems turn the tide of many a battle; Quartzthumb is hailed as a hero by his kinsmen, and offered vast resources to expand his army. Though Bront displays a most unduardin taste for the finer things in life, and fixates upon ensuring the remains of his creations are disposed of privately, his successes ensure that these quirks are largely ignored.

However, as a string of disappearances blight Karak Zorkai, a duardin clanguard's investigation leads to a monstrous revelation; the golems of the Gilt Menagerie are as much organic as they are machine, powered by sinew and stolen duardin organs bound together in dread symbiosis. The hold is rallied, but it is too late. As the Gilt Menagerie is revealed in all its horror, the Vengeful Allegiance Syll'Esske – the dark muse that corrupted Bront – and its carnival of supplicants manifest using the duardin's own tainted soul as a gateway. Karak Zorkai falls soon after, remade as a mountainous pleasure palace for Syll'Esske's favoured champions.

● AGE OF SIGMAR ●

THE MEAT MISER OF ODRENN

Khelorstius van Bardo, a merchant prince of Odrenn, hoards as much meat as he can, for in Chamon, decent food is scarce. His dynasty grows rich through monopolising the meat trade, as well as – so the most scurrilous rumours go – sourcing his produce from dubious sources indeed. Van Bardo begins to value his own wealth to the point

of worship, personified by the six silver cow statues that stand sentinel outside his palace.

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

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

A MAGNIFICENT REVENGE

In the deserts of Penultima, lord Reshevius is goaded into sundering the shadeglass relic known as the Magnificent Mirror. In doing so he unleashes Sigvald, favoured son of Slaanesh, upon the realms. Awed by the champion, the Scarlet Cavalcade soon agrees to aid Sigvald in his crusade against all he deems ugly and vile. Swift Blissbarb Seekers plunge into Penultima's caverns, their aim to lure out the denizens of the stinking troggholes. Entranced by the gleaming pennants and bright warpaint of the Cavalcade, the troggoths begin to lumber out of the gloom. At their head strides a truly gargantuan Troggboss, rusted blades lodged in its thick hide and a score of looted, verdigrised crowns hanging from its ears and tusks.

The Blissbarb lure the troggoths into the narrow valleys surrounding their subterranean lairs, peppering the beasts with tainted arrows and cackling in delight as the slowest Hedonites are crushed beneath the stampede. As the chase nears the head of the valley the troggoths have been driven so ecstatically deranged by the toxic arrows that they do not detect the hated light of Hysh

breaking across the sky. Even they, however, soon grasp the meaning of fear as from atop the valley walls the Scarlet Cavalcade focus and corrupt the scouring rays through great glass lenses, each a shard of Sigvald's former prison. As the beasts writhe in agony, the Favoured Prince lets out a spiteful laugh of satisfaction. Soon only the Troggboss is left standing, howling out a challenge – Sigvald grants it a brief, hateful sneer, before descending into the valley to deliver a more personal condemnation to the hideous brute.



HOARDSPLITTER'S FOLLY

Kharadron Admiral Barrock Hoardsplitter is beside himself with glee upon discovering a previously unknown and highly lucrative seam of aether-gold near Chamon's Cloudline Archipelago. Following the find to its source, the duardin discovers a vast ivory palace held aloft by a carpet of rippling silk. Though Hoardsplitter is wary of the strange harp melodies emanating from the palace, ordering his crew to plug their ears against the haunting sounds, the haul he returns to his sky-port does not go unnoticed. More Kharadron seek out the palace, but as they linger in its vicinity an avaricious madness begins to take hold. It is not long before aethermatic cannon-fire is exchanged by fleets desperate to secure mining rights. The Kharadron do not realise the magnitude of their error until Slaaneshi daemons begin manifesting upon their vessels, tearing through the greed-stricken duardin with merciless abandon. Hoardsplitter and his crew attempt to organise a defence, but their own efforts to block their ears leave them deaf to one another's orders.

As the last duardin falls, the palace disappears like a shimmering mirage- as does the aether-gold.

TO TORTURE A MOUNTAIN

Vasillac the Gifted, a particularly sadistic champion of Slaanesh, is drawn by visions of the Dark Prince to the Ghurish continent of Lendu. Alongside his murderous devotees Hadzu, Glissette and the Slaangor Fiendblood known as Slakeslash he travels to the legendary living mountain known as Beastgrave; here, the pain-obsessed Vasillac wishes to break the spirit of the mountain itself through the infliction of unimaginable agonies, and in doing so feast upon the Beastgrave's tormented essence. His fiendish quest brings him and his Dread Pageant into conflict with other warbands who have travelled to Beastgrave for their own purposes, most notably the Lumineth under the command of the mage Myari.

SHADOW AND PAIN

Gestharyx the Realmstrider, a far-travelled champion of Slaanesh, seeks to stave off ennui by throwing his entire being into the hunt for Slaanesh. The Lord of Pain deduces that the Daughters of Khaine may be connected to his god's disappearance. Leading his cavalcade to the valley of Kiri'tar, a nexus of shadow magic and secret gateway to Uhl-Gysh, Gestharyx and his disciples battle against the monstrous Scáthborn. In the end, Gestharyx fails to breach his god's prison – but though forced to retreat, the knowledge he wins is sought out by the Herald known as Sinheart, who takes advantage of the aelf queen Morathi's quest for godhood to further the design of their master.

THE NEW PRINCE

As Morathi ascends to long-denied godhood, a strange rumour travels upon the perfumed breeze – a new prince of excess is rising. Some say that it is Slaanesh reborn, others a shadowy reflection of the god's divine magnificence, but no true Hedonite can deny the urge to bask in its radiance. A great pilgrimage to Ulgu begins, mortal and daemon alike eager to discover the truth of this claim for themselves.

THE DEPRAVED LEGIONS

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

KEEPERS OF SECRETS

The thud of cloven hooves, steady and confident, punctuates the roar of the adoring crowd as the Keeper of Secrets strides from the ranks of its worshippers. Loathsome yet somehow beguiling, these greater daemons inspire both heartfelt awe and sickly terror in all who gaze upon them. They are the closest companions and servants of the Lord of Excess, and they carry the scent of Slaanesh's blessing like an aura. Wreathed in glammers and mind-dulling musks, these monstrous daemons mask their true form with supernatural allure. Their muscled bodies are bedecked with jewels that hold the souls of their choicest victims, and their razor-sharp claws are decorated with brightly coloured lacquers.

A Keeper of Secrets is a highly intelligent creature, a being whose silvered words and languid gestures belie its devastating physical power. It is claimed that these are the most entrancing of all immortals, and that to look upon one is to surrender every last shred of willpower. The greater daemons of Slaanesh know the most intimate desires of every mortal being, and they use this knowledge to gain an undeniable power over their foes, seducing them with whispered promises they cannot hope to resist. Few who have encountered these daemons can describe the shame of their desire, nor the lust for violence and depravity that overwhelms their rational senses.

Even should such a survivor make it out alive and attempt to live a normal life, the sight of their alluring nemesis will always be waiting behind their eyes and in their dreams. The corruption that stemmed from linking thoughts with the creature, even for a second, will be embedded so deep that sooner or later it will burst from the shadowed corners of the mind in

the most horrific way. To have laid eyes on such a creature and survived becomes the most dangerous secret of all, for none can look upon a Keeper and claim to be unchanged by the experience.

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

'My my, but the Storm God's brood have grown bold. Such shining war-plate. Such commendable discipline. Such stout and noble hearts waiting for our caress. And all for me to amuse myself with? Oh, my darlings – you shouldn't have...'
 – Aspho Mhel'Daraxes, the Quintescent

On the field of battle, Keepers are graceful yet vicious killers that delight in the excessive, wanton violence they unleash. They take gloating, sadistic pleasure in all acts of killing and torture, and they consider the dealing of excruciatingly painful death just another form of creative expression. There is a dark delight to be found in the interplay of impact, gore and horror that follows every swing and thrust of the blade, every act of artful bloodletting. The reaction speeds of these creatures are so fast that they can stare in rapt attention at a squirt of blood from an artery for only a split second – yet in that time appreciate every nuance of motion

and emotion around it, getting more satisfaction from that singular sight than a master artisan would from a year among the greatest works of a lost civilisation.

When the battlelines first clash, the movements of a greater daemon of Slaanesh may seem unhurried, leisurely, even lazy, for the anticipation of the feast to come is itself a delicious meal to be savoured. As the rival armies mingle and the battle devolves into glorious anarchy, the Keeper of Secrets will accelerate its dance of destruction until it is moving almost too fast to follow. Its many slender arms lash out to decapitate, disembowel or merely cripple its prey, depending on its diabolical whims. It feeds upon the strong emotions of mortals as they are torn apart, glutting itself on a banquet of pain and terror. Its limbs, delicate yet hideously strong, move in blinding strikes as it eviscerates its opponents, spilling blood in pleasing patterns and spreading body parts in an exotic tapestry. Desperate pleas for mercy and berserk battle cries are music to a Keeper's ears, a delectable opera that honours Slaanesh. The ways of murder are myriad, and the Keepers must explore them all.

As well as being a lightning-fast and vicious warrior, a Keeper of Secrets possesses knowledge of many mystical arts, weaving sorceries that lead the weak-willed to their doom. A greater daemon of Slaanesh invades the thoughts and senses of its prey, penetrating their every mental defence, sending them visions of glory, titillating their egos and caressing their inner desires to lead them astray.

A Keeper's very presence inspires an excess of violence in others that will not abate until all lies in ruin around the daemon's feet. Sparks of passion are inflamed to the point that their victims can think of nothing else,

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



SHALAXI HELBANE

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

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

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



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

THE DEATH OF DAEMON KINGS

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

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

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

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

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

HERALDS OF SLAANESH

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

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

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

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



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

VICELEADERS

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

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

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



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

CONTORTED EPITOMES

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

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

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

In battle, these artefacts harness and absorb the most excessive of enemy attacks. Only the humblest weapons can hope to shatter them; a wooden sword would have more effect upon them than a runic cannonball. To look upon such a mirror is to become

spellbound by the reflection of your strongest fears and desires, and to become trapped within – if the attendants do not slay you first.

INFERNAL ENRAPTURESSES

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

Veiled by glammers, an Infernal Enraptureess presents itself as a muse to artists who strive to create beauty amidst the horrors of war. In feeding their passions, the daemon allows their craft to flourish, bringing out the greatness that had always lain dormant. At first the Herald comes to the artists in their dreams; the daemon places in their minds a perfect piece of music they must 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. Many die of starvation, forsaking sustenance as they toil at their masterpiece. Others are reduced to gibbering lunatics, their minds unable to bear the weight of their beauteous undertaking. Eventually, when only a single musician remains, the Enraptureess reveals its true self. The pupil then discovers that, in order for their great work to be completed, they must offer their own flesh to become the instrument of its execution.

The instrument wrought from the contorted body of that willing subject is known as a heartstring lyre. Strung with tattered fragments of that mortal's soul, the lyre emits screams of pure elation and raw

torment that vibrate through the physical and spiritual essences of those who hear them. By playing a cacophonous medley of notes, the Enraptureess conducts each individual muscle and nerve fibre in the foe to dance to its own anarchic rhythm, ripping the body apart. Alternatively, the instrument can emit a focused blast of sound that resounds within the very soul, vivifying the victim's emotions to such an extent that their joy can no longer be contained, and their heart erupts in a shower of glorious gore.

When the Dark Prince's legions march, the Infernal Enraptureess takes a leading position in the battle. With every pluck of the heartstring lyre the Daemonette sends waves of oblitative sonic energy coursing through the ranks of the enemy, the creature's mood determining whether they die in a state of unbridled ecstasy or agonised despair. This sadistic symphony is particularly disruptive to the spellcraft of enemy wizards, who find their concentration shattered by the soul-enrapturing notes produced by an Enraptureess – leaving them easy prey for the Herald's daemonic kin.



THE MASQUE

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

During the eternal wrangling and wars that make up the Great Game, it came about that Tzeentch tricked Slaanesh into an unwinnable battle against both Khorne and Nurgle, a war that ended only with the Dark Prince's defeat and humiliation.

Seeing the dark mood of their master, the Masque tried to ease his heart with their most energetic and scintillating dance. Where once the performance would have brought laughter and joy, now Slaanesh's bitter heart saw mockery, each perfect combination of moves a calculated barb to pierce his wounded pride. Enraged, Slaanesh cast the Masque aside, weaving a curse over the one he condemned as a traitor. If the Masque wished so much to dance, they would dance forever more, even when there was no one to witness the show.

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

As the Masque enacts the tales of Slaanesh's glorious history and most unholy conquests, the Herald's mask flickers and changes, matching the roles of the characters being played. So powerful is the lure of the Masque's display that onlookers are compelled to join the performance. Mortal and immortal alike are powerless to resist, joining the show as if they had rehearsed their parts for an age. In the Dance of Dreaming, where the character of the slumbering prince waits to be born, the Masque's troupe is lulled into a lethargic trance; in the Dance of Death, a re-enactment of one of Slaanesh's great victories over Khorne, the cast leap and flail and claw at their eyes and throats. Consumed by the ecstasy and agony of the Masque's aura, they happily dance to their demise, using up their last ounce of energy, expending their dying breath, to keep pace with the twirls and somersaults.

SYLL'ESKE, THE VENGEFUL ALLEGIANCE

Most of Slaanesh's muses are fickle beings. By contrast, the creature known as Syll'Esske represents a permanent symbiotic bond between two individual entities.



Syll Lewdtongue was once spurned by Slaanesh's courtiers for growing too attached to those the Herald had chosen for inspiration. When the Viceleader set eyes upon the hulking mortal war-slave Esske fighting in the gladiatorial pits of Slaanesh's gardens, the fates of both changed forever. The mortal warrior proved to be extremely receptive to Syll's patronage; Esske's resultant rise through the ranks of the gladiatorial pits was meteoric, for the Herald spoke only wisdom.

In turn, when Syll was slain by jealous rivals and reconstituted as a monstrous Soul Grinder, it was Esske's devoted sacrifice that allowed the daemon to regain its prior form. Through Syll's ministrations – and the will of mighty Slaanesh – Esske was returned to life as a daemoniac champion. When a Khornate blood legion sought to ravage the Palace of Pleasure, the two fought alongside one another to defend the Dark Prince's throne. Together, they were a force unstoppable, Syll's lithe whips distracting and disarming foes long enough for Esske's Axe of Dominion to reap a bloody toll. When the battle was done and Khorne's legions humbled, the two were rewarded

by Slaanesh's own hand – bound together as the Vengeful Allegiance, a symbiotic entity in which both halves fought in perfect accord with the other. So ordained, the first act of the newborn Allegiance was to wreak vengeance on those who once scorned them so cruelly.

Now the Vengeful Allegiance leads a mongrel host of those Hedonites who rail hardest against the inequities of Chaotic tyranny. No great egalitarians are these; each depraved being seeks to depose their former masters only to claim power for themselves, forging infernal pacts that see pleasure-daemon and mortal alike empowered as they fight in concert. Though considered outcasts and vagabonds by the more refined champions of the Dark Prince, these hosts take maniac inspiration from the example of Syll'Esske – all seek to emulate the Vengeful Allegiance with the conviction of true sycophants, howling and shrieking as the conjoined daemons demonstrate their unholy majesty and superlative battle-craft.

BLADEBRINGERS

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

DAEMONETTES

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

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

Daemonettes abound throughout the Dark Prince's domain even in his absence, gathering in heaving throngs to lounge upon silken cushions and toy with the flesh of their latest mortal playthings. Their

twisted minds are fixated foremost upon physical, mental and spiritual pain, and they go to great lengths to inflict it in the most inventive ways possible. It is a common pastime among the Daemonettes to take in and divulge the most lurid and perverse secrets they have pried from mortal hearts, using this knowledge to rise ever higher in the esteem of their fellows – and perhaps even their decadently wilful master.

Daemonettes fulfil the twin roles of warriors and messengers, both in Slaanesh's domain and beyond. When the forces of the Dark Prince go to war, packs of Daemonettes

form the core of his daemonic hosts. As creations of Slaanesh, they are given to extreme depths of emotion. At times they can become almost incapacitated with the joy of a simple sensation, at others vampiric in their need to feast on the essence of tortured souls. When their hatefulness becomes all-consuming it is infectious, spreading in a tide of jealous ire and bitterness until thousands of their number are united in the same evil intent.

Should Daemonettes find a way into mortal lands, they will go forth in vast legions to tear down that which they find repugnant, unsubtle and crude. When the killing begins, they replace the humdrum works of mortals with artistic vistas of destruction and desecration. Well-organised societies, conclaves of the chaste and phlegmatic, disciplined armies that kill without passion or joy – these are the most distasteful to Slaanesh, and so it is upon these that the Daemonettes loose their incandescent outrage. For this reason they have a special hatred for Hysh, the realm of intellectual order and enlightenment, and will do anything to remake it in their darkling image. When at last they return to their master's domain, the Daemonettes take with them not gold or jewels, but truths learnt from the lips of their dying enemies – fragments of suffering borne upon terrified screams. These form a currency of sorts among those dwelling in the circles of Slaanesh – the Keepers of Secrets value the bringers of these hidden truths most of all, and will show their gratitude to those who provide them with the juiciest morsels.

In battle, Daemonettes attack in a swift, surging mass that becomes exponentially more lethal the more its number grows. The daemons dance across the blood-soaked ground, dead bodies forming a carpet beneath their feet. Their



THE NUMBER OF SLAANESH

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

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



honeyed voices are raised in joyous, trilling songs of praise to Slaanesh as they slay and maim in the name of agony and pleasure. They are lithe, dexterous killers, gifting their victims with a combination of excruciatingly painful caresses and the most delicate of killing strokes.

Even in the most gruesome of conflicts, the Daemonettes smile in secret ecstasy as they go about their deadly work, delighting in the raw waves of emotion emanating from their enemies. They are vicious in the extreme, and never miss an opportunity to inflict a final agony on a dying victim, twisting their claws in the mortal wound to cause the maximum amount of pain. Indeed, Daemonettes enjoy nothing more than playing with their prey, such as gleefully showing a dismembered victim their own severed limbs, or using their serpent-like speed to inflict dozens of cosmetic wounds or trace blasphemous words on their target's body. Each act of disfigurement and degradation is met with shrill keening excitement by the Daemonettes nearby, each one outwardly impressed by their kindred's red work, while secretly trying to outperform the other in some act of grisly extravagance. By drawing out such horrific acts, the Daemonette drinks in the torment and despair, eagerly lapping up the raw emotions that fill the air.

In appearance, Daemonettes are both beautiful and revolting. They have slender, clean-limbed bodies with pale, smooth skin, and an androgynous charm that is augmented by a permeating aura of beguilement. This is heightened by the strange musk that hangs about them like a cloying perfume, a heady and intoxicating aroma. Those who face the Daemonettes in battle find themselves stricken with unnatural emotions, their martial instincts giving way to overpowering feelings of lust and adoration. Yet there is something about the Daemonettes' charms that causes an abiding self-loathing among any who view them. The most stoic warriors find themselves overtaken by jealousy and disgust, seeing a perfection in their otherworldly foes that is impossible for them to attain for themselves.

Daemonettes are possessed of a hypnotic glamour, an entrancing aura that disguises their true form, rendering them as alluring visions of perfection. Though in reality their appearance is repulsive and terrifying, this supernatural power transforms them into the ultimate object of desire in the eyes of mortals, regardless of their race, gender or morality. None exposed to the Daemonettes of Slaanesh forget the unbidden tide of sensuality that washes over them as they gaze upon these abhorrent yet graceful beings.

These strange feelings evoke both repugnance and a perverse longing that forever gnaws at the minds of those who behold them.

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

Favoured mortal champions of Slaanesh are often surrounded by fawning Daemonettes, for these beings are sycophantic by nature and drawn to those who rise high in their master's precarious favour. It is a foolish champion who believes the lesser daemons of the Dark Prince to be truly loyal, however. Birthed from the worst aspects of every mortal's secret soul, Daemonettes are inherently capricious and viciously jealous beings; yesterday's favoured princeling becomes today's dull and worn-out plaything, and when a mortal ceases to amuse, the Daemonettes will be waiting, the creatures' cruel eyes gleaming as they turn their malicious attentions on the former object of their devotion.

CHARIOTS OF CRUEL DESIRE

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

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

self-preservation. In this they make the perfect driving force for the chariots of Slaanesh's hosts.

SEEKER CHARIOTS

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

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

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



SLISHY GHEISTBANE, DARK SAVIOUR OF CHARRBONE COAST

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



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

HELLFLAYERS

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

In the Realm of Chaos these strange conveyances were once used to mow through Slaanesh's hellish gardens. There were planted those souls who had wronged him, buried under the fleshy sediment with only their forearms and lower legs sticking above the ground. A curse of regrowth was cast upon these unfortunates, for none are allowed to die in Slaanesh's gardens without permission. Each day the Hellflayers rode over these fields of outstretched limbs, their lacerating blades cutting fingers, toes, hands and feet from the buried prisoners – for these extremities are rich in nerves, and their sudden mutilation always provoked an extreme reaction. Overnight, the limbs of the imprisoned souls regrew, ready for the Hellflayers to cut them to ribbons the next day to a chorus of sudden, outraged screams. Eventually a clique of Daemonettes, tired of this repetitive duty, thought to bring their contraption to war on the material plane, where it proved just as adept at slicing through ranks of enemies. Though the presumptuous crew were transformed into marble statues as punishment, the machine proved so effective that it has been used by the Hedonites ever since.

EXALTED CHARIOTS

Exalted Chariots are ridden to war by Daemonettes of very high status. These are not so much connoisseurs of battle as gluttons, seeking the foe wherever they are most numerous and ploughing into the enemy battleline with hysterical abandon. Given that these conveyances provide a glorious vantage point from which to view a battle, they are often chosen as mounts for preening Allurers, who like to be admired as much as they like to kill. They are festooned with razor-sharp blades, much like the Hellflayer, and the entire rear axle is a giant whirling mass of flensing metal. Anything that falls beneath the chariot's wheels is destined to emerge as a fine red mist. Though a victim's body may perish in a spectacular fashion, their unfortunate soul endures much longer. The chariot's ensorcelled blades hook deep into the spiritual remains of its victims, drawing them ever deeper into the maelstrom of metal to suffer over and over again.



THE DECADENT VANGUARD

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

FIENDS

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

venom that brings agony and death. A Fiend's head is sleek and draconic, and from it sprout long horns, rows of insectile spines or shocks of vibrant hair.

Such a collage of forms should by all rights repulse the sane mind, but Fiends emit an unnatural soporific musk, a heady fragrance that both attracts and immobilises their prey. The narcotic pleasures they exude are reserved only for their enemies, lacing mortal thoughts with the most rapturous of hallucinated visions. Those Fiends whose musk is the most hypnotically potent are known as Blissbringers, and they are capable of transforming even stoic warlords

into carefree dreamers adrift with ecstasy. As a victim succumbs to the pervasive sweet state of euphoria, their limbs grow heavy and their thoughts drift dreamily elsewhere. Notions of combat, strategy and even survival are replaced by an endless, salubrious sea of delirium. It is then that the Fiends close, moving like a wafting breeze given form until the daemons' razor-sharp claws sweep down and rend their victim apart. Few foes put up any semblance of a fight – most are simply slaughtered in a state of unbridled ecstasy.

Only a superhuman feat of willpower can overcome a Fiend's bewitching aura, and those who somehow emerge 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 agonised ecstasy. Even worse than this is the overwhelming sense of sweet suffocation that haunts their every waking moment – a cloying, seductive scent that inflames their darkest desires and invites urges that lead towards certain destruction.

Fiends are unnaturally swift, moving with a strange and scuttling gait as they pursue those who would refuse Slaanesh's intoxicating embrace. As the Fiends close for the kill, they let out a keening song – a haunting discordance interwoven with melodic riffs and throbbing base notes. This call is not merely sonic, but also aetheric, resonating through the veil so that it is heard all the way back in the Palace of Pleasure. The daemoniac creatures within Slaanesh's domain are entranced by these distant hymns and lullabies. For mortals – especially those attempting to wield sorcerous energies – this siren call is far less



pleasurable. 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.

SEEKERS

Seekers are Daemonettes who ride to war upon beasts known as Steeds of Slaanesh – swift and powerful bipeds with serpentine bodies and long, muscular legs. The colour of a Steed's hide eternally shifts from soft blues to pastel purples to gentle ochres, and its head is narrow, little more than a slender snout with eyes that glint with the energies of the god that created them. From the creature's mouth darts a tongue several feet long that is capable of tasting the desires of mortals, and so swollen is its sensorium that it can trace fear, joy and lust on the breeze from a mile away.

Sometimes a Daemonette will steal into Slaanesh's glorious pastures to secure a Steed from among the herds. Such an endeavour is arduous, for the beasts can run at great speed for an eternity, outpacing any pursuer. To succeed, the hunter must be wily and exploit the creature's insatiable curiosity. Like all daemons of the Dark Prince, the Steeds crave sensory experiences, and will quickly investigate something that is new or different. A cunning pursuer can lure a Steed with shining gems or a silvery bauble, or ambush them as they drink from rivers of exotic spirits or scented oils.

If a Daemonette can sneak close enough to a Steed while it is distracted, they can use a chain of fine gold or silver to ensnare it, flinging it around the beast's neck. Steeds are instinctively vicious, and will lash out at any would-be captor with their clawed feet and whipping tongues as they seek to escape. Once they are so chained, however, they can be swiftly subdued. Should a Daemonette succeed in this task, they will ride to war on their new mount as a Seeker of Slaanesh, one of the Dark Prince's immortal hunters.

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



Seekers possess an unnatural ability to track their foe – even from one realm to the next. There is little sense in running from these tenacious hunters, and few of their chosen quarry ever escape. Towards hunt's end, the daemons often back off in their pursuit so as to prolong the terror of their victim, fanning the flames of false hope for a little longer. Some, such as the temptresses of the Slashing Claw, have been known to delay the kill for weeks or even months. That kill is practically inevitable, however, and when they close in on their prey, the Steeds' long, toxin-coated tongues dart out to ensnare their victims, shuddering in delight as they taste the mortal's soul. Before the horrified quarry can struggle free, they are dragged towards the daemoniac beasts and their riders, whose fanged smiles and curving claws welcome them to an agonising oblivion.

Lequion wandered in a daze. Up ahead rose a castle of dreams and foibles, a palace stained with perfumed blood. It was surrounded by scattered and broken standards and a carpet of writhing corpses punctured by the clawing roots of a great dark forest. The faces of the dead were locked in rictus grins of ecstasy, and the pungent... scents of battle surrounded him as reality came back into focus. Around him, chimerical daemoniac beasts trilled as they crashed into the Wanderers, lashing out with serrated claws to neatly sever limbs.

Haunting soul-songs emanated from the daemons, the intoxicating aroma that clung to their sensuously vile forms sending a haze of unreality seeping into his mind. At his left, Illiana thrust a spear through the throat of one of the fiends, before the gargling daemon struck out with its barbed tail, punching the stinger through her eye.

Lequion was... within the alabaster corridors of this fortress of the marches. The walls were festooned with lurid frescoes depicting diabolical acts that contorted whenever his eyes strayed. From afar, the fragrant breeze carried the dreamlike voices of the fortress's masters as they hooted and laughed and broke bread in parody of mortalkind.

Beckoned on by the voices, Lequion stumbled... into the mud as his legs gave way, mind reeling under the sibilant cries of the daemoniac beasts. His deep-green garments stained with the filth of the battlefield, the aelf tried to stand even as he listened to the low, agonised groans of what remained of his kinband.

A claw rested under his chin, drawing forth a pinprick of scarlet. The aelf felt his head lift, staring into the opalescent eyes of the daemoniac fiend, and Lequion fell into a nightmare that would never end.

GLUTOS ORSCOLLION, LORD OF GLUTTONY

Glutos Orscollion is a true epicurean, a monstrous champion of Slaanesh who has gorged on the sacking of nations – and still, he is not sated. Around him he has gathered a vile parade of gourmands and sycophants, each devoted to appeasing their master's cursed hungers.

Of all the Dark Prince's champions, few are as repugnant as Glutos Orscollion. His disciples name him the Grand Gourmand, the Vintner of Souls, the Scrumptious Sinner. Lounging atop his opulent palanquin, Glutos embodies overindulgence. Piggish eyes glimmer amongst the folds of his face, and an overlong tongue slobbers across drool-covered chins. From his swollen frame emerge grasping tentacles and other unnerving signs of the Dark Prince's degrading affections. The pompous Homonculus known only as the Gourmalice prepares his diabolical feasts, while slaves cover his body in glistening oils and resplendent jewels. There can be no doubt that Orscollion is the paragon of gluttony, one of Slaanesh's most beloved sins.

The Orscollions were once known only as a clan of failing merchants from Hysh. With their fortunes on the wane, the scrawny Glutos was forced into the role of thief and cutpurse, eventually infiltrating the temple of the Cornucopean Rite in Xintil and stealing its sacred golden grain. Yet Glutos' will was brittle. Overcome by the gnawing cramps of his underfed stomach, he ate the grain – and in that instant, he was damned. Unbeknownst to him the rite was secretly devoted to the Slaaneshi Daemon Prince Loth'shar. No sooner had he indulged himself than Glutos was wracked with a terrible hunger that could only be sated by consuming something even grander than the daemon's treasure.

At first, Orscollion attempted to repay his debt through conventional means, squandering every stolen coin on increasingly outlandish foodstuffs. In this he was profoundly unsuccessful. Driven to the brink by the daemon's taunting, it was only when he discovered a body left to rot in the back alleys of one of Xintil's cities that his fate changed. Guided by Loth'shar's mocking whispers

Glutos fed upon the corpse, weeping at his own foulness even as the flavours danced upon his tongue. In that moment, kneeling amidst the ruin of his own debasement, something splintered within him. The shade of Loth'shar appeared before him, assuring Glutos that he was upon the right path and that the daemon would assuage – if not banish – his hunger for a time if only he pursued more esoteric treats.



In Hysh, the magical flesh of wizards was not in short supply. The more Glutos feasted upon mages murdered in back-alley souks and secretive pleasure houses, the greater the favour Loth'shar bequeathed upon him – and as his corpulence grew, so too did his fame. Hedonites travelled from across the realms to pay tribute to he whom they considered their lord's chosen Gourmand, offering riches, obscene delicacies and pacts of blades for the chance to feast at his side. Towns were massacred, trading caravans raided, and even armies routed, all to feed Glutos' dark cravings. Consumption became an end unto itself, and even morbidly obese daemon-epicures came to seek out Orscollion and his carnival, dining on tormented souls alongside shrieking Sybarite gluttons.

The more varied flavours Glutos samples, the greater his sorcerous abilities become. This is not the gastromantic shamanism of the ogor race, but rather the rewards of a refined palate, for should Orscollion limit himself to repetitive tastes then this favour will be agonisingly retracted. At the height of his powers, Glutos is a living conduit for the magics of excess. With a

contemptuous twitch of his ring-encrusted fingers he compels the stomachs of his enemies to distend, bursting from their bodies in showers of bile and gore. The scented vapours that waft from the serpent-mouth grilles ringing his lavish palanquin fill the mind with a fog of temptation. Those Hedonites who inhale them are roused to avaricious fury, while their foes are wracked by crippling hunger-spasms that soon drive them over the edge of sanity.

Glutos is surrounded by a demented circus that aids his search for the most esoteric tastes. The Painbringer Kyazu serves as Glutos' executioner in return for the chance to indulge his cannibalistic urges. Dolece, Priestess of the Rite, ensures only the worthiest morsels reach her bloated master, while Lashmaster Vhyssk is charged with driving the palanquin on, never ceasing while there are new delights to sample. Yet Glutos' most dangerous companion is found in the head of his mirror-staff. From here, Loth'shar's leering visage whispers of the new sweetmeats his champion must seek out, and the suppressed desires that dwell in the hearts of men.

The armies of Glutos Orscollion echo their master in slavish devotion to overindulgence. Mortals and daemons charge forth with reckless abandon, blades and claws lashing out with euphoric ferocity even as their bodies begin to tear at the seams. With deep and rumbling laughter, Orscollion promises delights beyond measure for those who bring him the most scrumptious offerings. As the Hedonites gorge themselves upon still-screaming flesh, enemy warriors are overcome by a wave of horror at the gory spectacle. These terrified foes are soon filleted like squirming fish by the hungry Hedonites, presented as a grisly – and often still-living – banquet in honour of the Grand Gourmand.



SIGVALD, PRINCE OF SLAANESH

Sigvald – the Magnificent, the Geld-Prince, the Glorious Reborn – holds the enviable title of Slaanesh’s favoured son. Imbued with diabolic splendour and unleashed upon the realms at large, there is nothing, no matter how extreme or vile, he will not stoop to in order to prove his supremacy.

Sigvald is a champion of ancient days, a lord of decadence who strides towards the apex of the Dark Prince’s favour. Behind his youthful features lurks one of the vilest souls ever to live. His monstrous legend stretches back to the world-that-was; daemonic heralds sing that he was sired by taboo acts, that he ate his own father, that his feet floated an inch above the ground so as to never be sullied by the filth of the earth, and that he ordered whole cities put to the torch for the sin of offending his nostrils with their scent.

So it was until that world’s demise. Scarred in battle against a favoured servant of Nagash before smashing the revenant apart with his bare hands in a frenzy of revenge, Sigvald was finally laid low by a brutish king amongst troggoths. Yet one so steeped in evil cannot be banished so easily. As the Mortal Realms coalesced, flickers of Sigvald’s corrupt soul lingered in the void. He had been discarded by the Prince of Pleasure; Slaanesh is an immensely vain god, and to be associated with one who had met such a degrading end would never do. But what one god abandoned, another sought out.

Nagash does not forget, and he assuredly does not forgive. Like some monstrous jackal he prowled the void, seeking the soul that had offended him so in ages past by destroying his champion. Perhaps Nagash could have snuffed him out there and then, but the Undying King has always favoured lingering punishments. So was Sigvald trapped within a mirror of soul-snatching shadeglass; worse still for the vain Geld-Prince, those who gazed upon this mirror would see a most idealised reflection of themselves rather than bear witness to Sigvald’s own majesty. As a final insult, the Magnificent Mirror was then forgotten amongst the city of Shadespire, soon banished into the depths of Uhl-Gysh.

Nagash’s spite, in this case, proved Sigvald’s salvation. Within Uhl-Gysh could also be found the jail in which the aelven pantheon had imprisoned their ancient nemesis. As more of Slaanesh’s paradoxical chains were shattered, motes of the god’s essence came to rest in the Mirrored City of Shadespire. Screaming in desire, Sigvald’s soul suckled at this decadent ambrosia, slowly regaining a measure of self-awareness.

First to discover the Magnificent Mirror was a Kharadron expedition from Barak-Zilfin. Drawn by avarice to Shadespire, they were overwhelmed by reflections of themselves as famed and wealthy Admirals, all from the recovery of this wondrous treasure. Escaping into the deserts of Penultima, one of Shyish’s many underworlds, the duardin’s obsession with their prize left them blind to their own basic needs. Yet even as they succumbed to thirst, opportunity presented itself. The Godseekers known as the Scarlet Cavalcade were next to discover the Mirror. By this point Sigvald had regained enough of his power to have some influence over his prison. When the Cavalcade’s leader, the silver-haired Reshevius, gazed into its depths, he was confronted by the most twisted and grotesque reflection of himself the Geld-Prince could conjure. Enraged beyond measure, the champion unspooled his whip, lashing out towards the cur that had offended him so.

Reshevius perhaps expected such to see the mirror’s magic shattered forever. Yet the circumstances leading to this act – a strike born of rampant egotism, a soul glutted on deific energies, and a realm whose magical laws had been thrown into disarray by the arrogance of the Great Necromancer – conspired to produce a very different outcome. Within Uhl-Gysh Slaanesh looked upon his former favoured son’s cunning and rise from an

ignoble end – surely a portent of the Dark Prince’s own inevitable escape – and found his interest in Sigvald reignited. Rather than be annihilated, therefore, the Geld-Prince was reborn fully formed. In him was manifested the dark resplendence of the God of Excess; his limbs clean and strong, and from his head curled regal horns that crackled with sinful energy. As the Scarlet Cavalcade looked upon him a worshipful wail arose from their ranks, even Reshevius dropping to his knees in supplication.

‘See him stride swiftly and surely across slaughter-sodden soil, seeking savage serfs to slay with sublime sword strokes! Sigh sincerely as he searches for spectacular and sordid sensations! Scream sinful songs of supplication to the salacious Sigvald, supreme son of Slaanesh!’

- from the Sixty-Six Stanzas of Sigvald

Sigvald’s first act was to slay one in six of the Scarlet Cavalcade, revelling in the godly strength that now thrummed in his limbs. Even then the Godseekers followed him, aiding the Prince of Slaanesh in satiating his lust for vengeance on the troggoth race. Yet Sigvald desired for his name to be howled in praise across these strange new realms. For this he would require a suitably magnificent weapon; the Geld-Prince’s original blade was known as Sliverslash, said to be forged from a fragment of Slaanesh’s own sword, but now many would-be Pretenders claimed to also possess such a weapon. Sigvald would never lower himself to simply matching these oafish rivals. Instead he quested to the Palace of Pleasure, bestriding its marble halls and battling through the unnatural flesh-things that now stalked the abandoned corridors to reach the Dark Prince’s armoury. There he bargained with the

daemon-artisan Gyll'Falai, offering up a measure of his own wicked soul – in the form of six locks of golden hair – to reforge the shattered fragments of his former prison. Thus was Shardslash created, an elegant rapier that mirrored Sigvald's lost weapon and could steal away a soul with but the lightest of scratches, entrapping it for the Geld-Prince to torment at his leisure. With such a blade now in his possession, his war on the realms could begin in earnest.

Sigvald is the sin of vainglory wrought in flesh, the end-point for a soul who entertains not a shred of humility or reticence. To many Sybarites, he is nothing less than a saint of Slaanesh. Invader, Pretender, Godseeker – all flock to join Sigvald's Decadent Host, basking in the reflected majesty of their master and fighting tooth and nail to be invited to share in the sensations that only he can grant. This tide of devotees will unflinchingly throw themselves in the path of swords, arrows and even cannonballs in an effort to protect the object of their obsession. A foe that does manage to land a blow on the Geld-Prince will earn the unstoppable ire of his sycophants, for how could any wish to harm their beatific overlord?

Yet to strike Sigvald is easier said than done. From him shines a light as agonising as it is enrapturing, and where he strides the air is choked with the hypnotising scents that waft through the Circle of Vainglory. Those who look upon his glorious image are filled with the desire to throw themselves at his feet in praise, or are briefly but fatally transfixed by grotesque reflections of themselves that play off his golden armour. Even those possessed of the strength of character to raise a blade in defiance against Sigvald are doomed. The Prince is a swordsman like no other, and considers himself the greatest duellist in all the Mortal Realms. Certainly, his speed is such that even centuries-old aelven blademasters appear akin to stumbling orruk yoofs in comparison. With a superior smirk Sigvald plays with his foes, bleeding them bit by bit before sadistically dismembering them in a flourish of quicksilver strikes.



Sigvald's legend has already raged across the realms; in the free cities there are cultists who preach to the downtrodden masses, compelling them to leave the toil and drudgery of their lives behind and search out the mythical Golden Prince. It is said that if one looks into a mirror and sees a twisted mockery staring back at them, then the Prince of Slaanesh is nearby, for all beauty is reserved for him alone.

Yet as much as he may posture, Sigvald is not physically flawless. Hidden on his body is a single scar – a reminder of his humiliating demise that nags in the back of his mind and periodically inspires a sudden and terrible rage within him.

With those responsible for this disfigurement long dead, the Geld-Prince has turned his wrath onto the agent behind it – Nagash. Even Sigvald would not dare the Shyish Nadir to reach Nagashizzar, but his eyes have settled on another black gemstone in the Undying King's crown: the Ossiarch Empire. With each passing day the Decadent Host nears its target, diverting only to visit some other creative indignity upon the Great Necromancer's holdings. It is Sigvald's intent to bleed the god of the dead's realm through a thousand cuts, for the best revenge is the one that lingers, and he has nothing but time to explore all the pleasures and pains that the Mortal Realms have to offer.

CHAMPIONS OF THE DARK PRINCE

To become a champion of Slaanesh, a mortal Hedonite must smother their soul in sin. The deeper they plunge into this abyss of self-indulgence, the higher they rise in the Dark Prince's esteem, earning the favour with which to continue slaking their sinister obsessions.

LORDS OF PAIN

Strutting at the forefront of the Sybarite armies come the Lords of Pain, paragons of Slaanesh's degenerate faith. Each has dedicated themselves to the pursuit of excess, experiencing dark joys and terrible agonies beyond counting, yet still they cannot help but seek out even greater torments to revel in. In this quest, the Lords of Pain have travelled far and wide. Their hellish crusades have unleashed horror upon those who have had the ill fortune of crossing their paths.

Though the faithful of Slaanesh are encouraged to indulge in a wide spectrum of depravities, most eventually come to exemplify one obsession above all others. While many champions emulate, consciously or otherwise, one of the six circles of seduction found within the Dark Prince's realm, there are those veterans of the Myrmidesh blade-sects whose minds become fixated on the giving and receiving of pain. Training themselves to the peak of mortal capability, these warriors are able to slay even the

greatest adversaries through the sheer accumulation of agony. Each is a sadist through and through, their skin pierced by rings and barbs and their skill in the art of inflicting crippling torment honed so that it has become the sole focus of their existence. The Dark Prince looks upon these decadents with profound interest, for pain is a sensation that no mortal can easily escape. Champions of Slaanesh destined to become Lords of Pain soon find themselves devoid of any sense of contentment outside spreading their agonising gifts. Where once these chosen warriors used the inflicting of precise torment as a means to demonstrate their mastery in battle, now it has become an end unto itself – a spiral of blessed agony from which there is no escape.

Having discarded much of their formerly concealing warplate to better savour the torments of battle, their muscled frame swollen by Slaanesh's favour, it is impossible to miss a Lord of Pain. In their wake come a tide of shrieking sycophants and marching cohorts of their former Painbringer brethren, each wishing to emulate their master and thus rise through the depraved ranks.

When battle is joined, none can doubt a Lord of Pain's ability in the doling out of death and suffering. Many years of plumbing the depths of debauchery has left them largely inured to agony; those blows that do connect elicit little more than a shudder of fleeting joy from the champion. Their armour is replete with curved spikes and sharpened crescent-blades that lacerate and tear with each swift motion, and the barbed soulpiercer maces they swing shatter bones and puncture flesh but never slay outright, leaving those struck down twitching and convulsing in nerve-shredded misery for hours on end before death claims them.



SHARDSPEAKERS

Amongst the throngs of cackling daemons and excess-gorged Sybarites, a sinuous figure walks alone. It pads forwards with the silent grace of a Ghurish Nightprowler, sumptuous robes and scrolls wrought from tanned human flesh rustling in the whispering breeze. Smoke drifts in enthralling tendrils from the globular crown of their elegant stave; those who stare too long into this shimmering mist swear that it periodically contorts itself into the suggestion of lissom and beckoning dancers, or perhaps faces wracked by the most terrible of agonies. In one fair hand they grasp a mirror framed in rich golden leaf. Upon seeing this, the wisest foes choose to flee, for its bearer can be none other than a Shardspeaker of Slaanesh – and to attract their attentions is to court damnation.

Slaanesh has long been fascinated by mirrors. To reflect and distort, to force a mortal to dwell upon their own image and the flaws contained within – all of this feeds into the Dark Prince's spheres. The Temple of Twisted Mirrors, located deep within the inner circle of Slaanesh's domain, is a serpentine labyrinth that rivals even Tzeentch's realm for complexity of form. Within its winding corridors can be found a seemingly endless array of mirrors, from unassuming planar surfaces to entire chambers of distorted glass. To gaze into these mirrors is to have the hidden aspects of one's

soul revealed. The arrogant and avaricious may see their deepest desires rendered with tormenting vividness. Others, often those who have lived lives of great repression, instead behold themselves liberated of all inhibitions – finally given free rein to explore their basest urges, shorn of the constraints forced upon them by civilisation and the demands of propriety.

When the Temple of Twisted Mirrors was defiled by a legion of Khorne's raging daemons, the Dark Prince's wrath was puissant in its totality. Yet Slaanesh has ever been an adaptable god, and from desolation arose opportunity. Ensnaring the perfumed djinns that roamed the Circles of Seduction, the deity soon bade each deliver a single shard of the broken mirrors to a worthy mortal sorcerer. Those who received this gift became the first of the Shardspeakers, for the deeper they stared into the tantalising depths of the reflective fragments, the deeper the rapacious eyes of Slaanesh stared back into their souls.

Shardspeakers serve a role akin to that of soothsayer among the Sybarite carnivals, for their hypnotic eyes can stare into the soul of initiate and champion alike and discern hidden lusts even they may still deny. They are well versed in the magics of pleasure and pain; by uttering sibilant invocations in the dark speech, a Shardspeaker can tease a man's nervous tissue

out of his body like thread from a spool, or compel them to offer up their own gorily extracted organs in supplication to the Dark Prince. The scented mist-daemons that accompany them can be commanded with but a delicate gesture from the sorcerer, shielding them from harm or smothering enemies who come too close.

The most sinister talent of the Shardspeakers, however, centres around the fragments of mirror gifted unto them. Each retains a measure of its former ability to enrapture the minds of mortals. A Shardspeaker can focus this latent magic, picking out individual warriors to unmake amongst an enemy battleline. Those so chosen are bombarded with visions of resplendent glory or divine mania that are almost impossible to deny. Coupled with the whispered entreaties of the Slaaneshi sorcerers that seem intended for them alone, only those of the strongest will can hope to stave off these sublime temptations. Those who fail this test will suddenly find their most debased aspects reflected back at them – reflected, and empowered. In moments, all cohesion breaks as mortals are overcome by the urge to indulge their worst excesses, while the virtuous side of their psyche is spirited away to the Temple of Twisted Mirrors, forced to watch powerless as their destructive compulsions are unleashed against their comrades.

LYROLLA VISQ, THE MIRROR OF MINDS

A native of Ulgu, a realm of hidden desires and whispered secrets that has produced many an infamous Hedonite, Visq is fascinated by mortal fallibility – more specifically, the notion that the higher one rises the further they have to fall. Her descent into darkness began when she strove to undermine beloved public figures in her home city-state, extracting secrets from those close to her prey through grisly and creative methods of arcane torture.

Upon being favoured by Slaanesh with a Twisted Mirror, the sorceress's fixation reached new heights. Attaching herself to rampaging Hosts as she wills, Visq seeks out the proudest and most honoured champions to unmake through her enthralling spellcraft. Proud lords of Khorne, stoic Freeguild generals and aloof aelven nobles; all have succumbed to the Shardspeaker's whispered invocations and the power of her Twisted Mirror to summon forth their basest urges. As of late, Visq's attention has fallen upon Sigmar's chosen warriors, the Stormcast Eternals. It is the Shardspeaker's aim to unravel the minds of warriors from every major Stormhost, reducing them to a cabal of mindless beasts utterly enslaved to her cruel whims.



REVELLERS IN RUIN

Hollering and shrieking, the mortal hosts of the Hedonites spill across the battlefield like a circus of sin. Whether nimble-footed archers or favoured disciples riding atop sinuous daemonic beasts, these Sybarites strike before their stupefied foes can even lift a blade in defence.

BLISSBARB ARCHERS

Few Blissbarb Archers recall the moment they assumed that mantle. It is as if their life before taking up the bow was but a waking dream, their true existence beginning only after they were chosen to receive the dubious attentions of the Dark Prince. These are the footsoldiers of the Sybarite carnivals, for whom the pursuit of new experiences has become an end unto itself. Being among the lowest of Slaanesh's mortal devotees, they are not yet permitted by their domineering champions to revel in the unbridled sensations of hand-to-hand combat except in the direst of circumstances. Rather, their task is to bring pain and wanton disorder to the ranks of the enemy, unravelling even the staunchest of battlelines and leaving it vulnerable to the frenzied depredations of the Hedonites.

The primary means by which Blissbarb Archers accomplish this battlefield role is their exceptionally accurate bowfire. Senses heightened and sharpened by their godly master, the better to drink in the banquet of sensation offered by the tortured cosmos, these Sybarites wield their treasured bows with the artistry common to all devotees of Slaanesh. The crescent-edge prongs on their arrowheads may initially appear only decorative, but are also crafted to inflict the most agonising injuries on the target.

A sinister fate awaits the survivors of a Blissbarb barrage. Alongside their riotously attired warbands shuffle hunched Homonculi; these strange creatures amass wherever the carnivals travel, drawn to the Hedonites by unknowable compulsions or crafted through the mutative caress of the Dark Prince. In battle, they bear with them elegant censers from which waft clouds of sickly-sweet incense known as Blissbrew. All manner of taboo ingredients go into the

brewing of this concoction, not least of which are the freshly severed heads of enemies and sacrifices alike. The Blissbarb Archers ensure their arrowheads are always coated with this mixture, crying out joyously as they loose these tainted projectiles into the enemy's midst.

Blissbrew toxin is incredibly potent, capable of overwhelming even a rampaging Maw-krusha if applied in sufficient concentration. The Blissbarb Archers make full use of this, forever goading one another to perform the most daring and impressive shots. Even while running at full tilt across a rutted battleground they can shoot with remarkable accuracy, laughing as their arrows find ingress through enemy eye-sockets or chinks in their armour. Panic soon overcomes the foe, their nerves shattering beneath the storm of poisoned arrow-fire. As commanders desperately try to corral their troops, the Blissbarb titter as their foes charge desperately towards the waiting blades of their fellow Hedonites – or, when they believe the eyes of their overlords are elsewhere, indulge in setting about their dazed enemies with cruel shortblades and wicked punch-daggers.

BLISSBARB SEEKERS

Faster, faster, always faster: that is the creed of the mounted Blissbarb. Naming themselves Seekers in honour, or perhaps jealous appropriation, of their daemonic counterparts, these Hedonites are obsessed with high-speed kills. Riding atop sinuous daemon-beasts known as Exalted Steeds of Slaanesh, Blissbarb Seekers loose deadly-accurate volleys of arrows into the ranks of the foe even while maintaining a breakneck pace, cackling as their toxin-laced projectiles leave enemies wracked by bone-shattering convulsions or staggering in a stupefied daze.

Though Slaanesh can be as patient as a coiling serpent, the Dark Prince far prefers immediacy and impulse to steady deliberation. Those who hesitate or, most heinous of all, resist their guiding compulsions are scorned in his eyes. In order to earn true reward from Slaanesh, a mortal must therefore be willing to follow their whims wherever they may lead, dancing on the precipice of oblivion to please their divine master.

Blissbarb Archers who have had brushes with death or a similarly mind-blasting experience may be struck with the sudden urge to acquire for themselves an Exalted Seeker mount. Into the Chaos-corrupted wastes they travel, discarding all they once were as they pursue the apparitions dancing at the edge of their vision. This chase will lead them through the pleasure-halls of daemon kings, into the most hellish of war zones and to those forgotten corners of the realms where ancient horrors reside. Most stumble and fall along the way, to be swiftly forgotten by the unfaithful Dark Prince. Only a scant few, those whose eyes remain alight with crazed determination even as they crawl forth on bloodied hands and tremble under spasms born of starvation, succeed in earning the attention of an Exalted Steed. The self-destructive excess displayed by such mortals enraptures these sadistic beasts, rewarding the battered but victorious Hedonite with a truly kingly mount.

Unlike the lesser mounts ridden by Hellstriders, Exalted Steeds are capable of persisting in the material realm far longer than most daemons. They achieve this via the devotion lathered upon them by their mortal riders; through profane ritual and the wilful mingling of blood, these two entities become almost inseparable. It is said that an Exalted Steed can outrun even one of the hallowed Gryph-chargers of Azyr,

and from their tongues drips poison of the foulest kind. It is this venom that the Blissbarb Seekers use to coat their arrowheads, for even a drop can spell tormenting death, and both Sybarite and daemon find a cruel delight in watching the afflicted scream their vocal cords raw.

SLICKBLADE SEEKERS

Whooping in glee, the Slickblade Seekers – chosen mortal knights of the God of Excess – charge at the forefront of the Sybarite carnivals, spinning their polearms in whistling, hypnotic arcs as they plunge into the most vulnerable portion of the enemy battleline. No longer does dropping a foe at long range satisfy these riders – they yearn to hear the screams of the dying up close, to feel the splatter of hot gore as it sprays across them and their sprinting Exalted Steed mounts in great arterial jets. On the battlefield they present a striking sight, bearing distinctive crested helms of mirror-polished steel and wielding ornately crafted glaives, their wicked edges more than a match for even Sigmarite plate.

The way of war favoured by the Slickblade Seekers is mesmerisingly fluid and graceful. In combat, their blades never seem to cease looping and twirling even as they ride their darting mounts hands-free. As the whip-like tongues of the Exalted Steeds lash out at nearby enemies, so too do the Slickblades use their polearms to cleave open skulls and hack off limbs, each striving for the cleanest cut possible.

Slickblade Seekers are immensely proud. They consider themselves to be princes of the battlefield, and strive to outdo any who would contest that status. From the Myrmidesh they were inspired to perfect the art of the high-velocity cut, and by observing Lumineth cavaliers they learned techniques to cleave through several foes on foot without breaking stride. To shame the brutish warriors of Khorne, the Slickblade Seekers relish decapitating foes with a single blow, a feat that wins them great devotion and applause from any Blissbarb Archers that follow in their wake. Not only are these kills thrilling to witness for other Sybarites, but they also ensure

a constant supply of severed heads to burn in the Blissbarb's great censers, empowering the siren-like effect of their arrows.

HELLSTRIDERS

Slaanesh finds the desperation of mortals exhilarating, particularly those who strive for greatness but are unable to achieve it. To these, the Dark Prince offers a tempting bargain – a daemonic Steed to bear them from one glorious victory to the next, in exchange for a simple tribute of souls. However, those who sit astride the Steed are unable to ever dismount; they have become Slaanesh's slaves for all time. Armed with vicious claw-spears and lashing whips, Hellstriders charge at a blistering pace. Each fresh kill invigorates them, yet this blissful state never lasts. So the Hellstriders must forever search out new souls to offer their spiteful master – lest they perish from the terrible withdrawal.



MYRMIDESH PAINBRINGERS

The Myrmidesh Painbringers are members of an elite warrior-cult sworn to the Dark Prince. Each considers themselves a paragon of battle, and they take great pride in dealing out death of the most agonising, yet disturbingly beautiful, kind.

Their magnificent armour gleaming beneath the light of Hysh, those warriors known in Sybarite culture as the Myrmidesh embody the martial pride of Slaanesh. These are Sybarites for whom true ecstasy can only be found in the sublime cut and thrust of combat and the agonised screams of the dying. Hundreds of their blade-sects have been founded in the realms over the centuries. Some hold court in crystal palaces and trophy-strewn monasteries, whilst others are nomadic, wandering wherever the whispering lure of war takes them.

Though the rising power of Slaanesh has seen the order swell in number, it is still no easy feat to join the ranks of the Myrmidesh. Six harrowing trials must be overcome, each a visceral assault on the body and senses. The last trial is the most gruelling, for an aspirant must ingest six intoxicating potions before battling an escalating host of foes even as their vision swims with mind-bending hallucinations. Only those truly adroit killers who not only triumph, but are also able to look past all other temptations save glorious combat are granted the rank of Painbringer. Clad in sleek armour and granted the ancient weapons of

the cult – a curved blade and elegant rune-marked shield – they stand aloof as the martial elite of the Dark Prince's mortal worshippers.

'Strike fast. Kill slow.'

- First Tenet of the
Wailing Blade

Each Myrmidesh blade-sect is devoted to one aspect of a form of combat known as the Dance of the Wailing Blade. This may involve deflecting enemy blows before unleashing a single perfect counter-cut, or weaving their wicked scimitars in a serpentine flurry that overwhelms even the stoutest defence; the specifics of the kill do not matter, so long as it delivers crippling agony to their victims.

Myrmidesh cohorts wait with unnatural stillness at the heart of a Hedonite battleline, observing the approach of charging enemies or those driven to madness by the arrows of the Blissbarb. Then, swift and sudden as an uncoiling viper, they strike, their every blow intended to leave their enemies wracked with debilitating convulsions.

The last sight of those who fall victim to these blows is inevitably the Myrmidesh striding on to fresh kills, the conquests of moments prior already forgotten.

The Myrmidesh consider themselves apart from other Sybarites – sophisticated where their fellows are crass, composed where they are manic. They hide their faces behind all-enclosing helms to express their status as the most devoted of killers. Some even consider their weapons to be the truest part of themselves, their bodies no more than crude tools of necessity. Yet this supposed purity is naught but a mirage; the Painbringers are just as in the thrall of Slaanesh as any other Sybarite, and pride is sacred to the Dark Prince.

On the rare occasions that a Painbringer's perfected technique is thwarted, their true character emerges. With a wail of spiteful fury they will descend into a frenzy of wild hacking blows. Only when the offending enemy has been reduced to gory ruin will the Painbringer return to their previous sense of false decorum, the façade of control and honour returning as suddenly as it dissipated.

SYMBARESH TWINSOULS

Some Myrmidesh grow to chafe at being just one amongst the faceless many, and take the shortcut to power that is daemonic possession. Through marking their bodies with runes of conjugation and offering up the souls of six aelves, they forge a pact with one of Slaanesh's daemons. Taking up bespoke weapons of their own choosing and discarding their helms, the better to draw the Dark Prince's gaze, they gleefully forgo the mono-obsessive techniques of their blade-cult in favour of displaying their own inventive skills. Known as Symbaresh, these egomaniacs constantly compete against one another to perform the most impressive feats in battle, shrieking rhapsodies of self-praise all the while. But though this arrangement offers the Twinsouls phenomenal speed and strength, it also leads them to exhibit a curious self-dislocation over time – perhaps speaking only in third person, or remaining oblivious to the most grievous of wounds. Through these cracks does the daemon attempt to wrest control. Though the strongest-willed Symbaresh, known as Egopomps, may successfully subsume their patron and take their power without paying the cost, most are eventually overwhelmed – reduced to wretched soul-slivers trapped in their own bodies, unable to reconcile their fate with their own lapses of judgement.



SLAANGOR FIENDBLOODS

Utterly in thrall to their basest urges, Slaangor Fiendbloods embody the most savage and violently indulgent aspects of the Dark Prince. These hunched mutants form the shock troops of the Sybarite carnivals, careening forwards to gore and slash at the enemy with a total lack of restraint.

Most warriors fight with at least some consideration for their own survival. Not so the Slaangor Fiendbloods; they waste not a moment with anything that would detract from their outpourings of single-minded violence. This inevitably comes as a surprise for those unlucky enough to attract a Fiendblood's attention. Often it is the last surprise they will ever experience, for even armour is little proof against the massive chitinous claws of these crazed gor-kin.

Long ago, there was an order of knights so pure that men heralded them as incorruptible. One day, a fair-faced stranger arrived at the gates of the order's keep. He asked only for hospitality, offering to let his hosts sup from his prized silver goblet. The knights could not resist this one indulgence, for they had recently won a great victory over the beasts of the forest, and their virtuous reputation had allowed a seed of pride to take root within them. The coming night was wracked by agonised moans and inhuman wails. As they gazed into their mirrors the next morning, the knights saw that they had succumbed to a hideous metamorphosis, for the goblet had contained nothing less than a drop of the Dark Prince's honeyed saliva. Great horns curled from their temples, claws snicker-snacked at the end of each gangly arm, and their eyes were opalescent pits that drank in every sight and sensation. As they fell upon the peasants that lived under their aegis, the transformation of these once noble warriors was consecrated through slaughter.

That, at least, is one legend of how the Fiendbloods came to be. In Ulgu it is whispered that six rites of escalating excess must be performed to birth such a creature, the last of which is to sup the ichor of a Slaaneshi daemon-beast. The Woad Lords of Ghyran claim that



Fiendbloods rise fully formed from the heaps of writhing bodies piled around herdstones in the aftermath of a Slakefray's most bloodthirsty bacchanals. Whatever the truth, it is undeniable that Fiendbloods are avatars of Slaanesh's bestial urges, a reflection of the primal lusts that lurk in the hearts of mortals.

Fiendbloods are much beloved by the Sybarite carnivals. Their bodies are lathered with fragrant

oils, their horns and flesh studded with gemstones and wrapped in flamboyant silks. Most of the time, Slaangors wander in a glassy-eyed stupor, roused only by the wildest debauches. In battle, however, this lethargy is soon banished. Barrelling forth at the vanguard of the host, they allow nothing but the most tantalising distractions to come between them and their prey, hooting and howling at the visceral joys that only war can provide.

The Hedonite hosts parade across Hysh like a carnival of demented revellers, bringing their euphoric madness to the woefully restrained Great Nations of the Lumineth.





DARK SPLENDOUR

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



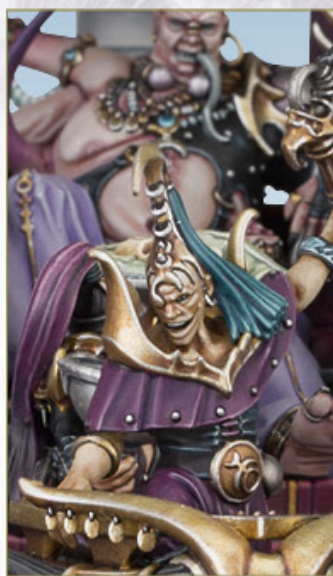
Striding through the ranks of his adoring followers, Sigvald – the reborn Prince of Slaanesh – is constantly seeking new depravities to sample and worthy foes to prove his supremacy over.



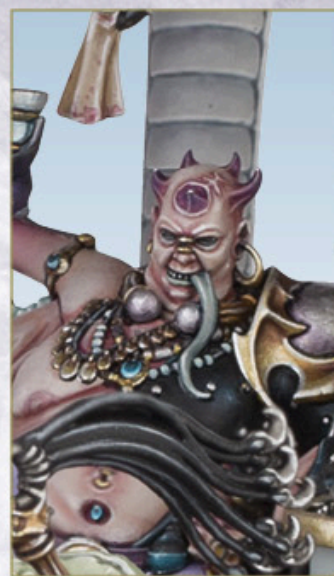
Painbringer Kyazu



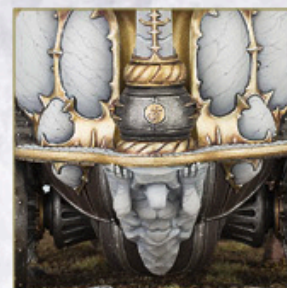
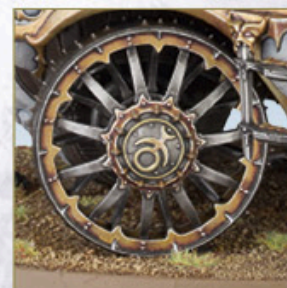
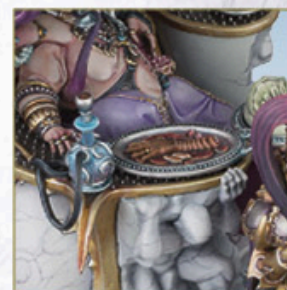
Dolece, Priestess of the Rite



Lashmaster Vhyssk



Glutos Orscollion



Glutos Orscollion, Lord of Gluttony, is on a divinely ordained quest to sample the most delectable and taboo treats the realms have to offer.



Myrmidesh Painbringer

Painmaster

Myrmidesh Painbringer

Myrmidesh Painbringer



The Myrmidesh revel in testing themselves against the worthiest foes they can find. Woe betide any, however, who should offend the Sybarites with their boorish refusal to die – for their end shall be agonising indeed.



Symbaresh Twinsoul

Egopomp

Symbaresh Twinsoul

Symbaresh Twinsoul



Blissbarb Archer



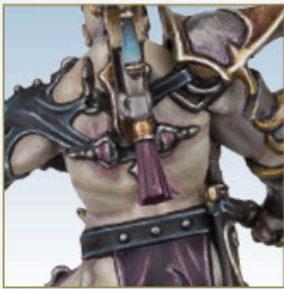
High Tempter



Blissbarb Archer



Blissbrew Homonculus



Lord of Pain



Shardspeaker of Slaanesh



The Sybarite hosts travel far and wide in their search for the most sublime sensations, braving ruined cities and haunted tombs with cackling laughter and arrogant – but earned – sneers of superiority.



Sigvald, Prince of Slaanesh





Blissbarb Seeker



Slickblade Seeker

The Hedonite hosts attack at a breakneck speed, skilfully navigating even the harsh environments of Ghur to bring magnificent demise to its crude and beastly inhabitants.





Shalaxi Helbane



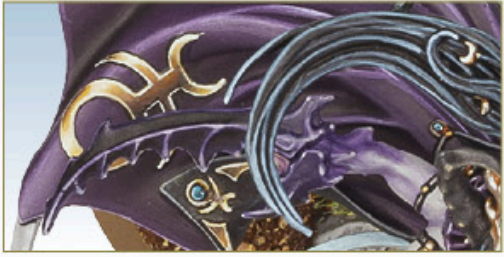
The Dread Pageant



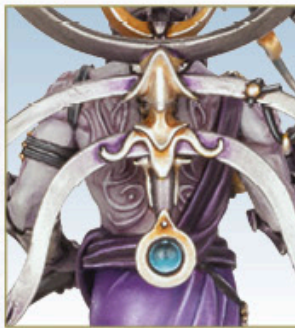
Though they may be clad in sleek leathers and draped with gilded finery, Slaangor Fiendbloods remain maddened beasts who pursue their base, violent urges with fanatical fervour.

The crazed cavalcades of the Hedonites spill into an ancient vale, cackling with glee as they overwhelm the dullard Fyreslayers who have come to resist them.





The Masque



Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance



Infernal Enrapture, Herald of Slaanesh



The Contorted Epitome



Keeper of Secrets with elegant greatblade and shining aegis



*Daemonette
Banner Bearer*

*Daemonette
Hornblower*

*Daemonette
Icon Bearer*

*Viceleader,
Herald of Slaanesh*



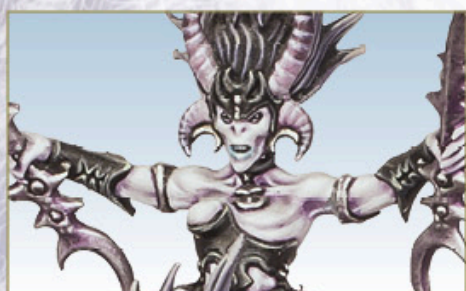
Godseeker cavalcades commonly feature throngs of speed-crazed daemons, forever pursuing any potential lead to the Dark Prince's location. Often, this is just an excuse to indulge in the chance for some wanton violence.



Fiend



Fiend



Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot

HOSTS WITHOUT NUMBER

67

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



*Allurer of the
Porcelain Principedom
(Invaders)*



*Daemonette of the
Onyx Claw (Godseekers)*



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



*Daemonette of the
Dark Hunt (Godseekers)*



*Daemonette of the
Six Vices (Invaders)*



An ancient loathing festers between the Dark Prince and the Blood God. Many times has the Realm of Chaos echoed to the clamour of their daemonic servants indulging in their mutual, violent antipathy.

TO GORGE ON EXCESS

The hosts of Slaanesh are many and varied, but all are united by the desire to spread rapturous ruin across the Mortal Realms. There are many considerations to be made when planning out your own cavalcade of sensuous horrors – here's one example of such a force to get you started.

When collecting a Hedonites of Slaanesh army, it can be tempting to let your impulses take hold, compelling you to add all manner of disparate units to your force as the fancy strikes. There's certainly nothing wrong with this approach – indeed, many would say it's entirely appropriate for a devotee of the Dark Prince! The Slaanesh range of Citadel Miniatures is varied and surprisingly complex, however, so a little bit of planning beforehand goes a long way. Here's how we put together the example army shown below.

Early on, we decided that our force would include both daemon and mortal units. Not only does this give us the widest range of miniatures to play with, but it also grants us plenty of tactical options. Next, we had to select which of the great Hosts our army would belong to. We chose Invaders, given that these are the most common Slaaneshi armies in the background, but the Godseekers and Pretenders are also worthy considerations – one of the great things about a Slaanesh army is that the same collection can be used in different ways from game to game.

Leading our host to the sensory banquet of war is Glutos Orscollion, Lord of Gluttony. Not only is Glutos a suitably spectacular centrepiece for any collection, he is also a powerful sorcerer and can provide particularly effective bonuses to our mortal units. Any self-respecting Slaaneshi champion needs a gaggle of sycophants to accompany them, and so we've also included a Lord of Pain and Shardspeaker. The former will lead our Sybarites into the heart of combat, while the latter will use her debilitating magics to keep the enemy off balance.



The mortal core of our army is comprised of two units of Blissbarb Archers. Though fragile, these nimble Sybarites provide surprisingly deadly shooting attacks – a rare commodity in most Chaos armies. Supporting them are a unit of Myrmidesh Painbringers and a unit of Symbaresh Twinsouls, elite armoured warriors who will match their blades against the finest enemies they can find. A coterie of Slickblade Seekers provides us with fast outriders and rapid-response capabilities, while the Slaangor Fiendbloods can be entrusted to cause plenty of havoc before they are slain in a blaze of glory.

Daemonettes are a common sight in many Slaanesh armies, and so we've taken a unit to prey on stragglers and capture all-important objectives.

The trio of Fiends have a more specific job – their magic-disrupting abilities and swift movement make them perfect for hunting down enemy wizards who would contest our glorious sorcerous dominion of the battlefield. A Hellflayer, meanwhile, fulfils the far more unsubtle – though deeply satisfying – task of hurtling forwards and grinding hordes of enemies beneath its soul-threshing blades.

From here, we could think about organising our heroes into a Supreme Sybarites battalion, both increasing the number of command points available to us and opening the gilded vaults of the Dark Prince to grant access to an additional artefact of power. All of this is just one way of collecting a Hedonite host, of course. Let your imaginings

run wild, and soon you too will be the proud owner of your own army of dark-hearted sensation-seekers!

1. Glutos Orscollion, Lord of Gluttony
2. Lord of Pain
3. Shardspeaker of Slaanesh
4. Blissbarb Archers
5. Blissbarb Archers
6. Myrmidesh Painbringers
7. Symbaresh Twinsouls
8. Slickblade Seekers
9. Slaangor Fiendbloods
10. Daemonettes
11. Fiends of Slaanesh
12. Hellflayer



PAINTING YOUR HEDONITES OF SLAANESH

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

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

There's no right or wrong way to go about painting your collection of miniatures. Some people revel in treating each miniature as a work of art, lavishing attention on every

millimetre of every model and painstakingly crafting scenic bases. Others prefer a far simpler approach with basic but consistent paint jobs that allow them to quickly complete legions of warriors. In the end, the goal is the same – to possess a host of painted Hedonites with which to terrify your rivals and earn the favour of the Dark Prince through your devotion!

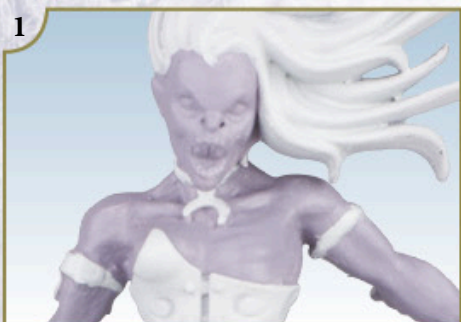
Slaanesh's worshippers tend towards colour schemes that are bright, striking, even lurid in hue. The Hedonite range of Citadel Miniatures is one of the most varied in all of Age of Sigmar, featuring elegantly armoured warriors, fleshy beastkin and lithe, graceful

daemons. It's the perfect excuse to give your imagination free rein when painting – Slaanesh does nothing by halves, after all!

WARHAMMER TV

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

DAEMONETTE FLESH



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



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



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



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



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



For a Battle Ready finish, undercoat the model with Grey Seer before applying Magos Purple to the skin.

BANNERS AND ICONS

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

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



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



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



Paint two crescents onto the lines, as shown above.



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

TOP TIP

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

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

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

DAEMONETTE HAIR



Apply a basecoat of Screamer Pink.



Then shade the area with Druchii Violet.



Drybrush the raised details with Pink Horror.



Apply a fine highlight using Emperor's Children.

DAEMONETTE HAIR VARIANTS



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



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



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



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

CLOTH VARIANTS



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



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



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



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

DAEMONETTE ARMOUR



1 Apply a basecoat of Abaddon Black.



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



3 Follow this with a fine highlight using Administratum Grey.



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

METAL VARIANTS



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



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



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



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

DAEMONETTE FLESH VARIANTS



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



Screaming Skull basecoat, Nazdreg Yellow/Contrast Medium (1:3), Screaming Skull layer, Pallid Wych Flesh highlight.



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



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

SEEKER FLESH AND SCALES VARIANTS



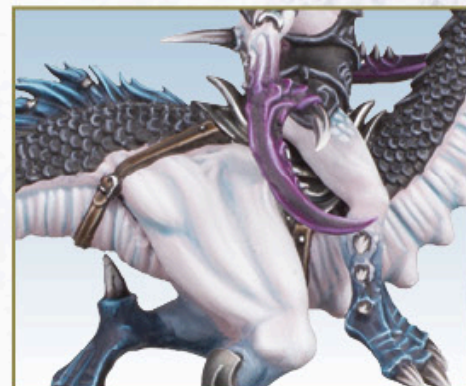
Flesh: Pallid Wych Flesh basecoat, thinned Reikland Fleshshade recess shade, Pallid Wych Flesh layer, White Scar soft highlights.

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



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

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



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

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

CLAW VARIANTS



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



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



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

THE CONTORTED EPITOME - MIRROR OF ABSORPTION



1 Basecoat with Celestra Grey.



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



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



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

DETAILS



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



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



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



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



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



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

GOLD ARMOUR



1 Basecoat with Retributor Armour before applying Iron Hands Steel to the silver areas.



2 Apply a mix of Shyish Purple and Contrast Medium (3:1) over all the armour.



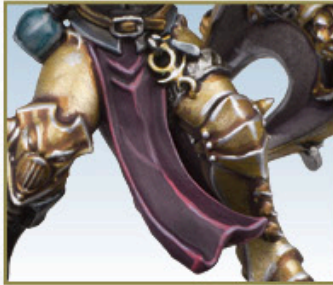
3 Layer the gold armour with Liberator Gold. Take care not to get any of this onto the silver areas.



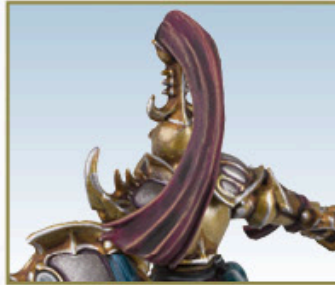
4 Layer the silver areas with Iron Hands Steel, avoiding the recesses and allowing the purple hue to show.



5 Finally, apply an edge highlight of Stormhost Silver to all of the armoured panels.



Cloth: Barak-Nar Burgundy basecoat, Druchii Violet shade, Pink Horror then Warpfiend Grey highlights.



Topknot: Screamer Pink basecoat, Nuln Oil shade, Screamer Pink drybrush.



Boots: Abaddon Black basecoat, Incubi Darkness then Dawnstone highlights.

SILVER ARMOUR



1 Over a Chaos Black undercoat, apply a basecoat of Iron Hands Steel to the armour.



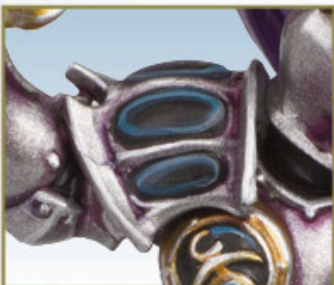
2 Apply a mix of Volupus Pink and Contrast Medium (3:1) over the silver panels.



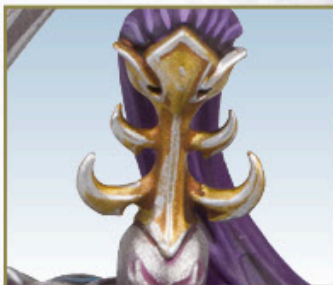
3 Next, apply a mix of Shyish Purple and Contrast Medium (1:1) to the recesses of the armour.



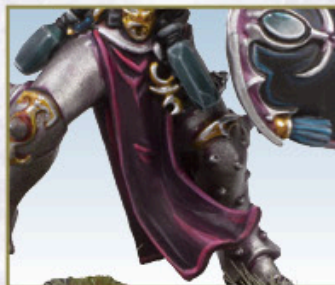
4 Finally, layer over the armour with Ironbreaker, leaving the purple hue visible.



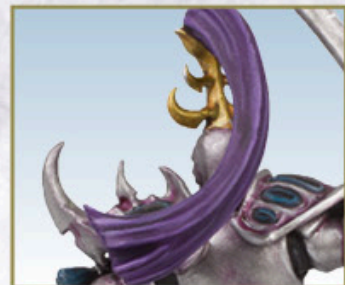
Black Plate: Abaddon Black basecoat, Stegadon Scale Green highlight, Sotek Green then Administratum Grey highlights.



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



Cloth: Barak-Nar Burgundy basecoat, Druchii Violet shade, Pink Horror then Emperor's Children highlights.



Topknot: Xereus Purple basecoat, Druchii Violet shade, Genestealer Purple then Kakophoni Purple highlights.

SYBARITE FLESH



1 Basecoat the skin with Knight-Questor Flesh. A few coats may be required to build up the correct opacity.



2 Apply an all-over shade of Agrax Earthshade, ensuring it sits evenly in the recesses.



3 Paint a few thin coats of Knight-Questor Flesh over the raised areas, ensuring the recesses remain dark.



4 Apply a careful highlight of Cadian Fleshtone to the most raised elements of the flesh.



5 For the mouth and eyes, basecoat with Abaddon Black before carefully using White Scar to add detail.

SYBARITE FLESH VARIANTS



Played One Flesh basecoat, Reikland Fleshshade shade, Played One Flesh layer.



Rhinox Hide basecoat, Catachan Flesh then Bloodreaver Flesh highlights.



Catachan Flesh basecoat, Nuln Oil shade, Knight-Questor Flesh then Cadian Fleshtone highlights.



Kislev Flesh basecoat, Reikland Fleshshade shade, Played One Flesh then Pallid Wych Flesh highlights.

SLAANGOR FLESH



1 Over a Chaos Black undercoat, apply a few thin coats of Cadian Fleshtone.



2 Next, shade with a mix of Druchii Violet and Lahmian Medium (1:1).



3 Apply highlights of Cadian Fleshtone to redefine the muscles and raised detail.



4 Finally, apply thinner highlights of Rakarth Flesh.

SLAANGOR DETAILS



Claws: Screamer Pink basecoat, Shyish Purple contrast, Pink Horror then Slaanesh Grey highlights.



Horns: Grey Seer basecoat, Basilicanum Grey contrast, Grey Seer highlight.



Steel: Iron Hands Steel basecoat, Nuln Oil Gloss shade, Runefang Steel highlight.



Mirror: Grey Seer basecoat, Gryph-Charger Grey contrast, Ulthuan Grey highlight.

EXALTED STEED FLESH



Over a Wraithbone undercoat, apply a mix of Skeleton Horde and Contrast Medium (1:1) to the underbelly.



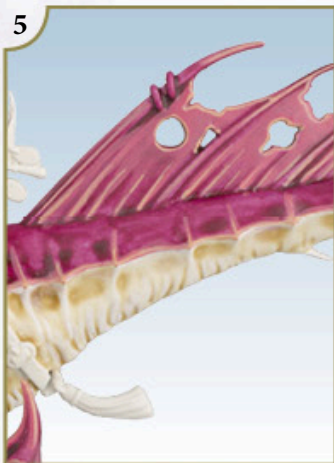
Apply a highlight of Pallid Wych Flesh to the raised areas of detail on the underbelly.



Apply two coats of Volupus Pink to the upper skin and fins, as well as to the upper surface of the legs.



Highlight with Pink Horror. You can layer Pink Horror onto the fins to achieve a lighter finish.



Apply a final fine highlight of Cadian Fleshtone to the pink areas.



Tail Fin: Fulgrim Pink basecoat, thinned Pink Horror shade, Wraithbone highlight.



Tongue: Naggaroth Night basecoat, Druchii Violet shade, Xereus Purple then Kakophoni Purple highlights.

TOP TIP

When working with Contrast paint, it's always a good idea to keep Stormshield or Munitorum Spray to hand so you can give your models an extra layer of protection. Slaanesh revels in unblemished finery, after all!

BASES



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

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



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

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

TOP TIP

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

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

THE HEDONITE HOSTS

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

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

This section describes the allegiance abilities available to a Slaanesh army. The rules for using allegiance abilities can be found in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*.

SLAANESH

Allegiance abilities available to all Slaanesh armies (pg 79).

HOSTS OF SLAANESH

Additional allegiance abilities available to Slaanesh armies that have been given the **INVADERS**, **PRETENDERS** or **GODSEEKERS** keyword by the Hosts of Slaanesh battle trait, opposite (pg 80-85).

SPELL LORES

Spells available to **WIZARDS** in a Slaanesh army (pg 86-87).

FANE OF SLAANESH

Here you will find the rules and scenery warscroll for the Fane of Slaanesh (pg 88-89).

BATTLEPLANS

This section includes new narrative battleplans that can be played with a Slaanesh army (pg 90-93).

PATH TO GLORY

This section contains rules for using your Slaanesh collection in Path to Glory campaigns (pg 94-98).

WARSCROLLS

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

There are three types of warscroll included in this section:

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These are formations made up of several units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities (pg 100-103).

WARSCROLLS

A warscroll for each **HEDONITE** unit is included here. The rules for using a unit, along with its characteristics and abilities, are detailed on its warscroll (pg 104-124).

ENDLESS SPELL WARSCROLLS

There are three endless spell warscrolls that detail the rules for unique and powerful spells that can be summoned by **SLAANESH WIZARDS** (pg 125-126). The rules for playing games with endless spells can be found in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*.

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

This section contains Pitched Battle profiles for the units, warscroll battalions, endless spells and terrain feature in this book (pg 127-128).

ALLIES

This section has a list of the allies a Slaanesh army can include (pg 128).



ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

79

SLAANESH

BATTLE TRAITS - THRILLING COMPULSIONS

Slaanesh army only.

HOSTS OF SLAANESH

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

When you choose a Slaanesh army, you can give it a Host of Slaanesh keyword from the list below. All Slaanesh units in your army gain that keyword, and you can use the allegiance abilities listed for that Host of Slaanesh on the pages indicated.

- **INVADERS** (pg 80-81)
- **PRETENDERS** (pg 82-83)
- **GODSEEKERS** (pg 84-85)

If a unit already has a Host of Slaanesh keyword on its warscroll, it cannot gain another one. This does not preclude you from including the unit in your army, but you cannot use the allegiance abilities for its Host of Slaanesh.

LOCUS OF DIVERSION

The greatest Slaaneshi daemons can fill the minds of those nearby with perverse and compelling desires.

At the end of the charge phase, each friendly **HEDONITE DAEMON HERO** within 1" of an enemy unit can create a locus of diversion. If they do so, pick 1 enemy unit that is within 1" of that **HERO** and roll a dice, adding 1 if that **HERO** is a **GREATER DAEMON**. On a 4+, that unit cannot make a pile-in move before it attacks in the following combat phase. You cannot pick the same unit as the target for this ability more than once in the same phase (whether the roll is successful or not).

EUPHORIC KILLERS

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

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

FEAST OF DEPRAVITIES

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

You can summon **SLAANESH DAEMON** units to the battlefield if you collect enough depravity points (DPs). At the end of the battleshock phase, you receive 1 depravity point for each unit on the battlefield that had a wound or mortal wound that was not negated allocated to it in that turn, or has fewer models than it had at the start of that turn.

If you have any depravity points at the end of your movement phase, you can summon 1 unit from the list below to the battlefield and add it to your army. Each unit you summon costs a number of depravity points as shown on the list, and you can only summon a unit if you have enough depravity points to do so. Summoned units must be set up wholly within 12" of a friendly **SLAANESH HERO** and more than 9" from any enemy units.

DAEMONS OF SLAANESH UNIT	DP COST
1 Keeper of Secrets	12
30 Daemonettes	12
3 Seeker Chariots	10
20 Daemonettes	10
1 Contorted Epitome	9
1 Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot	9
3 Fiends	8
1 Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflyer	8

DAEMONS OF SLAANESH UNIT	DP COST
1 Exalted Chariot	7
1 Infernal Enraptureess, Herald of Slaanesh	7
1 Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot	7
1 Hellflyer	7
1 Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh	6
1 Seeker Chariot	6
5 Seekers	6
10 Daemonettes	6

INVADERS

BATTLE TRAITS - THE DESPOILER'S ART

FIGUREHEADS OF THE DARK PRINCE

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

Your army can have up to 3 generals instead of 1. Only 1 of your generals can have a command trait, but all 3 are considered to be a general for the purposes of using command abilities. However, none of your generals can use a command trait or command ability while they are within 12" of any of your other generals. In addition, each time 1 of your generals is slain for the first time, you receive 1 command point.

ESCALATING HAVOC

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

At the end of your battleshock phase, you receive 1 depravity point if any of your generals are wholly within enemy territory. If 3 of your generals are wholly within enemy territory at the end of your battleshock phase, you receive D3 depravity points instead of 1.

INVADERS HEDONITE HOST

An Invaders host contains a vast multitude of Daemonettes.

Hedonite Hosts (pg 100) in your army must include 2-4 Epicurean Revellers battalions instead of 1-3, and 0-2 Seeker Cavalcades instead of 1-3.

COMMAND TRAITS - OBSESSIONS OF THE INVADER

INVADERS HERO general only.

D6 Command Trait

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this general if they are wholly within your territory.

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

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

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

Add 2 to the Wounds characteristic of this general.

ARTEFACTS OF POWER – SACRED SPOILS OF WAR

INVADERS HERO only.

D6 Artefact of Power

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

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

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

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

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

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy HERO within 6" of the bearer. Pick 1 melee weapon that HERO is armed with, then pick 1 other enemy unit within 3" of that HERO. That unit suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the unmodified Attacks characteristic of the melee weapon you picked.

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

Once per battle, at the start of the combat phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, until the end of that phase, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by friendly HEDONITE units while they are wholly within 12" of the bearer.

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

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

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

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

PRETENDERS

BATTLE TRAITS - MAGNIFICENCE MADE FLESH

HEIR TO THE THRONE

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

If the general of a **PRETENDERS** army is a **HERO**, they have 2 different command traits instead of 1. In addition, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with melee weapons by friendly **PRETENDERS** units that have 10 or more models while your general is on the battlefield.

PRETENDERS SUPREME SYBARITES

A Pretender will rarely brook any rivals.

A Supreme Sybarites battalion (pg 102) in a **PRETENDERS** army must include 1 **SLAANESH HERO** instead of 3-6.

WARLORD SUPREME

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

At the end of your battleshock phase, you receive 1 depravity point if your general is within 3" of an enemy unit. At the end of your battleshock phase, you receive D3 depravity points instead of 1 if your general is within 3" of 2 or more enemy units.

COMMAND TRAITS - ASPECTS OF THE PERFECT LIEGE

PRETENDERS HERO general only.

D6 Command Trait

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

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

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

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

- 3 **Craving Stare:** *Those foes who catch this warlord's gaze quail under the endless, unfathomable hungers that light their eyes.*

If an enemy unit fails a battleshock test within 6" of this general, add D3 to the number of models that flee.

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

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

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

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

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

You can re-roll battleshock tests for friendly **PRETENDERS** units while they are wholly within 9" of this general.

ARTEFACTS OF POWER - REGALIA OF THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

PRETENDERS HERO only.

D6 Artefact of Power

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can re-roll the dice roll that determines if an enemy **HERO** within 6" of the bearer is affected by the Locus of Diversion battle trait (pg 79).

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

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

GODSEEKERS

BATTLE TRAITS - BLESSINGS OF THE GLEEFUL CHASE

THUNDERING CAVALCADE

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

Add 1 charge rolls for friendly **GODSEEKERS** units.

GODSEEKERS HEDONITE HOST

A Godseekers host contains a vast vanguard of Seekers.

Hedonite Hosts (pg 100) in your army must include 0-2 Epicurean Revellers battalions instead of 1-3, and 2-4 Seeker Cavalcade battalions instead of 1-3.

MANIACAL HUNTERS

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

At the end of your charge phase, you receive D3 depravity points if your general made a charge move in the same turn. Add 1 to the roll if any other friendly **GODSEEKERS** units made a charge move in that turn.

COMMAND TRAITS - TRAITS OF THE SEEKER SUPREME

GODSEEKERS HERO general only.

D6 Command Trait

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

Re-roll hit and wound rolls of 1 for attacks made with melee weapons by this general if it made a charge move in the same turn.

- 2 Sweeping Slash:** *This general strikes at exposed limbs to cut down several enemies in a matter of moments.*

After this general makes a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of them. On a 2+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARTEFACTS OF POWER - TREASURES OF THE HUNT

GODSEEKERS HERO only.

D6 Artefact of Power

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

Once per battle, at the start of your hero phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, you receive 1 command point.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- 6** **Bindings of Slaanesh:** *Writhing chains and leather straps burrow into the flesh of this champion. In combat, the semi-sentient bindings jealously lash out at their host's foes.*

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

SPELL LORES

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



LORE OF SLAANESH

SLAANESH DAEMON WIZARD only.

D6 Spell

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Born of Damnation has a casting value of 4. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **HEDONITE HERO** within 6" of the caster that is visible to them. You can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that **HERO**.

FORBIDDEN SORCERIES OF SLAANESH

SLAANESH GREATER DAEMON only.

D3 Spell

1 **Paths of the Dark Prince:**

The greater daemon graciously floats over would-be foes, striding on a lilac haze that forms under each footstep.

Paths of the Dark Prince has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, the caster can fly until your next hero phase.

2 **Progeny of Damnation:**

The greater daemon rips a massive portal through which the raw power of Slaanesh can flood.

Progeny of Damnation has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **DAEMON HEDONITE HERO** within 6" of the caster that is visible to them. You can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that **HERO**. If the casting roll was 10+, you can heal up to D6 wounds allocated to that **HERO** instead.

3 **Slothful Stupor:**

No natural malaise is this, but a deep spiritual ennui that saps all sense of purpose and enthusiasm.

Slothful Stupor has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. Until your next hero phase, that **HERO** cannot use command abilities, and cannot run or attempt to charge.

LORE OF PAIN AND PLEASURE

SLAANESH MORTAL WIZARD only.

D3 Spell

1 **Battle Rapture:**

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

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

2 **Judgement of Excess:**

The caster summons swarms of show-off Slaaneshi daemon-mites that eagerly hunt down the most densely packed congregations of foes.

Judgement of Excess has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. That unit suffers 1 mortal wound for every 5 models in that unit. If that unit has fewer than 5 models, it suffers 1 mortal wound instead.

3 **Dark Delusions:**

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

Dark Delusions has a casting value of 4. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them and roll 2D6. If the roll is equal to or greater than that unit's Bravery characteristic, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks that target that unit until your next hero phase.

FANE OF SLAANESH

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

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

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

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

They came to me under tortured skies, the heralds of my beloved Oslaan. I was lost then. I was as you are – enslaved to the past, afeared of the future. Thank the sinful saints that I was enlightened before it was too late.

Many of my kin speak of themselves as aesthetes or visionaries. I was merely an indolent noble who mumbled his way through worship each Cometsday and attempted to avoid the gaze of your God-King's golden executioners. Perhaps it was that indulgent lethargy that endeared me to my lord. I forget why I took the first step – you stop caring after a while, you know. All that matters is to keep on stepping. Oslaan's children danced behind my eyes when I slept, then stalked the corners of my waking vision. They raked my soul with claws of fire. I loathed them, but never more so than when they relented. Yes, I grew to crave it. Pain it was, but at least it was something beyond the sermons and the endless, droning call to duty.

I soon encountered like-minded fellows. They showed me the secret haunts beneath Cinderfall District, and the majestic fane within. Glorious it is! Wrought from silver and captured starlight I would say, though perhaps the truth is more marvellous still. Treasures I gave unto it, trinkets, relics of our heritage – and the more I offered, the more the maidens of delight favoured me. First I drained our family fortunes dry. Then I stole from other nobles – first from their manses, then later their bodies as they lay bleeding in the gutter. The fane did not judge. All it desired was more.

Such was how you caught me, I suppose. So what now, witch-finder? Will you brand me? Gouge me? Pull out my tongue and entomb me in hot coals? You must tell me! Oh beauteous Oslaan, witness my suffering and marvel!

- Excerpt from the interrogation of Vladon Thyne, disgraced noble of Hammerhal-Aqsha



◆ SCENERY WARSCROLL ◆

FANE OF SLAANESH

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

DESCRIPTION

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

SCENERY RULES

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

If you spend depravity points to summon a SLAANESH DAEMON unit to the battlefield, you can set up that unit wholly within 12" of this terrain feature and more than 9" from any enemy units.

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

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

If the HERO you picked has an artefact of power, instead of suffering 1 mortal wound they can sacrifice that artefact of power. If they do so,

that artefact of power can no longer be used and you must roll a dice (if a weapon was picked when the artefact of power was selected, that weapon reverts to normal). On a 1, nothing happens. On a 2+, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that HERO for the rest of the battle.



KEYWORDS SCENERY, SLAANESH, FANE OF SLAANESH

BATTLEPLAN

CHASING WHISPERS

For many Hedonites, the path to ultimate power is to find and free the captive Dark Prince – for surely then, so claim these crazed narcissists, will they be elevated to sit at the left hand of their grateful deity. In true Slaaneshi fashion, the Hedonites do not undertake this search by hunting for clues or carefully considering the evidence, but rather by running foes to the ground and torturously extracting any secrets they may possess, winning knowledge at the tip of an elegant blade or wicked claw.

This battleplan recreates the efforts of one such Hedonite host to find Slaanesh. The leaders of the fractious cavalcade believe that through offering up sufficient pain and sacrifice they will be rewarded with the truths they seek. Unable to outrun the sensation-seekers, their adversaries must surrender not an inch of ground, instead targeting the champions of the Hedonites and shattering the fragile cohesion of their disciples.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army. One player is the Slaanesh player. Their opponent is the Purger. The Slaanesh player must use a Slaanesh army.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the Slaanesh player. Players must set up units wholly within their territory, more than 12" from enemy territory. The territories are shown on the map.

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

OBJECTIVES

Set up 3 objectives as shown on the map.

NO RESERVES

In this battle, all units must be set up on the battlefield before the battle begins. Any unit that is set up as a reserve unit is destroyed and all of the models in the unit are slain.

COMMAND ABILITIES

The Slaanesh player can use the following extra command ability in this battle:

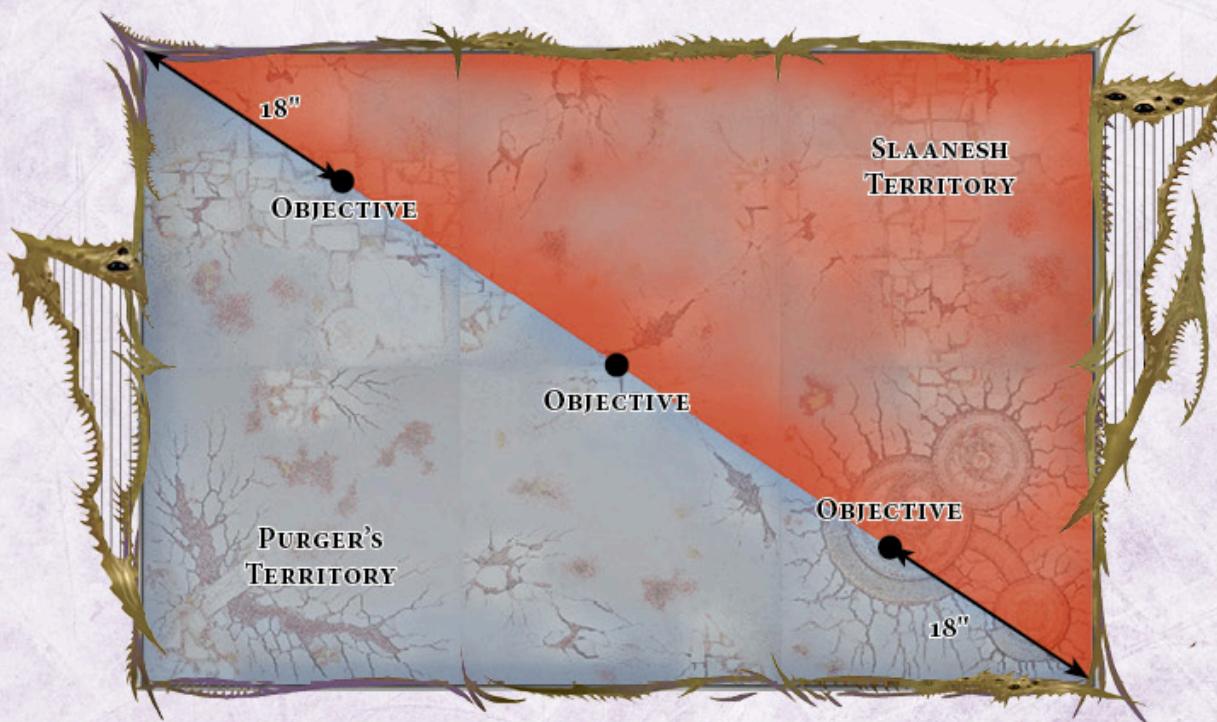
Prized Victims: *The debauched leaders of this cavalcade hand-pick the foes they believe will produce the most sublime agonies.*

You can use this command ability once per turn in your hero phase. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit on the battlefield. If that unit is destroyed this turn, you receive 3 depravity points.

The Purger can use the following extra command ability in this battle:

Gathering Momentum: *Knowing that calamity will surely follow should the Hedonites be victorious, the defers of the Dark Prince will stop at nothing to thwart them.*

You can use this command ability once per turn in your hero phase. If you do so, pick 1 enemy **SLAANESH HERO** on the battlefield. If that **HERO** is slain this turn, you can pick 1 other **SLAANESH HERO** on the battlefield. You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks that target that **HERO** until the start of your next hero phase.





TRAIL OF THE DARK PRINCE

At the start of your hero phase, you can pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 6" of an objective you control. Until the end of that turn, you can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target that unit.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The Slaanesh player wins a **major victory** if they have 18 or more unspent depravity points when the battle ends.

The Purger wins a **major victory** if the Slaanesh player has fewer than 18 unspent depravity points and all enemy SLAANESH HEROES have been slain when the battle ends.

If neither player wins a major victory when the battle ends, then the player that controls the most objectives when the battle ends wins a **minor victory**. Any other result is a **draw**.



BATTLEPLAN

SWARM OF SIN

Some warriors seek to match themselves against worthy foes, but not the Hedonites. These fiendish decadents delight in falling upon weary and wounded prey, ambushing armies on the homeward march to ply their depraved torturer's craft. Enemies chosen for such a fate must sell their lives dearly, buying time for their more vulnerable comrades to escape the cruel blades and murderous claws of their attackers.

This battleplan allows you to recreate an ambush by the worshippers of the Dark Prince on an isolated enemy. The Hedonites have established several ritual sites, the sacred daemonblood incense burnt there granting them even greater haste and agility than normal. The foe must stave off their rapid assault and deny the Hedonites slaughter and sacrifices in the name of their vile god.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army. One player is the Slaanesh player, and their opponent is the Voyager. The Slaanesh player must use a Slaanesh army.

OBJECTIVES

Set up 3 objectives as shown on the map.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the Slaanesh player.

The Slaanesh player must set up each of their units within 6" of an objective, wholly within their territory and more than 9" from enemy territory.

The Voyager must set up their units wholly within their territory and more than 9" from enemy territory. The territories are shown on the map.

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

FAR FROM HOME

At the start of the Voyager's movement phase, any units from the Voyager's army that are within 8" of the Escape Edge of the battlefield and not within 3" of any enemy units have escaped and are removed from play.

RITUAL SITES

At the start of your hero phase, you can pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 6" of an objective you control. Until the end of the turn, that unit can fly.

COMMAND ABILITIES

The following additional command ability can be used in this battle.

No Time To Lose: *Urgency grips both armies to move with the utmost purpose.*

You can use this command ability in your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 12" of a friendly HERO. Add 3 to run rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.





BATTLE LENGTH

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

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The Slaanesh player wins a **major victory** if more than half of the units from the Voyager's starting army have been destroyed when the battle ends.



The Voyager wins a **major victory** if more than half of the units from their starting army have escaped when the battle ends.

If neither player wins a major victory when the battle ends, then each player adds up the Wounds characteristics of all enemy models slain during the battle. The player with the higher total wins a **minor victory**. Any other result is a **draw**.

PATH TO GLORY

Path to Glory campaigns centre around collecting and fighting a series of battles with a warband in the Mortal Realms. Players start off with a small number of units. Over the course of several battles, each warband will gather more followers to join them in their quest for glory and renown.

In order to take part in a Path to Glory campaign, you will need two or more players. Each player will need a **Hero** to be their champion and must then create a warband to follow and fight beside their champion during the campaign.

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

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

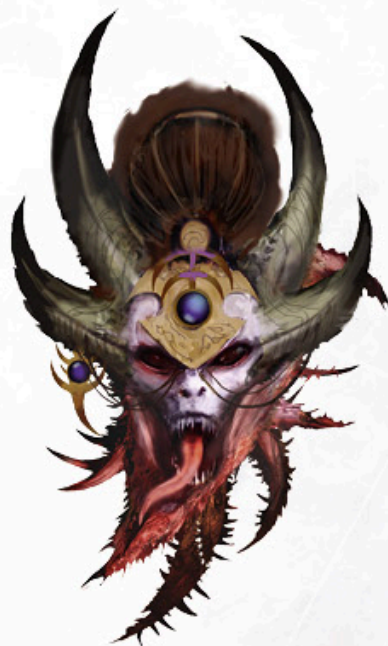
CREATING A WARBAND

In a Path to Glory game, you do not select your army in the normal manner. Instead, you create a warband that consists of a mighty champion, battling to earn the favour of the gods, and their followers. The details and progress of each warband need to be recorded on a warband roster, which you can download for free from games-workshop.com.

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

1. First, pick a faction for your warband. Each faction has its own set of warband tables that are used to generate the units in the warband and the rewards they can receive for fighting battles. The warband tables on the following pages let you collect a Slaanesh warband, but other Warhammer Age of Sigmar publications include warband tables to let you collect warbands from other factions.

2. Next, choose your warband's champion by selecting one of the options from your faction's champion table. Give your champion a suitably grand name and write this down on your warband roster.



3. Having picked your champion, the next step is to make follower rolls to generate your starting followers. The champion you chose in step 2 will determine how many follower rolls you have. To make a follower roll, pick a column from one of the followers tables and then roll a dice. If you prefer, instead of rolling a dice, you can pick the result from the followers table (this still uses up the roll).

Sometimes a table will require you to expend two or more rolls, or one roll and a number of Glory Points (see *Gaining Glory*), in order to use it. Note that the option to expend Glory Points can only be used when you add new followers to your army after a battle (see *Rewards of Battle*). In either case, in order to generate a follower unit from the table, you must have enough rolls and/or Glory Points to meet the requirements, and you can then either roll once on the table or pick one result from the

table of your choice. If you expend Glory Points, you must reduce your Glory Points total by the amount shown on the table.

Followers are organised into units. The followers table tells you how many models the unit has. Follower units cannot include additional models, but they can otherwise take any options listed on their warscroll. Record all of the information about your followers on your warband roster.

4. You can use 1 follower roll to allow your champion to start the campaign with a Champion's Reward or to allow 1 of your follower units to start the campaign with a Follower's Reward (see *Rewards of Battle*).
5. Finally, give your warband a name, one that will inspire respect and dread in your rivals. Your warband is now complete and you can fight your first battle. Good luck!

TO WAR!

Having created a warband, you can now fight battles with it against other warbands taking part in the campaign. You can fight battles as and when you wish, and you can use any of the battleplans available for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. The units you use for a game must be those on your roster.

When you use a Slaanesh warband in a Path to Glory game, you can use the battle traits from page 79. You cannot use any other Slaanesh allegiance abilities.

Any casualties suffered by a warband are assumed to have been replaced in time for its next battle. If your champion is slain in a battle, it is assumed that they were merely injured; they are back to full strength for your next game, thirsty for vengeance!

GAINING GLORY

All of the players in the campaign are vying for glory. The amount of glory they have received is represented by the Glory Points that the warband has accumulated.

As a warband's glory increases, it will also attract additional followers, and a warband's champion may be granted rewards.

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

Add the Glory Points you scored to the total recorded on your roster. Once you have won 10 Glory Points, you will have a chance to win the campaign (see Eternal Glory).

REWARDS OF BATTLE

After each battle, you can take one of the three following options. Alternatively, roll a D3 to determine which option to take.

D3 Option

- 1 **Additional Followers:**
More loyal followers flock to your banner.

You receive 1 follower roll that can be used to select a new

unit from a followers table and add it to your warband roster. See step 3 of Creating a Warband for details of how to use the followers table to add a unit to your warband. Once 5 new units have joined your warband, you will have a chance to win the campaign (see Eternal Glory).

- 2 **Champion's Reward:** *Your champion's prowess grows.*

Roll on your champion rewards table for your warband and note the result on your warband roster. Your champion can only receive one Champion's Reward – if they already have a Champion's Reward, you must take a Follower's Reward instead.

- 3 **Follower's Reward:** *Your warriors become renowned for mighty deeds.*

Pick 1 unit of followers and then roll on the followers rewards table for your warband. Note the result on your warband roster. A unit can only receive one Follower's Reward. If all of your follower units have a Follower's Reward, you must take Additional Followers instead.

ETERNAL GLORY

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



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



SLAANESH WARBAND TABLES

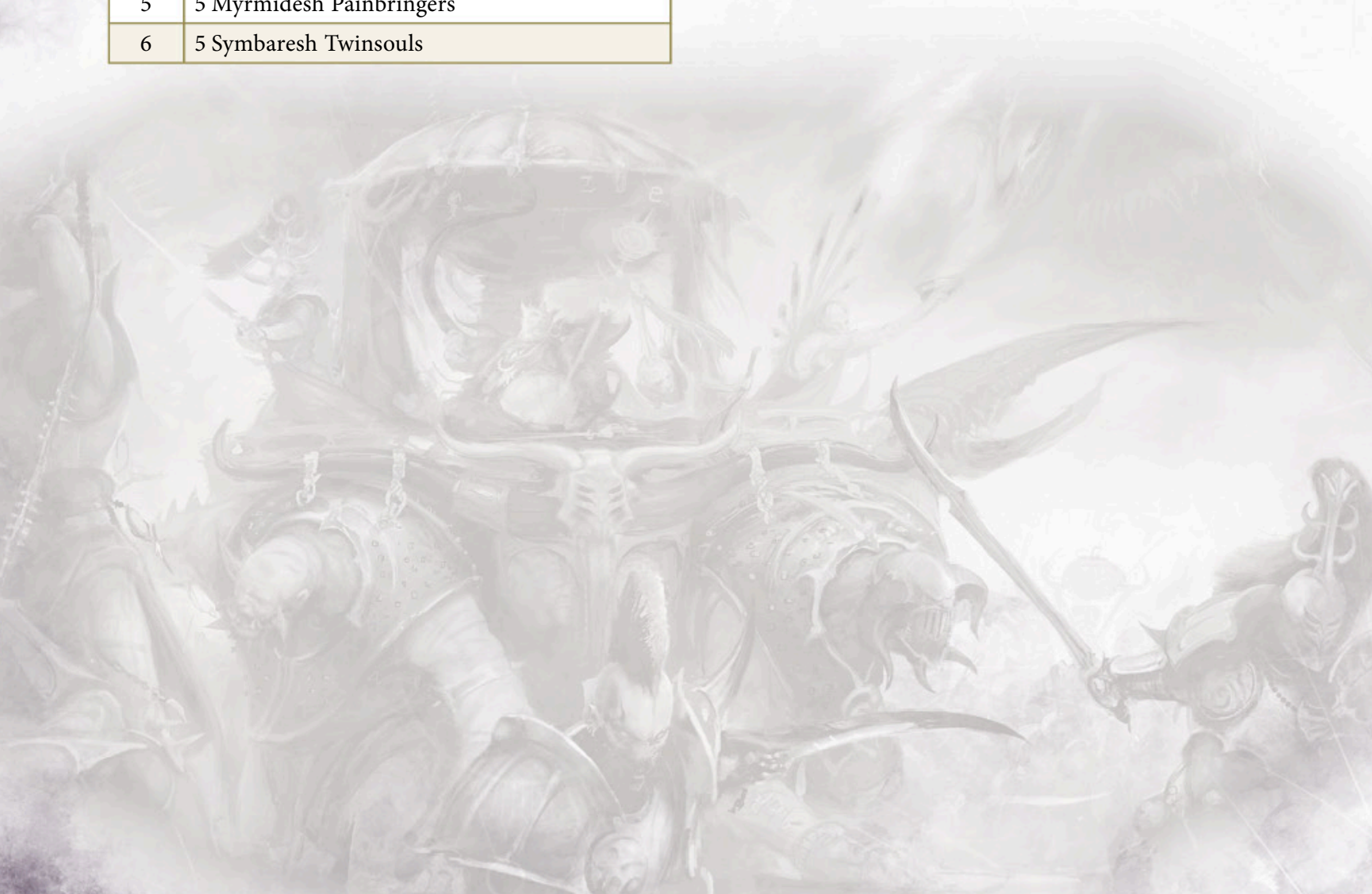
Use the following tables to determine the champion that leads your warband, the followers that make up the other units in the warband, and the rewards the warband receives after battle.

CHAMPION TABLE	
Champion	Follower Rolls
Keeper of Secrets	1
Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot	3
The Contorted Epitome	3
Chaos Lord with Mark of SLAANESH	4
Infernal Enrapturess, Herald of Slaanesh	4
Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer or Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot	4
Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh	4
Chaos Lord on Daemonic Mount with Mark of SLAANESH	4
Lord of Pain	4
Shardspeaker of Slaanesh	4

ELITE RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE (uses 2 rolls, or 1 roll and 1 Glory Point)	
D6	Followers
1-3	3 Fiends
4	3 Slaangor Fiendbloods
5	5 Myrmidesh Painbringers
6	5 Symbaresh Twinsouls

RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE		
D6	Mortal Followers	Daemon Followers
1	10 Blissbarb Archers	10 Daemonettes
2	5 Hellstriders with Claw-spears	5 Seekers
3	5 Hellstriders with Hellscurges	5 Seekers
4	3 Slaangor Fiendbloods	Seeker Chariot
5	5 Blissbarb Seekers	Hellflayer
6	5 Slickblade Seekers	Exalted Chariot

HERO followers table		
D6	Mortal Followers	Daemon Followers
1-4	Lord of Pain	Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh
5-6	Shardspeaker of Slaanesh	Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer or Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot



MORTAL FOLLOWERS REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

- 1 Sinful Euphoria:** *The rush of battle and bloodshed sees these Sybarites shrug off even the most debilitating wounds.*

At the end of the combat phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to this unit if it is within 3" of any enemy units.

- 2 Truly Depraved:** *The acts perpetrated by this warband are so sickening, so vile, that even the bravest warriors quail before them.*

Subtract 2 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 3" of this unit.

- 3 Relentless Torturers:** *There is little more pleasing to these Sybarites than the sight of a suffering foe.*

Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this unit.

- 4 Restless Appetite:** *Never content to rest upon their unholy laurels, these followers are forever searching for new horrors to indulge in – the sooner, the better.*

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

- 5 Explosion of Mania:** *The lust for battle pulses through these Sybarites like a manic drumbeat. By the time they reach the foe, their violent urges are ready to be unleashed – with terrifying results.*

Add 1 to hit and wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this unit if it made a charge move in the same turn.

- 6 Enrapturing Stare:** *Foes who catch the gaze of these Hedonites quail under the unsettling, desirous lights that seem to spark in their staring eyes.*

If an enemy unit fails a battleshock test within 6" of this unit, add 1 to the number of models that flee.

DAEMON FOLLOWERS REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

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

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

- 2 Rooted in Vice:** *The terrible acts of excess these daemons have committed has strengthened their presence in the Mortal Realms, making it more difficult to banish them.*

Do not take battleshock tests for this unit.

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

Once per battle, this unit can fight at the start of the combat phase.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MORTAL CHAMPION REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Roll twice on this table and apply both results to this champion. Re-roll duplicates, rolls of 1 or further rolls of 6.

DAEMON CHAMPION REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can re-roll the dice roll that determines if an enemy unit within 1" of the bearer is affected by the Locus of Diversion battle trait (pg 79) if that unit is a **HERO**.

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

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

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

Roll twice on this table and apply both results to this champion. Re-roll duplicates, rolls of 1 or further rolls of 6.



Slaanesh's hosts delight in outmatching the warhordes of Khorne's rampaging maniacs, their eyes alight with murder and their laughter more spiteful than ever as they tear through the Bloodbound.

WARSCROLLS

WARSCROLL BATTALION HEDONITE HOST



Dark reflections of mortalkind's most depraved desires, the warriors of a Hedonite Host exemplify the diabolical splendour of the Dark Prince. Where these shrieking, cackling hosts travel, reality is unmade – strange and alluring scents drift across the fields of corpses left in their wake, while those who stand against them are assailed by titillating phantasms and mind-bending illusions until they are rendered slaves to their own base urges. The daemonic packs and Sybarite warbands of a Hedonite Host take sadistic pleasure in the misfortune of their foes, empowered by their agony and their sins alike, and to fight them is to fight the darkest recesses of one's own soul.

ORGANISATION

A Hedonite Host consists of the following warscroll battalions:

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

ABILITIES

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

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

This section includes the Hedonites of Slaanesh warscrolls, warscroll battalions and endless spell warscrolls. Updated January 2021; the warscrolls printed here take precedence over any warscrolls with an earlier publication date or no publication date.



Thaddeon laughed in blissful ecstasy as his spiked mace crashed into the Chaos Warrior's chestplate. The crude ash-marked pictograms that covered the silvered surface violently distorted in wonderfully profane fashion. Those pictograms were common to all the Doom Lords of Ahramentia, Thaddeon knew, each a different death predicted by their tribal shamans. It was a quaint custom, especially when the sundering impact of his blows broke such prophecies asunder.

Around Thaddeon, his fellow Hedonites ran rampant and wild through the Doom Lords' ranks. The Lord of Pain ripped his eyes from the scarlet blood of his foes to watch as a herd of Slaangors barrelled forth, blaring and bellowing as they tore into a press of screaming tribesmen. It drew a peal of approving laughter from the champion, who clapped his gloved hands together and salivated at the unthinking savagery on display. This was bloody

dementia at its finest. This was the just reward for all who pledged themselves to the pursuit of excess. This was the creed of the Dark Prince made manifest.

Do not think. Do not hesitate. Simply act.

A surge of blood-hungry delight coursed through Thaddeon even as he railed at his own inactivity. He was running, fighting before conscious thought could spark. Like a porcelain marionette jerked upon silver thread, the champion surrendered to the passions of his absent master. A swing of the mace. A barge of the shoulders. A dazzling pirouette that morphed into a sweep through the legs of the clumsy, oafish foe.

War was the stage, and he, Thaddeon, was blessed to be the actor. All else were merely an audience, be they his shrieking sycophants, the roaring prey or the children of delight who strained against the veil. Soon they would promenade alongside their supplicants, for such was the will of Thaddeon Shardgleam.

How it could be any other way?

WARSCROLL BATTALION SUPREME SYBARITES

ORGANISATION

A Supreme Sybarites battalion consists of the following units:

- 3-6 SLAANESH HEROES

ABILITIES

Ruling Cabal: *When their skills are combined, the leaders of a Slaaneshi host can outwit any foe.*

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

WARSCROLL BATTALION EPICUREAN REVELLERS

ORGANISATION

An Epicurean Revellers battalion consists of the following units:

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

ABILITIES

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

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

WARSCROLL BATTALION SEEKER CAVALCADE

ORGANISATION

A Seeker Cavalcade consists of the following units:

- 2-6 units of Seekers, Blissbarb Seekers, Slickblade Seekers or Hellstriders in any combination.
- 0-4 units of Seeker Chariots

ABILITIES

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

Units from this battalion are eligible to fight in the combat phase if they are within 6" of an enemy unit instead of 3", and can move an extra 3" when they pile in.

WARSCROLL BATTALION DEPRAVED CARNIVAL

ORGANISATION

A Depraved Carnival consists of the following units:

- 3 Lords of Pain or Shardspeakers of Slaanesh in any combination
- 3 units of Blissbarb Archers

ABILITIES

Honed by the Inimical: *These warriors hail from the furthest reaches of their realms, where the laws of reality warp with each passing day. As such, they consider their mundane foes to be torturously predictable and easy to pick off.*

Once per turn, in your hero phase, you can pick 1 **BLISSBARB ARCHERS** unit from this battalion. That unit can shoot.

WARSCROLL BATTALION NOBLES OF EXCESS

ORGANISATION

A Nobles of Excess battalion consists of the following units:

- 3-6 units of Myrmidesh Painbringers or Symbaresh Twinsouls in any combination

ABILITIES

A Demonstration of Prowess: *The Myrmidesh and their Twinsoul kin take excessive pride in their divergent battlefield skills. When these depraved warriors gather, they all seek to demonstrate the superiority of their own favoured techniques.*

You can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by units from this battalion that made a charge move in the same turn.

WARSCROLL BATTALION EXALTED SPEED-KNIGHTS

ORGANISATION

A Exalted Speed-Knights battalion consists of the following units:

- 2-3 units of Blissbarb Seekers
- 2-3 units of Slickblade Seekers
- 2-3 units of Seekers

ABILITIES

Timing is Everything: *The symbiotic connection these Sybarites hold with their blessed mounts put them one step ahead of enemy formations.*

After armies are set up but before the first battle round begins, up to D6 units from this battalion can move up to 6".



KEEPER OF SECRETS



A Keeper of Secrets is a greater daemon of Slaanesh, a consummate warrior and spellmaster of the Dark Prince's hosts. Its four powerful arms move languidly as it slinks forwards, only to explode into lethal motion when their prey is in reach.

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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

ABILITIES

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

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 3" of this model. If you do so, your opponent must choose whether that **HERO** accepts or refuses temptation. If it refuses, that **HERO** suffers D3 mortal wounds. If it accepts, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that **HERO**. Then, at the start of the next combat phase, roll a dice. On 1-3, that **HERO** no longer receives this modifier to its hit rolls. On 4-6, that **HERO** is slain.

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

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

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

If this model is armed with a Living Whip, at the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **MONSTER** model within 6" of this model and

roll a dice. On a 3+, pick 1 melee weapon that model is armed with. Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with that weapon until the end of that phase.

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

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

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

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

Sinistrous Hand: *Reaching out with bladed talons, the Keeper of Secrets rips the heart from its dying victim's chest and consumes the still-beating organ.*

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

MAGIC

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

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

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

COMMAND ABILITIES

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

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

KEYWORDS

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



Born from the darkest passions of mortals, the daemons of Slaanesh are both repulsive and beguiling, seeming to almost glide into battle as they give vent to their most depraved and violent desires.



• WARSCROLL •

SYLL'ESSKE

THE VENGEFUL ALLEGIANCE



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

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

ABILITIES

Deadly Symbiosis: *The hosts of Syll'Esske comprise outcast mortals and daemons who yearn for the power they believe is rightfully theirs. In battle they seek to emulate the symbiosis of their master, compelling one another to escalating acts of depraved violence.*

You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with melee weapons by friendly **HEDONITE** units wholly within 18" of this model if the number of friendly **MORTAL HEDONITE** units wholly within 18" of this model is equal to the number of other friendly **DAEMON HEDONITE** units wholly within 18" of this model.

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

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

The Vengeful Allegiance: *The twin halves of the Vengeful Allegiance fight with a deadly unity; no sooner has a foe blocked one attack than another comes cleaving into their flank. This unique style of combat is incredibly deadly, and can make even the smallest mistake a fatal one.*

In the combat phase, if the unmodified hit roll for any attack made with a melee weapon that targets this model is 1, add 1 to hit and wound rolls for attacks made by this model that target the attacking unit in the same phase.

MAGIC

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

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

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

COMMAND ABILITIES

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

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

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, HERALD OF SLAANESH, SYLL'ESSKE



SHALAXI HELBANE



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

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

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

DESCRIPTION

Shalaxi Helbane is a named character that is a single model. They are armed with Soulpiercer, Impaling Claws and one of the following weapon options: Living Whip; or Shining Aegis.

ABILITIES

Cloak of Constriction: *Any opponent that draws too close to Shalaxi Helbane finds themselves ensnared by the tentacular pseudopods of the daemon's cloak.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAGIC

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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

108

MOVE
12"

WOUNDS
7

SAVE
5+

BRAVERY
10

• WARSCROLL •

THE CONTORTED EPITOME



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

ABILITIES

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

You can re-roll casting rolls for this model.

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

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

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

At the start of the combat phase, you can roll 1 dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a 4+, this model cannot be picked as the target of attacks made by that unit in that phase until this model makes any attacks in that phase.

MAGIC

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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



• WARSCROLL •

INFERNAL ENRAPTURESS

HERALD OF SLAANESH



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

ABILITIES

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

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

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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

110

MOVE

10"

SAVE

5

5+

10

WOUNDS

BRAVERY

• WARSCROLL •

THE MASQUE



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

ABILITIES

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

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

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

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

In addition, you can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by this model that target an enemy unit with a Move characteristic of 10" or less, and you can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made by this model that target an enemy unit with a Move characteristic of 5" or less.

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

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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

MOVE

6"

SAVE

5

5+

10

WOUNDS

BRAVERY

• WARSCROLL •

VICELEADER

HERALD OF SLAANESH



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

ABILITIES

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

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

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

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

MAGIC

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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



• WARSCROLL •

BLADEBRINGER

HERALD ON HELLFLAYER



111

Slaaneshi Heralds who wish to glut themselves on as much sensation as possible ride to war on Hellflayer chariots, great threshing contraptions that release an intoxicating soulscent distilled from the souls of those sliced apart by their axle blades.

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

DESCRIPTION

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

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

ABILITIES

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

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

MAGIC

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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



• WARSCROLL •

BLADEBRINGER

HERALD ON SEEKER CHARIOT



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

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

ABILITIES

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

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

Mutilating Blades: *A Seeker Chariot inflicts carnage when it ploughs into the foe.*

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

MAGIC

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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

112

MOVE
10"

WOUNDS
10

4+

SAVE

10

BRAVERY

BLADEBRINGER

HERALD ON EXALTED CHARIOT



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

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

ABILITIES

Excess of Blades: *An Exalted Chariot inflicts horrendous carnage when it ploughs into the foe.*

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

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

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

MAGIC

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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



HELLFLAYER



113

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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

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

ABILITIES

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

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

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HELLFLAYER



SEEKER CHARIOTS



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

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

ABILITIES

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

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

Mutilating Blades: *A Seeker Chariot inflicts carnage when it ploughs into the foe.*

After a model from this unit finishes a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of that model. On a 2+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. If this unit has more than 1 model, roll to determine if mortal wounds are inflicted after each model finishes its charge move, but do not allocate the mortal wounds until all of the models in the unit have finished their charge moves.

KEYWORDS

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



EXALTED CHARIOT



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

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

DESCRIPTION

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

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

ABILITIES

Excess of Blades: *An Exalted Chariot inflicts horrendous carnage when it ploughs into the foe.*

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

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

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

KEYWORDS

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



DAEMONETTES



Possessed of impossible grace and grotesque beauty, Daemonettes of Slaanesh bound across the battlefield with sadistic glee. They are in constant competition with one another to see who can inflict the most pain on the enemies of the Dark Prince.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Piercing Claws	1"	2	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Daemonettes has any number of models, each armed with Piercing Claws.

ALLURER: 1 model in this unit can be an Allurer. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Piercing Claws.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be either a Daemonette Banner Bearer or a Daemonette Icon Bearer.

Daemonette Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Daemonette Banner Bearers.

Daemonette Icon Bearer: If an unmodified battleshock roll of 1 is made for this unit while it includes any Daemonette Icon Bearers, you can add D6 models to this unit and no models from this unit will flee in that phase.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 10 models in this unit can be a Daemonette Hornblower. If the unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Daemonette Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

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

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

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, DAEMONETTES



• WARSCROLL •

FIENDS



115

Horrific nightmares given bestial shape, Fiends of Slaanesh emit a harsh, trilling call as they race towards their prey. A dream-inducing scent hangs thick around the Fiends, reducing their foes to a stupor and sapping them of their will to fight.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Deadly Pincers	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Barbed Stinger	2"	1	3+	3+	-1	See below

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Fiends has any number of models, each armed with Deadly Pincers and a Barbed Stinger.

BLISSBRINGER: 1 model in this unit can be a Blissbringer. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Deadly Pincers.

ABILITIES

Crushing Grip: *A Fiend's pincers are capable of inflicting immense damage on a victim that is caught in their grasp.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with Deadly Pincers is 6, that weapon has a Damage characteristic of D3 instead of 1 for that attack.

Deadly Venom: *A Fiend's stinger is laced with venom capable of sending any foe into a deep coma.*

If the target of an attack made with a Barbed Stinger has a Wounds characteristic of 1, that weapon has a Damage characteristic of 1 for that attack. If the target of an attack made with a Barbed Stinger has a Wounds characteristic of 2-3, that weapon has a Damage characteristic of D3 for that attack. If the target of an attack made with a Barbed Stinger has a Wounds characteristic of 4 or more, that weapon has a Damage characteristic of D6 for that attack.

Disruptive Song: *Fiends of Slaanesh let out a keening song that disturbs the concentration of spellcasters who hear it.*

Subtract 1 from casting rolls for enemy **WIZARDS** while they are within 12" of any friendly models with this ability.

Soporific Musk: *A Fiend exudes a pervasive and oily musk that numbs a foe to all but the most extreme of stimuli.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this unit. In addition, while this unit has 4 or more models, subtract 1 from wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, FIENDS



SEEKERS



The Seekers of Slaanesh are the vanguard of the Dark Prince’s daemon armies, insatiable outriders who track their foes with unrelenting swiftness, feeding on the growing terror of their prey.

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

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Seekers has any number of models, each armed with Piercing Claws.

MOUNT: This unit’s Steeds of Slaanesh attack with their Poisoned Tongues.

HEARTSEEKER: 1 model in this unit can be a Heartseeker. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model’s Piercing Claws.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Seeker Banner Bearer, and 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Seeker Icon Bearer.

Seeker Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Seeker Banner Bearers.

Seeker Icon Bearer: If an unmodified battleshock roll of 1 is made for this unit while it includes any Seeker Icon Bearers, you can add D3 models to this unit and no models from this unit will flee in that phase.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Seeker Hornblower. If the unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Seeker Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

Quicksilver Speed: *Seekers of Slaanesh are daemonic hunters, and swift beyond belief.*

You can roll 2D6 instead of D6 when you make a run roll for this unit. In addition, this unit can run and still charge later in the same turn.

Soul Hunters: *Slaanesh rewards his Seekers with intoxicating energy when they slay his foes.*

If any enemy models were slain by wounds inflicted by this unit’s attacks in the combat phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit’s melee weapons in the following combat phase.



KEYWORDS

CHAOS, DAEMON, DAEMONETTE, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, SEEKERS



• WARSCROLL •

HELLSTRIDERS

WITH CLAW-SPEARS



117

Devotees of torment, the Hellstriders are mortals who have dedicated their lives to dealing out agonising pain in return for physical power. They inflict crippling and ultimately fatal wounds with the strange spear-like claws that grow on their arms.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claw-spear	1"	1	3+	4+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongue	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Hellstriders with Claw-spears has any number of models, each armed with a Claw-spear.

MOUNT: This unit's Steeds of Slaanesh attack with their Poisoned Tongues.

HELLREAPER: 1 model in this unit can be a Hellreaver. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Claw-spear.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Banner Bearer, and 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Icon Bearer.

Hellstrider Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Banner Bearers.

Hellstrider Icon Bearer: Add 2 to the Bravery characteristic of this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Icon Bearers.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Hornblower. If the

unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Hellstrider Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

Piercing Strike: When this band of Hellstriders closes on the foe, their lance-like arms puncture through any resistance they meet.

Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of this unit's Claw-spears if it made a charge move in the same turn.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HELLSTRIDERS



• WARSCROLL •

HELLSTRIDERS

WITH HELLSOURGES



Hellstriders ride daemoniac Steeds to war – indeed, they have no choice, for once they climb into the saddle they can never dismount. Those who use the long, whip-like Hellscourge as their weapon of choice are expert in inflicting painful wounds.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hellscourge	3"	2	3+	4+	-	1
Poisoned Tongue	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Hellstriders with Hellscourges has any number of models, each armed with a Hellscourge.

MOUNT: This unit's Steeds of Slaanesh attack with their Poisoned Tongues.

HELLREAPER: 1 model in this unit can be a Hellreaver. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Hellscourge.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Banner Bearer, and 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Icon Bearer.

Hellstrider Banner Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Banner Bearers.

Hellstrider Icon Bearer: Add 2 to the Bravery characteristic of this unit while it includes any Hellstrider Icon Bearers.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hellstrider Hornblower. If the unmodified roll for a battleshock test for an

enemy unit that is within 6" of this unit while this unit includes any Hellstrider Hornblowers is 1, that battleshock test must be re-rolled.

ABILITIES

Hooked Tendrils: These Hellstriders wield Hellscourges, whose ferocious barbs tear through flesh and trap enemies in place.

In the combat phase, if this unit made a charge move in the same turn, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target this unit made by enemy models within 3" of this unit until the end of that phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HELLSTRIDERS



• WARSCROLL •

GLUTOS ORSCOLLION

LORD OF GLUTTONY



Guided by the daemon Loth'shar, Glutos Orscollion is on a quest to sample the most exotic tastes in the Mortal Realms. Riding atop an opulent palanquin and surrounded by his devoted court, he can unmake whole armies through his loathsome magics.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Wailing Greatblade	1"	3	3+	3+	-2	2
Flaying Scourge	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1
Sacrificial Dagger	1"	1	4+	3+	-	1
Crushing Claws	1"	☀	3+	3+	-1	3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Companions	Move	Crushing Claws
0-4	All	8"	6
5-8	Painbringer Kyazu, Lashmaster Vhyssk	6"	5
9-12	Painbringer Kyazu	5"	4
13+	None	4"	3

DESCRIPTION

Glutos Orscollion is a named character that is a single model.

COMPANIONS: Glutos is accompanied by Painbringer Kyazu, who attacks with a Wailing Greatblade; Lashmaster Vhyssk, who attacks with a Flaying Scourge; and Priestess Dolece, who attacks with a Sacrificial Dagger.

The companions that currently accompany Glutos vary depending on the number of wounds suffered by this model, as shown on the damage table. You can only use the companion abilities for the companions currently accompanying Glutos, and only those companions can attack. For all other rules purposes, companions are treated in the same manner as a mount.

MOUNT: This model's Palanquin Bearers attack with their Crushing Claws.

ABILITIES

The Grand Gourmand: *Glutos sees battle as a grand banquet in which his darkest appetites may be given free rein.*

This model gains an ability each battle round, as shown below. Note that all of these abilities are cumulative.

Battle Round 1 – Aperitif: Add 1 to Bravery characteristic of friendly MORTAL HEDONITE units within 6" of this model.

Battle Round 2 – Starter: This model can run and still charge later in the same turn.

Battle Round 3 – Main Course: Do not take battleshock tests for friendly MORTAL HEDONITE units while they are wholly within 12" of this model.

Battle Round 4 – Dessert: At the end of your hero phase, you can replace the spell this model knows from the Lore of Pain and Pleasure table with a new spell from that table. In addition, this model can attempt to cast 1 extra spell in your hero phase.

Battle Round 5 – Digestif: You can re-roll casting, dispelling and unbinding rolls for this model.

Fog of Temptation: *Those who inhale the scented mist emanating from Glutos' palanquin are wracked with agonising hunger-spasms.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by enemy units within 12" of this model.

The Leerstave of Loth'shar: *Loth'shar constantly drives Glutos on in pursuit of nearby delicacies, and rewards him for each unholy act of consumption.*

Add 1 to casting, dispelling and unbinding rolls for this model.

COMPANION ABILITIES

Painbringer Kyazu: *Kyazu is a formidable warrior that will stop at nothing to protect his liege.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with this model's Wailing Greatblade is 6, that attack inflicts 2 mortal wounds on the target and the attack sequence ends (do not make a save roll).

Lashmaster Vhyssk: *Vhyssk spurs the palanquin bearers to achieve destructive speed.*

You can re-roll charge rolls for this model.

Priestess Dolece: *Dolece calls upon Slaanesh to bless the Grand Gourmand.*

In your hero phase, you can say that Dolece will call to Slaanesh to protect her master. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 1, nothing happens. On a 2+, until your next hero phase, you can roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Gorge on Excess: *The followers of the Gluttonous Host grow strong on acts of excess, be it gulping down raw flesh or engaging in some other depraved perversion in the heat of battle.*

You can use this command ability once per turn in your hero phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly HEDONITE unit wholly within 12" of this model. Until your next hero phase, if an enemy unit is destroyed by an attack made by that HEDONITE unit and there are wounds that remain to be allocated to that enemy unit from that attack, heal up to the same number of wounds allocated to that HEDONITE unit.

MAGIC

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

Crippling Famishment: *With a snap of his fingers, Glutos shares his endless hunger with those he finds appetising, paralysing his prey with a violent surge of immeasurable hunger.*

Crippling Famishment has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Until your next hero phase, halve the Move characteristic of that unit, halve run rolls for that unit, and halve charge rolls for that unit.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, GLUTOS ORSCOLLION



Even the dead are not safe from Glutos Orscolion and his epicurean sycophants, for the arcane tang of necromancy is an acquired but unique delicacy just waiting to be revelled in.



• WARSCROLL •

SIGVALD

PRINCE OF SLAANESH



Sigvald the Magnificent considers himself to be the favoured son of Slaanesh. Few would dare question this belief. In battle the Geld-Prince fights as a golden blur, laughing cruelly as his elegant blade tears through rabble and champions alike.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Shardslash	1"	See below	2+	3+	-2	D3

DESCRIPTION

Sigvald, Prince of Slaanesh is a named character that is a single model. He is armed with Shardslash and the Mirror Shield.

ABILITIES

Glorious Reborn: *None can best Sigvald in hand-to-hand combat, or so he believes, and the Geld-Prince is determined to prove it.*

This model fights at the start of the combat phase if it made a charge move in the same turn. It cannot fight again in that phase unless an ability or spell allows it to fight more than once.

Powered by Vainglory: *Sigvald is the epitome of vainglory, one of Slaanesh's favourite sins. So great is his sense of superiority that few can stand before his prideful assaults.*

Add 3 to charge rolls for this model. In addition, the Attacks characteristic of Shardslash is either 5 or equal to the unmodified charge roll made for this model in the same turn, whichever is higher.

Shardslash: *This majestic blade slices through sigmarite and arcane wards alike as if they were naught but shrouds of the thinnest silk.*

Wounds inflicted by an attack made with Shardslash cannot be negated.

The Mirror Shield: *This artefact of the world-that-was is as alluring as it is indestructible. Impossible to scar or penetrate, the Mirror Shield is the pinnacle of defence in Sigvald's hands.*

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

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL,SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, SIGVALD



• WARSCROLL •

LORD OF PAIN



Lords of Pain are champions of Slaanesh who have sampled countless vices and excesses. Armed with wicked souldpiercer maces, they lead warbands of devoted followers and are always eager to demonstrate their mastery of all forms of agony.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Souldpiercer Mace	2"	5	3+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A Lord of Pain is a single model armed with a Souldpiercer Mace.

ABILITIES

Share the Pain: *Lords of Pain have mastered every kind of torment and are adept at enduring the most terrible of agonies – as well as gifting the same sensation to their foes.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated. In addition, each time a wound or mortal wound inflicted by a melee weapon is negated by this ability, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Paragon of Depravity: *Lords of Pain are held in awe by Slaanesh's mortal supplicants, who seek to emulate the excessive carnage perpetrated by these depraved champions.*

You can use this command ability in the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **MORTAL HEDONITE** unit wholly within 12" of this model. You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made by that unit in that phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, LORD OF PAIN



• WARSCROLL •

SHARDSPEAKER OF SLAANESH



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Shardspeakers of Slaanesh are favoured sorcerers who have been gifted with a relic from the Temple of Twisted Mirrors. By tapping into the power of these artefacts, they can reduce a disciplined regiment to a pack of howling beasts ripe for the slaughter.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Haze Staff	1"	2	4+	3+	-	D3
Shadow-cloaked Claws	2"	4	3+	3+	-2	1

DESCRIPTION

A Shardspeaker of Slaanesh is a single model armed with a Haze Staff.

ABILITIES

Mist Lurkers: *The shadowy mist-daemons that billow and slink around a Shardspeaker are empowered by arcane energies.*

If this model successfully casts a spell that is not unbound, until your next hero phase, this model can attack using the Shadow-cloaked Claws melee weapon and you can add 2 to save rolls for attacks that target this model.

Twisted Mirror: *A Twisted Mirror tests the spirit of any who gaze into it, immobilising those who fall victim to its illusions.*

Once per turn in your shooting phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 9" of this model and roll a dice. On a 3+, add 1 to wound rolls for attacks that target that unit in the following combat phase. The same unit cannot be affected by this ability more than once per turn.

MAGIC

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

Reflection Eternal: *The Shardspeaker distorts their foes' perception, leaving them open to attack.*

Reflection Eternal has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. Subtract 1 from wound rolls for attacks made by that unit in the following combat phase.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, HERO, WIZARD, SHARDSPEAKER



• WARSCROLL •

BLISSBARB SEEKERS



Blissbarb warriors who acquire for themselves an Exalted Steed of Slaanesh conduct war at a breakneck pace. Charging across the battlefield with astonishing speed, these Sybarites launch flights of cruel arrows with an incredible accuracy.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blissbarb Bow	18"	3	4+	4+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sybarite Blade	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1
Poisoned Tongue	1"	2	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Blissbarb Seekers has any number of models, each armed with a Blissbarb Bow and Sybarite Blade.

MOUNT: This unit's Exalted Steeds of Slaanesh attack with their Poisoned Tongues.

HIGH TEMPTER: 1 model in this unit can be a High Tempter. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Blissbarb Bow.

ABILITIES

Flawless Accuracy: *Blissbarb Seekers revel in delivering highly accurate arrow fire even at high speeds.*

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

Vectors of Agony: *The arrowheads of Blissbarb Seekers are liberally coated in their steeds' poisonous saliva, and the torments they deliver can overwhelm even the mightiest of prey.*

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

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, SEEKERS, BLISSBARB SEEKERS

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MOVE

14"

WOUNDS

4

5+

SAVE

6

BRAVERY

SLICKBLADE SEEKERS



Slickblade Seekers believe themselves to be aristocrats of war, the chosen knights of the Dark Prince. They desire nothing more than to charge into the thickest portion of the fighting, their whistling glaives lashing out to neatly sever heads and limbs.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Slickblade Glaive	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
Poisoned Tongue	1"	2	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Slickblade Seekers has any number of models, each armed with a Slickblade Glaive.

MOUNT: This unit's Exalted Steeds of Slaanesh attack with their Poisoned Tongues.

HUNTER-SEEKER: 1 model in this unit can be a Hunter-Seeker. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Slickblade Glaive.

ABILITIES

Unrivalled Velocity: *Slickblade Seekers are obsessed with high-speed kills, tearing towards the foe with relentless haste.*

You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit.

Decapitating Strikes: *Slickblade Seekers revel in slicing off their quarry's head with a gory flourish, much to the delight of their Sybarite kin.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a Slickblade Glaive is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, SEEKERS, SLICKBLADE SEEKERS

MOVE

6"

WOUNDS

2

4+

SAVE

7

BRAVERY

MYRMIDESH PAINBRINGERS



The Myrmidesh are an elite warrior-cult who exemplify the pride of the Dark Prince. Each of their blade-sects considers their own favoured technique to be supreme, and on the rare occasions they are proven wrong, their spiteful rage is terrible to behold.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Wicked Scimitar	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Myrmidesh Painbringers has any number of models, each armed with a Wicked Scimitar and Painbringer Shield.

PAINMASTER: 1 model in this unit can be a Painmaster. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Wicked Scimitar.

ABILITIES

Dance of the Wailing Blade: *The fighting style of the Painbringers is as graceful as it is deadly.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a melee weapon by this unit is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

Painbringer Shields: *Myrmidesh Painbringers wield their shields as though they were extensions of their physical forms, effortlessly deflecting blows directed at them.*

You can re-roll save rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this unit.

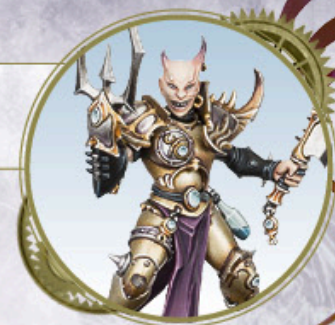
KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, MYRMIDESH PAINBRINGERS



• WARSCROLL •

SYMBARESH TWINSOULS



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Even by the standards of the Sybarites, the Symbaresh are proud indeed. These former Myrmidesh have forged dark pacts with the lesser daemons of Slaanesh, sharing their mortal forms in return for a measure of otherworldly power.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Merciless Blades	2"	3	4+	3+	-	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Symbaresh Twinsouls has any number of models, each armed with Merciless Blades.

EGOPOMP: 1 model in this unit can be an Ego pomp. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Merciless Blades.

ABILITIES

Fractured Souls: *Control of the host's body is a war that rages within a Twinsoul with every step they take.*

At the start of your hero phase, you must pick 1 of the following abilities to apply to this unit until your next hero phase. You must pick a different ability in each battle round.

Ego-driven Excess: *These warriors refuse to be outscored by their comrades, and use unorthodox techniques to best their foes.*

You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this unit.

Fiendish Reflexes: *As the daemon possessing this mortal takes control, their speed increases tenfold, making them almost impossible to hit.*

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

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, SYMBARESH TWINSOULS



• WARSCROLL •

BLISSBARB ARCHERS



Blissbarb Archers are the lowest class of Sybarite, but no less deadly for it. Even when running pell-mell across the field they fire with deadly accuracy, laughing with glee as their sharp and toxin-laced projectiles strike home.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blissbarb Bow	18"	2	4+	4+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sybarite Blade	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Blissbarb Archers has any number of models, each armed with a Blissbarb Bow and Sybarite Blade.

HIGH TEMPTER: 1 model in this unit can be a High Tempter. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Blissbarb Bow.

BLISSBREW HOMONCULUS: 1 in every 11 models in this unit must be a Blissbrew Homonculus. A Blissbrew Homonculus is armed with a Sybarite Blade. Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with missile weapons by this unit while it includes any Blissbrew Homonculi.

ABILITIES

Light-footed Killers: *Blissbarb Archers can deliver pinpoint shots even while cavorting wildly across the battlefield.*

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

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, BLISSBARB ARCHERS

124

MOVE

8"

SAVE

5+

6

BRAVERY

WOUNDS

3

• WARSCROLL •

SLAANGOR FIENDBLOODS



When the madness of battle descends upon Slaangor Fiendbloods, the carnage left in their wake is truly sickening. These gangly beasts are frighteningly strong and swift, and fight with a frenzied disregard for their own survival.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Razor-sharp Claw(s)	2"	3	4+	3+	-1	1
Gilded Weapon	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Slaangor Fiendbloods has any number of models, each armed with Razor-sharp Claws.

SLAKE-HORN: 1 model in this unit can be a Slake-Horn. That model is armed with a Razor-sharp Claw and Gilded Weapon.

ABILITIES

Slaughter At Any Cost: *When stirred by the excesses of battle, Fiendbloods waste no time in hunting down their victims.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's melee weapons if it made a charge move in the same turn.

Obsessive Violence: *The brutal and unrelenting attacks of these beasts can overwhelm even the staunchest defence.*

At the end of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 3" of this unit and roll a dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, BEASTS OF CHAOS, SLAANGOR FIENDBLOODS

MOVE

6"

SAVE

5+

7

BRAVERY

WOUNDS

1

• WARSCROLL •

THE DREAD PAGEANT



Led by Vasillac the Gifted, a former warrior of the Myrmidesh who now seeks his own glory, the Dread Pageant have brought terrible suffering to the living mountain of Beastgrave. In battle, their manifold skills combine into one blinding storm of blades.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blissbarb Bow	18"	2	4+	4+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Crushing Claw and Gilded Weapon	1"	4	4+	3+	-2	2
Slickblade Glaive	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
Dread Harpoon	1"	4	2+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

The Dread Pageant is a named unit that has 4 models. Vasillac the Gifted is armed with a Dread Harpoon and Painbringer Shield; Slakeslash is armed with a Crushing Claw and Gilded Weapon; Glissete is armed with a Slickblade Glaive; and Hadzu is armed with a Blissbarb Bow.

VASILLAC: Add 2 to Vasillac's Wounds characteristic.

SLAKESLASH: Add 2 to Slakeslash's Wounds characteristic.

ABILITIES

Art of the Myrmidesh: *Vasillac has adapted the Dance of the Wailing Blade to his own fighting style.*

You can roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to Vasillac. On a 4+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

Deadliest Procession: *Vasillac and his fellow Sybarites form a lethal combination of experience and martial prowess.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made by this unit is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

KEYWORDS

CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAANESH, HEDONITE, DREAD PAGEANT

WHEELS OF EXCRUCIATION

125

The Wheels of Excruciation whirl around the minarets of the Dark Prince's palace as flocks of crows fly around a temple's spires. They can be called into the Mortal Realms by a devotee of Slaanesh to lacerate and even decapitate their enemies, hunting down untainted flesh and delivering the agony of uncounted cuts.

DESCRIPTION

Wheels of Excruciation is a single model.

PREDATORY: Wheels of Excruciation is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 12" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Wheels of Excruciation: *Throwing a small multi-bladed knife into the air and channelling magical energy into it, the caster summons forth a storm of swiftly moving razor-sharp blades.*

Summon Wheels of Excruciation has a casting value of 6. Only **SLAANESH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast this spell. If successfully cast, set up 1 Wheels of Excruciation model wholly within 6" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Swirling Death: *Once unleashed, the Wheels of Excruciation scythe unchecked across the battlefield.*

When this model is set up, the player who set it up can immediately make a move with it.

Exquisite Agony: *The Wheels of Excruciation deliver death by a thousand exquisite cuts to those who get in their way.*

After this model has moved, roll 6 dice for each unit that has any models that this model passed across. That unit suffers 1 mortal wound for each roll that is less than that unit's unmodified Save characteristic. This ability has no effect on **SLAANESH** units.

KEYWORDS ENDLESS SPELL, WHEELS OF EXCRUCIATION

MESMERISING MIRROR

A Mesmerising Mirror is a cursed thing indeed, sent from Slaanesh's palace to ensnare the unwary. Those who manage to tear their gaze away feel a ripping pain in their soul – but those who do not suffer an even worse fate. Their essence is drawn from their body, trapped in the mirror forever more as a plaything for Slaaneshi daemons.

DESCRIPTION

A Mesmerising Mirror is a single model.

PREDATORY: A Mesmerising Mirror is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 6" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Mesmerising Mirror: *Smashing a small glass mirror to the ground, the wizard uses magical energy to cause it to reform and grow in size.*

Summon Mesmerising Mirror has a casting value of 6. Only **SLAANESH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast this spell. If successfully cast, set up 1 Mesmerising Mirror model wholly within 18" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Irresistible Lure: *The mirror lures mortals as a candle draws moths to its light. Those strong enough to turn away feel knives of anguish and loss driven into their hearts.*

If a unit makes a normal move within 12" of this model, it suffers D3 mortal wounds unless it finishes that move closer to this model than it was before the move was made. This ability has no effect on **SLAANESH** units.

Gaze Not into its Depths: *A Mesmerising Mirror can enthrall a warrior's soul, dragging his essence screaming from his body if he looks too long upon its glory.*

After this model is set up, and after this model has moved, roll 6 dice for each **HERO** within 6" of this model (roll separately for each **HERO**). For each 6, that **HERO** suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the number of 6s that were rolled for that **HERO**.

For example, if you rolled one 6 for a **HERO**, that **HERO** would suffer $1 \times 1 = 1$ mortal wound. If you rolled two 6s, that **HERO** would suffer $2 \times 2 = 4$ mortal wounds, if you rolled three 6s, that **HERO** would suffer $3 \times 3 = 9$ mortal wounds, and so on. This ability has no effect on **SLAANESH HEROES**.

KEYWORDS ENDLESS SPELL, MESMERISING MIRROR

DREADFUL VISAGE

The sorcerous entity known as the Dreadful Visage is said to be a mask that once adorned Slaanesh's own face during the Masquerade of the Palace Grandiose. On that fell night, it is said, the visage took on an evil sentience of its own, and it can be called forth to bring a measure of its wearer's horrific aura into the Mortal Realms.

DESCRIPTION

A Dreadful Visage is a single model.

PREDATORY: A Dreadful Visage is a predatory endless spell. It can move up to 8" and can fly.

MAGIC

Summon Dreadful Visage: *By inhaling great lungfuls of hallucinogenic incense, the caster can cause an aspect of their own worst fears to solidify in reality – and then set the results upon their foes.*

Summon Dreadful Visage has a casting value of 7. Only **SLAANESH WIZARDS** can attempt to cast this spell. If successfully cast, set up 1 Dreadful Visage model wholly within 12" of the caster.

ABILITIES

Swooping Horror: *The dreadful face, an avatar of pure horror, descends towards its terrified foes.*

When this model is set up, the player who set it up can immediately make a move with it.

Flensing Tongues: *Opening its soul-sucking maw, the Dreadful Visage lets fly a plethora of hooked tongues that lash and flense the flesh of those nearby.*

After this model has moved, roll 6 dice for the closest unit within 6". If more than 1 unit is equally close, the player that moved this model can choose which unit to roll the 6 dice for. That unit suffers 1 mortal wound for each roll of 4+.

Terrifying Entity: *Gibbering, howling and shrieking with cruel pleasure, the Dreadful Visage destroys the will of Slaanesh's enemies – while his worshippers find themselves energised by its discordant barrage of noise.*

Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of units while they are within 12" of this model. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of **SLAANESH** units while they are within 12" of this model instead of subtracting 1.

KEYWORDS

ENDLESS SPELL, DREADFUL VISAGE



The most powerful Slaaneshi spells are as entrancing as they are deadly, arcane manifestations of perverse majesty that are conjured forth to eviscerate and ensnare the foes of the Hedonites.

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

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The table below provides points, minimum and maximum unit sizes, and battlefield roles for the warscrolls and warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Spending the points listed on this table allows you to take a minimum-sized unit with any of its upgrades. Understrength units cost the full amount of points. Larger units are taken in multiples of their minimum unit size; multiply their cost by the same amount as you multiplied their size. If a unit has two points values separated by a slash (e.g. '60/200'), the second value is for a maximum-sized unit. Units that are listed as 'Unique' are named characters and can only be taken once in an army. A unit that has any of the keywords listed on the Allies table can be taken as an allied unit by a Slaanesh army. Updated January 2021; the profiles printed here take precedence over any profiles with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

SLAANESH WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Daemonettes	10	30	110	Battleline	
Bladebringer, Herald on Exalted Chariot	1	1	250	Leader	
Bladebringer, Herald on Hellflayer	1	1	200	Leader	
Bladebringer, Herald on Seeker Chariot	1	1	190	Leader	
The Contorted Epitome	1	1	210	Leader	
Glutos Orscollion, Lord of Gluttony	1	1	400	Leader	Unique
Infernal Enraptureess, Herald of Slaanesh	1	1	150	Leader	
Lord of Pain	1	1	150	Leader	
The Masque	1	1	130	Leader	Unique
Shardspeaker of Slaanesh	1	1	150	Leader	
Sigvald, Prince of Slaanesh	1	1	260	Leader	Unique
Syll'Esske, the Vengeful Allegiance	1	1	200	Leader	Unique
Viceleader, Herald of Slaanesh	1	1	130	Leader	
Keeper of Secrets	1	1	340	Leader, Behemoth	
Shalaxi Helbane	1	1	310	Leader, Behemoth	Unique
Blissbarb Archers	11	33	160		Battleline in Slaanesh army
Blissbarb Seekers	5	15	180		
The Dread Pageant	4	4	120		Unique
Exalted Chariot	1	1	190		
Fiends	3	9	180		
Hellflayer	1	1	130		
Hellstriders with Claw-spears	5	20	140		Battleline in Slaanesh army
Hellstriders with Hellscourges	5	20	150		Battleline in Slaanesh army
Myrmidesh Painbringers	5	20	150		Battleline if general is a Lord of Pain
Seeker Chariots	1	3	130		Battleline if GODSEEKERS
Seekers	5	20	150		
Slaangor Fiendbloods	3	9	140		
Slickblade Seekers	5	15	200		
Symbaresh Twinsouls	5	20	170		Battleline if general is a Lord of Pain

SLAANESH WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
<i>Depraved Carnival</i>	-	-	160	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Epicurean Revellers</i>	-	-	180	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Hedonite Host</i>	-	-	120	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Nobles of Excess</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Seeker Cavalcade</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Exalted Speed-Knights</i>	-	-	120	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Supreme Sybarites</i>	-	-	150	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Dreadful Visage</i>	1	1	40	<i>Endless Spell</i>	
<i>Mesmerising Mirror</i>	1	1	60	<i>Endless Spell</i>	
<i>Wheels of Excruciation</i>	1	1	50	<i>Endless Spell</i>	
<i>Fane of Slaanesh</i>	1	1	0	<i>Scenery</i>	

FACTION	ALLIES
Slaanesh	Beasts of Chaos, Nurgle, Slaves to Darkness, Tzeentch. KHORNE units cannot be taken as allies for a Slaanesh army.

His flesh rent and torn by the black stones of the valley floor, Vladdion crawled onwards. All around him the dense shadows of Ulgu coiled, driven into a frenzy by the ecstatic chanting of the thronged Hedonites. Upon every crag, every inch of cliff face and all throughout the valley, they cavorted and caroused: chariot cavalcades from the blasted deserts of Hysh, proud blade-sects from the primeval steppes of Ghur, throngs of daemons come to witness this act of unholy genesis.

But Vladdion did not care for them. Though under most circumstances their cackles of delight and cries of agony would have enthralled him, now there was but one all-consuming obsession. At the edge of the cleft in Ulgu's crust, an amorphous nether-shape pulsed and writhed in the throes of creation. None knew how it had come to be. Word had travelled amongst the hosts that it had descended from the skies like a falling heliotrope star. Those who attended upon it had already begun to succumb to violent compulsions of joyous fratricide, the scent of sickly-sweet and freshly spilled blood lingering in the air.

How had he reached this place? Vladdion tried to piece together his memory of recent weeks. It was, in truth, but the latest daring act in a series that spiralled ever downward. Such had it been ever since he had been inducted into the Church of the Gilded Mask, deep in the bowels of Tempest's Eye. Such had it been since he had been accepted into the loving faith of Shornaal, and taken up the bow of the Blissbarb. Perhaps, then, all had been ordained before he had even begun, a silvered path laid out that had inevitably carried him to this end.

It was a strange thought, one that he had not considered throughout every act of depravity. In its wake came another notion that was no less unnerving – could the same be said for all of his kin that thronged the valley? Vladdion was a true Hedonite.

Long had he believed that he alone was destined for the Dark Prince's favour, as did they all. In pursuit of that goal he had stolen, murdered, tortured and defiled; he had broken every bond of kinship in pursuit of greater glory, had laughed as he watched mighty champions of Order be butchered and flayed by his sadistic overlords, had bartered away his soul to daemon-paramours and purveyors, all for the chance of going just that one step further. If he was wrong – if he truly was just one more voice amongst the throng – then what had it all been for?

The elegant knife that sank into his back provided the answer.

Vladdion never saw who slew him. He thought it likely that his killer didn't pay much heed to it either; a random murderous impulse indulged, swiftly forgotten as new sins beckoned. It left the Blissbarb writhing and gasping, soon to be lost in the roiling sea of flesh. A sense of despondency descended, but with it also a strange form of peace. He had not been worthy. Perhaps he had never been in consideration for greatness at all. The Dark Prince was a jealous master – how often had he himself laughed to see a rival terminally spurned? Death was an experience like any other, one last gift in return for years of worship. But before his soul fled to the master's garden to be joyously rendered asunder, he had to see what had called him here.

The Blissbarb dragged himself forwards, moaning in agonised delight with each motion. Blood trickled from his mouth and his wound. Before him the amorphous god-spawn mewled and pulsed, glowing brighter with each moment. Lifting himself, Vladdion forced his failing eyes to focus upon the thing as febrile energies crackled through the valley. With a wordless cry of devotion, he raised his eyes and stared into the heart of the ecstatic madness.

He heard it speak.

EXPLORE THE DIGITAL RANGE

RULES AND BATTLETOMES

The Age of Sigmar is an epic setting populated by myriad armies, powerful heroes and magnificent monsters. It plays host to vast, realm-spanning wars between the forces of Order and Chaos, Destruction and Death. Read on to explore these battle-torn landscapes and learn of the many peoples and creatures of the realms.



WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR CORE BOOK

The Mortal Realms have been ground beneath the iron heel of the Dark Gods. These monstrous deities once believed their final victory to be near, yet they have underestimated the forces of Order that stand against them. Across the realms, bolts of energy deliver Sigmar's heroic Stormcast Eternals into battle as the Pantheon of Order gathers its strength. With new cities and fortresses raised in the wake of each conquest, civilisation takes root once more. Yet from the shadow of progress, new and deathly evils come into the light...

This book tells the epic story of the Age of Sigmar, from mythic beginnings to an arcane apocalypse, and provides you with exciting ways to forge your own legends. Inside you will find showcases of Citadel Miniatures, epic stories, and detailed maps of the Mortal Realms – as well as rules that bring your Warhammer Age of Sigmar battles to life on the tabletop.



ORDER BATTLETOME: STORMCAST ETERNALS

By Sigmar's will they are reforged, heroes locked in a hellish war without respite.

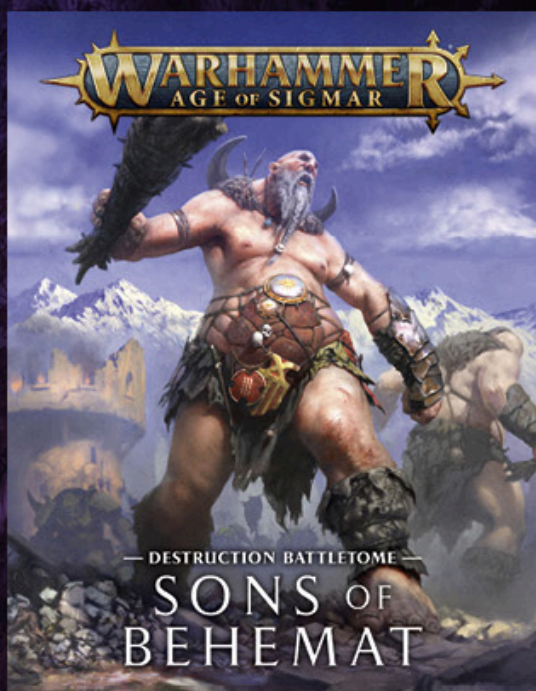
Each Stormcast Eternal was once a mortal who sought to defy the dominion of Chaos. Taken to Azyr by Sigmar and reforged in the fires of the God-King, these warriors have become living weapons that wield the power of the storm. Thundering down to the Mortal Realms in blasts of lightning, the Stormhosts take their bloody revenge on the hordes of Chaos over and over again. But of late, there are those brave enough to ask – at what cost?



GENERAL'S HANDBOOK 2020

This book expands on the Warhammer Age of Sigmar core rules to support an array of gaming styles that suit all hobbyists, from casual collectors who play occasional games with their friends to veteran warriors who spend years honing their forces for competitive tournaments.

Everyone enjoys the Games Workshop hobby in different ways. Some are avid painters who collect stunning centrepiece models, while others immerse themselves in gripping tales of the realms. For some, though, using their collections to play games against like-minded opponents across the tabletop is at the very heart of their hobby. If you fall into the latter category, then this book is for you, as it focuses on that aspect of the hobby where the miniatures meet the battlefield.



DESTRUCTION BATTLETOME: SONS OF BEHEMAT

The gargants stride the Mortal Realms without fear, smashing aside everything in their path.

The titanic Sons of Behemat have might enough to throttle dragons, barge down castle walls and tear elder oaks from the ground. When they attack as a tribe they become unstoppable, stamping the enemy's infantry flat and pummeling rival monsters to death. Any who oppose their rule are battered with hurled boulders before the gargants charge in, each towering hulk roaring in savage triumph as he seizes victory through brute force and ignorance.



DEATH BATTLETOME: OSSIARCH BONEREAPERS

The undead of the Ossiarch Empire are fearsome indeed, each soldier made from the bone and souls of their foes.

The Ossiarch Bonereapers do not slay all those they encounter, but conquer them, only to bind their vassals into a hideous bargain. In return for a tithe of skeletal remains they will leave their mortal prey alone. But should any defy the will of the military genius Katakros or his master Nagash, they will soon face giant constructs, heavy cavalry, living artillery and endless ranks of undead revenants intent upon their death.