

from Kislev just as the war was winding down. What the merchants didn't know was that their journey carried them over the path of a Great Unclean One, and not only were these poor fools carrying an assortment of noxious plagues, many of them grew Nurglings in their gullets.

When they stopped in a village, they were welcomed as heroes, celebrated for their cunning and courage. But soon after they arrived, strange things

happened. A few elderly folk fell ill from strange and varied afflictions. Food spoiled, animals succumbed to maladies, and blight spread through the fields. People obviously suspected the travellers, and when they approached the inn where the travellers were staying, they found all the heroes dead from sickness. To make matters worse, things crawled out of their bodies and slithered across the floor. No one knows where the creatures went, but they suspect they remain, still, in the village.

— KEEPERS OF SECRETS —

Slayers of Slaanesh, Feasters of Pain, Base Ones, Despoilers of the Flesh, Great Horned Ones

Passion, pleasure, pain, and inspiration: these are the hallmarks of the Keeper of Secrets. The Greater Daemons of Slaanesh personify limitless experience and unfettered desire, the very concepts born into flesh. They are repulsive and horrific, yet they transfix mortals with a monstrous allure that defies explanation.

The Base Ones are ultimate licence. They exist to evoke the senses, to create, to experience, and to exult in the mortal whims of passion. They also dull the mind, making it harder to appreciate the ordinary and the mundane. They are the pain of failure, the agony of excess, and that which drives mortals to more daring acts to escape the ordinary.

Like a dancer, the Greater Daemon moves with liquid grace, flitting about like the gentle brush of a lover's fingers on the flesh. Wherever it goes, all becomes possible. But when it passes, it leaves behind anguish and agony, as real and as painful as the sharp stab of a cruel knife. And all those who have known the greatest pleasure are wracked with despair and loss, uprooting themselves from the normal experience to follow after the haunted promises of the Great Horned Ones as they sway to the tune of Slaanesh's wicked laughter.

MANIFESTATIONS

The moment a Base One appears in the world, the tendrils of Slaanesh's foul will spreads, carried on the Winds of Magic to tantalize and torment mortals for miles around. There is an unclean trembling in all things, potential struggling for release. Mortals break out into sweats, and their hearts pound against their chests. Animals become inflamed and turn violent, kicking against their stalls or tearing against their harnesses. Weapons throb with invisible tumescent energy. Wood shivers and warps. The trees creak, and the earth yawns, gushing merry water from its depths. Inhibitions fade, old loyalties dim, and the bonds of trust weaken. Passion fills the hearts and minds of all, and if unchecked, mortals revel in wild abandon.

But the physical tingling of desire is not all that results from the hint of a Keeper. Artists become feverishly inspired, fanatically sketching and drawing, creating masterpieces far beyond their skill. From the lips of poets come exquisite verse that perfectly captures sorrow absolute or unabashed desire. From the throats of singers spill songs of such beauty that those who hear it die from broken hearts. The Daemon fills the dreams of mortals with such visions of beauty that they thrash about weeping for the unachievable perfection of their nightmares. When they awaken, their days are spent in melancholy, yearning for that which they cannot have and can never attain.

The closer the Daemon comes, the more pronounced its effects. The artist paints with his own blood, the poet claws out his own eyes just to see what true darkness is like, the singer chokes and drowns on the lyrics as she struggles to be free from her imperfect throat. As the world softens, assuming warm colours and gentle, rounded, glistening forms, blades sharpen, emotions run hot, and madness flares in the mind.

The Keepers laugh and delight in all things, and they constantly drive their slaves to greater acts of experience. The Base One can play any instrument, draw any image, and to hear them sing is to lose your soul. Their cackle is the blend of a heartless woman and an innocent child.

They murder without thought, compassion, or remorse—killing just to see the aesthetic in the spray of blood or the pitch of a dying man's scream. Witty and capricious, they indulge in every fantasy with cruel and selfish abandon, caring not one whit for those they harm.

APPEARANCE

The Keeper of Secrets is awful to behold. It takes the form of an androgynous being of impossible stature. Its four arms, two of which end in pincers, beckon and weave as it sways to the music of mortal delight and the hurt that results from over-indulgence. Its huge jewelled eyes contain the secrets of pleasure and pain, hidden lusts and terrifying impulses. Its pastel skin exudes a narcotic musk that acts to magnify the senses, enrapture the spirit, and thrust dark impulses into the minds and hearts of mortals.

Its head, sometimes human, sometimes bestial, is ringed with a nest of curved horns that glisten with an oily sheen. A serpent's tongue writhes from between its razored teeth, tasting the air and the perverse energy contained within. A number of swollen breasts cling to the left side of its torso, like vast obscene ticks. It stands upon strong legs that give way to almost reptilian claws. It strides the earth, clad in an elaborate costume of bizarre colours and exotic materials, from iron-hard chains to the softest velvets. Horrific as it is, it nevertheless commands the eye, whatever it happens to be doing.

CAPABILITIES

When a Keeper of Secrets appears, all hope is lost. Its presence wreaks havoc with the minds of those mortals around it, interfering with their ability to concentrate, distracting them with its unnatural charisma. The Base One dances through battle, sliding past regiment and would-be hero alike, exulting with each slash of its pincers, its laughter mingling with the screams of the dying.

On and off the battlefield, the Keeper of Secrets easily dominates mortals with its otherworldly allure. Those who fall victim to the Despoiler's glamour do anything to please their master, forgetting all that is decent as they lose themselves in the Daemon's aura.

When this game becomes tired, dull, done, the Base One will likely plunge its pincers deep into their slave's flesh, pausing to experience the heat of the organs throbbing their last, to drink in the fading light of their eyes, before scattering the carcass into bloody gobbets. This fate, perhaps, is better than abandonment by the Great Horned One, for once a creature has basked in its presence, nothing will sate their overwhelmed senses ever again.

—Keeper of Secrets Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
86%	0%	77%	77%	89%	89%	89%	66%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
6	39	7	7 (9)	6	4	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Magic), Channelling, Charm +20%, Command, Common Knowledge (any four), Dodge Blow, Hypnotism +20%, Intimidate +20%, Magical Sense, Perception, Performer (any two), Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any four), Torture +20%

Talents: Acute Hearing, Ambidextrous, Armoured Caster, Contortionist, Dark Lore (Slaanesh), Dark Magic, Daemonic Aura, Dark Lore (Slaanesh), Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Frenzy, Keen Senses, Lesser Magic (any two), Lightning Parry, Linguistics, Master Orator, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Chaos), Public Speaking, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Aura of Slaanesh:* The Keeper is so seductive and bewildering that living opponents within 16 yards (8 squares) suffer a -10% penalty to their Weapon Skill and Will Power Characteristics
- *Chaos Armour:* The Keeper wears pastel Chaos Armour that accentuates its unsettling form. It takes no penalty from wearing heavy armour.
- *Chaos Mutations:* Claws, Extra Limbs (2 Arms), Horns, Piercing Tongue, Pincer Hand. In addition, there's a 10% chance that the Keeper of Secrets will have an additional mutation. If so, roll on **Table 3-4: Mutations of Slaanesh** to generate them. Modify stats as appropriate.
- *Domination:* The Keeper can use its supernatural powers of seduction to put the weak willed under its control. It may attempt to control a single living creature within 24 yards (12 squares) as a full action. This is an opposed test that pits the Keeper's Fellowship against the target's Will Power. If the Daemon wins, it gains complete control over the target and can compel him to do as it wishes. The target may attempt to break free from this control after 1d10 minutes by another opposed test. The Keeper can free a subject from domination at any time as a free action.
- *Instability:* On any round in which a Base One is injured in melee combat but fails to inflict any Wounds in return, it must succeed at a Will Power Test or be banished back to the Realm of Chaos.
- *Rending Attack:* A Keeper's natural weapons are so razor-sharp that they count as having the Armour Piercing and Impact Qualities.
- *Soporific Musk:* Cloying streams of pink mist rise from this massive Daemon's perverse body that can deaden a mortal's reflexes and fill him with fatigue. All living creatures within 8 yards (4 squares) must succeed on a Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test or halve their Weapon Skill and Agility Characteristics for 24 hours.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Chaos Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Claws, Horns, Piercing Tongue

Slaughter Margin: Impossible

Infectious Revel

A subversive pleasure cult in Nuln completes a horrific ritual that requires the lives of a hundred sacrifices to conjure up a Keeper of Secrets from the Realm of Chaos. When it appears, it watches, bemused as the cultists awkwardly attempt to please the abomination they have brought into the



world. But it soon becomes very clear that their efforts are for naught, and the Daemon toys with them instead. It takes its time killing them, spending days humiliating its would-be masters.

Though none are aware of the depraved acts unfolding in the backroom of one of the city's most luxurious estates, the effects of the Daemon's presence is being felt throughout. People behave lasciviously. There's a flurry of activity among the various patrons as their artists, poets, and entertainers achieve new heights of perfection. Marriages are forged and broken in the same day, as men and women struggle to slake their unholy thirst for the pleasures of the flesh. Women become pregnant, swelling rapidly and birthing beautiful blond boys with disturbing appetites and sinister behaviours.

The city seems to be affected by some plague, but no physician can determine its cause let alone its cure. After a few weeks, what was once a thriving energy, an infusion of drive and excellence, turns into sick depravity as people turn to forbidden acts to bring them to the same heights of pleasure. Temples burn to the ground, bodies litter the alleys, and the city slides down into the depths of depravity. Can the PCs uncover what's afoot and send back the Daemon whence it came?

— LORDS OF CHANGE —

Watching Lords, Eyes of Tzeentch, Feathered Lords

Extreme change is not a natural thing. Beneath every plot, every event, every turn of fate, there lays the machinations of Lord Tzeentch. In the interests of perpetual change, Tzeentch demands the world remain in a constant state of flux, always unfolding, always altering, trapped in a constant process of becoming. The signs of his work are everywhere, from the emergence of a new species to the mutations and corruptions that riddle his benighted servants. He is the master of mutation and magic, and it is up to his greatest servants, the Lords of Change, to carry out his fickle whims.

Tzeentch blessed the Lords of Change, his Greater Daemons, with the ability to see into the future and the past, to see the larger workings of the unfolding randomness that makes up the foundations of reality. Armed with incredible cunning and the timeless wisdom of their infernal master, they detest the confining bindings that stability and familiarity represent. And so they devote themselves to breaking the world and making it anew. Each furthers his agenda, but all shatter the structures of mortals to recreate them only to destroy them once again. The Eyes of Tzeentch are as unfathomable as their master, playful in their manipulations of mortals, though tempered by a keen intellect that enables them to see every consequence of every action they take.