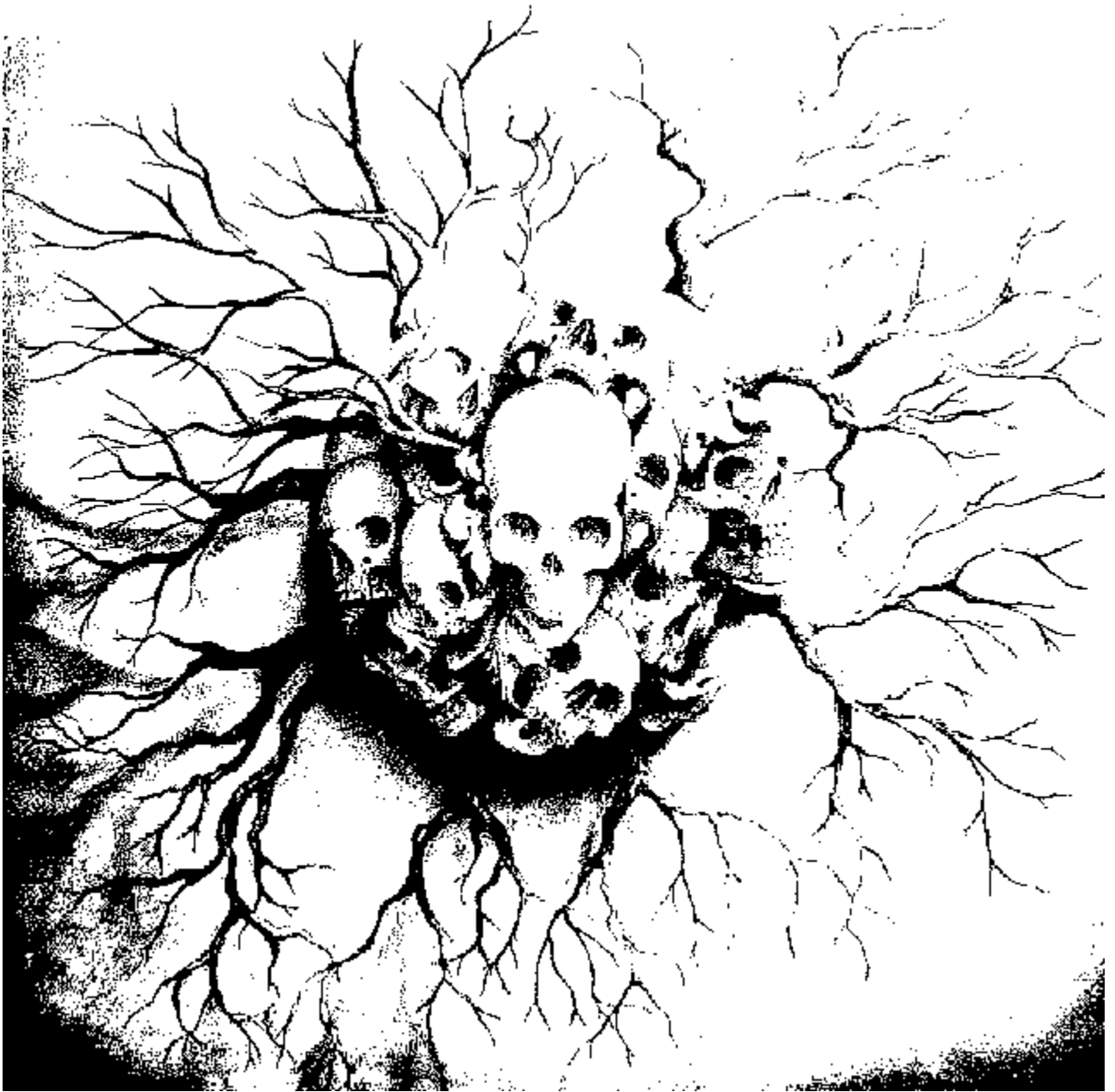


# +++GAMEMASTER+++



# +SECRET MISSIONS+

Use tactical objective cards or homemade ones. If you are using the tactical objective cards remember to discard the ones that are not possible to obtain.

Per game, give out ONE card per player. This card can yield as much as 1 - D3 patron points depending on what the card states and what you have to achieve.



# +ALTERNATE ENDINGS+

## *The Oratio Victory*

*The hive shock and stirred, it's long slumber interrupted by the growing madness deep in its center. The time was not yet, the machines had not begun the process of awakening. Still, deep in sealed chambers something grew restless.*

*Deep in the slump madness reigned. The silver fish, red crow, maneater swine. The totems of the end swam through the dreams of the hivers. No mere visions, they were real and they were there. Inside and outside, in the mind of the priest-kings and in the souls of the slave workers. Ever growing, ever changing. Mutation, communion, sacrament. The profound and the profane joined. Blood on the black rocks.*

*Moving through the raining colours the triumphant cabal hacked and tore at their enemies. The still living screamed, warp-spasming and dying. Again and again and again. This was the low raised high. The crown of horns had shattered the mask of gold.*

*In the remnants of a church of the Unseeing God the celebrant choir discovered the Arc. Ignorant men and superstitious women had raised the Daemon Core from the planetary core and left it as a relic. Before this daemon core the shape changed warriors knelt and the first among the stepped up to claim the prize. White light streamed out as the daemon core opened its mouth to scream. A single shuddering sound that shock the hive. A question undecipherable by men but the answer was demanded and it was given. The world trembled. Across the stars the harrowing scream of a world rent asunder was heard. The world of Vortapt shone with bright light of all the unseen colours. It was no longer a globe in the sky. No longer a mere planet. It was the Recreator. It was an endless stream of steel and earth and flesh. A spiral from the heavens to the pit of the abyss. Millions of miles long, a road for man to travel. Through the infinite space the changed world moved, towards the galactic edge to cross over into the endless dark.*

*And deep within the Recreator a mind slept. Inside the Recreator cocoon a god laid dreaming. Once a human, once a mutant, now a god. The Dreaming God, she who shatters the universe.*

*Pray my friends that she sleeps for an eternity, do not offer her your sacrifices. Do not disturb the dreamer. For when she awakens this reality will end.*

# +ALTERNATE ENDINGS+

## *Blood Pact victory*

*The screaming, the horrible sound of men screaming in death frenzy echoed through the underhive. The maddening maze of steel and stone amplifying the sound and driving it onwards. Kharnatha's throne had received it's due and His cup had been filled. The headmen walked among the survivors; drunk on blood, they saw the world as a field to be harvested, a crimson crop. The reapers of men. Black souls sucked further into the Red Room. The doom of Vortapt.*

*Among his braying herd stood Kranhath'har the Bastard, the Butcher. His flesh was cut and wounded, but his pride and arrogance immense. He had met his hated foe and the glory he had taken for himself. The ground was consecrated in the blood of the deviant. Eight times eight heads made up the rune of war. The calling had led him into this empty cathedral, walls of rust and ceiling of cables. A house of the Eyeless God. And in this crumbling house the Arc of the Cobalt. The Arc of Divine Fire. The Axefather's blessing. The Butcher held the key, the Butcher was the key. He was a holy instrument of war. The Arc would open before him and he would master the Angel of Fire. No more would he serve in the shadow of lesser men, he would now be Etogaur. He would rise above the crippled remnants of the old lords and stand triumphant before the dog headed god. The Key sang in him and willingly he entered the blessing onto the Arc, the machine of the lost age. The Arc whirled and clicked and the Angel of Fire screamed in insane glee. The bindings were coming undone, the blessed atoms reached for each other, and in a split second there was revelation.*

*Kranhath'har the Butcher died in the atomic blaze. The mechanism from the dark killed indiscriminately as it burned. And the Butcher burned without ever knowing what killed him. And his army burned with him. And with him burned the world of Vortapt IV.*

*And in the Ocean of Time the red sea grew and the daemoniac leviathans swam in ever growing hunger. It mattered not from where the blood came.*

# +ALTERNATE ENDINGS+

## *Black Pox Victory*

*On spider legs of steel the Crimson Queen scuttled through the slaughter house. Great was the bleeding, glorious carnage and joyous the killing. Though her patron loved His children dearly their lives were hers to spend. And she spent them freely. The crippled playthings covered the ground, so much raw material, so much flesh for her to use. To pick and poke until it lived again. Alive again, no matter if it was by alchemy or by voltage. The two combined into a holy union of the two dimensions. The River of Souls led into the materium. This was her dream and her vision. This was why she had heeded the calling. She knew what the Angel of Fire truly was. She saw through the lies of daemons and the foolishness of men.*

*The goatish thralls followed as she made her way into the shattered cathedral. They could not comprehend the glory of a house of the Broken Anathema made into a house of Onogal. Grandfather Plague held them in his hand but there eyes were covered by flies. It was not for them to see the Primordial Truth. This was his gift to his adopted daughter. She would unchain the White Horse and ride it into the coming apocalypse. The rotting hulks of the galaxy, the conglomerated dirt, where waiting for the reaping. Into the Gardens they screamed for deliverance and she, the twice blessed, would honour their prayer. The coming of the age of fading. The*

## *Grand Harvest. Black Pox Rising.*

*Crimson Queen, champion of Onogal, renegade tech-priestess. She saw the vessels, the prehistoric rune of death etched onto them. The Divine Bacteria, still alive, still hungry. In rapture, she unlocked them and the Angel of Fire sang her praise as the blessed purging began. She could feel the coming of death to Vortapt, and she could feel the ascension begin.*

# +ALTERNATE ENDINGS+

## *Slaanesh Clan Victory*

*Black blood on the red rocks, mangled corpses and the lamenting of the dead. She saw the world through a haze, the heat of battle. The longing and the death lust, merged into a crystal point of action.*

*Her children laid bleeding and dying, the living feasted on the dead and defiled the dying in their ecstasy. The clash had shaken the hive, it's feeble mind moaning and rocking. The feast of the gods. She could see the neverborn moving in and out of reality, snatching and tearing at the soul remnants. She paid them no heed. For she was a goddess in the making. The daemon core had called her! It was her right to claim it and the heavenly prize. There was no price too high, no act too low, no gate too strong. She would be the true shape of things to come, the Breaker, till kingdom come.*

*Crucified beasts and burnt corpses looked at the half worldly shape as Mother moved to the high church of the God Emperor. The church raised by the Ecclesiarch herself in a long-gone age. The holy house had fallen through the hive as its philosophy came undone, until the stone temple had come to rest in the abyss. And inside it the daemon core laid waiting, the Angel of Fire sang to those who would but listen.*

*And of all those who had been lured in, she was the strongest. The blood of her rivals coated her skin like a lover's embrace. The Red Room, the Plague, the Crow father. Their chosen laid broken and she was the one to step through the broken door. Into the centre, into the holy daemon core. And she broke open the Ark. In memory, there is revelation. In the first primordial second of life. The moment between unlife and life. And here the Angel of Fire saw her truest being. From here it took its gift and gave her what it believed she wanted. And Mother screamed. As the virus took form in her flesh she screamed. The sound of the truly damned. Her flesh grew and ruptured, it immersed the stone and the metal around her as she grew. The flesh of the dead and the living was drawn into her and transformed to help sustain her ever changing shape. The hive shook and shuddered as a cancerous growth sapped the strength from its roots. There was nothing left of the once proud Mother. The daemon virus had twisted her very being into a weapon. She expanded and absorbed. Growing ever larger until she would topple the hive, the world, the very galaxy. All would be absorbed and all would become her. A living temple, the ultimate dedication to the Six Horned Goddess. And in this enormous pod of flesh and steel there was a trace of a mind, a soul that cried in horror for the rest of eternity.*