

Vortimax Chork, Champion of Slaanesh

Human 15 Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	5	4	4	4	3	5	3	9+2	7	8+1	9+1

Equipment: Heavy Armour/shield.

Chaos Attributes: Horrible Stench. +1/-1 die roll penalty to all enemy models within 6". Inspires friendly models to +2 on rout tests.

Chaos Gifts: Daemon Weapon. Chulu'un, a greater daemoness (stats as per Keeper of Secrets)

A lustful succubus is bound into his sword. In addition to the standard Daemon Weapon rules every time another model is slain with a single blow roll 1d10. On a 1 Vortimax receives a supernaturally powerful sexual charge and is unable to move or fight for one round due to the intensity of the pleasure. If any other result is rolled the number required for this effect to occur increases by 1 each time another model is slain with a single blow until it is achieved when the odds reset themselves to 1 in 10.

History:

What his name was before he heard the call of the dark gods no-one knows only that he was an old, old man of Marienburg; a bourgeois of quiet habits sent mad by his love for a woman too young for his withered frame to grasp.

Such a vision of purity, innocence and giddy life she was; so awestruck with release from of a lifetime of rectitude was he that he haunted her every step. And as his obsession grew his dreams turned from gallant admiration to lustful depravity. Some darkness crept into a crack she had opened in his mind; he ceased to wash, to use the garderobe; "old stinker!" and "filthy old goat!" yelled the street urchins as he abused himself publicly in front of the object of his obsession. Her horrified husband intervened only to have his throat torn out by the demented old man's rotten teeth, a handful of taunting urchins likewise before he fled the city.

The stench of filth and blood, loathed by man, was like musk to the beastmen of the dark wood who made him their own. He joined their depredations, earning their fearful admiration for the depths of depravity he would sink to. The cries of his victims echoed in the warp and he was blessed with renewed vitality and the lustful daemoness Chulu'un was bound in a blade to convert every life taken into sexual release that would drive mortal man insane.

Now he haunts the blackness of the forests, a depraved bogeyman whose exploits make men shudder; hoping one day he might bless the one he loved with the kiss of his blade. "To bed, less Old Stinker comes for you!" housewives scold their children and are rarely met with anything but immediate obedience.



