

Vess'kha Skinmelter

Stats: M4 WS4 BS3 S4 T3 W1 I3 A1 Ld7 Int 9+1 Cl 8+1 Wp 9+2 Sv 6+ Mp10

- Hand Weapon, Flamer, Light Armor
- Mark of Slaanesh
- Gift: Hermaphrodite
- Attribute: Technology (Flamer!)
- Spells: Blinding Flash, Camouflage, Acquiescence

Fluffs:

Vess'kha called Skinmelter strode defiantly through the sneering ranks of Ratmen, ignoring the unmistakable spit-hissing of their curses. Their Warlock had hired her, and while loyalty was a concept lost on these contemptible nightcrawlers Vess'kha had faith she would receive due payment as per their contract. Besides, she would happily deliver any of these creatures to her benevolent lord if they dared approach her. If there were any room for movement behind the mask fused to her face, Vess'kha may have smiled.

She felt muscles twitch beneath her robes, felt the telltale shift of fluid through the myriad of tubes that twisted luxuriously through her flesh. It was barely possible to restrain her daemonhood; Its muzzle glistened wetly in the leer of the warpstone sconces. The red heat started low in her belly. How glorious it would be to watch these mites burn in the name of her wondrous father!

Strangely enough Vess'kha found her mind wandering back across blood slick acres of time to the moment of her anointing, when great Slaanesh found the boy called Shem choking under the yoke of aristocracy, forced into pathetic submission by his idiot father and simpering mother. Bankers. Merchants. Insects.

Just as Shem was gifted with the fires of Slaanesh's glory, so too did he bring this gift to his entire household, from the servants and their animals to his eldest grandsire. Slaanesh was pleased with this baptism. Honored with a new name Vess'kha had left the crumbling manor, the boy Shem seared away amidst the ashes of her past. Even now Vess'kha wept tears of joy at the memory.

Oh yes, she thought, returning to the matters at hand. Yes. Here in this dark place I will see your smile again, Lord.