

OPR COD Epilogue Pack



Descent to Madness

The stars themselves seemed to hold their breath, as the forsaken world of Madgsahs Forge had become a battleground of blood and steel. Where the echoes of war reverberated through its barren landscapes and deep into its labyrinth caverns.

Months of ceaseless conflict had torn the world asunder. Imperial forces clashed with Xenos warbands, each vying for dominance over the desolate planet. Amidst the chaos, whispers of an ancient power awakening began to spread like wildfire among the shadows.

Deep beneath the scorched earth, the Necron Tomb World of Blackstone had stirred from its slumber. For eons, it had lain dormant, its ancient machinery humming with the promise of eternal dominion. The Necron Overlord, Sartep the Deathless, believing their awakening to be a harbinger of victory over the Old Ones, prepared to unleash their legions upon the unsuspecting armies of Madgsahs Forge.

But as the Necrons emerged from their sepulchral tombs, they found themselves confronted not with a world ripe for conquest, but one diseased with other factions.

On the surface, the war raged on unabated. Imperial Guardsmen fought tooth and nail against the relentless onslaught of Xenos hordes, their ranks bolstered by towering war machines and the crackling energy of lasguns. But even as they pushed forward, they found themselves beset on all sides by the unholy alliance of madness and metal.

High above the battlefield, the Imperial fleet hovered like a vengeful god, its vast armada raining death upon the chaos below. Lance batteries unleashed torrents of searing energy upon the Necron constructs, Tau battlesuits and tyranid hide, their beams tearing through the metal and flesh with relentless precision. But even as they fought to stem the tide of darkness, the Xenos closed in.

Their own fleets descending upon the beleaguered planet like a swarm of ravenous locusts.

With each passing moment, the situation grew more dire. Imperial and Xenos forces alike found themselves outmatched and outnumbered, their valiant efforts to rescue their comrades on the surface thwarted by the relentless advance of the enemy. As the Necron Tomb World unleashed its full fury upon the world of Madgsahs Forge, the various factions vying for the world were forced to make a grim decision, leave the world of Madgsahs Forge to face its fate alone, consumed by the flames of war and madness.

The Fleet

In the dimly lit command chamber of the Imperial battleship *Imperator's Will*, Admiral Caius Vaelus stood tall, his gaze fixed upon the ethereal glow of the astropathic communicator. The room hummed with urgency as officers scurried about, relaying orders and monitoring the status of the battlegroup above Magdsahs Forge.

As the astropathic message was prepared, Admiral Vaelus's stern expression betrayed the gravity of the situation. His fingers danced across the holo-interface, inputting the intricate codes necessary for the transmission of a vermillion-level message—a signal reserved for dire circumstances.

With a solemn nod, he activated the communicator, and a burst of psychic energy surged forth, carrying his words across the void of space to their intended recipient—Lord Inquisitor Miranda De Gaudaal.

"Lord Inquisitor," Admiral Vaelus's voice resonated with authority and urgency, "this is Admiral Caius Vaelus, commanding the battlegroup above Magdsahs Forge. Our situation is dire, and the Imperium requires your immediate attention."

The astropathic message relayed the grim news: with the unexpected emergence of a new Necron battlefleet, three times the size of their own. The Admiral detailed their valiant efforts to disengage the rescue and Exterminatus protocol on the besieged planet. Thanks to the strategic foresight of the initial invasion forces, they had managed to secure vital landing zones, facilitating the ordered evacuation of the majority of Imperial forces.

"Lord Inquisitor, we have executed a tactical retreat, but our losses would have been catastrophic were it not for the bravery and sacrifice of our soldiers on the ground. The Necrons are a formidable foe, and their sudden appearance caught us off guard, it seems to not be the same foe we encountered previously. We stand ready to regroup and strategize our next move, but time is of the essence, I have requested further orders from fleet command."

Admiral Vaelus's message conveyed the grim reality of their situation—a reality where the Necron threat loomed large, casting a shadow over the very heart of the Imperium's defences of the Sector. Yet, amidst the darkness, there flickered a glimmer of hope—the resilience and determination of the Imperial forces, ready to face whatever horrors the galaxy could throw at them.

As the astropathic message faded into the void, Admiral Vaelus turned to his officers, his resolve unwavering. "Prepare the battlegroup for immediate repositioning," he commanded. "We may have been forced to retreat, but the fight for is far from over. The Imperium will prevail, no matter the cost."



Aftermath

Imperials

+++Vox Transmission incoming+++

+++Via Astropath BIUFUEFIWICFIWINCNA85737D+++

+++Thought of the day: In the darkest of moments, the Emperor's light shines brightest +++

+++Begin Trans Subject: Urgent Directive: Hold Station, await Battlegroup Arrival

Esteemed Admiral Vaelus,

I trust this message finds you well.

The Imperial Naval High Command have been apprised of the emergent Necron threat in the Veiled Region. Their presence endangers vital Imperial assets and populations. It is imperative that this threat is neutralized with utmost haste and efficiency.

I am hereby informing you that a new battlegroup, designated Battlegroup Ultima, is being mobilized to support your efforts in this campaign. The battlegroup, comprising the battleships *Imperator Invictus* and *Gladius Ultima*, along with three cruisers and multiple escort squadrons, is to rendezvous with your fleet at the designated coordinates within the next solar week.

The command of Battlegroup Ultima will be under Admiral Lucius Drakonis, a veteran of numerous xenos purgation campaigns. You are to coordinate closely with Admiral Drakonis to form a unified front against the Necron menace and any remaining xenos threats.

You are authorized to use all necessary force to ensure the complete eradication of this threat. The Emperor Protects.

In His name we act,

Lord Admiral Valerius

+++End Trans+++



The *Imperator's Will* floated silently in the void of space, its imposing form served as a testament to the might of the Imperium. Inside its command chamber, General Vanathorn, Judge Anderson, Battle Sister Medea, and Admiral Caius Vaelus convened to discuss the recent events surrounding the rescue mission from Madgsahs Forge and the subsequent retreat from the planet.

General Vanathorn, a veteran of countless battles, stood at the head of the table, her stern gaze reflecting the weight of command upon his shoulders. "Our mission to Madgsahs Forge was a relative success, thanks to the bravery of our forces," she began, her voice resonating with authority. "But the retreat from the planet was necessary. The new Necron threat was an unknown variable and proved too formidable to engage directly."

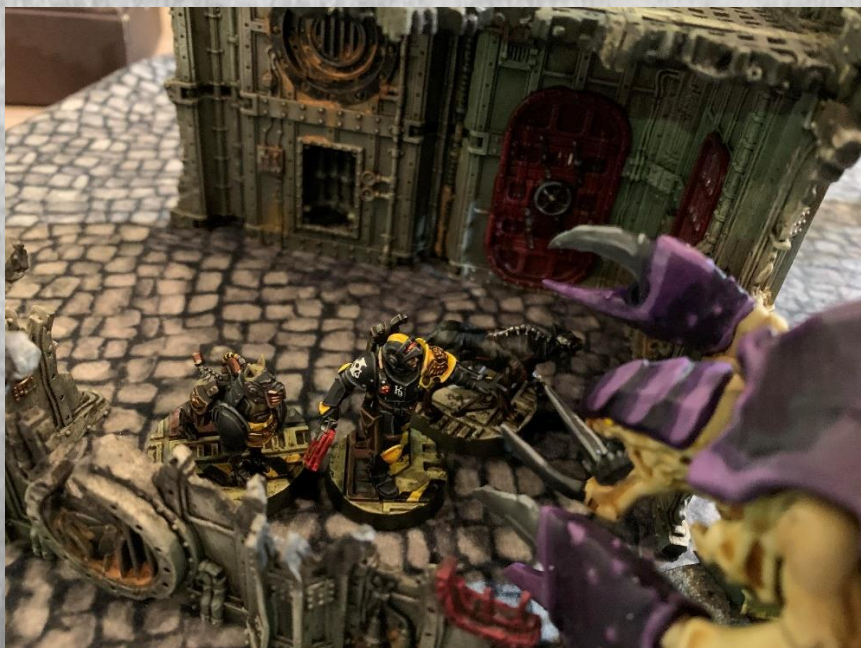
Judge Anderson, with her unyielding sense of justice etched into her every word, nodded in agreement. "The Necrons are an ancient evil, General. We must tread carefully we are to purge them from the planet."

Battle Sister Medea, her armour adorned with the symbols of her unwavering faith, spoke next, her voice unwavering in its conviction. "Our duty is clear. We must hold this position and await further orders. The Imperium relies on us to stand as its bulwark against the encroaching darkness."

Admiral Caius Vaelus, a master strategist with a keen mind for tactics, interjected, his voice calm and measured. "Reports indicate that the newly awakened Necron fleet is wreaking havoc across the system, launching raids on various xenos fleets as well as our own forces. It is imperative that we remain vigilant and assess their movements."

As they deliberated, the distant hum of alarms echoed through the command chamber, signalling the approach of an enemy vessel. Admiral Caius Vaelus steely resolve hardened as he issued orders to prepare for battle. "Battle stations, everyone. We may be facing our greatest challenge yet."

With determination in their hearts, General Vanathorn, Judge Anderson, Battle Sister Medea, and Admiral Caius Vaelus stood united aboard the *Imperator's Will*, ready to face whatever horrors the Necron fleet would unleash upon them.



Inquisitor Sorrow, clad in his black armour adorned with arcane symbols and the insignia of the Ordo Xenos, navigated the labyrinthine corridors of Madgsahs Forge. The acrid scent of burning machinery and the distant echoes of battle filled the air as the planet trembled under the onslaught of war. Yet, amidst the chaos, Sorrow pressed on, his mind focused on one thing: his research.

His mission on Madgsahs Forge had been fraught with peril from the start. Inquisitor Sorrow had been dispatched to investigate reports of xenos incursions, rumours of Tyranid swarms and Necron reawakening's that threatened to engulf the sector in darkness. But Sorrow was not one to shy away from danger; he thrived in the midst of it, driven by an insatiable curiosity and a relentless pursuit of knowledge. He would have made a good Magos he thought.

As he made his way through the war-torn caverns, Sorrow's thoughts drifted to Watch Commander Agathon, the valiant leader of his Imperial forces on Madgsahs Forge. Agathon had been a formidable ally, a warrior of unmatched skill and unwavering loyalty to the Imperium. But in the heat of battle, sacrifices had to be made, and Agathon had given his life so that others might live. It was a necessary loss; it had aided his research but it was a grim reminder of the cost of war.

But even as Sorrow mourned the passing of Agathon, he could not afford to dwell on sentimentality. With each step, he drew closer to his objective: a hidden chamber deep within the heart of Madgsahs Forge, where he had stashed his most prized specimens.

As he entered the chamber, Sorrow's eyes gleamed with anticipation as he beheld the fruits of his labour. There, suspended in stasis fields and containment pods, were a myriad of xenos specimens: Tyranid bioforms captured in the midst of metamorphosis, Necron shards pulsating with arcane energy, and other, more esoteric creatures whose origins defied comprehension that he had gathered from this world.

But amidst the array of xenos horrors, there was one figure that stood out above all others: Necron Overlord Vorsan, the enigmatic ruler of the Necron dynasty. It was a risky gambit, forging an alliance with the ancient xenos, but Sorrow knew that desperate times called for desperate measures.

As he approached Vorsan, Sorrow felt a surge of anticipation mingled with apprehension. Would the Necron Overlord honour their alliance, or would he betray Sorrow at the first opportunity? It was a question that haunted Sorrow's thoughts as he walked towards the Overlord.

It was Vorsan who was first to speak, his luminous eyes gleaming with an otherworldly intelligence. In a voice that echoed with the weight of centuries, his words laced with a subtle menace.

"Inquisitor Sorrow," he said, his voice like the whisper of ancient winds, "our alliance is forged in blood and steel. Together, we shall reshape the fate of this sector, and none shall stand in our way."

With those ominous words, Sorrow knew that his gamble had paid off. The alliance with Vorsan would prove invaluable in the battles to come, regardless of what the greater Imperium might think. For in the grim darkness of the far future, survival often depended on alliances forged in the crucible of war. And as long as there were threats to the Imperium, Inquisitor Sorrow would be there, ever vigilant in his pursuit of knowledge and power.



Magos Psi Bah-Fesch stood in the heart of his arch mechanic battleship, *Omnium Arcanum*, as it hovered at high anchor amidst the Imperial fleet. The mighty vessel, a cathedral of technology and faith, hummed with the power of countless ancient machines. Bah-Fesch, his augmetic eyes glowing a soft crimson, gazed at the prize before him: a Necron portal array, an artifact of unimaginable antiquity and power.

The battle for Madgsah's Forge had been a ferocious clash of wills and technology. Bah-Fesch had led his Skitarii legions with precision and cold efficiency.

In the midst of the carnage, Bah-Fesch's keen intellect had perceived the strategic value of the portal arrays scattered across the planet. As the xenos were driven back, he had commanded his forces to seize one such array, transporting it aboard the *Omnium Arcanum*.

Now, in the sanctum of his private research chamber, Bah-Fesch marvelled at the alien device. The portal array, a lattice of white silver metal and flickering green energies, pulsed with an eerie, otherworldly light. Its surface was inscribed with runes that seemed to shift and writhe under his gaze, defying his understanding of physics and logic. He extended a mechadendrite, the slender appendage interfacing with the array's control node, and a stream of data flooded his consciousness.

"Remarkable," he muttered, his voice a blend of human tone and mechanized modulation. "The complexity... the elegance of this technology. It is both familiar and utterly alien."

He delved deeper into the data, his mind racing with possibilities. The portal array was more than a mere transportation device; it was a gateway to the Necron webway, a vast network of interconnected pathways that spanned the galaxy. Through it, the Necrons could traverse great distances in the blink of an eye, their legions materializing wherever they were needed. Such technology could revolutionize the Imperium's understanding of warp travel, bypassing the dangers of the Immaterium entirely.

Bah-Fesch's thoughts turned to the wonders he might uncover. What secrets lay hidden within the Necron webway? What ancient knowledge could be gleaned from their archives? He envisioned a future where the Imperium's armies could outmanoeuvre any foe, where the

Adeptus Mechanicus could unlock the mysteries of the universe, all thanks to the portal array before him.

"Magos Bah-Fesch," a voice crackled over the vox-link. It was Tech-Priest Dominus Ferax, his trusted lieutenant. "The data you requested is ready for analysis."

"Excellent," Bah-Fesch replied. "Begin the decryption protocols. I will join you shortly."

As he severed the connection, Bah-Fesch allowed himself a moment of contemplation. The path he had chosen was fraught with danger, but the potential rewards were too great to ignore. The Necron portal array was a key to untold power, a bridge between the known and the unknown.

With a final, reverent glance at the alien device, Magos Psi Bah-Fesch turned and made his way to the data sanctum.



Captain Sigmundus of the Imperial Fists stood on the observation deck of the battlebarge Phalanx Invictus, his stern gaze fixed on the void beyond. The vessel lay anchored in the shadow of a massive asteroid field, a temporary haven after their bitter retreat. The battle had been fierce, and though they had fought valiantly, the forces of new necron threat had proven too strong. The sting of retreat still burned within him, a wound deeper than any he had sustained in combat.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. Turning, he saw Captain Minos of the Dark Angels striding towards him, his dark armour blending seamlessly with the

shadows of the deck. Minos's face was a mask of stoic determination, though Sigmundus could see the weariness in his eyes.

"Brother," Sigmundus greeted, inclining his head in respect.

"Sigmundus," Minos replied, his voice a low rumble. "Our forces are licking their wounds, but morale is low. The retreat... it weighs heavily on all of us."

Sigmundus nodded, understanding all too well. "It was necessary. To remain would have been suicide. Yet, it is not the retreat that troubles me most."

Minos's eyes narrowed. "The Blood Angels."

"Aye," Sigmundus said, his voice filled with sorrow. "To see our brothers, fall to the corruption of Chaos... it is a fate worse than death. Captain Texus was a noble warrior. Now he is a thrall to the Ruinous Powers."

Minos clenched his fists, his knuckles turning white. "We cannot allow this to stand. We must seek orders to pursue Texus, to bring him to justice and end his suffering. His corruption cannot be permitted to fester."

"I have already sent word to the Chapter Master," Sigmundus said. "We cannot act without the proper sanction. To hunt down one of our own, even one fallen so far, requires more than just our conviction."

Minos nodded slowly. "We must remain steadfast. Our duty is to the Emperor and to humanity. If we are to cleanse the taint of Chaos, we must do so with honour and righteousness."

The two captains stood in silence for a moment, the weight of their responsibility pressing down on them. Beyond the observation deck, the stars seemed cold and indifferent, a stark contrast to the turmoil within their hearts.

"Sigmundus," Minos said finally, breaking the silence. "Whatever the outcome, know that the Dark Angels stand with you. We will see this through, together."

"Thank you, Minos," Sigmundus replied, his voice firm. "We will bring Texus to justice, for the honour of our Chapters and the safety of the Imperium."

As they stood together, united in their purpose, the darkness of the void seemed a little less oppressive. The road ahead would be long and perilous, but they would face it as brothers-in-arms, unwavering in their resolve to protect the Imperium from the insidious threat of Chaos.

General Vanathorn stood at the observation deck of the *Imperator's Will*, the grand Imperial battleship hovering above the embattled world of Madgsahs Forge. Through the thick, reinforced glass, she could see the planet's surface, scarred and burning from the relentless conflict that had ravaged it. Despite the victories she and her Vostroyan Firstborn had achieved, the war for Madgsahs Forge was ultimately slipping from their grasp. High Command had ordered a strategic retreat, and the Imperial forces were now regrouping in orbit, licking their wounds. Her fellow commanders had met and agreed to wait orders but she still needed to give her report.

Vanathorn's reflection in the glass was a study in contrasts: her stern, weathered face, framed by the regalia of a battle-hardened general, betrayed only a hint of the frustration and

disappointment simmering beneath her composed exterior. She had not lost a single battle on the surface, even securing the critical portal array against the necron forces—a feat that had seemed impossible when every other force had faltered. Her Vostroyans had fought with a tenacity and discipline that was the pride of their home world. Yet, here she was, reporting a withdrawal.

The soft hiss of the door behind her announced the arrival of her second-in-command, Captain Ivanov. He saluted crisply. "General, High Command is ready for your report."

She nodded, turning away from the window. "Very well, Captain. Let's not keep them waiting."

In the command chamber, the holographic image of Lord General Marius, the sector commander, flickered to life. His stern gaze bore down on Vanathorn, though she stood unflinching under his scrutiny.

"General Vanathorn," Marius began, his voice resonating with authority. "Report on the status of Madgsahs Forge."

Vanathorn drew a breath, standing tall. "My Lord, despite the overall withdrawal, our campaign on the surface was a resounding success in terms of tactical objectives. We engaged multiple xenos factions, including Orks, Tyranids, and Necrons, and emerged victorious in each encounter. Most notably, we secured the portal array at coordinates Theta-9, a crucial strategic point that the Necrons were heavily contesting."

Marius's expression softened slightly. "The reports from other fronts were less favourable. Your efforts have not gone unnoticed, General. But the overall situation forced us to reconsider our position."

"I understand, my Lord," Vanathorn replied. "I am proud of my troops' performance. The Vostroyan Firstborn have proven their worth time and again. I have included a few commendations and promotions in my attached report. Yet, I regret we could not secure ultimate victory for Madgsahs Forge."

Marius nodded slowly. "Your disappointment is shared, General. However, your successes have provided us with valuable data and bought us time to regroup. The portal array you helped capture is of immense strategic value with the Magos Fesch studying it as we speak. Your actions have not been in vain."

Vanathorn inclined her head. "Thank you, my Lord. We stand ready for the next phase of the campaign, wherever it may take us."

As the hologram flickered out, Vanathorn allowed herself a moment to reflect. The bitter taste of retreat was hard to swallow, but she took solace in the knowledge that her command had achieved the impossible against overwhelming odds. She turned to Captain Ivanov.

"Prepare the men, Captain. We await further orders, and this war is far from over. The Vostroyan Firstborn will be ready for whatever comes next."

Ivanov saluted once more. "Yes, General. For Vostroya."

"For Vostroya," Vanathorn echoed, her voice steely with resolve. The flames of Madgsahs Forge had not extinguished her fighting spirit; they had only forged it stronger.



Necrons:

Necron Overlord Vorsan stood atop the highest peak of Madgsah's Forge, the once-contested world now firmly under his control. The battle-scarred landscape, dotted with the wreckage of Imperial tanks, Chaos war engines, and Xenos machinery, was a testament to his relentless pursuit of victory. His metallic visage, emotionless and cold, scanned the horizon where the last remnants of his enemies were either exterminated or driven away. Yet, as the echoes of war faded, a new and insidious challenge emerged.

The Tomb World beneath the Forge was awakening, its ancient mechanisms stirring after millennia of slumber. However, what should have been a disciplined resurgence of Necron might was marred by whispers of delusion and madness. The Crypteks, those Necron scientists and engineers who delved into the mysteries of necrodermis and gauss technology, brought unsettling news: the awakening Necrons were afflicted by a disease of the mind.

Vorsan descended into the depths of the Tomb World, his retinue of Lychguard flanking him. They had managed to enter the tomb and calmed the reawakening against his own forces but as he traversed the luminescent corridors, he observed the signs of decay. Necron warriors, once precise and unerring, wandered aimlessly or conversed with phantoms of their long-dead past lives. Immortals muttered to themselves, and Deathmarks flinched at shadows.

The Overlord arrived at the primary control nexus, where Orikan the Diviner, an esteemed and controversial Cryptek, awaited him. Orikan's robes of flickering chronometal seemed to shimmer with a life of their own, a testament to his mastery over the temporal and arcane sciences.

"Orikan," Vorsan's voice echoed through the chamber, "what is the cause of this affliction? Why do these warriors succumb to madness?"

Orikan's hollow eyes met Vorsan's. "Overlord, hypothesis is that the disease is a consequence of their prolonged stasis. The bio-transference process, though immensely powerful, was never without its risks. Our minds, shackled in these metal shells, have begun to fracture under the weight of millennia. Memories of our fleshly existence bleed into our circuits, creating delusions and irrational behaviours."

Vorsan's optics flared in cold fury. "Then we must find a way to purge this affliction. We did not fight and win this war to be undone by madness."

"There is a way," Orikan replied, "but it is fraught with peril. The cortical regeneration matrix can be recalibrated to purge the corrupted data. However, this process requires the energy of a C'tan shard, and not just any shard—one of immense power and rarity."

Vorsan considered the proposal. The C'tan, god-like star entities, had once enslaved the Necrontyr and been shattered into shards by the Necrons themselves. Harnessing such a shard would be dangerous, but necessary.

"Begin the preparations," Vorsan commanded. "I will lead an expedition to find a shard, maybe our new Imperial pets will be of assistance there as well."

As Orikan set to work, Vorsan gathered his most trusted warriors and advisors. They would journey to the forbidden regions of the galaxy, where C'tan shards were rumoured to be hidden. The Overlord's mind, honed by countless campaigns, now plotted the acquisition of a weapon powerful enough to save this dynasty and incorporate it into his own.



Tyranids:

In orbit around Madgsahs Forge, the bio-ships of the Hive Fleet twisted and writhed in agony as the synapse creatures lost control. The synaptic network that bound the Hive Mind together began to fray, causing chaos amongst the ranks of the Tyranid horde. It appeared the reawakening of the tomb world was causing havoc on the hive mind.

On the surface of Madgsahs Forge, the once-coordinated Tyranid forces descended into chaos. No longer bound by the orders of the synapse creatures, they began to act with primal aggression, attacking anything that crossed their path.

The various factions of Madgsahs Forge, already beleaguered by the relentless advance of the Tyranid swarm, now faced a new threat. With the loss of synapse control, the Tyranids had become feral, their actions unpredictable and savage.

But as if things couldn't get any worse, reports began to filter in of strange new Tyranid organisms appearing on the planet. These creatures, born of rapid evolutionary traits, were unlike anything Madgsahs Forge had ever seen before.

Some were larger and more ferocious than any Tyranid that had come before them, while others displayed bizarre mutations and abilities that defied all logic. Only time will tell if these new creatures will return to the hive mind or fall to the necron world.



Amidst the wreckage and remnants of the fallen fleet, a lone figure stirred, its form twisted and mutated, yet its consciousness remained intact.

This being was no ordinary Genestealer. It was a patriarch, the apex of the brood, endowed with intelligence and cunning far beyond its kin. As the Hive Fleet fell, its psychic link shattered, driving most of its kind into a feral madness. But the patriarch, somehow, retained its memories, its will, and its purpose.

With a mind still sharp despite the chaos around it, the patriarch realized that it was now free from the constraints of the Hive Fleet's collective will. No longer bound to mindless servitude, it saw an opportunity to forge a new destiny. It would become a beacon, a herald, guiding the scattered remnants of its brood back together and reigniting the flame of the Hive Mind's hunger.

But first, it needed hosts. The patriarch slinked through the ruins of Magdash's Forge, its senses attuned to the faintest signs of life. It found survivors, refugees huddled in the shadows, unaware of the lurking danger. With a stealth born of millennia of evolution, it struck, infecting them with its genetic taint, seeding the first generation of a new brood.

But the patriarch's ambitions did not end there. It knew that to truly beckon the Hive Mind, it needed more than just a few scattered hosts. It needed a grand gesture, a beacon that would shine across the stars and draw its kin back to this forsaken world.

In the cold night of Magdash's Forge, the patriarch stood upon ruins, gazing up at the stars with eyes that gleamed with alien intelligence. It knew that it was only a matter of time before the Hive Mind answered its call.

Orks:

Warboss Grimrukk stood atop the charred remains of an Imperial tank, his massive boot crushing the remnants of the vehicle's turret. His beady red eyes scanned the battlefield, a grim smile spreading across his tusked face. Around him, his Ork Klan cheered and roared, their victory cries echoing across the desolate landscape. Spikey marines, hoomies, and even the dreaded nids had fallen before their might. But now, a new challenge emerged—one that tested even Grimrukk's legendary resolve.

The tin boyz, the Necrons, had appeared out of nowhere, their cold, mechanical precision overwhelming the Ork forces. Despite their ferocity, the Orks were pushed back, and Grimrukk knew they couldn't hold out much longer. The decision to retreat was not one he made lightly, but survival meant more fights in the future.

“Right, ya gits!” Grimrukk bellowed, his voice cutting through the din of battle. “Time ta pull back! Git to da tellyporta!”

His Nobz relayed the orders, their guttural voices booming commands to the rest of the Klan. Orks began to converge on the designated extraction point, where the Mekboyz were frantically preparing the teleportation device. The metallic clangs of tools and the hum of energy resonated as they worked against the clock.

Grimrukk descended from his vantage point, smashing aside a Necron Warrior that had dared approach him. His massive power claw whirred, its blades drenched in the enemy's green ichor. As he made his way to the tellyporta, he spotted his trusted Nob, Gorgak, directing the Boyz into position.

“Gorgak!” Grimrukk roared. “How’s da tellyporta?”

“Almost ready, boss!” Gorgak replied, smashing his choppa into the face of another Necron. “Jus’ need a few more minutes!”

Minutes they didn’t have. The Necrons were closing in, their relentless advance threatening to cut off their escape. Grimrukk knew it was now or never.

“Mekboyz, hurry up! We’z need ta get outta here now!”

The lead Mekboy, Wazzdakka, looked up from his work, oil-stained and sweating despite the cool, metallic air of the Necron tomb world. “Hold yer squigs, boss! It’s ready!”

“Good! Everyone, get in da tellyporta!” Grimrukk ordered. He pushed his Boyz forward, ensuring they made it through the swirling energy field. The air crackled with green energy as Orks disappeared in flashes of light, reappearing aboard their fleet in orbit.

Grimrukk was the last to step onto the teleport pad. As he did, he turned to face the oncoming tide of Necrons one last time, raising his claw in defiance. “We’ll be back, ya shiny gitz! Dis ain’t ova!”

With that, he stepped into the portal, the green energy enveloping him. In an instant, he was aboard his ship, surrounded by the chaotic din of his Klan. They had escaped, but the fight wasn’t over. Far from it.

Grimrukk looked out of the viewport at the planet below, a determined glint in his eye. The tin boyz might have pushed them back, but they hadn’t won. No, this was just the beginning. Warboss Grimrukk would regroup, rebuild, and return with a force that would shake the very stars.

“Get ready, boyz,” he growled, his voice low but full of promise. “We’z got a lot more fightin’ ta do.”

And the Orks roared their approval, eager for the battles yet to come.

League of Votann

The Adeptus Arbites' Punisher ship, the *Justicar's Wrath*, sat at anchor the void with an ominous presence. Within its iron hull, the rule of law was absolute, and justice was dispensed with unyielding severity.

It was on this ship that the law breakers of the Madgsahs Forge crusade were being held. The *Justicar's Wrath* bore a precious cargo but one more valuable than others – one of the leaders of the Votann. The Votann had dared to defy the Emperor's will on Madgsahs Forge, their actions bordering on heresy. Yet, amidst the smoldering ruins of Madgsah's Forge, where the fires of rebellion had been quenched, the Imperium found their leader and Judge Anderson had managed to best him in single combat.

Bound in chains of adamantium, the Votann leader Khal stood defiant yet resigned within the bowels of the prison ship. The weight of their actions bore heavy upon them, for they knew the consequences of their defiance. The Imperium demanded penance, and the fate of the Votann leader hung in the balance.

Negotiations between the Imperium and the League of Votann still present in Madgsahs Forge system unfolded. The Imperium's terms were clear - penance must be paid, and the leader of the Votann would serve as a testament to the consequences of rebellion.

Amidst the echoing corridors of the Punisher ship, the Arbitrators stood vigilant, their eyes ever watchful for signs of dissent. But within the confines of their cell, the Votann leader contemplated their fate. Would the League bend to the Imperium's will, or would they risk further conflict?



Tau

The sky above a former majestic city on Madgsah's Forge was an eternal twilight, a bruised purple canvas marred by roiling clouds and the distant flashes of war. The Tau Enclave had taken refuge in this abandoned metropolis, a once-great bastion now reduced to crumbling ruins and haunted by the echoes of its former glory.

Ethereal Aun'Mao stood atop a shattered spire, his robes fluttering in the relentless wind. He looked out over the desolate city, his expression a mask of serene determination. Below him, the Tau forces busied themselves with fortifications, erecting barricades and setting up

defensive positions amid the ruined streets. The Earth Caste engineers worked tirelessly, converting old manufacturums and hab-blocks into strongpoints.

Commander Shas'O Var'tol joined Aun'Mao, his armour scarred from the recent battles. "Ethereal, our scouts report that the feral Orks are massing to the north. The Tyranids are still probing our defenses, but they seem to be focusing their efforts elsewhere for now."

Aun'Mao nodded, his eyes never leaving the horizon. "We must hold until the extraction fleet arrives. Every moment we delay the enemy buys us time to prepare and survive.

The first assault came at dawn. The Orks, a savage tide of green-skinned brutes, poured into the city with their usual lack of subtlety. They crashed against the Tau defenses like a tidal wave, smashing through barricades and swarming over defensive lines.

Fire Warriors stood firm, their disciplined volleys of pulse fire cutting down the Orks in droves. Crisis Battlesuits darted in and out of the shadows, unleashing deadly bursts of plasma and missile fire before jetting to new positions. The air was thick with the acrid smell of burning promethium and the screams of the dying.

Commander Var'tol's voice crackled over the comms. "Hold the line! Reinforcements are on the way. Don't let them breach the inner sanctum!"

Ethereal Aun'Mao moved among his warriors, his presence a calming influence amidst the chaos. He chanted ancient mantras, bolstering their resolve and reminding them of their duty to the Greater Good. His bondknife gleamed in the dim light, a symbol of his authority and the unity of the Tau.

As the last of the Orks were driven off, a new threat emerged. The Tyranids, ever-adapting and relentless, launched a coordinated assault from the east. Their chitinous forms swarmed through the broken streets, their alien screeches echoing off the ruins.

The Tau responded with calculated precision. Hammerhead gunships hovered above the battlefield, their railguns and ion cannons tearing through the Tyranid hordes. Stealth teams moved unseen, planting charges and ambushing the creatures as they advanced.

Aun'Mao stood with his bodyguard, a cadre of elite Fire Warriors, as they held a critical chokepoint. "The Tyranids are a greater threat than the Orks," he said calmly. "But we will not falter. Remember, every life we save here strengthens the Greater Good."

Days turned into weeks, and the Tau held their ground. The Orks and Tyranids continued their assaults, but each attack was repelled with steely resolve. The city's ruins became a fortress, every corner a potential deathtrap for the invaders.

Finally, the day came. The extraction fleet entered orbit, and a shimmer of hope spread through the beleaguered defenders. As the dropships descended, the Tau prepared for their final stand.

Chaos

Maggotus Foul—once a proud captain of the Blood Angels—had forsaken his glorious past. Twisted by the dark blessings of Nurgle, the Plague God, he now sought to turn the devastated planet of Madgsahs Forge into a new plague world.

he Necrons, ancient and malevolent, stirred from their millennia-long slumber. Their metallic forms gleamed in the dim light, a stark contrast to the corrupted flesh of the followers of Nurgle.

Maggotus Foul, towering and grotesque, surveyed his dominion from the shattered spire of an abandoned factorum. His armor, once resplendent in the crimson and gold of the Blood Angels, was now a pitted, rusted mass of decay and corruption, crawling with maggots and dripping with pestilence. His face, a mask of rot, bore little resemblance to the noble warrior he once was. His eyes, however, burned with a perverse sense of purpose.

"My brothers," he rasped, his voice a gurgling whisper that echoed through the silence, "the time has come to remake this world in the image of our benevolent grandfather, Nurgle."

Around him stood his fallen brethren, the remnants of his company, now bloated and diseased monstrosities. Each was a testament to Nurgle's gifts: rotting flesh, distended bellies, and limbs that oozed with filth. They had once been his equals, proud warriors of the Emperor, but now they were bound by a different, darker purpose.

Maggotus raised his plague-ridden hand, and a swarm of pestilent flies burst forth, spreading out over the ruins. "We shall unleash the blessings of Nurgle upon this world. The Necrons, for all their ancient power, cannot stand against the eternal cycle of decay and rebirth."



Xenos Victory

The Necrotic Delusion is a sinister ailment that afflicts the Necron race, causing them to believe they are perpetually locked in battle against the Old Ones, the ancient enemies they once sought to annihilate. This affliction strikes at the very core of their consciousness, distorting their perceptions of reality and plunging them into an eternal conflict that exists only within their minds.

Necrotic Delusion poses a significant threat to Necron society, as it undermines the cohesion and stability of the entire race. Afflicted individuals may act erratically or impulsively, jeopardizing carefully laid plans and alliances between dynasties.

The Blackstone Crown Dynasty have awoken thanks to their fellow necrons.

However, they have awoken with a disease and the spread of Necrotic Delusion could lead to widespread unrest and conflict within the Necron race and other machine which potentially could destabilize the entire galaxy.

The Imperial and other xenos races will lick their wounds and return to attempt to again to reclaim the planet.

Arbiter Finale

Thanks all for participating in the OPR Campaign, however much you played or were involved its much appreciated. Campaigns only work when everyone is invested and continues to stay involved in the game and narrative.

I hope you all enjoyed it and how you influenced the narrative. The world of Madgsahs Forge could not be retaken by the Imperium, nor could it be conquered by the agents of Chaos. Xenos factions reigned supreme on the world.

In the end from those xenos factions the Necrons came out on top, they found the portal arrays and reawakened an old, but damaged, Necron tomb. Will this tomb submit to its new masters or fully awaken to wreak havoc on the sector? Maybe that's a story for another campaign....

Awards

I would be remiss in finishing a campaign and not giving out a few awards wouldn't I.

Overall Winner:

Andre – Necrons

Congratulations to Andre, after several months and many games, Andres Necrons were the clear winner overall, with wins in the double digits and only two losses. The Silent King himself would be proud of this Overlord. Well done.



Best Painted:

Bryan – Abirtes

Fantastic work all round from everyone to get their armies painted but I have to give this to Bryan with his amazing Arbites force.

Emperors Enthusiasm:

Tom B – Tyranids

Tom always was there on game day, always keen in the chat and I was surprised to see, actually printed out the packs I have been writing. 😊 Thank you Tom for being an unwavering player in the campaign.

No one expects the Inquisition:

Ollie – Dark Angels

This award goes to Ollie for his enthusiasm but also being a tactical genius at such a young age. I'll be honest and say I was not expecting a player so young to fully get to grips with the game and show tactical smarts like he did. I should do better than to underestimate an opponent and Ollie shows why. Also, I don't think anyone expected him to use not only his own lance weapon on his father in the last game but also convince multiple other generals to do the same. Brutal.

Tech-Priest's Innovator's Seal:

Steve – Inquisition

Have to give an award to Steve for not only the amazing portal gate he built for the last campaign day but more for the sheer craziness of an inquisitor trying to gather samples of various xenos races for 'research'. This was actually all a cover for Steve in real life who wanted to kit bash and build various xenos races with the inquisitor seal attached. Love it.

Saint Celestine's Valor Medal

Ben – Ad Mech

For playing with a completely shaken army and also for always knowing the rules when playing, thank you Ben.

