

OPR COD Campaign

Story Pack 2

Magdysahs Forge Fate



Planetfall at Magdysah's Forge

Magdysah's Forge has become a killing ground as forces from across the sector rush to the newly revealed world and its odd signal.

As the various forces converged on Madgysahs, the source of the signal remained a mystery. Was it a trap set by the chaos legions? Was it a message from a long-lost human civilization? Was it xenos in original? Or was it something else entirely? Only time would tell, as the battle for Madgysahs raged on.

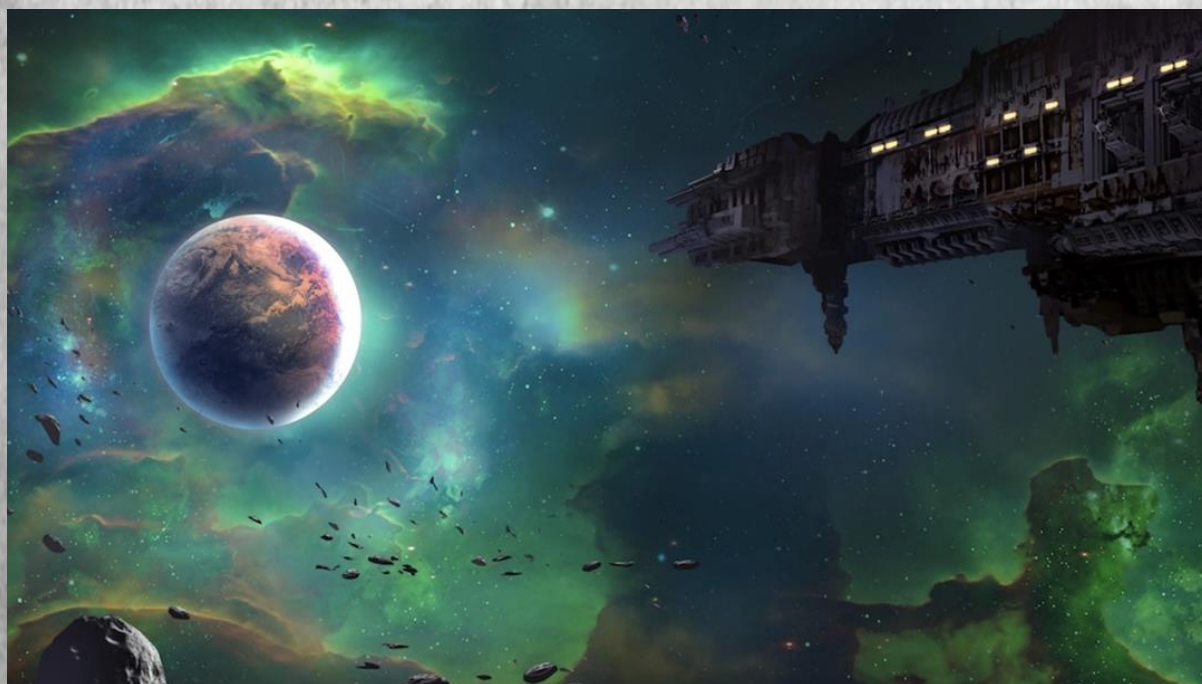
Across the surface of the world remnants the Imperium fought brutal and fast paced skirmishes, trying to gain a foothold on the planet and allow for further disembarkation of troops.

Throughout the Imperium's invasion of the planet, various xenos races harried and hampered their every move, Orks clashed with Guard Regiments and Arbites forces. Terrifying Necron warriors appeared from nowhere to strike at contingents of Adeptus Astartes. Various strains of tyranid species struck out at Imperial lines, vox reports suggesting a bulwark of Imperial Fists held their ground against one such attack.

Eldar and Tau forces were reported to clashing in other sectors on the world.

And finally, the dreaded arch enemy had been spotted laying waste to what was thought to be ancient webway gates and imperial ruins alike.

Amidst the carnage the signal still rung out.



Battle Begins

General Vanthorn of the Vostroyans 71st Regiment stood atop the ridge; her gaze fixed on the horizon. Below her, the Imperial Guard was preparing to establish a landing zone. Her orders were clear: secure the area and prevent any hostile forces from interfering with the operation. But she knew it wouldn't be easy, vox reports indicated that the Adeptus Astartes, Inquisition and Arbites forces had all come under heavy fire in their planetary sectors.

The Orks were a constant threat in this region of the galaxy. Savage, brutal, and relentless, they were the bane of the Imperium's existence and it seemed even this recently revealed world was not absent of the greenskin menace. But General Vanthorn was not one to back down from a challenge. She had fought the greenskins before and had emerged victorious.

As the Guard's Valkyrie transport descended towards the designated landing zone to drop off supplies, General Vanthorn's keen eyes spotted movement in the distance. The Orks were coming, and they were coming in force.

She quickly relayed the information to her men and ordered them to take up defensive positions. The Vostroyans were disciplined soldiers, well-trained and well-equipped. They formed a solid line, ready to meet the Orks head-on.

The Orks charged, a horde of green-skinned monsters hungry for blood. But General Vanthorn and her men stood firm. The Vostroyans' lasguns cut through the Orks like a hot knife through butter, their disciplined volleys decimating the enemy ranks. Artillery from the now dug in Bombards smashed into the packed Ork vanguard, sending greenskins hurtling in all directions. Heavy Lascannon fire managed to also smash through an Ork truk, the makeshift vehicle crashing into nearby rocks and killing several of the occupants.

But the Orks were relentless. Wave after wave of greenskins crashed against the Vostroyans' defenses. They fought with the ferocity of lions, their lasguns blazing as they mowed down the enemy.

As the battle raged on, the sound of heavy footsteps echoed through the air. General Vanthorn looked up and saw a massive Ork warboss leading the charge. It was a towering behemoth, clad in crude armor and wielding a massive axe.

General Vanthorn knew that this was the moment of truth. She raised her bolt pistol and fired, the shot striking the warboss in the chest. But the Ork shrugged off the blow and continued to advance. With a roar, the warboss swung its axe, aiming to cleave General Vanthorn in two. But the General was too quick. She sidestepped the blow and struck back with her power sword, the blade slicing through the warboss's neck, green blood splashed across the ground.

The Warboss staggered back, as more guardsmen closed on its position. The Warboss let out a crude war cry and the Orks began to fall back. General Vanthorn and her men pressed their advantage, driving the greenskins back. In the end, the Orks were routed, their forces scattered.

The Imperial Guard's landing zone was secure, thanks to the bravery and skill of General Vanthorn and her men. As the sun set on the battlefield, General Vanthorn knew that this was just the beginning. There would be more battles to fight, more enemies to vanquish. But she was ready as a vox link was handed to her.



Amidst the desolate, crumbling ruins of an ancient city, the Imperial Fists stood resolute, a bulwark against the tide of Genestealer infestation. With grim determination etched upon their faces, they formed a solid phalanx, their adamantium shields interlocked, each warrior an indomitable pillar of the Emperor's might. Sigmundus, first Captain led the defence.

The air was thick with the stench of decay as the swarms of Genestealers descended upon them, their chitinous forms skittering across the debris-strewn ground. The xenos screeched and howled as they charged, a cacophony of hatred and hunger.

The first wave struck the shields with brutal force, but the Imperial Fists held firm, their shields absorbing the impact with barely a tremor. The next wave came, and the next, each one more ferocious than the last, but still the warriors stood strong, their resolve unwavering, bolters roaring over the cries of dying xenos.

As the battle raged on, the ground beneath them shook with the fury of the Genestealers' onslaught. The Imperial Fists' shields were dented and scarred, but they held fast, their unyielding determination matched only by the strength of their faith in the Emperor.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the tide began to ebb. The Genestealers' numbers dwindled; their ranks thinned by the relentless onslaught of the Imperial Fists. The warriors stood victorious, their shields battered but unbroken, their spirits undimmed. Sigmundus smiled under his ancient helm, he hoped his Primarch was proud of the defensive wall his sons had created today.

As the last of the xenos fell, the Imperial Fists lowered their shields, their faces grim but triumphant. They knew that the battle was won, but this was just the beginning of purging the xenos from this world.



The Blood Angels, with their proud and noble heritage, had been tasked with breaking through the Nercon Xenos lines, it appears these were not recently awakened Necrons but fully prepared Xenos. This information would have to return to Imperial high command!

Each attempt to break the Necrons was met with fierce resistance. The Xenos, determined to protect their territory, clearly a route to the signal Imperial forces had been sent to investigate, repulsed the Blood Angels time and again.

Despite their bravery and skill, the Xenos seemed to have an unbreakable hold on their positions.

As the Blood Angels struggled to find a way through, whispers of desperation began to spread among them. Some of the more desperate warriors began to consider turning to the dark powers of Nurgle for help. Nurgle, the Chaos God of decay and pestilence, was known to grant his followers great power in exchange for their loyalty. It was a tempting offer, but one that came with a heavy price.

As the Blood Angels debated their options, a new opportunity presented itself. A small, but well-coordinated xenos force had been discovered on the outskirts of the main battle. If the Blood Angels could eliminate this force, they would be able to break through the Xenos lines and secure victory.

With renewed determination, the Blood Angels launched a coordinated assault on the Xenos force, but would the whispers continue, would Captain Texus listen to them?



Inquisitor Gorman Sorrow, a high-ranking member of the Inquisition, stood at the edge of the drop pod bay, reviewing the mission brief one last time. He was part of a contingent of Imperial forces sent to investigate the strange signal emanating from Madgsahs Forge, a planet on the fringes of known space. The signal was a mystery, but the Inquisition suspected it might be a sign of a growing Tyranid presence. If that was the case, Sorrow knew this mission would be far more dangerous than anyone anticipated.

But Sorrow was not just an Inquisitor; he was a geneticist and a collector of rare and dangerous specimens. He saw the Tyranids as an opportunity. If he could capture a live specimen, it would be a priceless addition to his collection and could yield valuable insights into the Tyranids' biology and behaviour.

As the drop pod doors opened, Sorrow checked his equipment one last time and looked back at his team. He was armed with a bolt pistol and a power sword, but he also carried specialized tranquilizer darts and restraints designed for capturing Tyranid creatures alive. Only a few of his team really knew his intent, he suspected Watch Captain Agathon would disapprove at some point. But he was ready for that and whatever Madgsahs Forge might throw at him.



The Adeptus Arbites and Psi-Captain Anderson was feeling good about projecting Imperial justice onto this new world. The Orks had been the first issue, but her Arbites had managed to press the initiative and contain the Xenos threat. A fast-paced attack from her biker squad had finally broken through the Ork lines and made it to their objective.

That was a former Arbite Precinct that old Mechanicus maps had indicated was in this ruined city. If they could secure a former Arbites location, then it would make it much easier for them to bring justice to the world.

However, Anderson had just received a Security Tertius vox, who from within Imperial lines it wasn't known, but Anderson had a much bigger problem than Orks. There was a potential Rogue Inquisitor on the planet.



Canoness Medea of the Adepta Sororitas stood at the helm of the Immolator tank, her expression grim and determined. Her sisters, the Battle Sisters of Strike Force Pythia, arrayed around her in tight formation. The air was thick with the acrid stench of corruption, and the distant wails of the damned echoed across the battlefield.

Their target was Korbal the Hungry, a vile heretic who had turned his back on the Emperor and embraced the Chaos Gods. He had amassed a formidable army of cultists and daemons, and his influence was spreading like a plague across the sector. Now this enemy of mankind was on this newly revealed world.

The Canoness raised her hand, and the Immolator's engine roared to life. Flames erupted from the tank's flamers, incinerating the cultists that dared to stand in their way. The Battle Sisters followed suit, their bolters barking as they cut down the heretics with merciless precision.

The sisters of battle had managed to hold the lines and smash through the on rushing cultists but much to Medea's frustrations, Korbal the Hungry had escaped purging.

Aeldari:

Along the 23rd degree axis of the planet a peaceful jungle environment grew, lush and full of large xenos vegetation. Once harvested by long lost civilisations, the jungle consumed old ancient ruins. It was a peaceful place which had now become a battleground. The Eldar Craftworld of Alaitoc had sensed the growing chaos taint and had dispatched a strike force to purge the corrupting influence. The renegade Chaos general, Silas Jut, had other plans.

The two forces clashed in the dense foliage, their weapons unleashing destruction on the natural beauty of the planet. The Eldar warriors, graceful and elegant, moved with precision and purpose, striking at the chaotic horde with deadly efficiency.

Silas, however, had a plan of his own. As the battle raged on, he ordered his Rhino transport to charge into the fray. The armoured vehicle plowed through the jungle, its reinforced hull and spiked treads crushing everything in its path.

The Eldar troops tried to dodge out of the way, but many were caught by the Rhino's charge. Silas's forces cheered as they saw their enemies being crushed beneath the heavy vehicle.

The Eldar Farseer, sensing the danger, unleashed a powerful psychic attack, causing the Rhino to shudder and stop in its tracks. But Silas was not one to be deterred. The Renegade forces pressed home their advantage, forcing the Eldar to withdraw.

Silas would find that signal for his masters, Korbak the Hungry would learn Silas name.



Orks:

The WAAAGH! was going poorly for Snikfang's mob. They had come down hard near the ruins of an old industrial city and had immediately attempted to seize territory. This had been stymied by a nearby mob of umies, who hadn't folded like a tent being sat on by a squiggoth, like usual.

The cheeky gits had driven right past, burning and blasting apart the boyz with burnas and boomstikks.

On the volcanic plains on the outskirts of the city, Snikfang rallied his mob for another go. The second lot of umies there had given them heaps of dakka. There were loads dead after, the mob had barely been able to make it to the umie lines before being cut down. Particularly embarrassingly, Snikfang had been repelled by a umie big gun team and leader after his bodyguard had all laid down on the job (full of holes).

Having been pushed back into the city, they encountered more tinboyz. These metallic gits had been just as hard to krump as back on Jiptia, leaving Snikfang's position as Warboss in serious doubt yet again. That is, if any of Nobz were alive enough to challenge him for the role, having been mauled in the initial engagements themselves

Chaos:

The *Krait Divergant* have origins with the loyalist *Metamarines* chapter. During one extended combat deployment there was conflict within the troops development. Over half of the force broke off and departed, becoming renegades.

For centuries they were tracked continually by loyalist *Metamarines*, keen to expunge the blemish tainting their chapter's honour, but still they managed to evade, avoid, and survive.

During this time, the homeless, fleet-based renegades stuck to the edges of Imperial civilization, largely working to the benefit of the Imperium in their own way, serving the Emperor but shunning the Imperium.

Over time the continued harassment degraded the force and fostered growing resentment amongst the survivors, their willingness to assist humanity's outskirts atrophying completely.

The absence of Imperial conditioning, oversight and discipline, combined with losses of the older, more indoctrinated brethren led to unorthodox practices and a devolving modus operandi. More and more predatory, and less and less aligned with human causes, the chapter eventually became feared as a warband that would descend and brutally plunder settlements.

Sorcerous practices also took hold within the warband, marking a tipping point from which there was no chance of redemption and the Psychotic Sons of Henri Parahe were born.

During an ill-fated deployment a warp plague afflicted a portion of the group. These Marines degraded further, their ability to reason atrophying until they became unthinking agents of mayhem, destroyed all within their path, including their unafflicted brethren. Before their complete degradation, and not without casualties, the unaffected Kraits Divergant were able to isolate the afflicted, placing many in stasis, putting down those that could not be contained.

Debate as to their fate was heated. It is believed that under the guidance of a warpsmith, a powerful tech-sorcerer named Henri Parahe a portion of the ever-dwindling fleet departed, banished by the Kraits command.

The Psychotic Sons of Henri Parahe prepare to engaging multiple forces within the Belenos Sub-sector, drawn by an increased number of ships within the area and the signal. Within the ships, statis crypt activation protocols have been engaged.

Korbel The Hungry and his tormented brothers will fall from the skies, awakening fully into screaming combat only as their dreadclaw drop pods punch into the ground.

Nightmare visions claw and gnaw his degenerate mind as his heretical terminator armour thunders forward, exploding human and Xenos alike with his power axe and demonically imbued bolt shells.

The sound of final, futile arms-fire dies away defeatedly, and the horrific warrior pauses briefly to devour the shreaded meat of the corpse from some pathetic, slain defender, satiating momentarily the mind-demons before the craving for combat overwhelms him again.

His helmet is shoved roughly back into place, his eyes again swimming in nausea-inducing star bursts and whorls and the warriors tilt forward into his heavy stride.

There will be death. Much more death. He will be its agent.



Necrons:

Cryptek Vorsan had always wanted to climb the ranks in the royal court. He saw the conquest of Magdsah forge for his lord Zarrakh as his chance to prove his worth. Zarrakh was not convinced of Vorsan abilities to lead.

Instead granting him a phalanx of Necrons to accompany his favoured champion, Rhutek - Royal warden, into the beach head. The ancient ruins site was the agreed campaign start. Things went well for the Necrons, facing blood angel prime brothers at this location. Rhutek advanced onto this foe with confidence, eliminating a two five-man squads and their accompanying three-man hero (engineer) team with ease. He then nearly finished their dreadnaught off before the days end.

Vorsan instead bided his time moving to take key objects instead of succumbing to bloodlust. He learnt much from this encounter having still a full phalanx at the end. Just as the Necrons started exploring the ruins a troop of Tau descended onto the site determined to snipe the

legion away. Rhutek quickly led the charge to repel the invader, Taking down a drone team in the first volley. Working his way through the largest ruin, his forces were surrounded by stealth and crisis suits. He managed to almost wipe out the first but succumbed to injury from the later.

On the other hand, Vorsan confidence was growing leading his phalanx and now the robot spider to again take more objects and eliminate a tau five-man team before winning the battle.

Rhuteks injuries were minor, and his determination hadn't wavered. He looked at Vorsan with distain, hiding in the shadows, taking ground instead of facing the enemy head on to prove Necron superiority. He would inform his lord of this cowardice. He did not have to wait long for the next battle as the empowers sisters began to enter the ruins outskirts.

As always Rhutek led from the front with his Necron phalanx of robots. Taking on a large flamer tank, some sisters and zealots. The tank was too difficult to bring down with the forces he had instead eliminating the sister squad and two zealots before again being brought down this time with a chest injury.

Cryotek Vorsan had convinced the necron flayers to listen to his commands instead of Rhutek. His forces managed to wipe out the sister superior and her five women team as well as a five women ambush heavy weapon team, while suffering little damage in return and remaining hidden from their tank. Strategy was the key not blazen arrogance!

He was eager to inform his master of this victory. The day was drawing near and Rhuteks regeneration was slow. While his determination was strong, doubts as to Vorsans loyalty to his command was growing. He would change tact and invite Vorsan to lead the next engagement hoping it would eliminate this problem.

The Necrons did not have to wait long an Ork raiding party entering the site. Vorsan was confident outmanoeuvring the Orks. While Rhutek took down a truck and became tied up with nobz. Vorsan shot down two squads of boyz, before aiding Rhutek by eliminating the Nob boss and avoiding the orks heavier machine (walkers). The day and site remained in Necron hands. Later that day in Zarrakhs court as the battles were discussed and holos viewed, Vorsan was upgraded with a tactical reward by his lord.



Tyranids:

My senses are keen, honed by millennia of evolution. I am a creature of the Hive Mind, and my purpose is clear: to propagate the species by any means necessary. We are the ultimate predators, adaptable and deadly.

The Tau, with their technology and discipline, stand in our way. But we are not deterred. Under the guidance of our Broodlord, we have infiltrated their ranks, spreading our influence in secret.

Now, the time has come. The signal is given, and we swarm from our hiding places, attacking with a ferocity that takes the Tau by surprise. They are skilled warriors, but we are many, and our claws and teeth rend through their armour with ease.

I leap upon a Fire Warrior, tearing into its flesh with a savage hunger. Its screams fuel my frenzy as I move on to the next target. Beside me, my fellow brood mates move with a synchronized grace, a deadly dance of death.

The Tau fight valiantly, but they are overwhelmed. Their ranks thin as we push deeper into their territory. The Broodlord's presence is a guiding force, directing our attacks with a tactical precision that is almost uncanny.

But even as we revel in our victory, I feel the pull of the Hive Mind. There are more battles to be fought, more prey to be claimed. We are the Genestealers, we are predators.



Votann:

The League of Votann had arrived late to the planet Magdysahs, a world rich in mineral resources and steeped in ancient secrets. The planet had sent out a distress signal, but by the time the Votann fleet arrived, the armies of the Imperium, Chaos, and various Xenos races were already locked in a brutal conflict on the planet's surface.

The Votann, however, were not as concerned with the ongoing battle as they were with the potential mineral resources and the signal itself. They believed that the signal could be a lost message from their ancestors or even a sign of an ancient core, a powerful artifact capable of unlocking untold knowledge and technological advancements. This could not fall into the other races hands.

As the Votann began to survey the planet from orbit, they discovered several key locations that held the potential for the lost core. Deep within the planet's crust, they found ancient structures that hinted at a once-great civilization, now long forgotten. These ruins held the promise of untold riches and technology that could turn the tide of war in their favour.

However, the Votann knew they had to act quickly. The other factions on the planet would stop at nothing to claim the core for themselves once they found out about it. With their advanced technology and superior combat skills, the Votann launched a daring ground assault, aiming to secure the core before anyone else could claim it.



Imperial Victory

The landing on Madgysah's Forge had been fierce and deadly. The Imperial forces had fought tooth and nail against the Xenos and Chaos invaders, determined to hold the landing zones at all costs. The skies were filled with the roar of gunfire and the screams of the dying as wave after wave of enemy forces descended upon them.

Despite the overwhelming odds, the Imperial forces held their ground. The Astra Militarum, bolstered by the Adeptus Arbites, Adepta Sororitas, Adeptus Astartes and the Inquisition, fought with unyielding determination. They fought not just for a foothold, but for the chance to search the nearby mountains for the elusive signal that could mean victory or defeat in the ongoing war.

The battle raged for days, with the Imperials facing relentless attacks from all sides. But slowly, steadily, they pushed the enemy back. The Xenos and Chaos forces, sensing defeat, threw everything they had at the Imperials, but it was not enough. In the end, it was the Imperials who emerged victorious, their banners waving proudly in the wind as they secured the landing zones and began their search for the signal that could change the course of the war.

Was it a stroke of luck, the Emperor's Will or something more malicious but deep within the equatorial mountain ranges of Madgsahs Forge the signal could be pinpointed.

An expedition and excavation were required by Imperial, Chaos and Xenos alike. After securing the landing zones the Imperial forces would now have to search for the signal in the ranges, all while harried by the enemy forces.

