

OPR COD Campaign  
Story Pack 3





## Magdysah's Forge Cave Complex

In the darkness of the Madgysahs Forge, where the very air now hummed with the industrial pulse of the Imperium war machine, a desperate struggle was unfolding. The Imperial Guard, Adepta Sororitas, and Adeptus Mechanicus had joined forces to secure the landing zones on this vital planet, their success had been swift. The Inquisition and Arbites had been quick to enforce Imperial law on this world. The Space Marines of the Imperial Fists, Blood Angels and Dark Angels had struck out to secure vital locations.

However, the Imperium, even with the might it had brought to the world, had spread itself too thin.

The forces arrayed against them were formidable. Orks, ever hungry for battle, clashed with the disciplined ranks of the Guard, while the ancient Necrons stirred, their metallic legions marching relentlessly forward. And lurking in the shadows, the insidious Genestealers waited, their numbers swelling as they infested the caves and tunnels beneath the surface of the world. The Tau, looking for new technology had come as well.

To make matters worse, while the Imperial Fists and Dark Angels had returned successfully, but all contact had been lost with the Blood Angels. Any attempt to contact them had been met with an odd buzzing on the vox channel. Inquisitor Gorman Sorrow had been quick to shut off the vox channel and had ordered the vox operator to be placed under arrest, General Vanthorn had protested but quickly adhered to the Inquisitors demand.

While the landing zones had been secured, the task to identify and secured the signal source had been less than successful for the Imperials. The early victories had allowed the Imperials to search and find a cave complex in the southern continent of the planet, a mountainous, dry region of the world. The remnants of old, ancient ruins and statues loomed out of the dusty sands and cold rock on the mountain sides.





The Inquisition, Arbites and Adeptus Mechanicus had reached what they believed to be a suitable entrance to investigate the source. They began their descent into the depths of Madgysahs Forge.

As they did so the air grew thick and stale as they ventured deeper and deeper, the tunnels twisting and turning like the labyrinthine corridors of some ancient tomb. But as they pressed on, they soon encountered fierce resistance. Orks and Necrons lurked around every corner, their weapons cutting through the ranks of the Imperium with deadly precision. And always, the Genestealers watched from the shadows, their eyes gleaming with malevolent intelligence.

Yet still, the Imperial forces pressed forward, their determination unyielding. With each step they took, they drew closer to the source of the mysterious signal, their hearts filled with hope that they might yet uncover the secrets of Madgysahs Forge.

But little did they know that something far more sinister awaited them in the darkness, something that had lain dormant for millennia, biding its time until the moment was right...

## Into the Caves!

In the dimly lit depths of cave system of this dead world, where shadows danced in eerie rhythms and whispers of forgotten horrors echoed through the cold caverns, a team of Inquisitorial agents ventured forth.

Led by the stoic Watch Commander Agathon, a veteran of countless battles and a symbol of unwavering resolve, the team descended deeper into the labyrinthine cave system. Each step taken was fraught with anticipation, for they knew not what horrors awaited them in the darkness.

As they delved further into the heart of the caverns, their senses were assailed by an unnatural chill, and a sense of dread hung heavy in the air. Without warning, they were set upon by a clutch of Necrons, their metallic forms emerging from the shadows with lethal precision.

Outgunned and outnumbered, the Inquisitorial force fought with grim determination, their weapons blazing as they sought to repel the relentless onslaught of the ancient automatons. But the Necrons were unyielding, their cold, mechanical minds calculating every move with ruthless efficiency.

Despite their valiant efforts, the Inquisitorial agents found themselves overwhelmed, their ranks dwindling with each passing moment. With grim realization, they knew that their mission had become a desperate struggle for survival.

In the midst of the chaos, Watch Commander Agathon fought with unmatched ferocity, his towering figure a beacon of defiance amidst the encroaching darkness. But even he could not stem the tide of metal that threatened to engulf them all.

With no hope of victory, Agathon looked out across the melee to Inquisitor Sorrow, they both knew what needed to be done, with a nod between the two men, they made a fateful decision. Ordering his remaining comrades to fall back, Agathon stood his ground, a lone bastion against the relentless advance of the Necrons. His sacrifice bought precious moments for the Inquisitorial force to escape, but it came at a heavy cost.

As the battle ended, the Necrons slipped back into the shadows, they too aiming to understand the signal on this planet.



In the aftermath of the brutal encounter, Inquisitor Sorrow tended to the wounded and counted the fallen. Among them lay Watch Commander Agathon, his body broken and battered, his spirit unbowed but his duty unfulfilled.

Determined to see their esteemed leader restored to health, Inquisitor Sorrow worked tirelessly, employing every resource at his disposal to hasten his recovery. For in the grim darkness of the far future, where every battle could tip the scales of fate, the Imperium could ill afford to lose such a stalwart defender.

As Watch Commander Agathon lay on the brink of death, his comrades vowed to stand vigil by his side, their resolve unbroken, their faith unwavering.

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Inquisitor Sorrow smiled to himself in his makeshift laboratory, the Watch Commanders sacrifice had not been in vain, he had secured some vital specimens. ....



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Within labyrinthine passages of the signal cave complex, an unfathomable battle raged between the Adeptus Mechanicus and the insatiable Tyranid swarm.

The echoes of gunfire reverberated off the rocky walls as Skitarii Rangers skirmished with Hormagaunts in the dimly lit corridors. Arcs of energy crackled from the weapons of Tech-Priests, each blast illuminating the grotesque forms of Genestealers lurking in the shadows.

As the battle raged on, both sides found themselves navigating treacherous terrain. Sinkholes dotted the cavern floor, leading to unknown depths where even the bravest warriors dared not tread. Yet, in the chaos of combat, units from both armies stumbled into these abysses, vanishing without a trace.



Ceiling collapses added to the mayhem, raining debris upon unsuspecting combatants. Dust walkers and VonRyan's leapers alike were crushed beneath tons of rock, their metallic and chitinous frames alike rendered asunder by the indiscriminate fury of the cavern's natural defences.

In the heart of the fray, a lone Carnifex roared defiantly, its bio-weapons spitting acid and venom at the encroaching Skitarii cohorts. Bolter fire from the Machine Cultists peppered its thick carapace, but the creature endured, shrugging off the relentless assault.

Just as victory seemed within reach for the Mechanicus forces, the ground beneath the wounded Carnifex began to move. A momentary pause filled the cavern as both sides watched in stunned silence.

Then, from the darkness beyond, came an eerie, guttural rumble. Something else dwelled within these caves, something far more ancient and terrifying than either the Adeptus Mechanicus or the Tyranids.

With a deafening roar, a creature emerged, its form obscured by the shadows. Massive claws seized the Carnifex, tearing its limbs with a savage ferocity, the unknown creature dragged the quaking Carnifex away, it sent shivers down the metal spines of even the most hardened Adeptus Mechanicus warriors.

In the aftermath of the battle, as the survivors of both factions retreated from the caverns, whispers spread among the ranks of the Adeptus Mechanicus. They spoke of a primal terror lurking in the depths, a reminder that in the darkness of the galaxy, there were horrors far beyond the comprehension of man or machine. Psi Bah-Fesch made note to inform the Adeptus Biologis of this discovery in the future.



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Echoes of conflict resonated through the ruins of an old mining town. The Adeptus Arbites, stalwart defenders of Imperial law, stood firm against the encroaching threat of the Leagues of Votann, a band of renegades seeking to claim the town for their own nefarious purposes.



Among the Arbites stood Marshall Anderson, a seasoned veteran with a steely gaze and unyielding determination. She led her squad with unwavering resolve, knowing that this town would be a tactical strong point to hold to further explore the nearby cave complex.

As the battle raged on, Marshall Anderson found herself face to face with the formidable Khal Zelensky, leader of the Leagues of Votann. The two warriors locked eyes, each knowing that only one would emerge victorious from their clash.

With a roar, they charged towards each other, their weapons clashing in a shower of sparks. The Marshall fought with the skill and ferocity of a true Arbites, her blows landing with deadly precision. But Khal Zelensky was no ordinary foe, his strength and cunning making him a formidable adversary.

Yet, despite the Khal's prowess, Marshall Anderson refused to yield. With each strike, she pushed herself harder, drawing upon every ounce of her training and experience. Slowly but surely, she began to gain the upper hand, her relentless assault with her shock baton wearing down the Khal's defenses.

In a final, decisive blow, Marshall Anderson struck down her opponent, sending Khal Zelensky crashing to the ground in defeat. With a sense of grim satisfaction, the Marshall subdued the fallen leader, chaining him and leading him away in the Repressor tactical dispersion vehicle.

As the dust settled over the ruined town, the Adeptus Arbites emerged victorious. The squats would no longer pose a threat on this world.





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## Orks:

'There was a lot of scrap to be looted in the caves by the newly crowned Warboss Grimrukk and his warband. They could build some very killy war machines indeed if they managed to collect the detritus of previous battles. But they were not alone in the cave.

A foul stench permeated the cavern even worse than the smells of rot, dung and fermentation that usually accompanied an Ork camp. WAAAGH! Grimrukk wasn't going to let some spikey beaky mob stop them looting what was rightfully theirs! Though some outriding warbikers, a mob of boyz, and the boss' personal trukkk were scragged, that didn't stop Grimrukk and his retinue of nobz from doing in some of the beakie's nobz before they and their boss legged it.

Further exploring the caves after reaping a great pile of scrap during the previous encounter, the warband came across several rivals looking to claim more of the spoils. Two mobs of beakies were clearly working together, with a group of ragged humie muties lead by a spikie beakie on a thunderous motorbike facing off against them.

So to as to not get their heads kicked in from biting off more than they could handle, the lads decided not to attack the muties and joined them in opposing the wall of ceramite.

Unfortunately, the loot was being jealously guarded by a bunch of gribbly bugs with knives for hands. With all the bug-eyed wotsits running at them like a cy-boar on nitrous and the sheer amount of dakka coming from the beakies up ahead, the Orks of WAAAGH! Grimrukk gave it up for a bad job, only nicking loot from a single pile before scarpering.'





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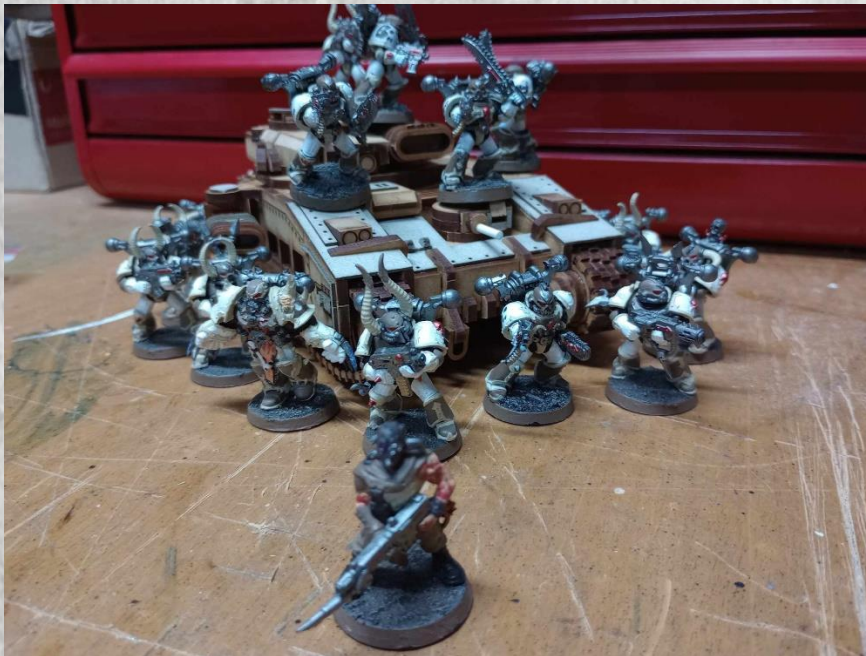
### **Chaos:**

Even the mightiest warriors can fall.

Captain Texus, once a stalwart leader of the Blood Angels, found himself drawn into the depths of the Warp, his mind tormented by whispers of power and promises of immortality. As his descent continued, so too did the corruption spread among his loyal brethren.

The transformation was gradual but inexorable. Once proud warriors of the Emperor, they began to exhibit signs of decay and rot, their armour tarnished and their flesh blistered with disease. With each passing day, their allegiance to the Emperor waned, replaced by a fervent devotion to the Lord of Decay, Nurgle.

Now known as Maggotus Foul, Captain Texus led his corrupted brothers, now known as the Plague Disciples, in a campaign of death and despair to understand the signal. Maybe the signal was what corrupted the Captain or maybe the corruption was always there.



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### **Necrons:**

Vorsan slowly awoke from his slumber to the noise of servo motors from a nearby repair spider. Lifting his head, his consciousness fully rebooted now, he could see sparks flying around him and a few scarabs crawling on his arms and chest welding lasers in use.

Standing at a distance was Warden Rhutek overseeing the repair work.

“Ahh – the little general is finally awake” Rhutek smirked as he limped over to Vorsan’s repair slab. An injury sustained from the previous ruins conflict.

” You put up quite a fight in that last engagement – now you have been blooded and know what it is to die and come back a true warrior of the Robot legions! Still want to play war instead of scribbling away at your data slate?”



Vorsan now understood Rhuteks comments as his memory circuits fully uploaded, flooding him with images of the recent campaign results.

A cough and wheezy “Yes” – was all he could manage at this point.

Rhutek’s laughter filled the chamber. “Well then, meet us in the lords chamber when you’re done here, we have much to discuss and plan in the coming battles.”

Vorsan laid his head back down and recalled the recent campaign events.

Before leaving the mothership for Magdysah’s Forge once more, his master, Zarrakh, had entrusted him with a secret mission. “Vorsan – I know you wish to rise in the royal court. To do this you must continue to prove your worth. Take this data cube. It contains ancient codes to lost robot technology. If you happen to secure such equipment, I will be greatly pleased and award you rank of warden, equal to your rival Rhutek. Fail me, and my wrath will be swift”.

Vorsan, as ever the optimist, dismissed failure as an option, only seeing glory beyond these next few battles.

The landing proved uneventful, having capture the ruins site in the previous engagement.

Orders were relayed to investigate a cave system not too far in the east and thought to harbour minerals needed to create more legion bots. The task proved mundane until they had encountered a human Inquisitor and his expedition force in the same area.

The battle was swift and deadly, with the Inquisitors alien slaves leading their assault on the left flank while their vehicle and power armoured humans stormed up the right. In response Rhutek ordered the flesh eaters to appear and force a close quarters engagement with aliens, distracting them long enough for the newly created robot snakes to swarm ahead to complete the killing blow.

With this secured, Rhutek and Vorsan focused fire onto the vehicle and humans, slaying their leader and another alien flyer only to see the Inquisitor escaping the cave at the far side with his few remaining followers.

Following their tracks, the cave system eventually opened into a large expanse of mounds and craters. Scattered throughout was discarded equipment from ancient battles.

“We should investigate this technology; it could prove valuable to our lord” Vorsan excitedly remarked to his counterpart. Knowing his master’s ancient codes might be of use here.

Rhutek was a mask of control, scanning the horizon, he eventually turned to answer, “Yes, we will investigate this area and excavate what we can, but first it seems we have unwanted company to deal with”.

Vorsan looked to the expanse again, this time using his Cryptek lens. He could see distant figures entering the area in yellow power armour. Mmmm – these might prove a challenge he thought to himself and his mission.

The legion quietly made their way down the escarpment and were starting to spread out to key positions to take on the enemy when Vorsan suddenly felt a hard knock to his left shoulder. Legion eyes quickly scanned the surrounds and discovered three camouflaged humans; sniper rifles pointed in their direction.



With simultaneous thought, Vorsans robot squad lifted their weapons and engaged this foe on the left.

His ally, Rhutek, moved to the right however, seemingly abandoning him to his fate, until he heard the heavy footfalls of three lumbering terminator giants appear around the corner to begin their assault upon the legion.

With a flick of his mind link, Rhutek sent the robot snakes in while urging his favoured unit, the flesh eaters, to greet a five-man marine squad making their way through some adjacent ruins.

The snake's deadly atomiser beams traversed the short interval to melt away the heavy plate of the humans, leaving little more than smoking husks.

The flesh eaters having fulfilled their masters orders by butchering the marines, milled about in confusion looking for another morsal to feed upon.

Vorsan watched all this in astonishment while ducking for cover. Having already dealt with the scouts, two new Assault terminator teams and their accompanying pysker leader appeared guns blazing. The fire on his squad intensified and robots began falling all around him. Vorsan anxiety grew, wanting desperately to escape. In sheer panic, he ran for a nearby building, thinking himself safe, when suddenly his vision went dark. His last few moments were of an impact to his back, his body falling to the ground and his master's relic cube rolling out of his hand.

Rhutek used this desperate push by the marines to outflank them, reaper rifles firing, snakes and flesh eaters closing, the outcome was inevitable.

Later that day, when Vorsan's regeneration was sufficient to bring him back online, Rhutek thanked him for being such suitable and inviting bait. Handing him the data cube as recompense, he moved off to join his squads in excavating the remaining mounds and marine corpses for potential equipment.

Vorsan shakingly sat down. He couldn't believe his luck! The cube! Closely examining it though, his electric pulse dropped a beat, the cube was powered down with a large hole on its side. Was this Rhutek's doing or battle damage?

Scarab swarms searching the expanse, soon reported back that another chamber lay beyond with more, older technology. The Legion as one, moved on towards this new goal.

The path was winding and descended further into the planet. Smoke and heat began flowing up the tunnel, making vision and scans more difficult. Finally, the Legion entered the promised chamber.

Ahead stood an ancient city akin to robot design, dormant, quiet and covered in a fine layer of dust. Here and there were crumbling structures, but the majority remained untouched. A testament to the previous owner's design qualities.

The city was illuminated by the glow of larva flows slowly meandered around its outskirts.

"Well, well, well. What have we here" Rhutek murmured. "This looks promising. An old rival dynasty perhaps to excavate? Vorsan!"

Vorsan jumped in his metal skin. "Yes Rhutek".



“You have the honour of leading the way into our ancestor’s domain. I know of your mission, let us not keep your glory waiting. Ahead!”

The robots trudged forwards with Vorsan nervously scanning the city for any movement or evidence of inhabitants.

A glint of shining metal caught his eye as he passed the alley between structures.

“I will continue to scout ahead Rhutek if it pleases you. Perhaps you could take this alley path and together we will meet at the city centre?”

“Very well” Rhutek murmured. “Primary Legion – with me!”

It wasn’t long before Vorsan heard the sound of gun fire coming from Rhuteks position, sniggering to himself, he continued towards the city centre. Two can play at the game – he thought.

Breaking through the alley way Rhutek came upon a Machine cult digging in various positions ahead.

Both forces stopped in suddenly realisation, the surged forward to engage.

Two squads of biomechanical humanoids lay down fire from buildings ahead. Three larger constructs began sniping down range with pinpoint precision from further afar. A third, fast moving team ducked between structures intent on seeking out Vorsans position.

Rhutek, his squad and the snakes took shelter behind a skyscraper, avoiding the worst of the barrage. He sent his scarabs around the perimeter to investigate key sites for advancement.

The flesh eaters droned in his ear, their hungry ravings dominating his thoughts. He sent these into the far units to occupy their guns and the flesh eaters appetite.

With this distraction, Rhutek’s warriors advanced through the building returning fire to the humanoids. The snakes circled around adding energy beams to the fight. After a short interval these two squads were silenced. The snakes suddenly distracted began digging feverishly at the ground, uncovering an ancient device that activated to transported them towards the three larger cult Machines ahead.

In the lull, Rhutek could see the last of the flesh eaters fall to the ground, having dealt lethal damage to one of the giants before succumbing. Pushing ahead, he forced the retreat of the two remaining Machines, with another then taken down by the newly relocated snakes as it turned to leave. The last remaining headed towards the city limits with its humanoid leader in tow.





Meanwhile, Vorsan and his squad quietly continued around the conflict angling for the city centre. They had almost made it when a lightning-fast mechanical squad burst around the nearest building to assail them in close quarters. Vorsan had little time to react, with robots hard pressed to deflect the multiply blows. After a few rounds both squads lay shattered on the ground with Vorsan and the enemy leader surprisingly left standing, eyeing each other off.

The mechanical beast moved in to dismember Vorsan, who frantically pointed his staff ahead to block the attacks. Unable to witness his own demise, Vorsan turned his head and clenched the staff tighter anticipating the killing blow, but it never came. In his panic, he had activated the staff sigil sending a beam into the chest of his opponent, dropping him dead.

The silence was deafening and hung there for many minutes, Vorsan was stunned. How had he survived? He began walking not knowing where he was headed. His glazed expression finally broken by an angry Rhutek yelling in the distance for his whereabouts.

Later that day, the robot leaders met to reflect on the battles fought thus far. They had achieved some valuable resources and equipment for the Legion, despite losing their masters ancient code device. Hopefully this would be enough to appease him.

Just as they began settling into the city for the night, word arrived of a small enemy force approaching from a cave entrance in the North. These humanoids made no effort to mask their approach, striding purposefully towards the robots, gold armour glistening in the glow of the lava flows.

“Well Vorsan, looks like our recharge time will need to be delayed a little longer to deal with this intrusion. Let’s rouse the troops to take care of these infidels”.

The Legion moved quickly, stealth wasn’t on their minds. The snakes surged ahead, firing as they went, eager to be the first to engage. Rhutek and Vorsan accompanied their squads as usual, while scarabs moved to key flanking positions.

This should be quick thought Vorsan. And indeed it was, but not as the robots had hoped.

A concentrated volley of explosive bolter fire was suddenly sent into the snakes. Each powerful enough to down a whole machine. Soon only their wreckage was seen.

Two teleporters opened up on the battlefield. One on top of the scarabs who fled as a large golden champion suddenly appeared amongst them. The other on the robot flank. This was met by the flesheaters who rose up from the ground to feverishly scratch and clawed at the humanoid champions thick armour, but couldn’t find the desired weak spot. They died to the last.

Vorsan and Rhutek’s squads were slowly dwindling away, weaponry become hot from their constant fire. Despite this, the enemy were stubbornly refusing to die!

Both leaders injured to various degrees, decided to beat a hasty retreat, yielding the field and the newly won spoils to this malevolent force.

Back on the robot mothership, Vorsan shuddered on his repair table as the memories finally stopped coming.

With slow, unsteady footsteps, he made his way into his master’s audience hall, not knowing what his fate would entail.

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## Tyranids:

Among the craggy walls and twisting tunnels, a horde of Genestealers slithered and skulked, their alien forms blending seamlessly with the darkness.

Their patriarch, a monstrous amalgamation of chitin and sinew, led them with a silent, instinctual determination. Through the psychic connection that bound them, it sensed the presence of the hated Imperial Fists, stalwart defenders of humanity.

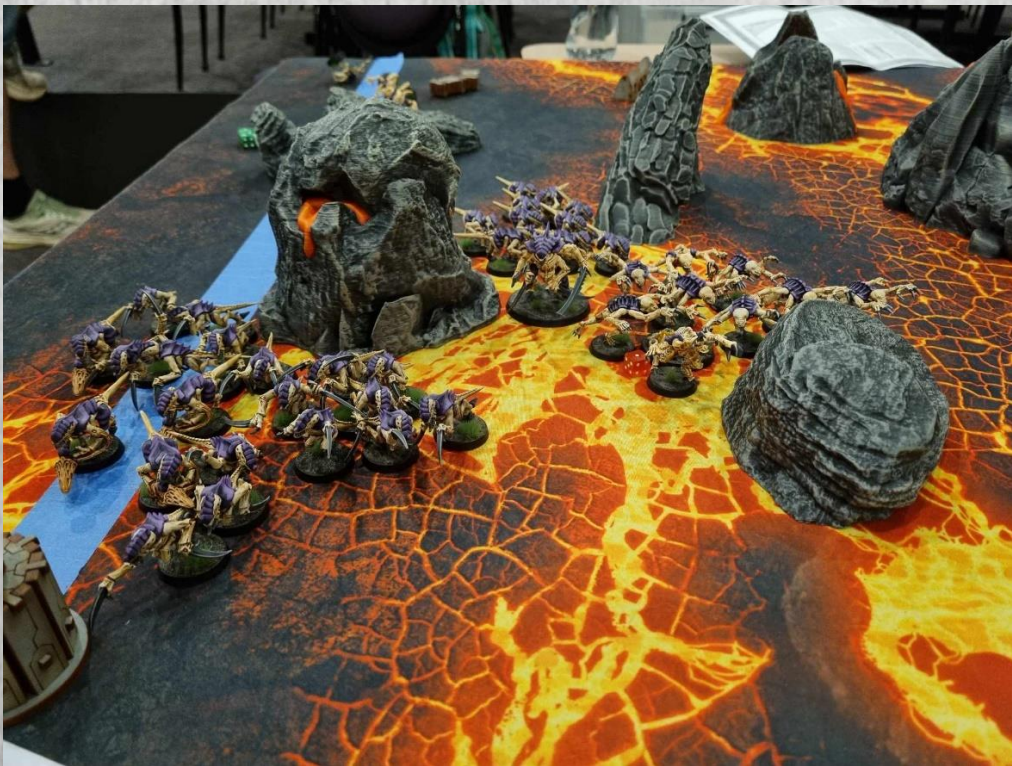
The Genestealers moved with eerie grace, their movements calculated and precise as they closed in on their prey. In the darkness, the flicker of torchlight betrayed the presence of the Space Marines, their bolters raised and ready.

As the first shots rang out, the cavern erupted into chaos. Genestealers surged forward, their claws slashing and rending flesh with deadly efficiency. The Imperial Fists fought with grim determination, their bolters roaring defiance amidst the cacophony of battle.

But the Genestealers were relentless, their numbers overwhelming the defenders. With every fallen Space Marine, the patriarch grew stronger, feeding on the biomass of its vanquished foes.

In the heart of the melee, amidst the clash of steel and the screams of the dying, the patriarch finally seized its prize. With a triumphant roar, it tore into the fallen Librarian of the Imperial Fists, consuming his flesh and absorbing his memories.

As the last echoes of battle faded away, the Genestealers slunk back into the shadows, leaving behind only the twisted remains of their foes. In the darkness of the cave, they prepared to spread their corruption further, their hunger never truly sated.



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## Tau:

The Tau Empire found themselves locked in a deadly skirmish against the insidious Genestealers. The air was thick with tension as the two forces prepared to clash within the labyrinthine tunnels.

Unbeknownst to the Tau, the Genestealers had cunningly scouted ahead, lurking in the shadows, ready to unleash their relentless assault upon the unsuspecting invaders. As the Tau cautiously pressed forward, their senses on high alert, the Genestealers bided their time, their razor-sharp claws poised to strike.

But just as the Genestealers prepared to spring their ambush, a grizzled Grunt leader, his battle-hardened instincts honed through countless conflicts, bellowed a command to his unit: "AIM FOR THE ROOF!"

Instantly, the Tau warriors understood the urgency in their leader's voice. Without hesitation, they turned their weapons skyward and unleashed a barrage of firepower upon the rocky ceiling of the cave complex. Explosions echoed through the cavern as the Tau unleashed magazine after magazine, determined to bring down the cave ceiling.

The Genestealers recoiled in surprise as the very earth shook beneath their feet. But it was too late. With a deafening roar, the ceiling gave way, tons of rock and debris crashing down upon the unsuspecting xenos below.

In a matter of moments, the Genestealers' carefully laid plans were shattered, buried beneath the rubble of the collapsing cave. The Tau warriors emerged from the chaos victorious, their unity and quick thinking turning the tide of battle in their favour.





## Xenos 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.

However, even with the resources brought to the world the Imperials had spread too thin, they could hold the landing zones and then search for the source of the signal at the same time. The various Xenos forces had prevented the Imperial and Chaos forces from investigating and excavating the various cave complexes that potentially were the source of the mysterious signal.

Unbeknownst to the players on the world, deep within the labyrinthine depths of Madgysah's Forge, they had found it. A pulsating monolith of alien design, radiating with an otherworldly energy. As they begin to decipher its purpose, they realize that it is not a mere signal but a gateway, a gateway to realms beyond the comprehension of mortal minds. The Necons have found the portal arrays....

