

# OPR COD Campaign

## Story Pack 4



## Magdysah's Forge Portal Arrays

In the desolate wastes of Madgsahs Forge, the ancient Necron Overlord Sartep the Deathless lay dormant for millennia, his tomb hidden beneath the shifting sands. As the young races of the galaxy clashed over the planet's precious portal arrays, their conflict unwittingly disturbed the slumber of the long-forgotten ruler.

Emerging from his tomb with the grace of a reaper, Sartep's form flickered with ethereal energy as he surveyed his planet. To his eyes, the skirmishes of the mortal races appeared as the echoes of a distant memory, a reflection of the war against the Old Ones that had consumed his consciousness eons ago. It even appeared his fellow necrontyr had fallen and allied itself with the opposing side.

Driven by the relentless compulsion of the Necrotic Delusion, Sartep believed himself still locked in combat against the ancient foes of his kind - The Old Ones. With a commanding gesture, he rallied his Necron forces slowly coming to life, their metallic legions rising from the sands to heed his call.

As the Imperium clashed with the undying Necrons, the brutal Orks, and the enigmatic Tau a new threat rose, from the portal arrays his legions would march to war.



# Transmission?

+++Vox Transmission incoming+++

+++Via Astropath BHAU28483BDVE+++

+++Thought of the day: Suffer not the witch to live+++

+++Begin Trans Subject: Urgent Directive: Initiation of Exterminatus Protocol

Esteemed Inquisitor Sorrow, Lord Shield Captain,

I trust this message finds you well, though I regret to hear of your dire circumstances that demand immediate action.

Your recent missives indicate a disturbing surge in xenos activity on Madgsahs Forge, posing an unprecedented threat to the stability of the Sector. In light of substantial Imperial losses and the escalating peril, it is imperative that we take decisive measures to safeguard our realm.

Henceforth, I hereby authorize and instruct you, in collaboration with our esteemed Imperial allies, as you see fit, to initiate the Exterminatus Protocol.

Our duty to the Emperor demands unwavering resolve in the face of such adversity, and we must act swiftly to purge the xenos taint from our sacred domains.

I entrust you with the full authority to execute this mandate with all necessary force and efficiency. May the Emperor guide your hand and grant you the strength to fulfill this solemn duty for the preservation of humanity.

In His name we act,

Lord Inquisitor Miranda De Gaudaal

+++End Trans+++



## The Fleet

In the dimly lit chamber aboard his flagship, the *Imperator's Will*, Admiral Caius Vaelus stood before the flickering astropathic beacon, his expression stern and unwavering. His hands clasped behind his back, he listened intently as the warp-born message crackled into existence, transmitted through the ethereal currents of the Immaterium.

The astropath's voice echoed in his mind, laden with urgency and dread, its colour tinged with the somber hues of vermillion level urgency. The message bore the grim tidings and a call to arms.

"Admiral Vaelus," the astropath's voice resonated within his consciousness, "this is Inquisitor Valeria of the Ordo Xenos. Magdsahs Forge, a crucial returned world, is under siege by a xenos threat of unprecedented magnitude. The xenos forces are overwhelming, and the planet's fate hangs by a thread, agents of the Inquisition have sent missives of this from the world."

Admiral Vaelus's jaw clenched as he absorbed the dire news. Magdsahs Forge was a rare thing, a world returned from being cut off by the warp, a potential new world to provide vital resources to the Imperium.

"Admiral," the voice continued, "I beseech you to rally your battlegroup with all haste and make for Magdsahs Forge. The xenos threat must be eradicated, and any heretical taint purged from the planet. If there are Imperial forces still fighting on the surface, rescue them if possible. But should the threat prove too great, you are authorized to enact exterminatus without delay. The survival of the Sector depends on it."

The weight of the decision bore down upon Admiral Vaelus like a leaden mantle. Exterminatus—the ultimate sanction of the Imperium—was a grim necessity in the face of overwhelming corruption, but it came at a terrible cost. Entire worlds, innocent lives, would be sacrificed to stem the tide.

Yet, duty called, and the Admiral knew that he could not falter in the face of adversity. With a resolute nod, he turned to his command console, issuing orders to his fleet to set course for Magdsahs Forge at maximum speed. The warships of the Imperial Navy roared to life, their engines flaring as they began work to break from anchor and make for the war-ravaged world.



# The Arrays

General Vanthorn stood atop some ancient crumbling battlements of Madgysash's Forge, his gaze piercing through the murky haze of battle smoke. The Vostroyan 71st Regiment, clad in their resplendent carapace armour, formed a steadfast bulwark against the encroaching tide of xenos horrors – the Tyranids had come.

The portal arrays, conduits of energy that appeared crucial for the planet's defense, had come alive with an ancient power that stirred the Tyranids into frenzied aggression. Vanthorn knew that if the portals fell into the clutches of the Great Devourer, all hope for Madgysash's Forge would be lost.

"Stand firm, comrades!" Vanthorn's voice boomed over the din of battle, rallying her troops. "We are the sons and daughters of Vostroya! Let not a single Tyranid taint our sacred soil!"

As if in response to his words, a swarm of gargoyles descended from the darkened sky, their shrieks filling the air like a cacophony of doom. The Vostroyans opened fire, lasgun beams lancing out to meet the airborne threat. Explosions of bio-matter and fractured chitin marked the demise of many a foul creature, but still, they pressed on with relentless fury.

Amidst the chaos, a towering monstrosity emerged, its grotesque form a twisted amalgamation of alien sinew and chitin. A Hive Tyrant, the harbinger of destruction, its malevolent intelligence driving the Tyranid swarm with cruel efficiency.

Vanthorn's jaw tightened with grim resolve as he raised her bolt pistol, her finger tightening on the trigger. "Focus fire on the Hive Tyrant! Bring it down, soldiers!"

The lascannons roared to life, their beams of super heat tearing through the ranks of lesser Tyranid creatures to find their mark on the Hive Tyrant. Lasgun volleys added to the barrage, searing flesh and chitin alike as the Vostroyans unleashed their righteous fury.

But the Hive Tyrant was no easy prey. It shrugged off wounds that would have felled a lesser creature, its scything talons lashing out with deadly precision. Vostroyan soldiers fell, their valiant sacrifice marking the ground with pools of blood.

Yet, the Vostroyans stood unyielding, their resolve unwavering even in the face of such monstrous adversity. With a thunderous roar, the Hive Tyrant finally succumbed to the onslaught, crashing to the ground in a lifeless heap.

A chorus of cheers erupted from the Vostroyan ranks, the triumphant roar of victory echoing across the battlefield. But there was little time for celebration as the battle raged on, the Tyranid swarm relentless in its pursuit of annihilation.

General Vanthorn knew that the war for Madgysash's Forge was far from over. But as long as the Vostroyans stood united, they would face whatever horrors the galaxy threw their way, undaunted and undefeated.



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+++Vox Transmission incoming+++

+++Via Astropath BAARUVWIVN82874NN+++

+++Thought of the day: A questioning servant is more dangerous than an ignorant heretic+++

+++Begin Trans Subject: Urgent Directive: Arrest Radical Inquisitor Sorrow

Esteemed Judge Anderson,

I trust this message finds you well.

By the authority vested in you by the Holy Ordos, it is imperative that you execute an immediate arrest of Inquisitor Sorrow on charges of heresy. Sorrow's actions have raised grave concerns within the Ordo and must be swiftly dealt with to maintain the sanctity of the Emperor's divine will.

Gather your most trusted officers and deploy all available resources to apprehend Sorrow without delay. Use utmost caution, as heresy breeds deception and danger.

Ensure the thoroughness of your investigation and the security of the apprehension process. The consequences of failure in this matter are dire.

Emperor Protects,

In His name we act,

Lord Inquisitor Miranda De Gaudaal

+++End Trans+++

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In the dimly lit chambers of the newly built Hall of Justice, Judge Anderson sat at her desk, reviewing case files under the glow of her desk lamp.

As she sifted through the paperwork, a sudden blip on her wrist mounted vox flashed with a vermillion class message. Realising the urgency, the Judge immediately read the astropathic transmission.

The transmission conveyed a dire warning—that Inquisitor Sorrow's heresies had reached new heights of depravity. Anderson knew she had to act swiftly to stop him.



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Lies spread by the arch deceiver spread across the planet that a heretical Inquisitor existed amongst the ranks of the imperial forces.

The Arbites deployed their full might and best investigator Marshall Anderson to the case.

A fierce misunderstanding ensued after they mistook Inquisitor Sorrow's Tyranids drones as agents of the enemy.

The engagement was brief, and Agathon the Blessed was brought down but not until he, alongside the subject known as "Hunter Killer" had dismembered most of the Precinct.

Inquisitor Sorrow prevented further violence once the initial confusion had abated.

He has assured Marshall Anderson he has the appropriate permits (citing the purity seals attached to Agathon's carapace).

Marshall Anderson continues to review evidence gathered from the encounter citing a strange beacon found after the battle as particular interest. She did not mention the missive.

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Inquisitor Sorrow smiled to himself back in his makeshift laboratory, now he had some ancient machine parts to go with the organics.



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In the depths of the labyrinthine caverns on Madgsahs Forge, the machine god servants created workshops. The whirring of machinery and the scent of lubricants hung thick in the air, there reigned the Adeptus Mechanicus leader on the world Psi Bah-Fesch. With the calculating precision of his cybernetic mind and the fervour of a seeker of forbidden knowledge, Bah-Fesch delved into the mysteries of technology, seeking to unlock the secrets of the universe itself.

Deep beneath its surface lay secrets long forgotten, remnants of a time when the Necrons strode across the galaxy, locked away in their metallic tombs.

The opening of the portal arrays and awakening of a long-forgotten tomb has given Bah-Fesch's a chance at something monumental. Exploratory servitors stumbled upon a buried chamber, its walls adorned with glyphs of ancient power. Within lay the dormant remains of Necron technology, gleaming with an otherworldly sheen. To most, it would have been a warning to tread cautiously, but to Bah-Fesch, it was an opportunity—a chance to unlock the next evolution of Mechanicus might.

With meticulous care, Bah-Fesch began to dissect the Necron artifacts, analysing their circuits and energies with a blend of reverence and hunger for understanding. He integrated fragments of Necron technology into his own creations, enhancing their efficiency and lethality. His Tech-Priests marvelled at the newfound power coursing through their machines, their faith in Bah-Fesch's vision unwavering.

But Bah-Fesch's ambitions went beyond mere augmentation. His mind buzzed with the possibilities of what lay beyond the portal arrays, gateways rumoured by the glyphs, to lead to distant realms untouched by the Imperium's grasp. He dreamed of uncovering technologies so advanced they would rewrite the very laws of reality.

Driven by this insatiable curiosity, Bah-Fesch poured resources into the exploration of the portal arrays.

But he must tread carefully, there are whispers of dissent in the ranks. Some viewed Bah-Fesch's obsession with Necron technology as heretical, a dangerous flirtation with powers beyond mortal comprehension. But Bah-Fesch has paid no heed to their warnings, his single-minded focus fixed on the pursuit of knowledge.

Yet, as Bah-Fesch delved deeper into the mysteries of the portal arrays, he began to sense a presence lurking in the shadows.

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## **Necrons:**

Vorsan shuffled into the throne room, head downcast. His thoughts only interrupted by the swish of the doors closing gently behind him.

Looking up, he saw his master Zarrakh leaning forward in his chair, eyes focused on his every move. "How fair you Vorsan. Are you fully functioning?" he said intently.

Vorsan hesitated before answering "I am well master", unsure of the sudden attention.

"And the data cube?" he enquired.

"Damaged in battle master" Vorsan quickly spilled out.

"A shame, but no matter." Zarrakh acknowledged with a flippant hand wave. "I am just grateful you are well and returned to us". His intense gaze again bore into Vorsan's sole. "We cannot afford to loose you too" he said with an evil, all knowing grin.

Vorsan felt uncomfortable under those eyes and looked to Rhutek for some understanding, but all he got in return was that same knowing grin. He decided to wait in silence instead.

"The campaign goes favourably my subjects" Zarrakh suddenly continued now slowly pacing the throne room, seemingly unaware of his mood swing "and you have discovered remnants of an ancient Robot city! Well done! Though you did neglect to deal with some golden armoured humans in this area. Nevertheless, my Scarab swarms detected the mysterious energy signature I have been searching for emanating within the central building. I want you to go back and uncover its purpose!"

With a flurry of his robes, Zarrakh then sat upon his throne and powered down, directing his thoughts inwards and leaving the room in silence.

Knowing the meeting had now concluded, Rhutek and Vorsan bowed their heads and answered in unison "Yes my lord" then slowly exited the chamber to begin landing preparations.

Their arrival on the planet was met with no resistance as was their journey back to the lost city.

They passed remnants of previous battles with combatants and equipment slowly beginning to decay.

The legion pressed on in silence until they surrounded the central structure.

"Let us now see what has peaked our master's interest she we" Rhutek voiced before entering the structures archway. Vorsan quickly joined him, not wanting to be left behind.

Following a long corridor, the pair entered a huge chamber, devoid of light except for a thin, bright shaft beaming down from the roofs centre. Underneath was a small floating pyramid, covered in hieroglyphics that moved slowly at random around its surface.

"Mmmm" Rhutek murmured "You are the Cryptek here Vorsan, what do your databanks tell you about this device?"

Vorsan was unsure what to make of the small pyramid, he walked towards the structure to examine it more closely, intently studying the symbols as he went. As he got closer, he noticed they began to spin faster. Mesmerised, he laid his hand upon the surface. In a flash the structure powered up, locking Vorsan in place. Data leads he didn't know where there, sprang from his hand and connected with the pyramid.

Hidden code surfaced from his consciousness to flow into the structure. His body was no longer his.

Observing in silence, understanding slowly seeped its way into Vorsan's thoughts. Is this why his master didn't care that he lost the previous data cube? Did this explain his masters recent concern for his welfare? They must have uploaded the code into his routine during his recent repairs.

Vorsan felt elated, he was important, he was the keeper of code to unlock this ancient device. It was all about him!

His attention shifted as the chamber's lights suddenly came on. Dust started falling from the ceiling and a large rumble shook the structure.

"Time to go Vorsan" Rhutek chuckled in triumph as he ran to escape. At the same time, Vorsan was released from the pyramid to run for safety.

What the two witnessed outside was the city waking up. Lights came on in buildings and along its streets. Machines powered up and large rings rose from underground bunkers. Each of these flickered and then ignited across their surface with bright green arcs to form stable portals.

"Ha, Ha!" Rhutek shouted "You did it Vorsan! Now we will uncover all the ancient secrets left here!"

The moment savoured however was short lived. One by one bright orange transporter beams plummeted to the city floor. Each too bright to behold, before abruptly disappearing to leave smoking trails in their wake with the undeniable silhouettes of power armoured humans amongst them.

Bolter fire erupted from each, targeting the docile snakes. One unit crashed to the ground before the rest powered up to face the new threat.

"Legion to arms!" Rhutek shouted. "Advance at the fire!"

Vorsan had a sudden thought. There was a portal near two units of marines, perhaps these were transporters to help aid travel around the city. He didn't know this for sure, but his circuits were screaming this truth to him. Seeing the snakes still taking precision fire, he joined their ranks and sent them forward into the nearest hoping he was right. The rest of the legion slowly ambled towards the attackers.

With luck the snakes appeared next to the marines and began engaging with atomisers blasting. The biggest grin could be seen on Vorsan's face as he also sent staff shots in. He relayed this information to Rhutek in a split second and the ambling legions soon headed for the portals hoping for the same affect.

Flesheaters hearing the commotion, emerged through the ground into a nearby building waiting to strike at the unsuspecting marines. In response a final transporter beam plummeted next to them. A large human terminator commander and his entourage appeared psychic powers and guns blazing. The torrent was intense, but most were saved from the buildings protection or regenerated back on-line.

A legion squad with Rhutek in tow exited a different portal up ahead and within range of the enemy. Between the snakes and rifles, two squads of marines were vaporised.

More robots poured out of portals to engage. As suddenly as the attack had begun, the remaining marines beamed out of the fight leaving the city once more in deathly silence.

Rhutek walked over to examine the attackers remains for clues to their origin, but none could be derived. A surprise attack could mean only one thing, their location was known, or the signal was drawing in unwanted attention.

Rhutek shared his concerns with Vorsan and the two agreed to maintain legion coherency to investigate the vast city for further threats.

After clearing the southern sector and finding some interesting artifacts, the force moved onto the east, utilising portals where they could.

Exiting one near an old market, Vorsan could soon hear the whine of engines starting and a strange craft rise up behind a stone wall some one hundred metres ahead.

He studied it for a second (as did Rhutek) recognising the familiar design. "I believe our old acquaintances are up ahead Rhutek. The machine cult must be investigating the portals also. Shall we say Hello?"

With a grin, Rhutek lifted his rifle and issued instructions for the legion to move double time.

A roar escaped Vorsan's lips as he too began the charge.

The Machine cult were intently studying a portal and patrolling the area when the robots came upon their position.

What began as a few long-range shots soon escalated into high intensity firing as the robots and cultists closed on each other. A few squads even went through portals in the hopes of coming across their adversary sooner. It was co-ordinated chaos. Some jumps proved fruitful, while others sent units in random directions away from intended targets, only to appear amongst new ones and start fresh engagements. Here and there a portal collapsed after a jump, its rings overloaded from use.

Soon the dead began piling up (and heavily regenerating). To the left, flesheaters appeared on a hill to claw down and consume a tall walker. Fire rained down on them from two other nearby constructs, but their new leader regenerated most wounds and sent psychic blasts into another humanoid unit.

The constructs moved off to engage a fresh robot squad while the flesheaters descended on the remaining cultists. Having served their purpose, they milled around while the battle moved away from them.

To the north a large cultist leader with his retinue moved aggressively towards a portal, keen to take the fight to the legion. The snakes sensing a worthy price moved also and jumped first. Landed close to their prey, atomisers soon eliminated the squad.

Overhead, the Machine cult flyer pounded Rhuteks squad with large calibre shells. Bodies went flying with a few laying still. It then disgorged a squad of souped-up killers who tore into his remaining unit. Fearing to be overwhelmed and with two robots left, he sent out an urgent plea to Vorsan and his snakes. One portal jump later they were there, firing and wiping out the new arrivals. Rhutek breathed a sigh of relief before taking pause amongst some ruins to assess the battle progress.

With most cultist now destroyed the flyer and remaining walkers elected to flee the city quarter to fight another day.

“Vorsan!, Vorsan answer me!” Rhutek yelled through the com. “The battle has ended, we are victorious”.

Vorsan circuit rage slowly subsided, having been spurred on by the deadly snakes furious actions. What had he done? Joined the snakes and jumped headlong into battle? The days of his office duties were far behind him now. He felt better, stronger, a true legionnaire!

Rhutek witnessed the emotional change and knew he had succeeded in his masters wishes – to mould this pup into a valuable tool the robots could use. The day was going well.

The legion paused to collect, repair or salvage their dead. Scarab swarms were sent to the north and west to scout out potential threats. Communication was eventually lost with the northern unit from unexplained circumstances. It was only until a further party was being prepared to investigate did the original scarabs return to report their findings. The North held little new tech except for strange pylons, scattered around the sector. These were highly active and dangerous. A few scarabs had already succumbed to their effect, dropping to the ground in agony. A substantial force of Dao (Tau) were also seen and starting to create a base camp. Despite the swarms efforts they had somehow been detected. The robots would not be gaining the element of surprise in this case.

After receiving the report, Rhutek was furious. Another party seeking the cities secrets. He turned and spoke to his colleague “We must attack Vorsan. Any further delay will only strengthen their position. If surprise isn’t on our side, then we must hammer our way in and break their will”.

Vorsan looked over the legions activities. Most were in working order and awaiting instruction. “If you think that wise Rhutek. My calculations show still have sufficient numbers to make the plan work, but they will try and out manoeuvre our slower force. With no portals to rely on, it will be a struggle to make contact.”

“Battle is not a review of percentages Vorsan, it is about gut and grit”. Vorsan was reminded of his recent mindset change. He smiled again. “Rhutek I like you’re thinking.” He turned to the legion and screamed. “All units ready for deployment”.

The robots marched at the double towards the Dau, making use of any available cover they could find. Marker lights soon appeared on units with the inevitable streak of fire following them.

Here and there a robot was obliterated, but still the legion continued its rush forward. It had no choice being out of range for return fire.

As predicted, The Dau fired then pulled back to keep a healthy gap between the combatants. Their leader, a flesh exposed alien hovering on disc was frantically issuing orders to maintain the fusillade.

The strategy was sound, except as the battle continued, they could see the robots ignoring the pylons and pushing the Dau to the sector walls. Manoeuvring was becoming difficult.

This was painfully felt when the snakes finally came within range. Until then, Vorsan has been breaking an electronic sweat just to keep the unit alive with regeneration from the constant, precision hits.

As one, their atomisers reached out towards the giant, heavy battle suit, licking its armour until weak spots opened up. Junks of the giant melted away and internals shorted out as it fell to the ground with a thud.

Flesheaters roused from slumber emerged to leap upon a Dau infantry unit protecting their hovering leader. They were consumed within moments, exposing the flesheaters to return fire from another squad. Despite this, their numbers remained strong as they began stalking the now fleeing Grunt leader, last seen ducked inside a building.

At the same time, the slower robot units came into range, unleashing a volley at the adversary. One large Dua squad was significantly reduced, while three stealth suits who had been harassing the legion were wiped out.

In response, two Dau battlesuits squads jumped onto the building to help protect their leaders withdraw. With no other viable targets in the vicinity, concentrated fire from the legion melted both squads leaving little remaining.

Rhutek could see the hovering Grunt leader with a small infantry squad escaping down the nearest street. "Let them run and spread the word" he murmured. "The Legion have claimed this domain and none shall interfere with our work".

Time continued to flow by. Robot units soon reported completed scans of the area with little new information discovered. The word was then given to start their scout of the last remaining Western sector.

The slow steady rhythm of robot feed stirred up the dust as they marched. The trek took some time causing Rhutek to reflect on the events since the initial orbital landing. Fighting and been constant and fierce, but the gains had been great.

He envisaged himself sitting on his master's throne, ruling over the dynasty army with other worlds to conquer.

Hi daydream was interrupted by a scarab landing on his shoulder to download his latest report.

Rhutek listened intently to its little chirpings. "Mmmm. A new foe you say, of unknown size, approaching all around us and concealed in the shadows. Interesting".

Rhutek conveyed this to Vorsan and as one the robots halted.

Scans of the area were quickly completed, detailing any blind spots, potential threat vectors and portal locations.

Units reshuffled to maximise firing positions.

It wasn't long before alien screams filled the area, echoing off walls all around. The enemy couldn't be seen, but the thrum of many feet could be heard fast approaching.

The Legion waited, silent and still.

Hordes of aliens suddenly burst from multiple locations. Jumping from buildings or rushing through streets.

The two robot infantry squads instantly fired their rifles in response. Aliens exploded in red mist, but still they rushed on. Another volley was sent turning more into paste and then the horde were upon them. Claws slashed down over and over driven by insane minds. Robots were hacked apart or pushed back from key locations. Some became disheartened and abruptly

powered down or shorted out. Rhutek did all he could to restore morale to keep them going. They fought back finally eliminating the two swarms.

The flesheaters unfortunately became disorientated springing from the ground near the hordes flank. They consumed a small bug unit, before running through a nearby portal. Hoping to exit near Rhutek and lend support, they were instead transported to the aliens rear to claim territory.

Vorsan and the snakes in comparison used the portals to good effect, jumping to shot down a minor hive leader, then back to finish a larger soul snatcher unit. It seemed the legion were starting to gain the upper hand from his view, when a god-awful screech sounded above and a huge Prime lord with its winged entourage descended into the robots.

The alien roared a challenge before its grunts showered the legion with multiple bio shots. Most bounced off or were regenerated in time to receive a second salvo with similar results.

Seeing little affect from its weapons and know its main hive was destroyed, the alien Prime gave one final roar before flying off to leave the field.

Rhutek looked over at his force, the bulk of the infantry were destroyed, the flesheaters were roaming in confusion and Vorsan snakes had taken a beating. While the day was theirs, there was little to celebrate.

They began securing the perimeter and recovering their dead to hopefully bring back on-line.

Both Vorsan knew difficult days were still ahead of them. They met up briefly for counsel.

“A narrow win Vorsan, wouldn’t you say?” Rhutek stated quietly.

Vorsan nodded before replying “I thought we were done for. The beast could come back at any moment. We must call for reinforcements, or our gains could be easily lost.” He hesitated before continuing “I know we found the signal, but the pyramid gave me flashes of something else, someone else, a powerful being using ancient robot technology. I feel they are coming Rhutek and we better be ready”.

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### **Orks & Tyranids:**

Amongst the ruins of what was towering foundries echoed the deafening roar of battle. Orks clashed with Tyranids in a violent dance of carnage, each side seeking dominance over each other.

Amidst the chaos stood the towering figure of newly appointed Warboss Grimrukk, his massive frame adorned with crude trophies and battle scars. With his power klaw crackling with energy, he roared with delight as he cleaved through a horde of screeching Tyranids.

Suddenly, a towering Screamer-Killer loomed over him, its bio-morphed limbs thrashing wildly. With a bellow, Grimrukk charged headlong into the beast, his klaw tearing through its armoured carapace with ease. As the creature fell, Grimrukk roared triumphantly, only to be met with a more sinister foe.

From the shadows emerged a brooding Broodlord, its psychic presence sending shivers down the spines of even the bravest Orks. But before the Broodlord could unleash its fury, the portal arrays struck out with intense psychic energy, driving both Ork and Tyranid alike to madness.

Caught in these swirling energies, the Broodlord convulsed, its own mind twisted by the chaotic forces. With a chilling wail, it turned its monstrous head towards Grimrukk, but before it could strike, it raised its own claws to its head and, with a sickening crunch, ended its own existence.

Confusion swept through the Tyranid ranks as their leader fell, leaving Grimrukk grinning maniacally in the midst of the storm. But the moment of respite was short-lived as a pack of Genestealers surged forth, their razor-sharp claws thirsting for blood.

With a roar, Grimrukk charged into the fray, his klaw tearing through chitinous flesh with each swing. The battle raged on, a symphony of violence and destruction, as Ork and Tyranid clashed amidst the ruins of Madgsahs Forge, neither side willing to yield an inch in their relentless quest for dominance over the desolate world.



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### Orks & Tau:

In the swirling dust of the desert lay a coveted portal array. For eons, these ancient constructs had served as gateways between distant tomb worlds. Among those who sought to control them were the cunning Orks and the technologically advanced Tau.

The Tau, with their sleek battlesuits and disciplined ranks, had erected formidable defences around the array. But the Orks, ever unpredictable and relentless, were not to be underestimated.

Led by the cunning Warboss Grimrukk, the Orks launched a massive assault on the Tau-held portal array. Waves of green-skinned warriors crashed against the Tau defences, their crude but devastating weapons tearing through the air with reckless abandon.

The Tau scrambled to contain the Ork onslaught. Battlesuits danced and weaved among the Ork horde, their pulse rifles blazing with deadly accuracy. But the Orks fought with an unmatched ferocity, their WAAAGH! energy fuelling their every blow.

As the battle raged on, the Orks, ever resourceful, began to figure out how to manipulate the portal arrays themselves. With a series of crude adjustments and a hefty dose of luck, they managed to teleport entire squads of Ork Boyz directly into the heart of the Tau formations.

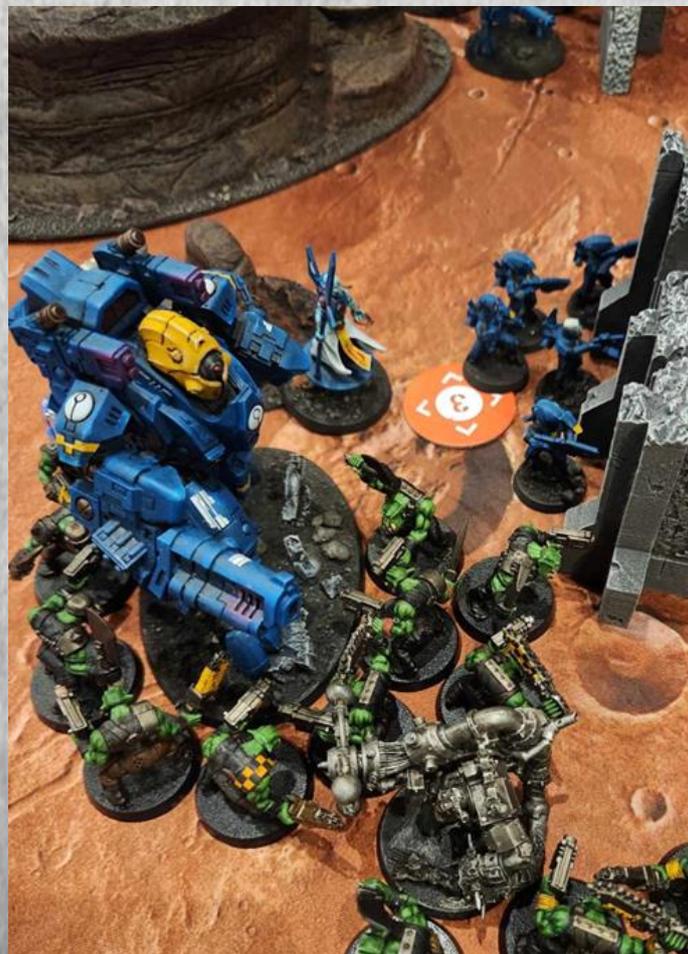
Despite the chaos wrought by the Ork teleportation, the Tau held their ground, their disciplined ranks proving resilient in the face of adversity. But victory was not to come easily.

In the midst of the fray, a lone Ork Kommando managed to slip past the Tau defences and take aim at the heart of the enemy command. With a deafening roar, a rocket streaked through the air, finding its mark with unerring accuracy.

The ethereal Mao, the spiritual leader of the Tau, fell, struck down by the Ork's devastating blow. With their leader gone, the Tau found themselves thrown into disarray, their once unbreakable lines faltering in the face of chaos.

But even as the Orks celebrated their apparent victory, the Tau rallied, their resolve unbroken. With renewed determination, they launched a fierce counterattack, driving the Orks back through the portals from whence they came.

In the end, neither side could claim outright victory. The portal arrays remained contested, their power still beyond grasp. And so, the war between Tau and Ork would rage on, each side vying for control of the coveted gateways.



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.

Inquisitor Sorrow, along with the Custodes misplaced help, has been able to gather specimens for experiments and now has lit beacons on where the Imperial fleet will likely strike with furious lance fire. The question is whether those in the know can stop him.

Do they beat back to xenos hordes to recover the planet or attempt rescue from the approaching Imperial fleet? Will the xenos races see the threats and act accordingly?

The Blackstone Crown Dynasty have awoken and if left unchecked, the spread of Necrotic Delusion could lead to widespread unrest and conflict within the Necron empire which potentially could destabilize the entire galaxy.

