

Continued Timeline

(1297 YC) Not to be outshone by his rival Alakhai, the forces of the Nepharite Overlord Saladin crash through the nigh impenetrable McCraig Line on Mars to rampage through the Burroughs killing thousands, including the famed Blue Shark of Capitol. He is finally driven back to his citadel, with the loss of many more lives.

(1298 YC) Capitol forces are soundly defeated at the Battle of Sawyer's Landing when an artillery strike is called down on their forces from a distinguished officer within their ranks. The traitor and his accomplices were never found.

(1299 YC) During the celebration on Victoria to commemorate the turning of the new century, the Serenity of the Imperial Megacorporation is assassinated, the explosion killing several hundred guests in attendance, including several members of the Chamber of Lords. In the resulting chaos, Cybertronic is blamed for the act, which they fully deny. Several months later, the slain Serenity's niece, Maeve, is elevated to the position of Imperial Serenity.

Into the New Century

(1300 YC) In retaliation for the attack on their sovereignty, one hundred Golden Lions, handpicked and led by Colonel Timothy McGuire, covertly assault the Cybertronic city of Cygnia. By the time anyone is aware and reinforcements arrive, several weeks have passed and the city is as cold as a tomb; every man, woman, and child is found brutally and viciously massacred. Col. McGuire merely shrugs when questioned by the media. Cybertronic appeals to the Cartel to sanction Imperial's horrendous and blatant attack, but the motion is bogged down in proceedings and eventually dismissed as no concrete proof Imperial forces were complicit can be found.

(1301 YC) A contingent of Doomtroopers consisting of Watts, Duval, Kaioh, and Yojimbo are sent down to the surface of Eden to assist the Crescentian Tribe in dealing with a Citadel of Algeroth in Northern Africa. The aeroship is knocked off course and crashes far in the southern part of the continent. Beset on all sides by local fighters, the small conflict ends in a stalemate, resulting in the Doomtroopers being taken to the capital city of Praetora. There they meet the enigmatic Empress Sabra of the Igazi Empire and are able to convince her that trade with the Megacorporations would benefit all. Soon ambassadors are sent to treat with the Igazi, each vying for favor with the newly discovered power.

(1302 YC) Capitol clashes with a combined force of Mishima and Cybertronic among the starscrapers that still stand within the shattered city of Edison. The exact details of the conflict is not released, but what is known is the surviving members of the 44th Airborne managed to extract something from the ruins.

(1303 YC) A massive Citadel of Semai erupts from the northern ice plains of the Martian polar cap. In response, the CAF launches dozens of fighter planes from the Air Combat Training School at Hope to try and stem the tide of strange new Legion craft being encountered, but are forced to pull back. Every AFC base in the Freedom Lands sends troops to help combat the new threat. After months of fighting these dangerous new enemies, the Capitol battalions manage to push Semai's forces back somewhat and create a blockade, keeping the Legion from rampaging through the fertile canals. Brotherhood scholars are baffled by such a direct approach to warfare taken by the Apostle of Spite.

We have watched. We have waited. And now we will take what we are due! – Nepharite Overlord Lun'guin of Semai

SECTION FORMATIONS

Inquisitor Hamilkar's Strike Force

Formation Rules

- The Doomtrooper Teams may not be changed. Each Doomtrooper Team uses a Character slot, but does not use a Support slot.
- Each squad retains the Army Rules for it's specific Army (ex: Mishima Ronin may buy Ki, Brotherhood Troopers must buy Art, Capitol Sea Lions may buy Battalion abilities, ect...)
- Inquisitor Majoris Hanno Hamilkar must be taken and is the Army Commander.

Characters

- Inquisitor Majoris Hanno Hamilkar
- Captain Nobou Hiroko (may only join Mishima squads)
- Dragon Commander Isamu Wu-Shen (may only join Mishima squads)
- Doomtrooper Team: Isaac Alfreds & Sheila McGregor
- Doomtrooper Team: Captain Vince 'Fell' Harland & Senior Chief Jeffrey Jacobs

Troops

- Brotherhood Troopers
- Mishima Ronin
- 0-1 Mishima Hatamoto

Support

- 0-1 Brotherhood Mortificators
- Capitol Sea Lions
- Capitol Airborne Cavalry

Light Vehicle

- Mishima Meka
- Brotherhood Death Angel
- Brotherhood Vikare Interceptor
- Cartel CTL-F800 Emancipator Combat Aircraft

Heavy Vehicle

- Brotherhood Icarus Jetfighter

Transport

- CTL-422 Mule Armoured Carrier

Mishima-Cybertronic Allied Enhanced Formation

Formation Rules

- Squads in this force retain the appropriate Army Abilities from the squad's parent Army.
- Any Mishima non-vehicle squad may purchase a single Cybertronic Upgrade for the cost listed in the Cybertronic Army List. If they do, they may not purchase or use any Ki powers.
- Mishima abilities may affect friendly Cybertronic squads, and vice-versa (Cybertronic still cannot benefit from B-Type Psychic Powers due to their "Resistant to Psychic Powers" Army ability)
- Characters may be attached to any squad in this army.

Characters

- Lord Commander Nozaki
- Mishima Daimyo
- Shiryo-X
- Screaming Devil
- Lieutenant Masaru
- Vince Diamond
- 732-R4-NCE
- Cybertronic Overseer
- Dr. Diana Commander/Clone/Neoclone
- Pieter 'The Shield' Diamond

Troops

- Mishima Ronin
- Ashigaru
- Hatamoto
- Chasseurs
- Machinators Mk.IX

Support

- Crimson Devils
- Demon Hunters
- Kamikaze Warheads
- Mirrormen
- Cuirassier 'Attila' Mk.III

Light Vehicle

- Meka
- Dragonbike
- Fujin-Class Gigamek
- Oppresseur Mk.I
- Voltigeur
- Nova

Heavy Vehicle

- Eradicator Deathdroid
- Raiden-Class Gigamek

Transport

- CTL-422 Mule Armoured Carrier

Freedom Lands Fighting Force

As a result of the Mars Treaty, the Freedom lands were opened up for colonization for all Megacorporations. Bauhaus, having an impressive presence on the southern continent with the heavily fortified City of Mundberg, extends its reach towards these unclaimed lands.

As Dark Legion attacks from Saladin's citadel become more frequent and disrupt the colonization process more and more, highly mobile special Bauhaus forces are deployed to ensure the Homebuilder's safety.

Mundberg has always been under the protection of the Order of the Ice Bear so naturally, it is the base of operations for the Freedom Lands Fighting Force as well. A recent arrival of Brotherhood combatants is frequently seen to support the struggle against heretic uprisings.

Sometimes, a special squad of Venusian Ranger veterans is seen in such detachments. Rumor has it their regular habitat was the Venusian Park in San Dorado. Why they have left it to join their former brothers in arms in battle is yet unknown.

Force Upgrades

- All models in this army are resistant to Dark Symmetry. Each model gains WP(+2) when targeted by Dark Symmetry Powers
- T-32 Wolfclaw JBT's are 90 PTS each.
- One squad of Venusian Rangers may be upgraded to The Lost Ones for (+3) PTS per model. This squad is a Support choice. Each model in the squad gains Dissention (2), Disposable, Dodge (5), Frenzy, and Hidden Agenda. Each model replaces its Ranger Knife with a Machete (see Pg.215 of the Corporate Warbook).

Characters

- Max Steiner
- Venusian Marshal
- Venusian Kapitan
- Bruder Wilhelm
- Dominik Kaspernov
- 0-1 Inquisitor Majoris
- Roberto Feltordo

Troops

- 1+ Venusian Rangers
- 0+ Hussars
- 0+ Blitzers

Support

- Venusian Rangers
- Sturmblitzers (No HMG Team Upgrade)
- 0-1 Brotherhood Troopers

Light Vehicle

- T-32 Wolfclaw JBT
- Vorreiter
- Strike Skimmer
- 0-1 GBT-47-L Kodiak Tank
- 0-1 Vikare Interceptor (only if Roberto Feltordo is included)
- 0-1 CTL-800 Emancipator

Transport

- CTL-422 Mule Armoured Carrier

Alakhai's Special Forces

Formation Rules

Squads in an army led by Alakhai the Cunning (or Alakhai Ascendant) may be upgraded as below. A squad may only choose one upgrade:

THE TEN THOUSAND

Upon Venus, within the Citadel of Alakhai, there is an elite force of Undead Legionnaires. These are known as the 10,000, for that is how many of them there are. That number is always maintained, as guard casualties are always the first to be replaced. Although the Ten Thousand are normal Undead Legionnaires, their equipment and leadership is superb. Every squad of Legionnaires is led by a Necromutant.

The Ten Thousand are easily distinguished by their long, white robes flying in the winds to resemble the ghosts of humanity's nightmares. They are also almost alone in wearing full helmets that cover the entire face, save for a narrow T-shaped opening. The different units adorn their robes with different patterns of crimson red crosses—all in ghastly ridicule of the once-so-proud, human Knight Templars. And truly, the Legion of Ten Thousand is the Order of the Knight Templars of the Dark Legion.

The Ten Thousand: Undead Legionnaire squads. Undead Legionnaire models in this squad increase A(+2) and Fear (+1) for (+2) PTS per model. The Necromutant squad commanders in this squad increase A(+1) and Fear (+1) for (+2) PTS per model. This squad must be lead by a Necromutant squad commander.

THE VENUSIAN REAPERS

The Venusian Reapers have been the spearhead of many of Alakhai's greatest offensives. During the New Bocca campaign, they inflicted more casualties on Imperial forces than any other unit. Unusually for a Special Forces Unit, they were once led by a Cultist named Aemon, a Reaper of Souls. He trained his force extensively in infiltration and stealth techniques until it was said his followers could walk undetected through a minefield. They take their name in honor of their former leader. He was slain during the New Bocca campaign.

The Necromutants wear green shoulder pads, and the back ends of their firearms cartridges are red, symbolizing the blood they will spill. The Necromutant Leaders wear orange body armor and wrist bands with green hip pads and a green cup.

The Venusian Reapers: Necromutant squads. Models in this squad may gain Preemptive Strike or Stalk for (+10) PTS or Infiltration for (+20) PTS. Any Necromutant Leader attached to these squads at the start of the game gain the appropriate Deployment Option for free.

ALAKHAI'S ELITE GUARD

This unit has the privilege of being the Nepharite's personal bodyguard and of accompanying him wherever the fighting is thickest. They are selected from the toughest of all the Ten Thousand and must have proven their bravery, loyalty and initiative a hundred times over. Once selected, they are subjected to a certain secret process known only to the Nepharite himself. This ensures that they would die rather than fail to carry out one of his orders. They dwell deep within his Citadel on Venus and emerge only for the most important of battles. The Elite Guards distinguished themselves at the battle of New Bocca. One Centurion in particular, Orkal by name, is said to have killed over 25 Imperial troops single-handedly, before being slain in single combat by the famed Sean Gallagher.

The elite guard of the Ten Thousand are distinguished by their black shoulder pads, black harnesses, black helmets, black thigh protection, etc.—virtually all their armor is solid, pitch black. Their insignia is a crimson red hollow circle around a torn mock-picture of the Brotherhood's cross. On their left shoulderpad they display Alakhai's own insignia.

Alakhai's Elite Guard: A single minimum sized Necromutant squad. This squad may add a Centurion as a Squad Leader. Necromutant and Centurion models in this squad gain A(+1), W(+1), Bodyguard, and Unbreakable for (+15) PTS per model. Alakhai the Cunning (or Alakhai Ascendant) must be attached to this squad at the start of the game and may not leave the squad.

THE BLOOD FISTS

This truly terrifying unit suffers from the Black Hunger. Rather than consigning them to the Necrochambers, Alakhai has found a way of controlling and modifying this hunger so that it rarely takes over their thinking, save in one thing. When they kill an opponent, they rip his heart out with their bare hands, hence their name. Occasionally though, a frenzy descends on the Blood Fists, and they must kill and eat. When this happens, the entire unit behaves as if in the last stages of the Black Hunger, rending their prey and refusing to be separated from it even by the threat of inevitable death. Such is the reputation of the Blood Fists that many inexperienced human troops will flee at the rumor of their presence. Needless to say, Alakhai finds this very useful. The Blood Fist Necromutants wear red shoulder pads and gloves. They also have very distinctive, pronounced red teeth. Their squad commanders have red body armor and wrist bands.

The Blood Fists: Necromutant Models in the squad gain Fear (+1), Ferocity (2), Follow Up, and Frenzy for (+5) PTS per model. If an enemy model is within charge range, a Necromutant from this squad must Charge with its first action.

Warzone Environmental Hazards and Weather Effects

Roll a D20 or draw a card to determine which conditions are affecting the battlefield at the beginning of the game.

1	Bounty!	9 - 10	Evil Fog
2	Burning Skies	11 - 12	Seismic Activity
3	Dust Storms	13 - 14	Gravity Fluctuations
4	Acidic Rain	15 - 16	Blizzard
5 - 6	Howling Wings	17 - 19	Nothing
7 - 8	Unnatural Darkness	20	Roll Twice, re-rolling any further results of a 20.

Each Condition will have four stages, and will always start at stage two unless otherwise indicated. If a condition is ever moved past stage four (e.g. to stage five) the condition ends, any related markers are removed and it has no further effect on play.

At the start of each round – including the first – use the highest initiative roll (including any bonuses to the roll) PLUS the turn number to determine how the conditions change. The possible results are:

1-6 Condition moves one stage to the left (decreases).

7-15 Condition remains the same

16-20 Condition moves one stage to the right (increases).

Apply the effects immediately, before the first activation of the turn.

1 (Bounty)

Start at Stage 1

Mineral Shards	Instability	Explosive Resource	Chain Reaction
Scatter 4 30mm 'Shard' markers D20" from the centre of the table, in each half of the table (8 total). No 'Shard' marker can be interacted with this turn. Move to Stage 2.	Randomly select 1 'Shard' marker.	Randomly select 2 'Shard' markers.	Select all remaining 'Shard' markers.
	All models within 4" of the selected 'Shard' marker(s) suffer a ST 12 Exploit attack, then remove the marker(s). Remaining 'Shard' markers may be picked up by a non vehicle model in B2B for 2AP and grant 1 additional Resource card per marker for the rest of the game.		

2 (Burning Skies)

Combustible Vapours	Meteor Strike!	Burning Fragment	Noxious fumes
Treat all 'Impact' markers as though they were part of a ST 14 wall of flame attack that is infinitely high. Each model can only be hit once by this attack.	Scatter 2 30mm 'Impact' markers D20" from the centre of the table. All models within 1" take a ST 14 AP 6 Deadly autohit.	Scatter a 30mm 'Impact' marker D20" from the centre of the table. All models within 1" take a ST 12 AP 4 autohit.	All models within 2" of an 'Impact' marker suffer a ST 3 Gas autohit.
	Flying models hit are scattered D20/2" with a random facing and immediately land.		

3 (Dust Storms)

Start at Stage 1

Twister	Destruction in its wake	Debris!	All Used Up
Place a 30mm 'Storm' marker in the centre of the table and scatter it D20/2. Any model within 2" takes a ST 14 autohit and is pushed 3" away from the marker.	Scatter each 'Storm' marker D20/4. Any model within 2" takes a ST 14 autohit and is pushed 3" away from the marker.	Each model within 5" of a 'Storm' marker must make a CON test or take a ST 8 AP 4 autohit.	mu

4 (Acidic Rain)

Corrosive Sludge	Acidic Deluge	Burning Drizzle	Deadly Pools
All models receive -2 A, -2 IA, -2 CON this turn. All models not within 2" of a terrain piece must make a CON test or suffer 1 W.	All models receive -2 A, -2 IA this turn. No model may use Target Identifier or Regeneration this turn.	All models receive -1 A, -1 IA this turn.	Scatter 2 'Acid Pool' markers D20" from the centre of the table. Models moving within 2" take a ST12 AP 6 autohit.

5 – 6 (Howling Winds)

(Kownwa) Hurricane!	Storm!	Sudden Calm	The Bitch is Back!
All SZ 0 models not within 1" of a terrain piece are scattered D20/4". If scattered into terrain or another model, it receives a stun effect. Ranged weapon R is halved. RD not possible this turn.	All models receive SP - 1. Shooting attacks (Ranged and Psychic) receive -2 RS or WP. Add 4 to RD tests this turn.	All shooting attacks (Ranged and Psychic) receive +2 RS or WP.	All models receive SP – 1. Shooting attacks (Ranged and Psychic) receive -2 RS or WP. RD not possible this turn.

7-8 (Unnatural Darkness)

Blind!	Pitch Black	Shrouded in Gloom?	Brilliant Dawn
No shooting attacks are possible unless the attack does not require LOS. Any squad or stalk marker attempting a movement action will move at half speed in a random direction. FD not possible this turn.	All models gain Hard to Hit (+4) unless it has a spotlight somewhere on the model. Stalk markers cannot be revealed automatically due to an enemy model moving within 6". No infiltration deployment.	Models with a spotlight receive RS + 4.	All models in each squad receive a stun effect on a D20 roll of 1 – 4. After rolling for all squads, end this condition.

9 – 10 (Evil Fog)

Has anyone seen Jenkins?	Pea Soup	Is someone there?	Voices in the mist
All coherency values halved. Roll a D20 for each infantry or cavalry model out of coherency. On a 1-3 the model suffers 1 W with no saving roll allowed.	All squads reduce coherency by 2. All models gain Camo(2). Scatter infiltrating squads D20/4" after deploying all Infiltrators (All members of squad scatter same direction and distance).	All models receive LD -2. Models in sentry without Fearless must shoot the first model (friend or foe) that moves within its LOS.	All models receive WP - 2

11 – 12 (Seismic Activity)

Quake!	Tremor	Aftershock	Falling Masonry
The entire table is considered Difficult Terrain. Terrain pieces with at least 2 'Unstable' markers are destroyed. Models can not Battle Focus this turn.	All models receive SP – 1. Three random terrain pieces within 6" of the half way line take 1 W and receive 1 'Unstable' marker. No Pre-emptive Strike this turn.	All models receive SP – 1. Move each terrain piece with at least 1 'Unstable' marker, and all models within, 1" in a random direction. If this movement causes a model to touch the terrain piece, it receives a Stun Effect.	Models ending their activation within a structure take a ST8 autohit.

13 – 14 (Gravity Fluctuations)

Heavy Metal	Up is Down?	Float Away	Just.. gone
All models SP is reduced by 2 or SZ value, whichever is greater. All Ranged weapons halve R. No model may fly or use Leap. Models deploying via RD take ST 12 autohit after being placed.	Range penalties to RS are doubled. Roll D20. 1-10: All non-flying, non-vehicle models gain Leap (+4) and flying Models gain SP+2. 11-20: All models receive SP-2 and ST-2.	After any model uses Leap or performs a move action while flying replace it with a 30mm 'Drift' marker and put the model in reserve. Deploy the model within 1" of the marker next turn after determining if the condition changes.	..any model held in reserve because of Float Away is removed from the game as a casualty.

15 – 16 (Blizzard)

Slow Death	Treacherous Conditions	Snow Blind	Unfamiliar Landscape
Models that complete their activation without taking a movement action must pass a CON test or loose 1 W. Vehicles that did not move instead loose 1 W on the engine location on a roll of 1-5. All models receive RS, CC and WP -4.	Models that run or charge, or vehicles that perform a full throttle action, scatter D20/4" after completing the movement but keep the same facing. These models ignore the Free Slash rule when scattering. All models receive RS, CC and WP -2. No Stalk deployment.	After spending the required AP (if required) models interacting with objectives fail on a D20 roll of 1 – 14. This is performed after any other tests needed to interact with the objective have been performed.	Any model that is required to be in a table zone or within range of an objective is NOT considered to be within the required zone or distance on a D20 roll of 1..8

The Armoured OOC:

Similar to the Heavy and Gargantuan OOCs, but focusing on Light Vehicles, this OOC represents the armoured might of an army. In this OOC, Monster/Light Vehicle squads provide 1 Resource per squad instead of Troops.

1-5 Characters

0-3 Troops

0-4 Support

2-4 Monster/Light Vehicle

0-2 Heavy Vehicle

0-4 Transport Vehicle

Mission #1: Defend the Armour

Deployment: Battle Line

Deployment Options: Regular, Stalk, Preemptive Strike

Mission Parameter: Before the start of the game, note one of your friendly vehicle squads secretly. If this squad is above 50% of its starting number is alive at the end of the game, it is worth +10 MPs

Mission #2: Armour Duel

Deployment: Battle Line

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank Deployment, Rapid Deployment, Infiltrate, Stalk, Preemptive Strike

Mission Parameter: During the first Control Phase, nominate one of your enemy's vehicles and one of your own. If your vehicle destroys the selected enemy vehicle, you gain +10 MPs.



CONTACT! BLOOD IN THE SNOW

A scenario pack for Warzone Resurrection.
Brian F. Kenny

Excerpts from the personal memoirs of Inquisitor Vincent Ireton.

Ask anyone where the Dark Legion first returned to the world's of the Solar System and most will say the southern deserts of Mars, the massive structure of the Citadel of Saladin and the infamous Doughpits that surround it. Some who are a little more knowledgeable may mention the Venusian Ring of Fire and Alakhai's attack on Volksburg but, I guarantee you no one will mention a small lumber and mining town on Ganymede called Dunshaughlin. That was where the Legion first emerged for me, where I faced the horrors belonging to the First Bitch of the Dark Soul, Ilian.

I was just a lowly Decurion back then, I'd been promoted six months before and my Trooper squad had been sent to Ganymede to help the Imperials clear the moon of lingering Cybertronic booby traps and infiltrators. There was no shortage of the damn things either, lurking underground in caves or just buried and lying dormant in the tundra until something triggered them, Scorpions, Voltigeur's with drones, Chemimen, frackin' Chemimen! They were the worst, we would be out on patrol and suddenly one of my Troopers would just drop, a hole somewhere in them from a long-range sniper shot you would only hear after they were down. Twice we stumbled across one up close and they would trigger their chemical weapon system, spraying the whole area with nerve agent, we took them down but both times I lost people to that poison, even with the armour and masks.

The move to Dunshaughlin was a surprise, I'd never heard of the place and had no idea why we were going there but then I didn't need to know, that was the thing about being in the order, you could ask questions sure but you still went ahead and did it because you had faith, faith in the Light, faith in each other, faith in your commanders, faith that what we were doing was the right thing, sometimes the only thing, that would keep the darkness at bay. So we packed up and headed out to this little place in the Sippur Highlands of Ganymede, nothing but mountains, genetically engineered forests and snow as far as the eye could see, the sort of place that would have been in one of those old earth textbooks that talked about unspoiled wilderness, except for the ugly clump of prefab buildings and rough wooden cabins that make up the town itself but even that managed a bit of frontier feel to it.

There were around a thousand settlers making a solid living from the lumber in the area, Ganymede was the first real competition to Venus in that particular resource and the Imperials were making the most of it. Mining expeditions had also turned up solid reserves of iron and bauxite in the surrounding area too, the first of several mine heads had opened up nearby and the first reports were encouraging. This wasn't the first attempt to exploit the area, oh no, this was actually the second settlement. The previous group had been smaller, only about 200 and had only lasted about six months before disappearing without a trace, since it happened almost at the same time as a resurgence in Cybertronic activity the Imperials had just assumed the settlers had been taken out by infiltrators but the order had suspicions that lay in another direction. Maybe it was a desire to confirm or dismiss those feelings of unease that caused us to be sent down there or maybe it was something more, a vision by a Mystic or intelligence from a Heretic cell they had taken down, whatever the reason it turned out to be a good one, just not for us.

Just to be clear they didn't send just one squad, that would have achieved nothing, we were actually a full platoon of regular Troopers as well as a couple of Elite Troopers squads, plus a handful of Holy Sentinels and Valkyries and a full Inquisitor squad. We even got a couple of Death Angel ATV's for long range recon and support, it was a good mix though that was the first clue that something was off for me, it was way too much for such a pissant backwater unless you were expecting trouble.

It wasn't just the Order either, the Imperials had assigned a couple of platoons of Trenchers and ISF to the garrison as well as a unit of Air Cavalry and a half dozen of those little Greyhound mini-tanks that they seem to have a bazillion of, way more firepower than would normally be found all the way out here. Plus they had gotten a small Wolfbane pack to set up shop in the surrounding hills for 'training purposes', please, you didn't have to be a Mystic or even have a decent nose to smell the bullshit off that one.

Unfortunately while the Imperials had committed a decent quantity of troops to the area, they had skimmed on the quality, the bulk of the Trencher's looked like they'd just finished puberty the week before and while the ISF boys and girls seemed solid it only took a five minute conversation with the Rams to realise there were a number of Section Eight cases present who shouldn't even have been allowed wander the town without supervision, never mind fly a rocket-armed Twin Barracuda. One lunatic actually used to wear a cape and referred to himself as Ultraman or something, said he had come from a distant star to help humanity in our time of need, even that guy was moderately sane compared to some of the rest, it was only after talking to one of the Inquisitors that I stopped worrying about a possible Muawijhe influence, mostly.

The officers in charge had their own problems, the NCO's were pretty solid as were a lot of the junior officers but the overall commander was an overweight, idiotic, social fop called Holt who I strongly suspected had paid for his rank of Major less with sweat and blood and more with cold, hard crowns. I only met him once but that was once too many for me, a lot of the Imperial officers quickly came up with ways to work around their commander, letting him have the illusion of being in charge while they did the actual work, problem was when things did hit the fan, Holt proved a liability.

Despite my apprehension the first few weeks on site seemed to be the easy duty some had hoped for, we patrolled the town and surrounding area, sometimes on our own, other times alongside the Imps, held services in the small chapel, helped the settlers with small jobs, on the surface, life was easy but there was a tension in the town.

It manifested in lots of ways, fights would break out over the stupidest things, people drank, lots of people complained of bad dreams or disturbed sleep, I and a handful of other Art sensitive Brotherhood members sat down one evening and tried to talk it out, for us it was a feeling of being watched, of threat and menace that kept us constantly on edge. We tried to pinpoint a source but couldn't, it was like the snow, it covered the entire area. We reported it to the Inquisitor Majoris but decided not to tell the Imperials, I doubt Holt would have believed us anyway and the junior officers wouldn't have been able to do anything anyway except be vigilant, in the end we didn't have to wait long for the hammer to come down.

It happened fast, almost the exact opposite of what we would normally expect from the forces of Ilian, a mining team in the hills failed to check in one evening, it was after dusk so Holt decided it would be best to wait until morning to despatch a unit to investigate, we told him he shouldn't wait but the arrogant bastard just thanked us for our 'advice' in the most condescending tone I've ever heard and sent us on our way.

Sometime after midnight we all got a violent wake up call, the western horizon was lit up with big bright flashes, rocket artillery was dropping on the Wolfbane camp, tracers could be seen occasionally between the trees, crisscrossing back and forth telling us the Wolves weren't going quietly. We tried to contact them by radio but all we got was static punctuated by demonic screams and laughter, the Inquisitor Majoris didn't even bother waiting on the Imperials, instead he dispatched a squad straight to the camp to get a sitrep and try to lend as much assistance as they could while the rest of us got to work on the town's defence and evacuation.

The whole town was in a panic, no one had a clue what was happening or what to do, a couple of the more experienced Imperial Officers got their people together and manned the perimeter but the mighty Major Holt wasn't grasping the situation and kept confusing the situation with conflicting and nonsensical orders. By the end of the first hour the senior Imperial Officers had decided it would be easier to just ignore the idiot and they started talking directly to us, which was fortuitous as right then the squad we had sent into the hills got a runner back to the town to tell us the hills were swarming with Children of Ilian backed up by Templars. It looked like they had been moving in for a surprise night attack on Dunshaughlin and had stumbled across the Wolfbane encampment, in the process initiating a firefight neither side had expected that had quickly degenerated into a brutal close quarters slugfest.

Everyone knew right then we were in the shit, I could see the fear barely contained in the

faces of the Imperial Officers, we had to get out while we still could, IF we still could. The Wolfbanes knew the score, the runner told us, they would try to hold the Legion in the hills for as long as possible before falling back on the town, they would try to give us until dawn at least. The nearest big airfield, a joint Imperial-Brotherhood set-up, was almost two hundred clicks away, a long stretch for any ground support aircraft but we got on the base radio and managed to punch a signal through the interference. Transports would be in the air within hours as well as air support, we just had to hold out, it was a big ask.

We decided to let the Imperials take the initial defence line, there were more of them and the physical bunkers and trenches would help the inexperienced soldiers more than us, we would help with the evacuation and set up for a flexible response in the town proper once the Legion broke through, something we had no doubt would happen, in fact we were counting on it because if we could bog them down among the buildings and narrow streets we could keep them away from Dunshaughlin's small airstrip long enough to evac.

Just before dawn the outer pickets signalled the arrival of the surviving Wolfbanes, there was less than a score of bloodied Wolfbanes and Mourning Wolves left from a Clan contingent of almost a hundred, all of them looked like they had been through hell but they weren't done yet, you could see it in their eyes. They had watched their friends, the only family any of them had left, die at close quarters against nightmares from across space and time and they were pissed. None of the Troopers who had gone up to help them came back. A little over an hour after that the first probing attacks started, small groups of Heretics and Children of Ilian thrown at the trenches and dug-outs looking for weak points, we left them to the Imperials and worked on getting everyone ready to leave. The transports were barely an hour out we were told but in the end, we didn't get that hour.

The only warning we had was the screeching whoosh of the Hellfire Carts firing from the surrounding treeline, the whole town shook as high explosives tore the guts out of the town, not all of it fell on the Imperial positions, the minions of the First Bitch of the Void were too inaccurate or too uncaring for that. They even mixed in a dose of incendiaries for good measure, in minutes the fires and smoke were totally out of control, all the better to spread the fear and panic. I could hear the gunfight as the Templars and other horrors started their attack and knew the Imperials couldn't hold, the chatter of Invader Assault Rifles and ripping cloth sounds of Charger HMG's were being drowned out by the higher pitched whine of Templar Sinarak's and popping cracks of the Children's Mikatch's.

My squad was teamed up with some of the Valkyries led by a girl called Allison, we were moving some of the last civilians towards the airfield when another volley of artillery forced us to take cover, the surrounding buildings took the worst of it as we tried to shield the civvies.

Getting back on my feet I turned and saw a group of figures running towards us and started to raise my AC-19 before I recognised the Imperial uniforms, I watched as Allison stepped forward and swung her Castigator in a wide arc smashing a trio of the fleeing soldiers in the chest, the impact combining with the spears electrical charge to knock all three on their ass. The rest stopped, stunned as this young woman hauled one of the Trenchers back to his feet and tore him a new asshole, questioning his manhood, parentage and character in a voice that would have made a member of the Curia cringe. Scooping up the man's fallen weapon and shoving it back into his hands she drove the panic from the fleeing Trenchers with a glare that impressed even me. Turning away she looked at me.

"We've got to get to the landing field."

"Agreed." I replied. "I'll mix my people in with the Imperial's, try to stiffen them, you take rearguard?"

She nodded and started to turn when something lit up the sky over the centre of the town, I couldn't see what it was from where I was standing next to one of the huts but Allison could, I watched the colour leave her face and she whispered something to herself that I couldn't make out, she started to turn towards me to say something but I didn't need to hear it, I grabbed the nearest civilian and practically threw them down the street.

"Move! Move!"

My squad and I pushed the Imperial's, civilian and military alike, through the snow covered,

tightly packed streets and past low buildings several of which were already ablaze, we got barely 200 meters before running into a pack of Ilian's Children, reflex shots dropped a couple then all hell broke loose. The little monsters opened up a pair of portals to some other place and suddenly a dozen Templars were on us, most of the fight is still a blur even today but I remember the moment one of those things smashed my rifle with its mace, the impact sending me staggering. It came forward, mace held high, looking to finish me off but I wasn't going down that easy, I stepped inside its reach and clamped my hand over its faceplate, focused my Art and blew its head off.

The headless corpse hit the ground, I don't care what connection it had with its Mistress it wasn't getting up from that, I scooped an AC-19 off the body of one of the other Troopers, a young guy named Mulhall who had grown up on a farm on Mars, grabbed a couple of civvies with the other hand and pushed them towards the landing field. It was barely half a klick but it felt like five thousand, the Legion dogging us every step and rockets dropping all around, snow now being replaced by ash as the town burned. As we crossed the shallow river that ran through the town I thought we were going to be overrun only to see the advancing Templars disappear behind a fountain of dirt, snow and body parts, a howling roar overheard drew my gaze up to the beautiful swept wing form of an Icarus fighter hovering overhead, its cannons spewing death with a sound like ripping cloth.

We didn't hesitate but took the opportunity to finish the run inside the rough perimeter the Imperials had thrown up around the small strip, by some miracle of the Light we had only lost one civilian but the cost had been almost every soldier in the group, only five Trenchers and two Wolfbanes were left along with myself and one other Trooper. Overhead a handful of Icarus fighters were performing ground support strike over the town while a pair of heavy lift transports were just touching down. I turned back to the town, it was burning heavily by now, tracers, explosions and flashes of both Symmetry and Art spoke of the violence being wrought by the Legion as the Imperials tried desperately to hold on long enough to allow the civilians to get clear.

Over the next couple of hours over a hundred streamed across the river, almost all hotly pursued by more of Ilian's nightmares but it wasn't long before the evacuees stopped and only the Legion came on, probing the perimeter. Towards dusk a ragged group of Imperial and Brotherhood troops fought there way clear, among the wounded I saw the unconscious form of the Valkyrie, Allison, her armour burned and smashed, blood seeping out from half a dozen joints. One of the Troopers told me she'd tied up some huge Nepharite thing for over an hour with a running 'hit and fade' strategy before getting cornered and hammered, I found out later she spent three months getting patched back up before shipping off to Mars and jumping into even deeper trouble.

As night fell we knew the Legion was massing to finish us off but were weren't going to accommodate them, I hopped the final transport and got to see the start of the bombing run that had been ordered by command, what was left of Dunshaughlin vanished in a firestorm but it didn't get them all. Over the next month the Brotherhood and Imperial sent over a division of troops into the hills trying to locate the Legion Citadel we knew had to be there, ambushes, skirmishes and full on battles raged day and night, in frustration the Curia sent in a section of Keepers of the Art, that's when things got REALLY unpleasant but in the end we still couldn't find their base. The attacks died down, the area was declared off limits and watch posts were set up to guard against any return, the survivors tried to rebuild their lives but like me, knew things would never be the same. The Darkness had returned and we were in the fight of our lives.

Scenarios.

Authors note. The scenarios presented in this pack may be played in a variety of ways, players may simply make up their own forces using the points values listed but for those who wish a more historical feel, themed forces are also listed for each scenario. Additionally if players wish to build their own forces for the different engagements they can agree to restrict their own force selections and the use of named Characters to those that actually took part in the battle (which aren't many), though this will heavily restrict the number of Characters involved, especially for Imperial and the Brotherhood, it can give a different feel to the games.

Whichever option you decide to use always remember the golden rules,

- 1) "Have fun."
- 2) "Never get so caught up in the rules you forget Rule 1."

Historical Forces.

The events surrounding the emergence of Ilian's servants at Dunshaughlin were ultimately a minor clash in comparison to the events happening in the wider solar system and mostly involved what would be considered line troops in the main, as such players wishing to build their own Imperial or Brotherhood forces can, if they wish, restrict themselves to the following force options.

Imperial MOW restriction.

No Named/Unique Characters

Troop types: Trenchers, ISF only allowed.

Support types: Barracuda Twin Rams Air Cavalry, Wolfbane Commandos, Mourning Wolves only allowed.

Vehicles: Greyhound LAFV only allowed. No heavy vehicles allowed.

Imperial Wolfbane restrictions.

No Named/Unique Characters

Troop types: No restrictions.

Support types: May not take Stormtrenchers from MOW, only 1 squad of Warhounds and 1 squad of Headhunters per game. No Varg Riders allowed.

Vehicles: No more than 1 squad of either Fenris Bikes or Hedgehog Necromowers allowed per game.

Brotherhood restrictions.

No Named/Unique Characters

Troop types: Maximum of one squad of Holy Sentinels per game.

Support types: Maximum of one squad of Inquisitors per game. No Visionaries, Mortificators or Fury Elite Guard allowed.

Vehicles: Maximum of one squad of Death Angel ATV's allowed per game, no other vehicles allowed except for a single Vikare Interceptor for Scenario 3: Hell came to Town.

Ilian restrictions.

No Named/Unique Characters allowed except for Karak the Keeper who may only be summoned for Scenarios 3 & 4

Vehicles: No Heavy vehicles allowed.

Scenario 1: The Last Howl.

The attack on Dunshaughlin had been well planned by the servants of Ilian and would have been a massacre except for one critical error, somehow in their preparations the Legion had completely missed the presence of the Wolfbanes in the woods beyond the town, almost straddling their line of advance. The result was a confused close quarters melee lit only by tracers and explosions that neither side was really prepared for, the victors however were never in doubt, the forces of Ilian had far greater numbers on their side, nonetheless the valiant sacrifice of the Clansmen bought the town the time needed to mount a desperate defense and evacuation. If not for their sacrifice the town would have fallen without a single survivor and humanity would have remained ignorant of the danger present on Ganymede's icy surface.

Battle Level: Alpha
Primary Mission: Fubar
Attacker: Dark Legion - Ilian
Defender: Imperial - Wolfbanes

Terrain: Roughly 2/3 of the playing area should be woods, brush and scrub, no more than 4 building should be used and none higher than a single storey, either intact or ruins.

Points Value: 750.

OOC: Standard

Historical Forces: Imperial.

Master Pathfinder w/ Clansman's Claymore
Pathfinder w/ Clansman's Claymore
Pathfinder
5x Wolfbane Commandos w/ Charger HMG & Rite of Eternal Night.
5x Wolfbane Commandos w/ Aggressor Handguns, Hand Rippers & Charger HMG.
5x Mourning Wolves w/ Howler Grenade Launcher
3x Warhounds w/ Rite of Extended Death.
3x Headhunters.
3x Fenris Bikes.

Historical Forces: Ilian.

Nepharite of Ilian w/ Call of the Wild Hunt & Vortex of the Multiverse powers.
10x Children of Ilian w/ Scion of Ilian Squad Commander
9x Templars w/ 3x Void Cannons & Icon of Ilian
3x Temple Vanguard.

Scenario 2. Holding the Line

The sacrifice of the Wolfbanes allowed the Imperial garrison to establish a perimeter and begin an evacuation but right from the start they were hampered by the inability of Major Holt to grasp the situation and give coherent orders. In short order the Imperial Officers present cut him out of the command loop and put together a rough plan directly with the Brotherhood contingent, the Imperials would attempt to hold a line at the edge of the town while the Brotherhood would assist with the evacuation and contain any breakthroughs in the twisting streets. Everyone knew it was a plan that had a slim chance of success.

Battle Level: Beta

Primary Mission: Advance Base
Attacker: Dark Legion - Ilian
Defender: Imperial - Ministry of War
Secondary Objective: Ilian- Ammo Dump
Imperial- Inspiring Leadership

Terrain: The Defender's table edge should be the perimeter of the town of Dunshaughlin consisting of intact buildings nearest the edge and ruined buildings, rubble and scrub becoming more common the closer to the Attackers edge. The last 1/3 up to the Attackers home edge should be trees, foliage, scrub and undergrowth, improvised barricades should be shattered throughout.

Points Value: 1,000.

OOB: Standard.

Historical Forces: Imperial.

Imperial Officer w/ Imperial Banner
Imperial NCO w/ Company Banner (attached to a Trencher Squad)
Imperial NCO
10x Trenchers w/ 2x Charger HMG's
10x Trenchers w/ 2x Charger HMG's
10x Imperial Special Forces w/ 2x Iron Mastiff's, 2x Mandible Shotguns, Forward Observer & Veteran ISF Specialisations
4x Twin Barracuda Rams Air Cavalry
3x Greyhound LAFV w/ 2x Slinger Mortars

Historical Forces: Ilian.

Nepharite of Ilian w/ Call of the Wild Hunt & Ilian's Flaming Fist of Destruction powers.
10x Children of Ilian w/ 2x Hellfire Carts & Scion of Ilian Squad Commander
6x Templars w/ 2x Void Cannons
6x Templars w/ 2x Void Cannons
3x Wild Huntsmen of Ilian.

Scenario 3. Hell came to town.

Despite a valiant effort on the part of the Imperial defenders there was never any real doubt that the forces of Ilian would not punch through the lines, although the first attack was pushed back a second, stronger onslaught fractured the perimeter at two separate points and allowed the Templars and Children to flow into the town proper. Prepared for this eventuality the Brotherhood contingent played a lethal game of cat and mouse among the burning buildings, entangling the attackers and giving the Imperial Trenchers a chance to fall back. Eager to bring the battle to a resolution, the Dark Mistress called on one of her most lethal servants and the Heretics that the Brotherhood had suspected were present, to break the back of the defenders.

Battle Level: Gamma
Primary Mission: Human Resources
Attacker: Dark Legion - Ilian
Defender: Brotherhood
Faction Objective: Ilian- Glory Hunter
Brotherhood- The Rising Star

Terrain: This engagement takes place in the heart of the Imperial settlement, as such the whole

board should consist of an urban setting with a 50/50 mixture of intact and ruined buildings and plenty of scatter terrain appropriate to an urban setting. Additionally players may wish to add a little more drama to their game by designating 1-2 buildings each (either intact or ruined) as being on fire. Such buildings are considered Rough Terrain and any model starting or ending their Activation within their footprint suffer a ST(8) Autohit, any models passing through the buildings without stopping suffer a ST(5) Autohit.

Points Value: 1,000.

OOB: Standard.

Historical Forces: Brotherhood.

Inquisitor Majoris w/ AC-41 Purifier Combo, Exorcise Wound & Unbinding Art

10x Troopers w/ 4x Scoped AC-19's, Healing Hand & Emerald Bastion Art

5x Troopers w/ AC-19's & 5x Troopers w/ Retaliator Swords/Guardian Shields & Ghost Form Art.

5x Holy Sentinels w/Ghost Form Art

6x Inquisitors w/ Striking & Reprimand Art

10x Valkyries w/ 2x AC-31 Flamers & Cleansing Light Art

Custom Valkyrie Hero (must be attached to the Valkyrie squad)

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ
5	16/5	14	10	10	17	14	3	24	0

Abilities: Leap(4), Frenzy, Hurricane of Destruction. As Valkyries: Bringers of the Light, Hard to Hit(2), Spear Strike.

Equipment: P60 'Punisher' Handgun, Castigator Power Spear, Valkyrie Armour.

Art Power: Ghost Form.

Historical Forces: Ilian.

Karak the Keeper

High Templar w/Ilian's Flaming Fist of Destruction Symmetry Power.

10x Heretics

4x Templars w/ 1x Void Cannon

4x Templars w/ 1x Void Cannon

6x Triangled Templars w/ 2x Etheric Cannon's

Agony Golem.

Scenario 4. Line in the snow.

With the town in flames and heavy loses inflicted upon them, the defenders of Dunshaughlin mustered their remaining force at the settlement's small airstrip and dug in for a desperate defence. The handful of ground attack aircraft that had accompanied the evacuation transports were able to slow, but not stop the gathering horde, the lives of the remaining civilians were reliant on the bloodied few holding the line. The monster, Karak, led the attack against the airfield control tower himself.

Battle Level: Delta

Primary Mission: The Last Stand

Attacker: Dark Legion - Ilian

Defender: Imperial MOW.

Secondary Objective: Ilian- Controlled Demolition

Imperial- Experimental Tech

Faction Objective: Ilian- Blood Feud
Imperial- Veterans

Terrain: The Imperials and their allies are trying to hold the edge of an airfield, the convergence should contain part of or all of an intact structure, representing the airfield Control Tower, two thirds of the field should also contain other structures, intact and ruined, as well as plenty of industrial scatter terrain. The remaining third should be trees, undergrowth and foliage.

Points Value: 1,000

OOC: Standard.

Historical Forces: Imperial.

Imperial Officer w/ Imperial Banner

Imperial NCO w/ Company Banner (attached to Trencher Squad 1)

10x Trenchers w/ 2x Charger HMG's

7x Trenchers w/ 1x Charger HMG's

9x Imperial Special Forces w/ 1x Gehenna Puker, 1x Iron Mastiff & Charmed Specialisation.

5x Wolfbane Commandos, 3x w/ Aggressor handguns & Hand Rippers, 1x w/ Charger HMG

5x Mourning Wolves w/ 1x Howler Grenade Launcher.

9x Brotherhood Troopers, 2x w/ Guardian Shields & Retaliator Swords, 3x w/ Scoped AC19's, & Inquisitor Squad Commander. Include Sliver of the Abyss & Adjusted Materiality Art

2x Greyhound LAFV's, 1x w/ Slinger Mortar.

Historical Forces: Ilian.

Karak the Keeper (may not Rapid Deploy)

6x Templars w/ 2x Void Cannons

7x Templars w/ 2x Void Cannons

10x Heretics

3x Temple Vanguards

5x Scions of Ilian

1x Agony Golem

Mission: Building Bridges

History:

Spurred on by Mishima sabotage of the Grindelwald Mines, Operation Scythe saw Bauhaus High Command approve the formation of the Karlstein Battle Group. Led by Colonel Friedrich Karlstein, they swept from the western shores of Aphrodite Terra across the Fluorescent Sea, seizing Thann and pushing deep into the Ozumi Keiretsu on Eisilla Island in little over a day. So sudden was the attack that over half the island had fallen to the Battle Group by the time the Lord Ozumi's forces rallied. Eight days later and with the bulk of the fighting in the central region, a smaller force commanded by Karlstein himself broke off and circled north, poised to carry the ailing momentum of the attack along the lightly defended northern shores. Despite Cartel intervention, Colonel Karlstein was determined to reclaim as much territory as possible for his house.

Convinced that his smaller force had gone undetected, Karlstein's plans were stalled by mechanical failure that left his vehicles unable to follow after the engineering detachment sent to establish a route across the Eisenstaub / Ketsueki river. While it was true that the northern coast was lightly defended from an inland attack, Mishima reconnaissance aircraft had spotted Karlstein moving into position and Lord Ozumi was hastily mustering troops that could reinforce his scouting party in region, putting little faith in the assurances of the Cartel that hostilities were about to cease and finding no offer of help from the Lord Heir.

Force Restrictions:

The attacking player's force should be selected using the Standard OOC and total no more than 650 points and may only include 1 light vehicle.

The defending player's force should be selected using the Standard OOC and not total more than 500 points, must include at least 6 Children of Illian or 10 Hussars / Brotherhood Troopers / Light Infantry / Chasseurs / Undead Legionnaires / Trenchers / Wolfbane Commandos / Ronin depending on the defending player's faction, and may not include any vehicles except for Cartel Mules.

Historical Force:

Attacker (Mishima, 650pts)

Capitan Kurosawa (use as Lieutenant Masaru)

Ronin x10 (Ushi no Pawa)

Ashigaru x5 (Ronin Squad Commander, 1x Mortar, Taka no Me)

Ashigaru x5 (Ronin Squad Commander, 1x Mortar, Taka no Me)

Tiger Dragons x4

Kunshu Dragon Rider (In this historical scenario the Dragon Rider takes up a Support Slot)

Meka (Daimyo Rocket Launcher)

Bauhaus (Defender, 500pts):

Major Ilsa Fieldhausen-Valmonte

Feldwebel Richard Meier

6x Hussars (MG-40, Smoke Flare doktrin)

6x Hussars (MG-40, Smoke Flare doktrin)

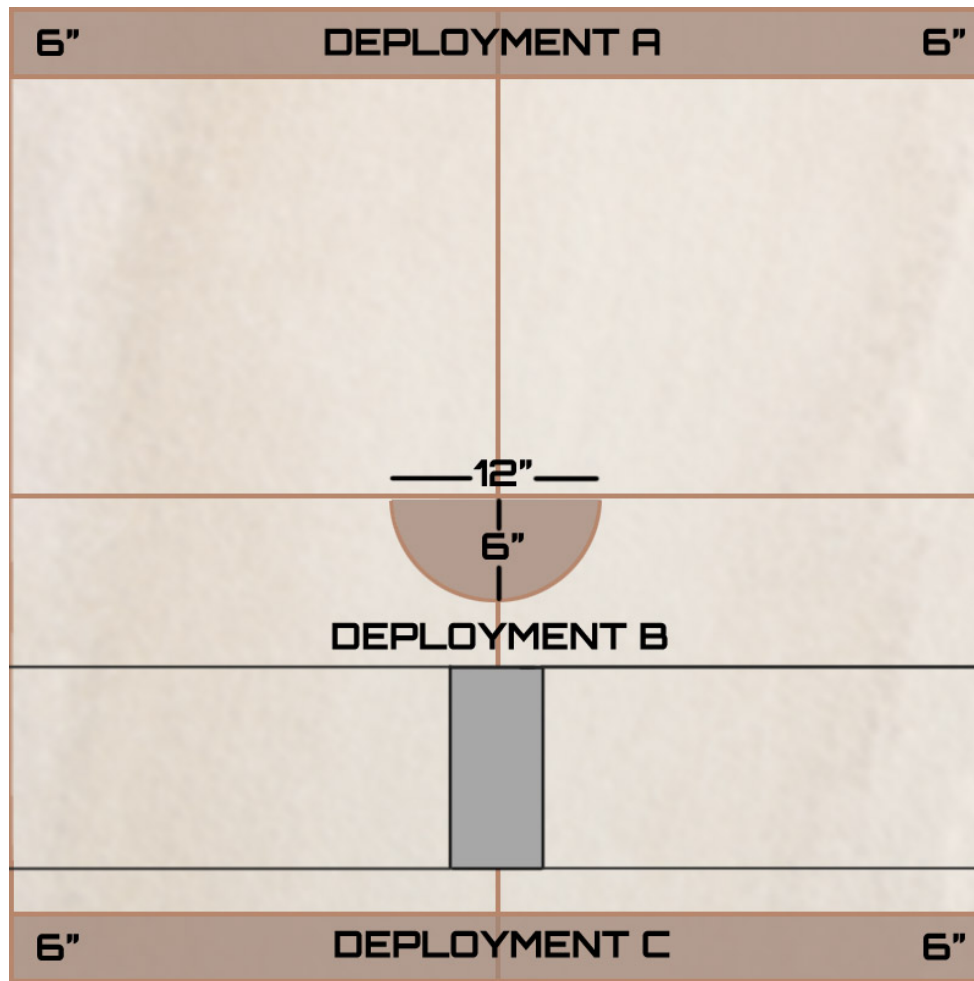
5x Blitzers (ARG-17B, Tarnung doktrin)

1x Sturmblitzer HMG (Spotter, Smoke Flare doktrin)

Cartel Mule

Deployment: The defending player may only use Regular or Pre-Emptive Strike deployment, deploying first with at least one model from each squad wholly within Deployment Zone B. The defending player always has the initial initiative. The attacking player may only use Regular deployment, and deploys second in Deployment Zone A.

A bridge approximately 4" wide should separate Deployment Zone B and Zone C, crossing the Eisenstaub river which is impassable terrain. The bridge has A(28) and W(7) and is SZ(0). RS penalties due to weapon range and the Smoke ability DO apply when attacking this structure.



Mission Parameter:

If the attacking player destroys the bridge before the end of turn 5, that player wins a major victory (10 MP). If the attacking player has reduced the bridge to at least half its starting number of wounds and there are no defending models in deployment zone C, that player wins a minor victory (5 MP).

If the bridge is intact at the end of turn 5 but all surviving models of at least two defending squads are in deployment zone C, the defender wins a major victory (10 MP). If the bridge is intact and there is at least 1 defending model in deployment zone C, but not enough to qualify for a major victory, the defender scores a minor victory (5 MP).

Historical Outcome:

A small Mishiman scouting force led by Captain Kurosawa were positioned on the western shore of the Ketsueki river at the most logical crossing point for Karlstein's armour, ready to sell their lives dearly so that their reinforcements could arrive before the Ozumi Keiretsu could diminish further. Instead, the Bauhaus engineers rushed to an exposed location some twelve miles north along the flood plain and by the time the scouting force had repositioned, the engineers had almost finished the construction of the crossing. With both forces anticipating the other would receive reinforcements at any moment a frantic battle broke out on the western bank of the river, with the Bauhaus forces retreating to the eastern side of the bridge despite disabling the Mishima walkers in the opening moments of the engagement. Both sides exchanged fire across the river for several hours until the scouting party received a communication from Lord Commander Ozumi himself that the armour waiting on the eastern side of the river had still not made an advance on the bridge. With the knowledge that his reinforcements were less than an hour away and that no help was coming for the Bauhaus engineers, Captain Kurosawa offered his foe the opportunity to surrender. Only when he met his opposite number on the bridge did he learn that their orders were to stop at the natural border created by the river and to respect the decree from the Cartel. Once word reached Lord Commander Ozumi and later, the Cartel, that troops from the Karlstein Battle Group were aware of the decree and were respecting it, Colonel Karstein was put in a position where he could no longer pursue his ambitions without disobeying an order the Cartel and High Command believed him to have received.

The bridge, as well as the road the engineers had already begun to construct, would go on to become the Han'ei Highway that connects the northern coast of the Ozumi Keiretsu with the neighbouring Bauhaus settlements.

Personas of Warzone

There are many personalities that have risen to the ranks of fame or notoriety, and many are included in existing armies. These few do not begin to scratch the surface of how many heroes and villains inhabit the Solar System, fighting in the various warzones across the planets. These steps will allow you to create your own characters to add your own individuality and narrative to your armies.

1. **Name the Character**
2. **Select Character Type**
3. **Select Weapons**
4. **Select Additional Abilities**

Example: Lt. Butters starts out as a Capitol Airborne Cavalry for (+18) PTS. Air Cavalry are Level 1 so add (+30). He decides to swap out his M50 Assault rifle for an M606 LMG for (+10) PTS and his Air Cavalry Knife for a Punisher Shortsword (+10) PTS. He has also received extra training to be more vigilant, so he adds (+10) for Guardsman. His total points cost is 78.

1. Name the Character:

The first thing you need to do is come up with a suitable heroic or villainous name for the new Character. This should reflect the theme and feel of the Mutant Chronicles universe!

2. Select Character Type:

All models lose "Type: Troop, Support, Monster, Small Base" and gain "Type: Character, Unique, Medium Base". Models with larger bases in their entry keep the base size of that entry, as well as appropriate Squad Options. All models come with the standard Equipment and Abilities listed in the corresponding squad entry. Dark Legion Characters may choose up to 2 Dark Symmetry powers unless otherwise stated in the entry.

Level 1 – Model gains CC/Def (+2/+1), RS, ST, CON, WP, LD, W, and A(+2) – (+30) PTS

Level 2 – Model gains CC/Def (+1/+1), RS, CON, WP, LD (+1) and W(+2) and A(+2) – (+35) PTS

Level 3 – Model gains CC/Def (+1/+1), RS, CON, WP, LD, W (+1). Applies only to the Rider – (+35) PTS

Level 4 – No changes to statistics.

Bauhaus

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Hussar	
1	Blitzers	
1	Dragoons	
2	Etoiles Mortant	
2	Sturmblitzers	
2	Venusian Rangers	
2	Armoured Hussar Juggernaut	
3	Venusian Kapitan	Does not gain W(+1)
3	Saurian Rider	
4	Venusian Marshal	

Brotherhood

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Troopers	Loses Bringers of the Light
2	Holy Sentinels	
2	Valkyries	Loses Bringers of the Light
2	Visionaries	
2	Mortificators	
2	Elite Troopers	
2	Sacred Warriors	
4	Inquisitor Majoris	
4	Keeper of the Art	
4	Crucifier	

Capitol

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Light Infantry	
1	Heavy Infantry	
1	Airborne Cavalry	
2	Free Marines	
2	Sea Lions	
2	Martian Banshees	
2	Rangers	
2	Sunset Strikers	
4	Wolverine	

Cybertronic

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Chasseurs	
1	Armoured Chasseurs	
1	Enhanced Machinator	
2	Mirrormen	
2	Shock Troopers	
2	Chemiman	Remove all Squad Options
3	Scorpion	
4	Everassur	
4	Dr. Diana Commander	
4	Cuirassier 'Attila' Mk III	
4	Surveilleur	

Dark Legion – Algeroth

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Heretics	
1	Necromutants	
3	Necrobeast Rider	
4	Nepharite of Algeroth	
4	Praetorian Goliath	
4	Necromutant Leader	
4	Centurion	
4	Tekron	

Dark Legion – Ilian

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
3	Wild Huntsman	Wild Hunt applies to this model only
4	Centurion	
4	Nepharite of Ilian	
4	High Templar	
4	Temple Vanguard	

Imperial – Ministry of War

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Trenchers	
1	Stormtrenchers	
2	Imperial Special Forces	May not take ISF Specializations: Close Quarters Defense Training or Veteran
2	Blood Berets	
2	Golden Lions	Gains IA(12) instead of A(+2). W(+1).
2	Life Dragoons	
2	Twin Barracuda	
4	Imperial Officer	

Imperial – Wolfbanes

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Wolfbane Commandos	Loses Seeking the Best Battles
1	Mourning Wolves	
1	Wolfbairns	
2	Warhounds	Gains IA(12) instead of A(+2). W(+1). (+30) PTS
2	Headhunters	
2	Pathfinder	
2	Berserkers	
3	Strathgordon Varg Riders	
4	Master Pathfinder	

Mishima

Level	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
1	Ronin Samurai	
1	Crimson Devils	
2	Hatamoto	
2	Tiger Dragon	Gains IA(10) instead of A(+2)
2	Shadow Walker	
2	Bushido Samurai	
3	Kunshu Dragonriders	
4	Bushido Master	
4	Mishima Daimyo	

3. Select Weapons

Choose up to two Weapons off the appropriate list for the Army. If a weapon option is listed in the Squad Options for that model, it may purchase it at that listed price. Each weapon replaces one of the weapons that are included standard for the model. If a weapon costs more than the original weapon, that cost is subtracted from the new weapon. If the weapon costs less, there are no PTS refunded for the difference.

Example: The model comes an HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun which has a PTS value of 5. You wish to replace it with an MG-40 LMG which has a PTS value of 10. A difference of 5 (10-5=5) is what it costs to arm the model with the MG-40.

Bauhaus

Weapon	Page	PTS
MP-25 Equalizer Handgun	103	0
Dueling Saber	105	5
Silenced P60 'Punisher' Handgun	106	0
AG-17 (Deathbolt Ammo)	108	5
HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun	108	5
Paradesabel	108	5
P60 'Punisher' Handgun	110	0
MP-103 Hellblazer SMG	116	5
AG-17 'Panzerknacker' Assault Rifle	119	0
MG-40 LMG	119	10
ARG-17 Rocket Launcher	119	15
ARG-17B Rocket Launcher	123	20
MG-70 HMG	129	15
JS66 Heavy Flamethrower	129	10
MP-105 Handgun	131	0
Bauforce HMG 1000 'Deathlockdrum'	136	25
AG-20 Kampfkane	KWXX	0

Brotherhood

Weapon	Page	PTS
AC-40 Justifier	152	15
Holy Disemboweller Chainblade	152	10
AC-41 Purifier HMG	153	25
Avenger Battlesword	153	10
Nemesis Handgun	155	0
AC-19 Volcano Assault Rifle	163	0
Retaliator Sword	163	5
Castigator Power Spear	169	5
AC-31 Cleansing Flamethrower	169	5
P65 Barrage Handgun	170	10
Mortis Sword	173	10

Judgement Hammer	175	15
Heavy Carbine	175	15
Purifier Incinerator	175	10
AC-43 Hymnal LMG	KWXX	10
HAC-20 Eruptor Heavy Assault Rifle	KWXX	10
Retributor Carbine	KWXX	5

Capitol

Weapon	Page	PTS
Capitolian Sword of Honor	191	15
Serrated Punisher Short Sword	195	10
M50 Assault Rifle	197	0
Air Cavalry Knife	197	0
M50 Assault Rifle (Spec Ops Ammo)	200	5
Machete	201	5
CA-101 Piranha Handgun	203	0
IN-14 Flamethrower	204	10
Powered Gauntlet	204	0
Fist of Judah	206	10
M66 Autocannon	209	15
M606 LMG	212	10
DPAT-9 Rocket Launcher	212	15
Banshee Blade	217	0
M89 HMG (Remove Turret ability)	223	20
M516 Automatic Shotgun	223	10
CAR-24 SMG	KWXX	0
M13 Bolter Handgun	KWXX	0

Cybertronic

Weapon	Page	PTS
Servomotor Fist	235	0
SSW4200P 'Suppressor' HMG	237	20
Cybernetic Arm	237	0
SSW3200P HMG	240	20
Cybernetic Fists	240	0
P1000 Handgun	241	0
CSA404 Heat Sword	245	10
CAW2000 'Nailgun' SMG	249	5
AR3501 Chain Carbide	253	0
SSW5500 Rocket Launcher	253	15
PR4000 Blaster	253	10
Electric Fist	253	0
TSW4000 'Rapid Blaster' LMG	256	10
CAW1800 SMG	257	5
Electric Stun-Baton	257	5
CSA400 Sword	259	5
CAW2500 Enhanced SMG	261	5
AR3501 'Striker' Assault Rifle	263	5
SSW4200A HMG	268	20
DE-233 SMG	KWXX	5
SR3500	KWXX	20
FM2600 Flamethrower	KWXX	10

Dark Legion - Algeroth

Weapon	Page	PTS
Necrotech Claw	285	10
Psychic Scream	285	15
Dimensional Blade	287	15
Fist of Malice HMG	289	15
Azogar	289	15
Voriche Autopistol	291	0
Legion Athame	291	5
Giant Reaper of Semai	296	15
Paired Hand Reapers	296	5
Enhanced Belzarach Assault Rifle	297	5
Necroblade	297	0
Kratch Assault Rifle	299	0
Valcheck HMG	299	15
Corroded Blade	299	0
Sacrificial Blade	301	0
Belzarach Assault Rifle	303	0
Heavy Plaguedealer	303	15
Plaguedealer HMG	305	20
Nazgaroth	305	20

Ashnagaroth HMG	307	20
Hellblaster	307	15
Scythe of Semai HMG	309	20
Carcass Launcher	309	5
Hindenburg Incinerator	309	10
Reaper of Semai	309	10
Attachia Hand Cannon	310	20
Skalak	311	0
Blutarch Handcannon	KWXX	20
Ashreketh Blade	KWXX	15

Dark Legion – Ilian

Weapon	Page	PTS
Scythe Talons	323	10
Nihilarc	324	10
Dimensional Blaster	325	10
Etheric Blade	325	10
Dimensional Blast	328	10
Sinarack	329	0
Templar Blade	329	0
Mikatch	331	0
Poisoned Blades	331	0
Templar Mace	333	0
Void Cannon	333	10
Etheric Cannon	334	10
Triangled Templar Mace	334	5
Dimensional Blades	335	15
Star Scythe	336	5
Symmetric Hand Blaster	339	5
Huntsman Templar Blade	339	5

Imperial – Ministry of War

Weapon	Page	PTS
Aggressor Handgun	352	0
Interceptor SMG	357	5
Heavy Chainripper	357	10
Lyons & Atkinson Urban Carbine	360	0
Invader Assault Rifle	365	0
Charger HMG	365	20
Mandible Autoshotgun	367	5
Gehenna Belcher	367	15
Hand Ripper	370	5
Lyons & Atkinson Plasma Carbine	373	10
Plasma Enrager	375	5
Lion's Claw	375	5

L&A Bar Mk.XIIB Invader II	377	0
Southpaw Rocket Launcher	381	15

Imperial – Wolfbanes

Weapon	Page	PTS
Aggressor Handgun	393	0
Howler Grenade Launcher	401	5
Bastard Sword	401	0
Clansman's Claymore	401	5
Charger HMG	405	20
Hand Ripper	405	5
Wolf Claw & Tangle Chain	407	5
Nepharite Hammer	408	15
Headhunter's Battleaxe	410	10
Screaming Skulls	410	5
Two-Handed Runic Axe	KWXX	5

Mishima

Weapon	Page	PTS
Tambu No.3 Silenced Ronin Handgun	422	0
Tambu No.34G Ghostfire Flamethrower	424	15
Demontooth Katana	424	5
Tambu No.4 Windrider SMG	426	5
Samurai Sword	426	0
Tambu No.7 Tengu Handgun	428	5
Tambu No.1 Shogun Assault Rifle	429	0
Kunshu Ceremonial Blade	429	5
Tambu No.11 Kami Assault Rifle	432	5
Fire Breath HMG	433	20
Kanabo	433	10
Kensai Blade	434	10
Tambu No.45 Dragonfire HMG	439	15
Tambu No.22F Dragonbreath Flamethrower	441	15
Tetsubo	441	10
Kamenaginata	441	5
Duskdealer Power Naginata	443	10
Razor Shuriken	444	0
Katana and Wakizashi	444	0
Tambu No.85A Daimyo Rocket Launcher	449	15
Molecular-Edged Katana	KWXX	10
Tambu No.88 Demonfang Rocketgun	KWXX	15

Cartel (Any Brotherhood of Megacorp character may choose)

Weapon	Page	PTS
P60 'Punisher' Handgun	110	0
Combat Knife	119	0
Gehenna Puker Flamethrower	121	15
Punisher Short Sword	202	5
Chainripper Sword	209	5
Violator Broadsword	411	10
Nimrod Autocannon	KWXX	30

4. Select Additional Abilities

A Character may select up to 3 Additional Abilities.

(+5) PTS: Brutal, Camouflage (2), Contempt (Choose one Faction), Crackshot (2), Duelist, Eagle Eye (2), Espionage, Execution, Fear (2), Fearless (2), Ferocity (1), Gunslinger, Heal (4), Ranger, Target Identifier (+2)

(+10) PTS: Boost (1/2), Dissention (2), Follow Up, Frenzy, Guardsman, Leader (1/As Character Type), Leap (4), Medic (3), Target Sense

(+15) PTS: Hard to Hit (2), Hurricane of Destruction, Initiative (1), Predator Senses, Psychic Expertise (Choose Type), Psychic Mastery (Choose Type), Regeneration (4), Relentless, Repair (4), Unbreakable

*Leader may not be purchased for a Level 4

Vehicle Army Commanders

A Warzone:Resurrection Army may be led by a Vehicle Army Commander. You may purchase a Vehicle Army Commander for (+25) PTS to the base Vehicle cost. The model gains "Type: Character, Unique". It also gains CC (if it has this stat), RS, WP, and LD(+1). It also gains W(+1) to its Hull/Rider (or equivalent) location. Vehicle Army Commanders may not be Guarded by Infantry. A Heavy Vehicle may only be upgraded to a Vehicle Army Commander if Heavy Vehicles are allowed by the OOC.

Faction	Squad	Notes (Numbers replace above values)
Bauhaus	Vorreiters	
Bauhaus	Vulkan Battlesuit	
Bauhaus	PL-99 Strike Skimmer	
Bauhaus	GBT-47-L Kodiak Tank	
Bauhaus	GBT-49 Grizzly Tank	
Bauhaus	T-32 Wolfclaw JBT	
Brotherhood	Judicator Battle Walker	
Brotherhood	Death Angel	
Brotherhood	Vikare Interceptor	
Brotherhood	Icarus Jet Fighter	
Capitol	Purple Shark	
Capitol	Orca Battlesuit Mk.V	
Capitol	AML-100 Rattlesnake	
Capitol	AFT-205 Kraken	Gains LD(15)
Capitol	AFT-210 Leviathan	Gains LD(15)
Cybertronic	Exterminateur 'Attila' Mk.I	Retains LD(18)
Cybertronic	Voltigeur	
Cybertronic	Nova	Retains LD(18)
Cybertronic	Eradicator Deathdroid	Retains LD(18)
Dark Legion – Algeroth	Wolf Spider	
Dark Legion – Algeroth	Black Widow	
Dark Legion – Ilia	Temple of the Void	
Dark Legion – Ilia	Temple of the Mistress	
Imperial: MOW	Greyhound LAFV	
Imperial: MOW	Hurricane Walker	
Imperial: MOW	Mk.55 Capitol Bully	
Imperial: MOW	Mk.54 Bauhaus Bully	
Imperial: Wolfbane	Hedgehog Necromower ATV	
Mishima	Meka	
Mishima	Dragonbike	
Mishima	Fujin-Class Tatsu Gigamek	
Mishima	Raiden-Class Tatsu Gigamek	

Deniable Operations : A Skirmish Mode for Warzone Resurrection

v0.09

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Introduction

Deniable Operations, or Deniable Ops, is a skirmish mode for Warzone that uses the core mechanics (with a few small tweaks) to allow two small teams of operatives to covertly execute missions on behalf of their shadowy patrons on the streets of Luna. Perhaps it is a trusted team of Capitol special forces tasked with an off-the-books operation against a supposed ally, or a group of freelancers unknowingly helping a local heretic cult; All factions operate such teams, even the Brotherhood, because the war at home is every bit as important as the war in the jungles of Venus or the Martian wastes. Good teams get the job done, the best teams get the job done discreetly and the amateurs quickly get burned.

Nobody wants the liability of a messy failure on the front page of the Luna Herald.

Deniable Ops has been inspired by the "The Apostles of Insanity" trilogy of books set in the Mutant Chronicles universe, and features a campaign system that should be familiar to people who have played Frostgrave, Mordheim or Necromunda.

What you need to play Deniable Ops:

In addition to the normal components required to play Warzone Resurrection (rules, templates, dice, objective markers, models etc.) you will also need a Team Sheet to track the process of your Deniable Ops team, as well as some additional markers. Both can be downloaded separately. In addition, you will need models to represent:

- Civilians (8 will suffice for most missions)
- VIPs (2)
- Security Guards (4)

Finally, each player will need a dice or some beads / counters to track Collateral Damage during the mission.

Rules

Force Composition:

A standard game of Deniable Ops is 125pts. A force or army (hereafter called a 'team') consists of 1 or more models (hereafter called 'team members') from a single army list, including the new ex-corporation freelancers from Appendix 2 of this document, purchased individually, with each model acting as an independent squad. A team may consist of any number of character and troop type models. A team may include 1 support, monster or vehicle type model for each character or troop type model in the team. As usual, the model with the highest LD stat is the army commander (hereafter called the 'team leader').

A team may contain up to two SZ 1 models, or one SZ 2 model (because a pair of Stalkers, a noisy Vorreiter or a menacing Scorpion are already pushing the limit on the word "covert").

A team may never have more than 14 models (because an army isn't very covert either).

Army-specific rules and upgrades continue to apply to a team, with upgrades applicable to a squad now applicable to single models instead (since each single model is now a squad). This means every model of a Brotherhood or Mishima team could potentially have an Art or Ki power.

Upgrades and weapon options normally available on a squad profile are also available to individual models of that type, although restrictions apply as though all models of the same type were in the same squad. For example, if taking 2 Hussar models in the team, only 1 may take an MG-40 or ARG-17. If taking 6 Hussar models in the team, up to two models may take an MG-40 or ARG-17.

Points not used during Force Composition are lost, and are not available to be spent later on during a campaign.

Upgrades:

The following upgrades may be purchased for any model in the team during creation. A model may have any number of upgrades, although each may be purchased for the model only once:

Pilot (5pts, Size 0 Infantry only) – A model with this ability may perform the Mount action, allowing it to operate an unmanned non-Cybertronic vehicle, as well as the Dismount action. An unmanned vehicle is either:

A) Indicated as such in the mission text

B) The result of a vehicle model performing the Dismount action (so that the driver, or another model with the Pilot skill, has left the vehicle)

C) A vehicle model where the 1-10 location has been reduced to 0 wounds and the current pilot (who may or may not have been the original driver) was removed as a casualty, but the 19-20 location has not (e.g. the vehicle itself has not been totally destroyed).

See page 6 for more information on vehicles in Deniable Operations.

Brute (5pts): +5 to STR when performing a Brute test. A model with this ability is allowed to perform the Shove action, and is not slowed when carrying a body or moving a piece of terrain.

Social (5pts): +5 to LD when performing a Social test (this negates the normal -5 penalty). A model with this ability is allowed to perform the Demand Surrender action.

Tech (5pts): +5 to WP when performing a Tech test (this negates the normal -5 penalty). A model with this ability is allowed to perform the Jury Rig action.

Buddy (4pts): When a model with Buddy begins or ends its activation with a second model with Buddy within 4", that second model activates after the first, interrupting the normal activation sequence. Only one additional activation may be gained from Buddy at a time, but may be combined with Teamwork for a total of three activations in a row.

Teamwork (8pts): When a model with Teamwork begins or ends its activation with a second model with Teamwork within 12", that second model activates after the first, interrupting the normal activation sequence. Only one additional activation may be gained from Teamwork at a time, but may be combined with Buddy for a total of three activations in a row.

Existing Rule Changes:

- Abilities: Although most abilities will continue to work the same way, interpreting how they work now is usually a matter of remembering that each model is a squad of one, and no other models are in that squad. THIS WILL BREAK SOME ABILITIES!

Example: The Imperial NCO must earn his own Ribbons for the "Extraordinary Achievement Medal" ability.

- Advanced Combat Deck: Players do not build a deck. However, they may choose up to 5 RES worth of tactical or gear cards to form their initial hand, excluding cards with 0 RES cost. Cards that target a squad now affect a single model.
- Attachments & Abilities: Abilities that depend on another model being attached to a squad work as long as the model in question is in the same team. Abilities that depend on this model being attached to a certain squad do not work.

Example: Five Ashigaru in the same team as a Ronin would all benefit from "Loyal Followers", although each would have to pay RES(1). Three Undead Legionnaires would all have their SP improved due to "Leash" if there was a Necromutant in the team. Having the Screaming Devil in the same team as some Crimson Devils would not allow "Faceless Protectors" to give Infiltrate to the Crimson Devils.

- Casualties: Non-vehicle models that are reduced to 0 wounds are not removed as casualties but become dying markers. Place the model prone to indicate this. A dying marker drops any objective markers / tokens or dying markers it may have been carrying into B2B (opponent chooses placement) and may only be interacted with via the "Pick Up / Drop Body", "Coup De Grâce" or "Revive" actions. As a marker, the model no longer interferes with movement or LoS. Vehicle models that are reduced to 0 wounds in the 1-10 location become unmanned vehicles if this also kills the pilot, while models reduced to 0 wounds in the 19-20 location are removed as casualties as usual. Any dying markers or unmanned vehicles on the table the end of the game are treated as casualties.
- Deadly: Non-vehicle models that are reduced to 0 wounds by a weapon with this ability do not become dying markers but are immediately removed from the game as casualties.
- Execution: When performed, ALL models in the team that are currently pinned or broken immediately recover. However, in a campaign game, that model automatically gets the "Dead" result during the post-game phase. If you were desperate enough to do it to a unique character, that character leaves the team during the "Firing" step of the post-game phase.
- Get The Gun: Only used in campaigns, during the post game phase.
- Guarded: As all models are squad leaders, they may all be guarded. However, the need for a 'guarding' model to be in the same squad is removed. Any team member may guard another team member or FRIENDLY model as long as they are in range.
- Leader (X/Y): Refer to the maximum squad size of squad type Y. Up to that many models, multiplied by X, may be taken in the team as a troop choice.

- **Morale:** Individual models from a team take break tests once 60% or more of the team are dying markers or have been removed as casualties, and continue to do so during the control phase each turn. They may use the Team Leader's LD if within 10".
- **Psy Powers:** B and D type powers that would target and affect a squad now target a model but use an LE template - centred on that model - to determine which friendly (B) or enemy (D) models are affected.
- **Regenerate:** If a model with this ability becomes a dying marker, it may make a Regeneration roll after the final activation of the Activation Phase but before the NPC Phase begins. If successful, it is restored to 1 wound as if it has been revived. It is immediately activated unless the model was activated earlier in the same turn.
- **Resource Cards:** A team yields 1 RES card, plus one additional RES card for every 4 models in the team at the START of the game. Casualties do not reduce the RES pool available to the player. Characters who provide a RES card still do so, and this card is considered to be available for general use.
- **Target Priority:** A model does not lose its AP if it fails a target priority test. Instead it must perform the original action against the closest enemy target.
- **Template Weapons:** Any terrain piece within a template is hit unless the STR of the attack is 10 or lower.
- **Transports:** A vehicle classed as a transport may carry multiple squads.
- **Traps:** Models may not use and deploy traps.
- **Vehicles:** All non-Cybertronic vehicles have a free 'driver' model, representing a crewman who can enter or leave the vehicle. The profile for the driver model can be found in Appendix 2. When a vehicle is reduced to 0 Wounds in the 1-10 or 19-20 location, the driver (or another model with the pilot skill operating the vehicle) immediately suffers 1 Wound, with no saving rolls allowed. No XP is earned for this "additional" wound.

If 19-20 location is reduced to 0 W while a model with Pilot is aboard, resolve the effects of the vehicle being reduced to 0 W (including the automatic loss of a wound, plus the STR10 autohit for the vehicle exploding) then place the model in B2B with the vehicle. Finally, remove the vehicle as a casualty.

Example: For simplicity, this means when the vehicle would be 'destroyed' for the first time, the driver is removed as well (because a driver only has 1 Wound and vehicles don't become dying markers so the pilot is removed as a casualty). If the vehicle was subsequently repaired (via a model's ability, or the Jury Rig skill) and a 3 Wound model with the Pilot ability mounted the vehicle, but later that vehicle lost all of its wounds in the 1-10 location again, the model with the pilot ability would lose 1 Wound. The model would need to perform the Dismount action during its activation.

New Rules:

- Brute Test: A STR test. If the model performing the test has the Brute ability, test against STR+5
- Characters costing between 65 and 99 points have 3 AP.
- Characters costing between 100 and 125 points have 4AP and may perform an additional attack (either CC or Ranged) each turn. Size 0 characters gain the "Pilot" and "Guardsmen" abilities for free.
- Collateral Damage: Each player needs to track the total number of FRIENDLY / NEUTRAL NPC models he has killed, as well as the number wounds he has inflicted upon terrain, or FRIENDLY / NEUTRAL vehicles, during a mission.
- FRIENDLY / NEUTRAL / HOSTILE: Terms used to indicate the approximate affiliation of NPCs on the table with regards to the players. Your opponent's team is also HOSTILE to yours. A HOSTILE model is also considered to be an enemy model for the purposes of other game rules (e.g. target priority).
- Moving terrain: When starting a movement action in B2B with a suitable terrain piece no taller than itself, with a footprint no larger than the model's base, the model may move the terrain piece with it. The model suffers SP-2 when doing so. Models with the Brute skill move terrain (and themselves) at normal speed.

Tip: Why not paint all of your movable terrain pieces a certain colour, or use a set of crates or barrels as your only moveable terrain pieces?

- NPC Phase: This phase takes place between the Activation Phase and the End Phase. During this phase, each NPC on the table performs an action; Civilians and VIPs move, and Security Guards go on Sentry for the following round.
- Social Test: A LD test performed at -5. If the model performing the test has the Social ability, test against LD instead.
- Spotted: If, between the actions of each Civilian in the NPC phase or Security Guard during sentry, a NEUTRAL or HOSTILE team member is within 12" and in the front facing, that NPC model gains a Spotted marker for the appropriate team. Each model can only spot that team once.
- Suppression: Any model within 3" of a Suppression marker receives a -2 penalty to attribute tests. It also receives a ST12 autohit if, at any point while it is within 3", it also has LoS to the model that placed the marker.
- Tech Test: A WP test performed at -5. If the model performing the test has the Tech ability, test against WP instead.
- Too Famous to Die: Unique characters never roll to see if they survive at the end of a campaign game. They always survive.

New Actions:

- **Coup De Grâce (1 AP):** A model in B2B contact with a NEUTRAL or ENEMY dying marker may remove that marker from the game as a casualty.
- **Dismount (Pilot only, 1 AP):** The driver (or another model with Pilot) dismounts the vehicle, leaving it unmanned. Place the model in B2B with the vehicle. An unmanned vehicle does not get an activation, and may still be attacked and destroyed.
- **Demand Surrender (Social only, 2 AP):** Target a NEUTRAL or ENEMY model within 6". That model must make a LD test with a penalty equal to the number of models the ENEMY or NEUTRAL team have lost. If failed, the model skips it's next activation (use the "Pacified" marker to indicate this), unless the model who performed the action moves more than 6" away, is reduced to 0 Wounds or the surrendered model is attacked.
- **Jury Rig (Tech only, 2 AP):** If in B2B contact with a vehicle where location 1-10, 11-14 or 15-17 has been reduced to 0 wounds, restore one of those locations to 1 wound. In the case of the 1-10 location, the vehicle is now considered unmanned.
- **Long Interaction (2 AP):** A model may interact with an objective or NPC etc in B2B contact, picking it up, switching it on or otherwise interacting with it as described by the mission text.
- **Mount (Pilot only, 1 AP):** The model may enter an unmanned vehicle in B2B (remove the Pilot model from the table), continuing it's activation as though the vehicle had already spent the same number of AP as the Pilot. While manning a vehicle, the character uses the stats of the vehicle – including weapons – even if they are different from the character itself.
- **Pick Up / Drop Body (1 AP):** A non-vehicle model may pick up or drag a dying marker in B2B contact. While carrying a dying marker, the model may only attack with HG and CC weapons, and non-vehicle models suffer SP-2 unless it has the Brute skill. A model may only carry one dying marker at a time.
- **Revive (2 AP):** A model with the Medic (X) ability may attempt to revive a FRIENDLY dying marker in B2B by making a Heal check using the medic's Heal value. If successful, that model is revived with a single wound and is treated as a model again. It may be activated normally if it was not already activated already this turn.
- **Short Interaction (1 AP):** A model may interact with an objective or NPC etc in B2B contact, picking it up, switching it on or otherwise interacting with it as described by the mission text.
- **Shove (Brute only, 1 AP):** The model makes a CC attack against a NEUTRAL or ENEMY model in B2B. If successful, it does no damage but pushes that model 3" directly away, or up to 3" away if terrain or other models prevents full movement. This may cause the pushed model to fall. Does not count as a CC attack action.
- **Suppress (2 AP):** A model armed with a H type weapon that does not use a template and has an RoA of at least 2 may place a Suppression marker anywhere within 18" and LoS. The marker remains in play until the beginning of this model's next activation, or until the model becomes a dying marker or is removed as a casualty. This counts as a shooting action.



PLACEHOLDER

Missions

Presented in this document are 8 missions suitable for Deniable Ops as players fight a proxy war in downtime Luna City. Players can chose to play a short 'campaign' and go through them in order, or the mission for a given game can be determined randomly by rolling a D20 and consulting the table below:

ROLL	MISSION
1 - 6	Ambush
7 - 8	Dumb Terminals
9 - 10	Send Backup!
11 - 12	Overextended
13 - 14	Stock Devaluation
15 - 16	Asylum
17 - 18	Heist
19 - 20	Warehouse Raid

Mission 1: Ambush:

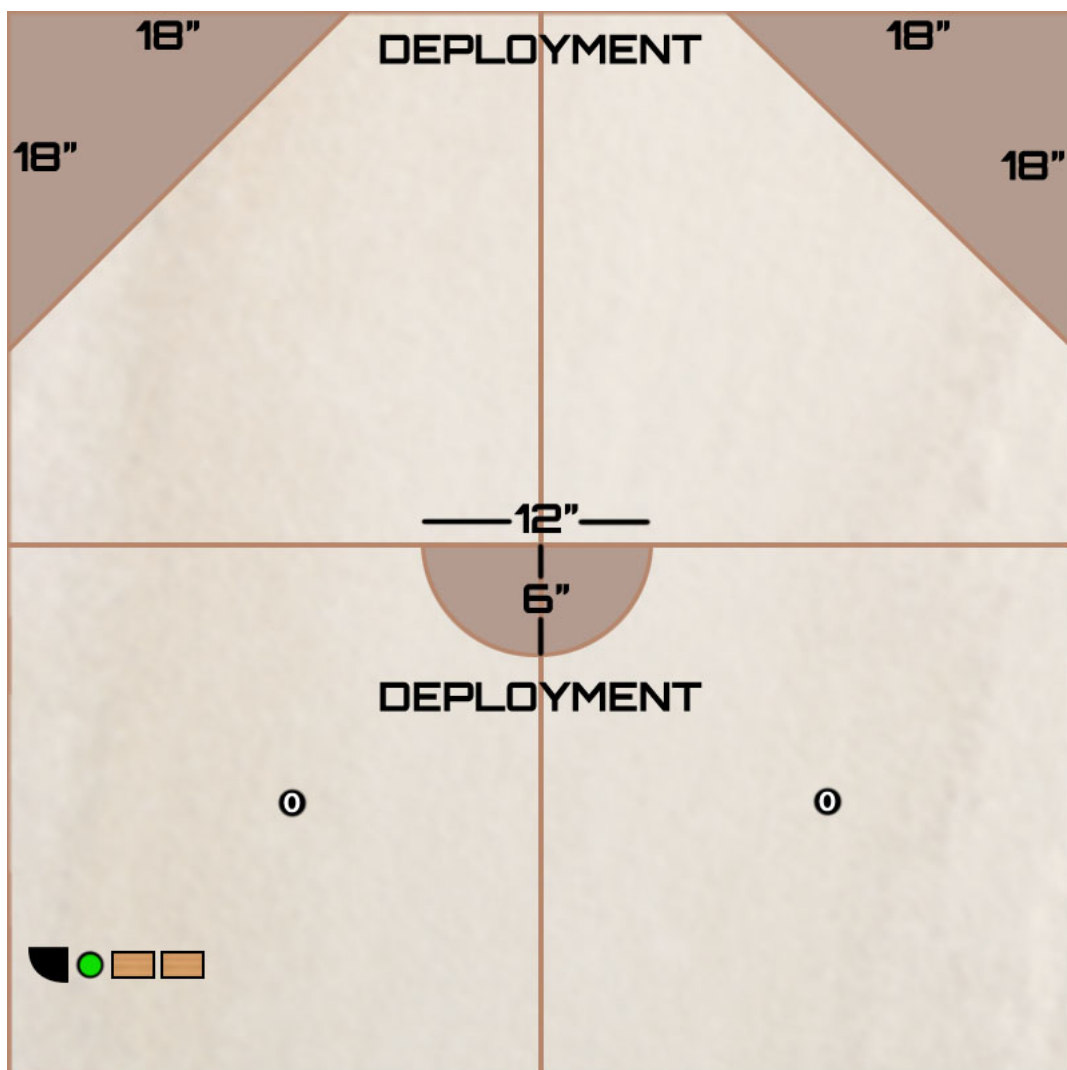
Deployment: Attacker always deploys first, with the team split as evenly as possible between two adjacent quarters. Defender deploys in the opposite half of the convergence.

Deployment Options: Attacker (All), Defender (Pre-emptive Strike, Stalk)

Brief: Although direct conflict between two rival teams is rare, crippling an enemy that could interfere with a future operation is not unheard of. One team has been shadowing the other for the last 48 hours and now it is time to force a confrontation. The Attacker has lead the Defender into an abandoned transport hub and it is time to spring the trap.

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts eight rounds, or until one team has eliminated the other. The winner is the team with the highest MP at the end of the game.





- There are two objectives markers (terminals) on the table.
- Any non-vehicle model on the Defending team in B2B with either terminal can perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Tech test. Success deploys the security barriers, allowing the placement of 4x 30mm Barrier markers anywhere in the Attackers half of the table. These markers are infinitely high and are considered impassable terrain. Performing the same action again while the markers are still on the table allows the markers to be moved to another location within the Attackers half of the table.
- Any non-vehicle model on the Attacking team in B2B with a terminal can perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Tech test. Success raises the security barriers, removing 4x 30 Barrier markers from the Attackers half of the table.



- There is one Civilian in each table quarter that is NEUTRAL to both players.
- There should be two pieces of movable terrain in each table quarter.

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER AND DEFENDER)

.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game	+2 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP

Mission 2: Dumb Terminals:

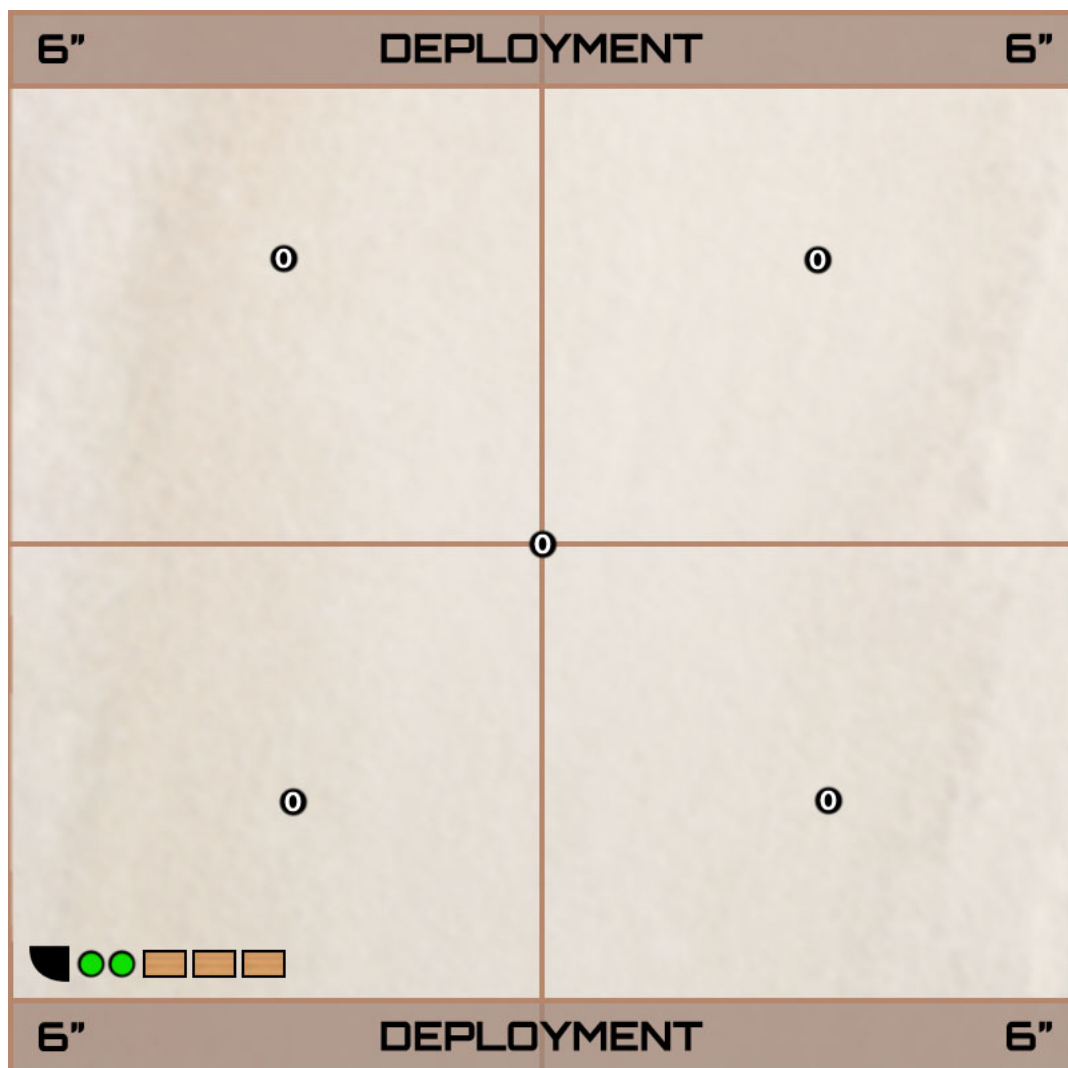
Deployment: Battleline, with 5 objectives placed per the setup diagram.

Deployment Options: All

Brief: Information is the new gold, and corporations regularly vie for exclusive access to it. A third party is routing financial data through some old terminals in a residential sector to avoid scrutiny and now two rival teams are braving the security patrols to secure the data for their patrons.

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts six rounds. The team with the highest MP at the end of the game wins. If a team is eliminated before the end of round six, the other team gets an additional 5 MP and then the game immediately ends.





- There are five objectives markers (terminals) on the table.
- Any non-vehicle model on either team in B2B with a terminal can perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Tech test, as long as no HOSTILE models are also in B2B with the same terminal. Success means the player takes control of the objective.



- There are two Civilians in each table quarter that are NEUTRAL to both players.
- There should be three pieces of movable terrain in each table quarter.



- If a Civilian model is removed as a casualty or becomes a dying marker, or the total amount of collateral damage between both teams reaches 5 or more, 2x Security Guard (SMG) will be deployed 6" from the middle of the left (1-10) or right (11-20) table edge. These models are HOSTILE to both players. They will begin on sentry as normal, and make a free 5" move towards the opposite table edge each NPC phase during their activation, prior to going on sentry again.

END OF ROUND SCORING (ATTACKER AND DEFENDER)

.. for each terminal under your team's control .	+2 MP
--	-------

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER AND DEFENDER)

.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game	+2 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian or Security Guard that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-1 MP

Mission 3: Send Backup!:

Deployment: Attacker deploys first via Battleline. Defender deploys a single model in the middle of the opposite table edge, in B2B with the edge, with as many team members as will fit in B2B with that initial model. Finally, roll a D20 to determine the location of the VIP's car.

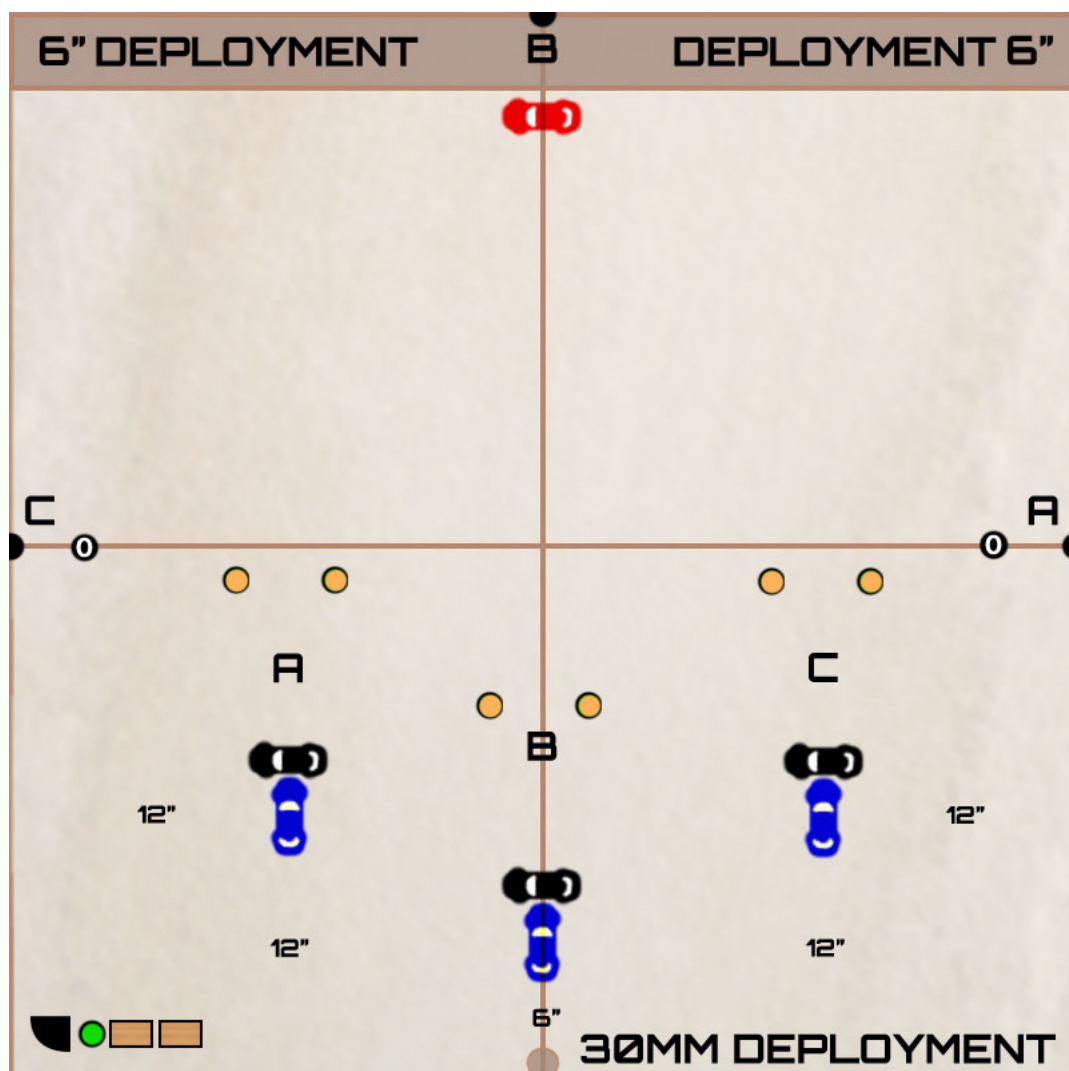
Deployment Options: Attacker (All), Defender (Pre-emptive Strike)

Brief: A botched assassination attempt on a VIP in a busy commercial sector means that two rival teams are now racing to the district; one seeking to extract the VIP while the other is seeking to finish the job.

During the game: At the start of the each Control Phase, if the Defending team have fully deployed, either place a Helicopter marker on the left corner of the Defender's table edge, or move the marker clockwise to the next table corner if the marker has already been placed. During each End Phase, the Defender repeats the deployment process until all models on the Defending team are deployed.

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts until the VIP has reached the extraction point or been killed, or until the end of the round in which the either team is eliminated. The winner is the team with the highest MP at the end of the game.





- After both teams have deployed, roll D20 to determine location of the VIP's car and the extraction point.

1-7: VIP car located at point A, 12" from Defender's table edge and table edge C. Extraction point is the middle of edge A.

8-13: VIP car located at point B, 6" from Defender's table edge and 24" from table edges A and C. Extraction point is the middle of edge B.

14-20: VIP car located at point C, 12" from Defender's table edge and table edge A. Extraction point is the middle of edge C.

- Any model on the Defending team in B2B with a car door may perform a Long Interaction in order to make either a Tech or Brute test to free the VIP from the wreck. The VIP is FRIENDLY to the Defending team and HOSTILE to the attacking team. If successful, place the VIP into B2B with any FRIENDLY model within 4" of the car door. That model is now the escort and the VIP activates at the same time as the escort, performing the same movement action as the escort to ensure he always remains in B2B contact. If the escort becomes a dying marker or is removed from the game as a casualty, the next FRIENDLY to move into B2B contact with the VIP becomes the escort. If the VIP is not in B2B contact with the escort during the NPC phase, the VIP will move randomly, as normal.

- There are two objectives (terminals) in the table.
- A non-vehicle model on either team in B2B with a terminal can perform a Long Interaction in order to make a Tech test. If successful, the local CCTV feed can be routed to the Defending team's circling transport helicopter, or the feed can be disabled. While active, the circling helicopter may make a single RS 14 attack with the profile below at the start of the NPC Phase, originating from 4" above the corner with the Helicopter marker.

①

Minigun Barrage:

R	ST	ROA	TYPE	
30, LE	14	1	ML	



- There are 2 Primary Team Agents on site, deployed exactly 12" away from the VIP vehicle and in cover if possible, each using the Security Guard (SMG) profile. They are FRIENDLY to the Attacking team and HOSTILE to the Defending team. Both will Evade and Attack during the NPC Phase, shooting at the VIP vehicle or a HOSTILE model, whichever is closest and in Line of Sight.
- A FRIENDLY model may move into B2B and perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Social test. If successful, the model is now part of the Attacking team for the rest of the game and activated normally.



- The primary team brought two vehicles - one is now disabled and treated only as a piece of terrain (black). The other (red) is still operational. It is an unmanned vehicle, and has the following profile, with missing values treated as - values.

SP	HULL	WPNS	DRIVE	ENG	SZ	
6	24/3	24/2	23/2	25/3	3	Transport (3), Boost (1/1)



- There is one Civilian in each table quarter that is NEUTRAL to both players.
- There should be two pieces of movable terrain in each table quarter.

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER)

.. if the VIP has been removed as a casualty.	+5 MP
.. if both of the Primary Team Agents are removed as casualties.	+1 MP

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER AND DEFENDER)

.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game.	+1 MP
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian or Security Guard that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-1 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP

END OF GAME SCORING (DEFENDER)

.. if the VIP reaches the extraction point.	+5 MP
.. if both of the Primary Team Agents are removed as casualties.	+1 MP
.. if the VIP is killed by the Helicopter or a FRIENDLY model.	-2 MP



PLACEHOLDER

Mission 4: Overextended:

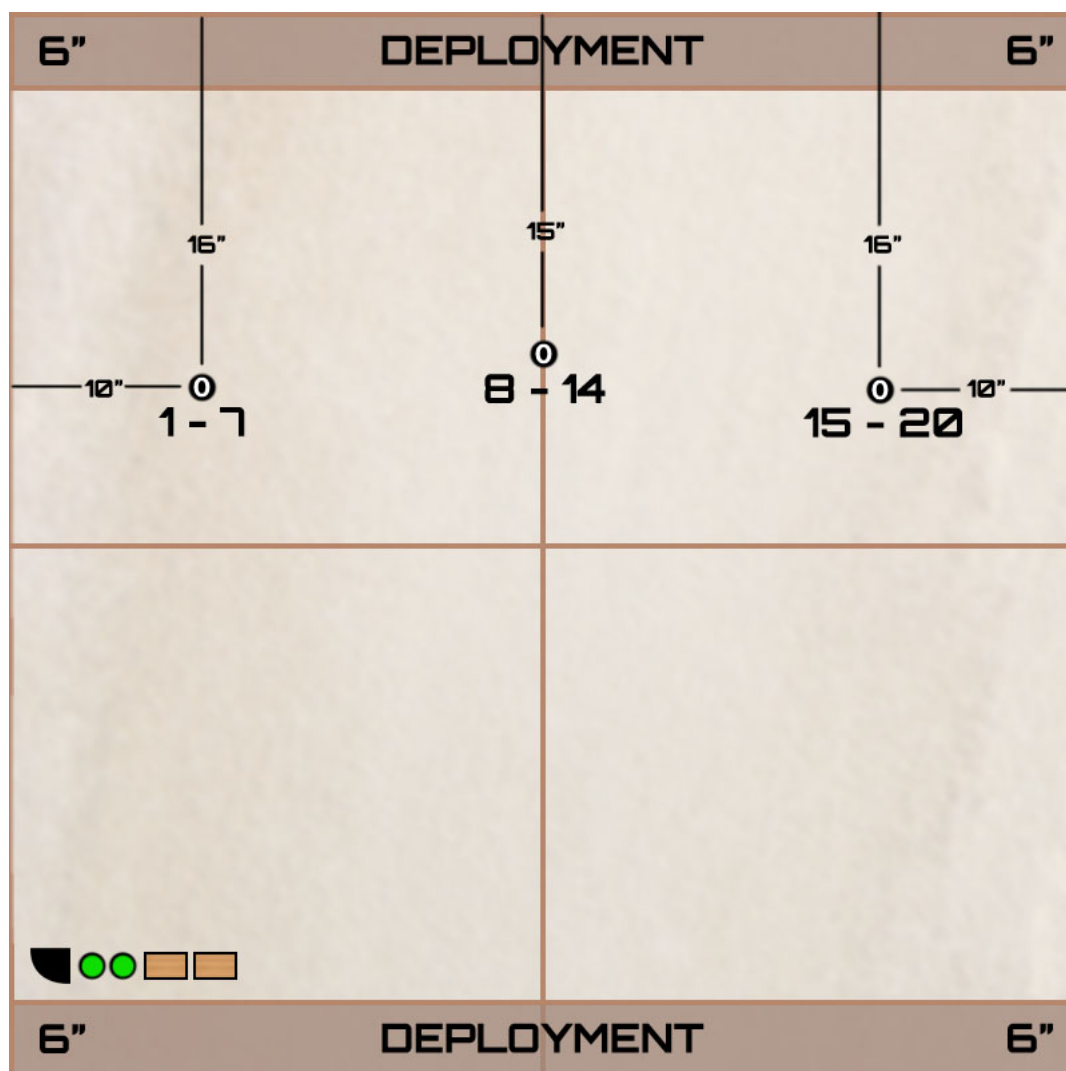
Deployment: Battleline, with 3 objectives placed per the setup diagram. These objectives should be placed inside buildings if possible. Defender secretly rolls a D20 to determine which objective marker is the 'real' objective.

Deployment Options: All (All Attacking models gain the Stalk deployment and must be deployed in Stalk).

Brief: Neither the Brotherhood, the Legion nor the Corporations are above petty revenge. One team's recent success in the district has brought significant gains to their patron and it has not gone unnoticed by their rivals. That team has just been deployed to the marketplace. Denying such a valuable resource to your enemy is just good business.

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts six rounds. The team with the highest MP at the end of the game wins. If a team is eliminated before the end of round six, the other team gets an additional 5 MP and then the game immediately ends.





- There are three objectives markers on the table. Prior to deployment, the Defender should secretly roll a D20 to determine which is his actual objective:

1-7: Theft. Any non-vehicle model on the Defending team in B2B with the objective can perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Brute test. If successful, that model is now carrying an Evidence marker, and must carry it off any board edge. If that model becomes a dying marker or is removed as a casualty, the marker is dropped and any model in B2B may pick it up for 1 AP.

8-14: Assassination. Any non-vehicle model on the Defending team in B2B with the objective can perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Tech test. If successful, the Attacking player places two VIPs that are NEUTRAL to both players within 4" of the objective. The Defending team must eliminate both VIPs.

15-20: Defection. Any non-vehicle model on the Defending team in B2B with the objective can perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Social test. If successful, the Defending player places a single VIP that is under his control and within 4" of the objective. It must leave the table via any board edge.



- There are two Civilians in each table quarter that are NEUTRAL to both players.
- There should be three pieces of movable terrain in each table quarter.

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER)	
.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game.	+2 MP
END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER AND DEFENDER)	
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian or Security Guard that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-1 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP
END OF GAME SCORING (DEFENDER)	
.. if the objective is fulfilled (Evidence or VIP has left the table, both VIPs have been assassinated)	+5 MP
.. if the objective is partially fulfilled (Evidence is being carried by a Defending model but not left the table, VIP has been placed but not left the table, only one VIP has been assassinated)	+2 MP
.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game	+1 MP

Mission 5: Stock Devaluation:

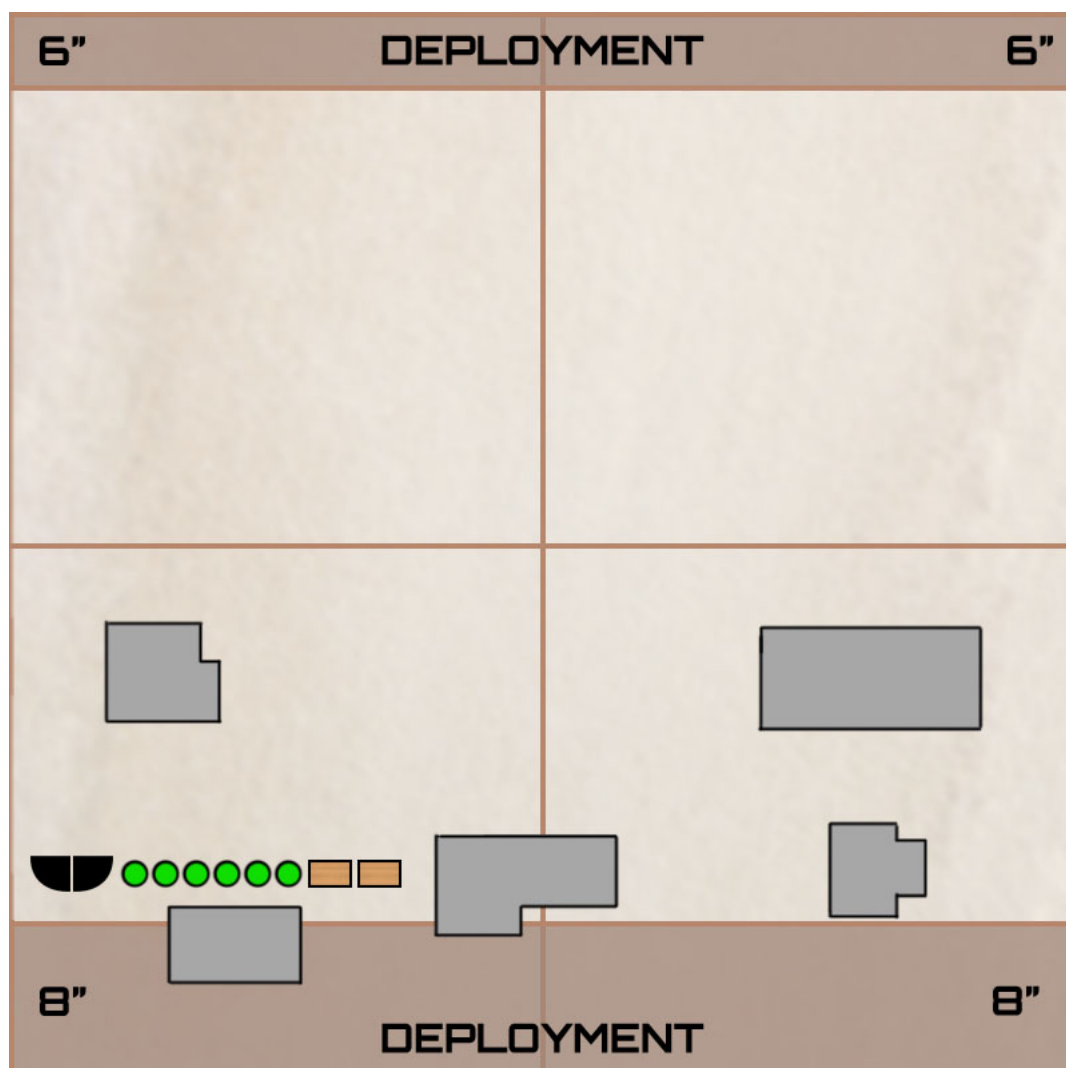
Deployment: Battleline, with 5 Agritech buildings placed per the setup diagram. The Defender has an 8" deployment instead of the usual 6", and all non-vehicle models on the Attacking team have the "Incindary Grenade" weapon profile for this game, in addition to their normal equipment.

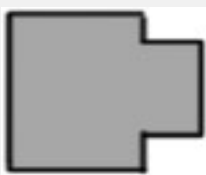
Deployment Options: All.

Brief: One faction within the city has recently acquired the up and coming corporation "Agritech" and is busy relocating the corporation's assets to a nearby R&D centre. A field team has been sent to oversee the last few hours of the process, but not everyone is happy at the resulting stock price increase; A rival team has been sent in to turn this new asset into a liability and the more damage that makes the front page of the Luna Herald, the better!

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts 4 rounds, but the length is increased by 1 round for every 2 Civilians that has either left the table or been killed. The team with the highest MP at the end of the game wins. If a team is eliminated, the game ends at the end of the round.





- The Attacking team must try to destroy the five Agritech buildings. To help them with this goal, each non-vehicle model in the team has a bandolier of Incendiary Grenades with the following profile:

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
ST, SE	10	1	GR Precision (2), Incendiary

- Each time one of the Agritech structures is hit by a weapon with the Incendiary ability, roll a D20. On a roll of 1-5, the building catches fire in addition to any damage it took from the weapon. At the end of the NPC phase, each building that is on fire causes a ST12 autohit to any model within 3", and will loose an additional SP on a roll of 1-10.



- There are six Civilians in the Defender's half of the table only! They are FRIENDLY to the Defender, and HOSTILE to the Attacker.
- Get back to work! A FRIENDLY model in B2B with a Civilian may perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Social test. If successful, the Defending player may immediately move the Civilian 5" in a direction of their choice. That Civilian will not move during the NPC phase, but will Evade instead.
- There should be two pieces of movable terrain in the Defender's half of the table only.

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER)	
.. for each building that is destroyed at the end of the game.	+2 MP
.. for each building that is on fire at the end of the game.	+1 MP
.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game.	+1 MP
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-2 MP
END OF GAME SCORING (DEFENDER)	
.. if the game ends because the turn limit was reached.	+6 MP
... for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game	+2 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP

Mission 6: Asylum

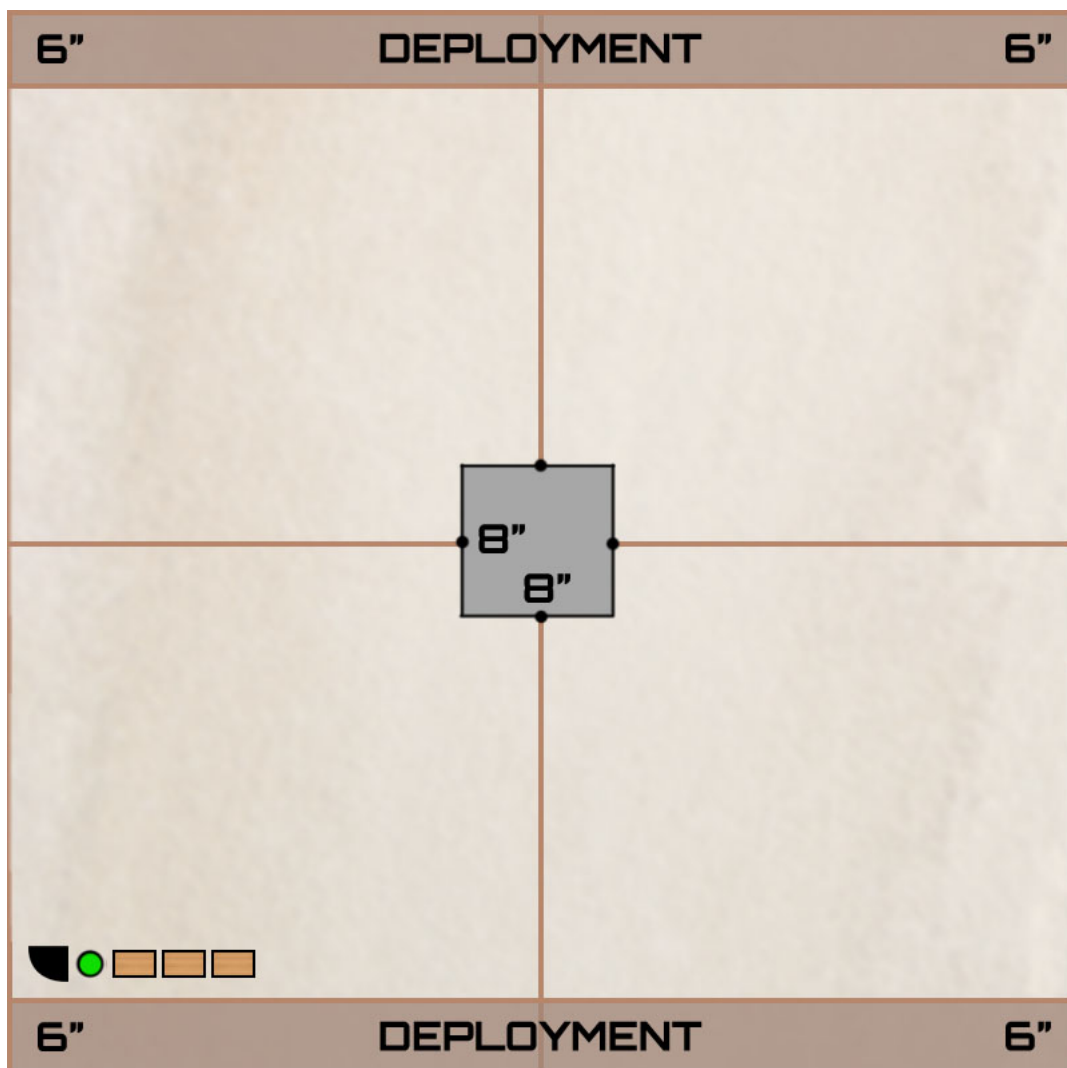
Deployment: Battleline, with an 8" x 8" building or other enclosed area located in the middle of the table. This is the Meeting Room. It should have one entry point on each wall.

Deployment Options: All, but Infiltrators may not be deployed within 10" of the Meeting Room.

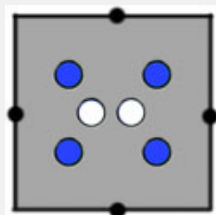
Brief: One of our trusted VIPs is scheduled to meet with a counterpart in a rival corporation later today. We don't know of his intentions, but as we were not advised of this meeting, we must assume this is an intended defection. Move in and secure our VIP for questioning.

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts 6 rounds, or until there are no VIPs on the table.



- The Meeting Room has 4 entry points which are currently closed. Any non-vehicle model in B2B with the objective can take a Short Interaction to automatically open the door.
- The Meeting Room contains 4x Security Guard (SMG) and 2x VIP. These models will take no action until at least one of the doors is opened.
- Once a door has been opened, the meeting has been interrupted. Roll a D20 to determine the disposition of the people inside:



1-6: Your VIP was overseeing the defection of a rival! All NPCs in the room are FRIENDLY to you, and HOSTILE to your opponent. You must get them to your deployment zone. You may move the VIPs 5" during the NPC phase instead of moving them randomly, even if no FRIENDLY model is in B2B with them. Your opponent must kill both VIPs.

7-14: They were both leaving to form their own rival corporation! All NPCs are HOSTILE to both teams! You must take a VIP hostage and drag him back to your deployment zone, and kill the other VIP. Your opponent must do the same.

15-20: Your VIP was joining the rival! All NPCs are HOSTILE to you, and FRIENDLY to your opponent. You must kill the both VIPs. Your opponent must move the VIPs to his deployment zone, and may move them 5" during the NPC phase instead of moving them randomly, even if no FRIENDLY models are in B2B with them.



- There is one Civilian in each table quarter that is NEUTRAL to both players.
- There should be three pieces of movable terrain in each quarter of the table.

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER AND DEFENDER)

.. for each VIP brought back to your deployment zone that needed to be retrieved.	+5 MP
.. for each VIP removed as a casualty that needed to be killed.	+5 MP
.. per HOSTILE Security Guard removed as a casualty.	+1 MP
.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game.	+1 MP
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian or Security Guard that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-1 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP

Mission 7: Heist:

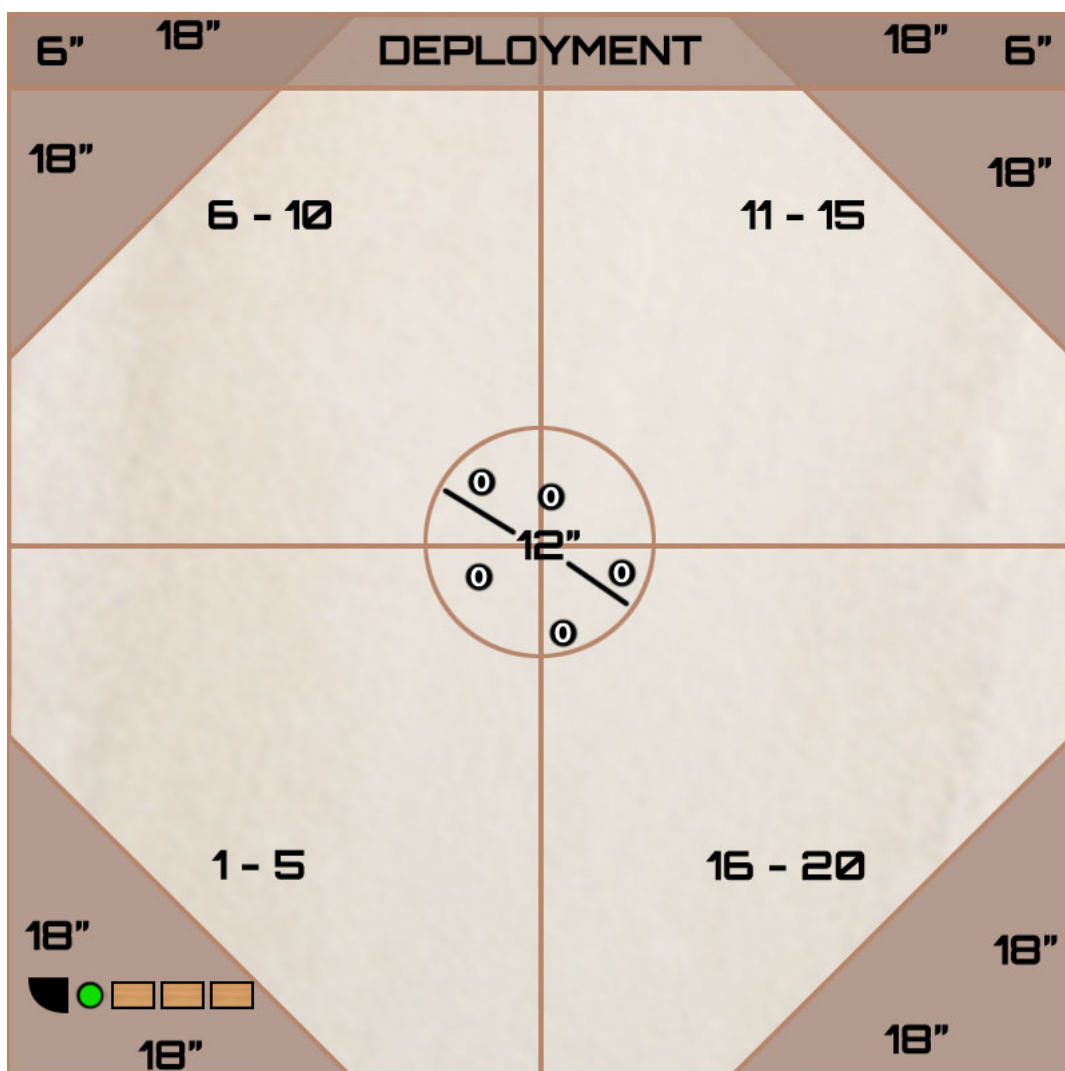
Deployment: Only the Attacker deploys on the first turn, using Battleline deployment. The Defender secretly marks the reverse of a objective marker, then randomly distributes it along with 4 others within the convergence. Neither the Defender nor the Attacker should know which objective marker has been marked. The Defender rolls a D20 during the End Phase of turn 1 and deploys the team in a random corner.

Deployment Options: Attacker (All), Defender (Pre-Emptive Strike, Stalk)

Brief: It is not uncommon for two factions to be engaged in open warfare in one territory, while trading peacefully in another. On this occasion, however, the sale of vital components has been blocked due to escalating tensions between the two rivals. One team has been tasked with stealing the necessary components and delivering them to a waiting vehicle on the other side of the facility, while the other is responding to a silent perimeter alarm in the warehouse district.

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts 6 rounds. The team with the highest MP at the end of the game wins. If a team is eliminated or all objective markers have left the board, the game ends immediately.





- There are five objectives marker (crates) on the table, located within the convergence.
- Any non-vehicle model on the Attacking team in B2B with a crate can take a Short Interaction in order to examine the crate. This allows the Attacking player to pick up the marker, check it, and put it back down again.
- Any non-vehicle model on the Attacking team in B2B with a crate can take a Long Interaction in order to pick up the crate. The model carrying the crate may not voluntarily drop it, although if the model becomes a dying marker or it is removed as a casualty, the marker is dropped into B2B as usual.



- There is one Civilian in each table quarter that is FRIENDLY to the Defending player and HOSTILE to the Attacking player.
- There should be three pieces of movable terrain in each table quarter.

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER)	
.. if the marked crate objective has been carried off the opposite table edge.	+5 MP
.. for each non-marked crate objective that has been carried off the opposite table edge.	+1 MP
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian or Security Guard that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-2 MP
END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER AND DEFENDER)	
.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game.	+1 MP
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian or Security Guard that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-2 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP
END OF GAME SCORING (DEFENDER)	
.. if the marked crate objective is still on the table - even if carried - at the end of the game.	+5 MP

Mission 8: Warehouse Raid:

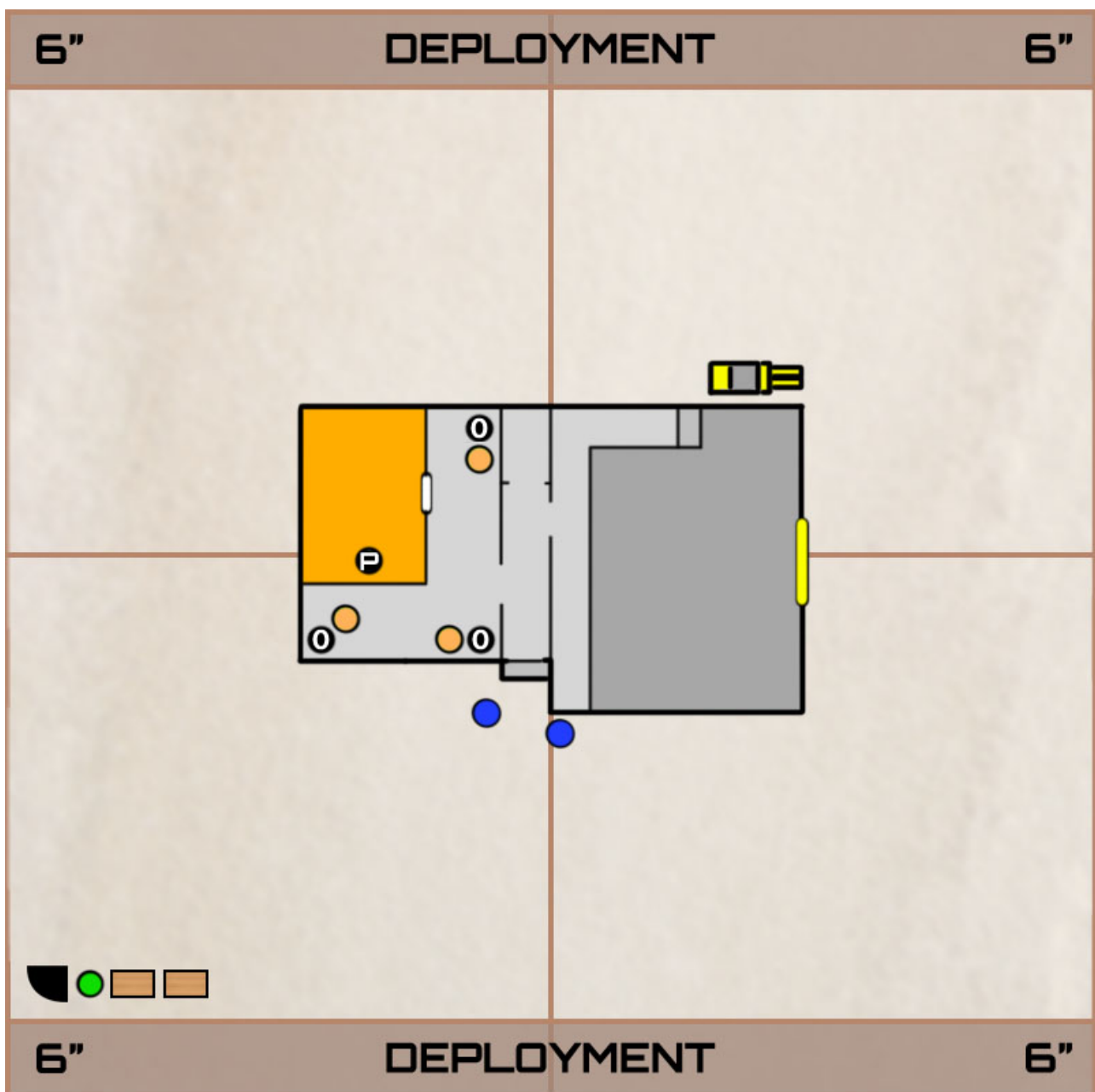
Deployment: Battleline.

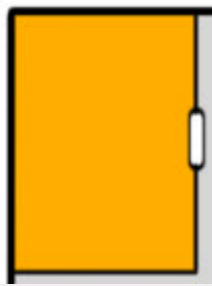
Deployment Options: All except Infiltration and Rapid Deployment.

Brief: The movement of goods and materials is often a shell game, with distraction and subterfuge as important as burly men with guns. One team (the Attacker) has learned of a prototype being held at a relatively insecure warehouse and will seek to destroy it before it is moved again. Another team (the Defender) races to intercept them.

Mission Parameters:

The game lasts 8 rounds. The team with the highest MP at the end of the game wins. If a team is eliminated or the Prototype is destroyed, the game ends at the end of the round.

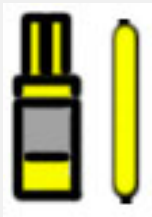




- The only way into the Secure Room is via the door or a Portal of Illian already inside the room. Other abilities (such as Blink) cannot be used to enter this room.
- The door to the secure room opens automatically for any model holding an ID card (or with an ID-card carrying model held hostage) that would come into B2B with the door during movement, and closes as soon as the model has completed it's movement action.
- The door can be bypassed by any model in B2B without an ID card by performing a Long Interaction in order to make a Tech or Brute test. Two successful tests are required (any combination) in order to open and disable the door.



- The Prototype is a permanent token.



- Any non-vehicle model on the Defending team in B2B with the loading bay door may open or close it with a Short Interaction.
- The loading bay door may be destroyed if a vehicle rams it and delivers a STR 13 hit (treat the door as a vehicle for the purposes of ramming)
- The forklift outside the warehouse is an unmanned vehicle and has the following stats (treat missing stats as having a - value):

SP	HULL	WPNS	DRIVE	ENG	SZ	
4	22/1	22/1	21/1	24/1	2	



- The two security guards outside the front door are FRIENDLY to the Defending team and HOSTILE to the Attacking team.



- There are 3 Employees (use Civilian profile) inside the warehouse. They are FRIENDLY to the Defending team and HOSTILE to the Attacking team. During the NPC phase they will only take an Evade action unless otherwise indicated.
- If the Security Guards make a ranged attack, the Employees will each move 10" into a different corner of the Secure Room during the NPC Phase, moving again in the following NPC Phase if required.
- If the loading bay door is destroyed, an Employee is attacked or receives a Spotted marker, a random Employee will sound the alarm from his terminal and move 5" into a different corner of the Secure Room during the NPC Phase, while the other Employees will move 10", moving again in the following NPC Phase if required.



- Any model in B2B with an Employee can take a Short Interaction in order to make a Social test. If successful, that model now has the Employee's ID card.
- There are three objective markers (terminals) in the warehouse, per the setup diagram.
- If the alarm is triggered from a terminal, it can be disabled from the same terminal by a long interaction and a successful Tech test. The alarm can be triggered by performing a Short Interaction at any of the terminals.



- There is one Civilian in each table quarter that is FRIENDLY to the Defending player and HOSTILE to the Attacking player.
- There should be two pieces of movable terrain in each table quarter.

END OF GAME SCORING (ATTACKER)	
.. if the Prototype is destroyed.	+10 MP
.. for every 25 points of enemy team removed as casualty at the end of the game.	+1 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-1 MP
.. per team member that is either an unmanned vehicle or dying marker within 6" of the warehouse at the end of the game.	-1 MP
.. per team Spotted marker on each Civilian or Security Guard that is alive at the end of the game or has left the table.	-2 MP
END OF GAME SCORING (DEFENDER)	
.. if the Prototype has not been destroyed.	+5 MP
.. for each 25 points worth of enemy team removed as a casualty at the end of the game.	+2 MP
.. for each Attacking team member that is either an unmanned vehicle or dying marker within the warehouse at the end of the game.	+1 MP
.. for each point of Collateral Damage caused.	-2 MP

Campaigns

In a campaign, multiple factions have attached value to controlling a particular part of Luna city and covert teams are hired for the duration, expected to serve until their patron has secured exclusive control over the area or die trying. It is recommended that a set number of rounds are played and that the team with the most number of wins has won the campaign on behalf of it's patron. Alternatively, the first team to 300+ TTV is the winner of the campaign.

During each mission, team members will have the opportunity to accrue experience points (XP) and if they are lucky enough to survive that mission, they will have a chance to spend that XP to train or purchase new equipment before embarking on the next. Campaigns add a Pre-Game and Post-Game phase to each mission of Deniable Ops:

Note: Whenever XP is spent on a model, always increase the model's PTS value by the same amount.

Pre-Game:

After revealing army (team) lists, compare the Total Team Value (TTV) of each. This is the sum of PTS + unspent XP for all models in a team. The team with the highest TTV is the Favourite. For each full 25 TTV difference between the Favourite and their own team, that player may choose one of the following underdog benefits (each may be selected more than once):

- 1) Visit the Midnight Sun to hire an ex-corporate freelancer on their team for this game only. This freelancer does not cost anything, may not take the team over the 14 model limit and does not earn any XP.
- 2) Have 10pts to spend from the "Power has it's Privileges" table.
- 3) Have all surviving characters earn a bonus of +1XP at the end of the game.
- 4) Have 1 re-roll that can be used to re-roll any D20 during the game.

During Game:

Only **characters** earn experience. In addition to any XP rewards that may be detailed in the mission text, each character earns:

1XP for each wound they inflict, even if that wound is later restored via Regenerate or Repair.

1XP for each Tech, Social or Brute test they successfully pass.

1XP if they survived the game.

Post-Game:

Follow Steps 1 - 5 on the following pages.

Step 1: Survival Roll

For each non-character model that was a dying marker at the end of the game, or removed from the game as a casualty, roll a D20:

ROLL	RESULT
1-3	Dead. If that model had a weapon upgrade, make a Get the Gun roll now. If successful, make a note of the weapon for Step 3.
4-8	Injured. This model misses the next game.
9+	This model makes a full recovery.

Promotion! Non-character models do not earn experience. However, once a non-character model completes 3 missions (e.g. gets a result of 4+ on the survival roll after participating in it's 3rd mission) he is promoted to a character and gains the Character type. He gains +1 Wound and +1 LD, and his PTS value is increased by +10. This new character does NOT roll on the table below during this post-game phase.

For each non-unique character model that was a dying marker at the end of the game or was removed from the game as a casualty, roll a D20 and consult the table below. Vehicles add +1 to the roll and stat modifiers are applied to the Vehicle itself (with the Driver inheriting any RS, WP or LD changes):

ROLL	RESULT
1	Worse than dead! Select one random Dark Legion (Algeroth) player in the campaign. He gains a new Undead Legionnaire with all the stat upgrades (but none of the skills. Reduce PTS cost accordingly) possessed by this character. If there is no such player, or his roster is full, treat as result 2, below.
2	Dead!
3-4	Unsettling Experience. -2 WP and miss the next game. If this character gets this result a second time, he gains +1 WP (instead of loosing 2 WP) and MUST take a 5PT Dark Symmetry Power (or a 5PT Art power if the model is from a Dark Legion team) for free, increasing the model's PTS value by 5. Ignore future results of 3-4. At the start of each game, roll D20. On a 1-5 this character is reporting to his new 'friends' and is not available for the game.
5-6	Coma: Roll D20. 1-10: WP -1, 11-20: LD -1. Character gains the "Coma" state. During the pre-game phase, a character in this state rolls D20. On a 11-20 the character wakes up and the Coma state is removed. Otherwise the character is still in hospital and misses the game.
7-9	Severe Injuries: Spend 15 XP immediately for a fancy Cybernetic (or necrotech!) replacement OR Roll D20. 1-5: SP -1, 6-9: CC and Def -1, 10-13: RS -1, 14-17: ST -1, 18-20: CON -1
10-11	A visit from the Brotherhood (or the Tekrons!): Miss next game, and Roll D20. 1-10:

	Model gains Disposable. 11-20: Model gains Fearless (2). If the model has acquired a power from "Unsettling Experience", treat as a result of 2. Nobody like's a traitor!
12-14	Hospitalised - This model misses the next game.
15	I saw the light (or the darkness). If this is the first time this model rolled this result, gain +1 WP or +1 LD. Each additional time this is rolled, the model MAY spend up to 10XP to buy a 10PT Art power, or a 10PT Dark Symmetry power if the model is from a Dark Legion team. May only ever buy one power this way.
16-18	Full Recovery.
19	Experimental Healing Drugs. Roll D20. 1-10: Model gains Frenzy. 11-20: Model gains Regenerate (4).
20	Big break! Not only does this model survive unscathed but his name becomes known to his superiors! This model gains +1 RS, +1 CC, +1 LD, increases PTS by 15 and is now a Unique Character.

Unique characters are Too Famous To Die, and automatically get a result of "Full Recovery"

Step 2: Upgrading models with XP:

Non-unique Characters may spend their OWN XP to increase their stats using the prices below. Unique characters may also do this, but at DOUBLE the cost.

SP: 5 PTS (Max: 1), CC: 5 PTS (Max: 3), DEF: 3 PTS (Max: 2), RS: 5 PTS (Max: 3), ST: 5 PTS (Max: 3),
CON: 5 PTS (Max: 4), LD: 5 PTS (Max: 3), WP: 5 PTS (Max: 3), A: 5 PTS (Max: 2 per location), WND: 15
PTS (Max: 2 per location)

Each character may also roll once on the table below after each mission and purchase a single skill, although purchased skills can only be used by non-vehicle models.

Example: A Fenris Bike in the team purchases the Dodge (4) ability. This ability can only be used by the Driver of the Fenris Bike while he is Dismounted.

ROLL	1-5	6-10	11-15	16-20
RESULT	Teamwork	Assault	Marksmanship	Survival

Teamwork Skills

Medic (+2) - 10 XP
Buddy - 5 XP
Teamwork - 10 XP
Brute - 5 XP
Tech - 5 XP
Social - 5 XP

Marksmanship Skills

Crackshot (+1) - 5 XP
Gunslinger - 10 XP
Ranger - 10 XP
Paired Weapons (A/HG) - 15 XP
Sniper - 15 XP
Camouflage (+1) - 5 XP

Assault Skills

Follow UP - 10 XP
Ferocity - 10 XP
Bodyguard - 10 XP
Duellist - 10 XP
Leap (4) - 10 XP
Hard to Hit (2) - 5 XP

Survival Skills

Heal (+2) - 5 XP
Boost (2/1) - 10 XP
Dodge (4) - 15 XP
Relentless - 5 XP
Unbreakable - 5 XP
Durable - 15 XP

Step 3: Firing, Hiring and Equipping:

Firing:

Over the course of a campaign, certain team members may no longer be required, or have become too injured to carry on. To represent this, they may be dropped from the team and this must always be performed first during this step. Any equipment or weapon upgrades they have, along with accrued XP, are lost!

It is allowable for a team structure to become 'invalid' in this way, but when hiring new models, the player must try to make the team valid (see below).

Hiring:

Individual models still on the team may pool some or all of their remaining XP to hire new models, with 1 XP equal to 1 PT. The restrictions for team creation still apply and if the team structure is 'invalid' (e.g. a team consists of a character, a trooper and two support models, but the trooper dies or was fired), any models hired on must first make the team valid again (e.g. a new character or trooper must be hired to make the team valid. Another character or trooper will need to be hired before an additional support or vehicle model could be added).

Note that it is not necessary to hire team members in order to make weapon options valid again - only to maintain the team structure.

Equipping:

If weapon upgrades were saved during Step 1 (due to Get the Gun), they may be assigned to a model of the same type as long as it does not already have a weapon upgrade of it's own. Increase the PTS cost of the model appropriately, but you do not need to "pay" for the weapon again. If the salvaged weapon has not been assigned by the end of this step, the weapon is lost.

Example: In a team with two Hussars, one model had an ARG-17 but was removed as a casualty during the last mission and died during the Post Game phase. However the ARG-17 was saved and can now be assigned to the other Hussar, replacing his Panzerknacker assault rifle. The PTS value of the surviving Hussar is increased by +20 PTS.

A model may also spend some of it's OWN XP to purchase a weapon upgrade available to it from the Options section of it's profile, following the same restrictions in the team creation rules, or to purchase an upgrade from the army special rules (following the usual restrictions for such)

Example: In a team with two Hussars, one model now has 8XP and could purchased an MG-40. However, the other Hussar already has an ARG-17, so this is not allowed.

Example: An Inquisitor in a Brotherhood team was initially purchased with only a single Art power. During the equipping step, he could spend his own XP to buy a second Art power.

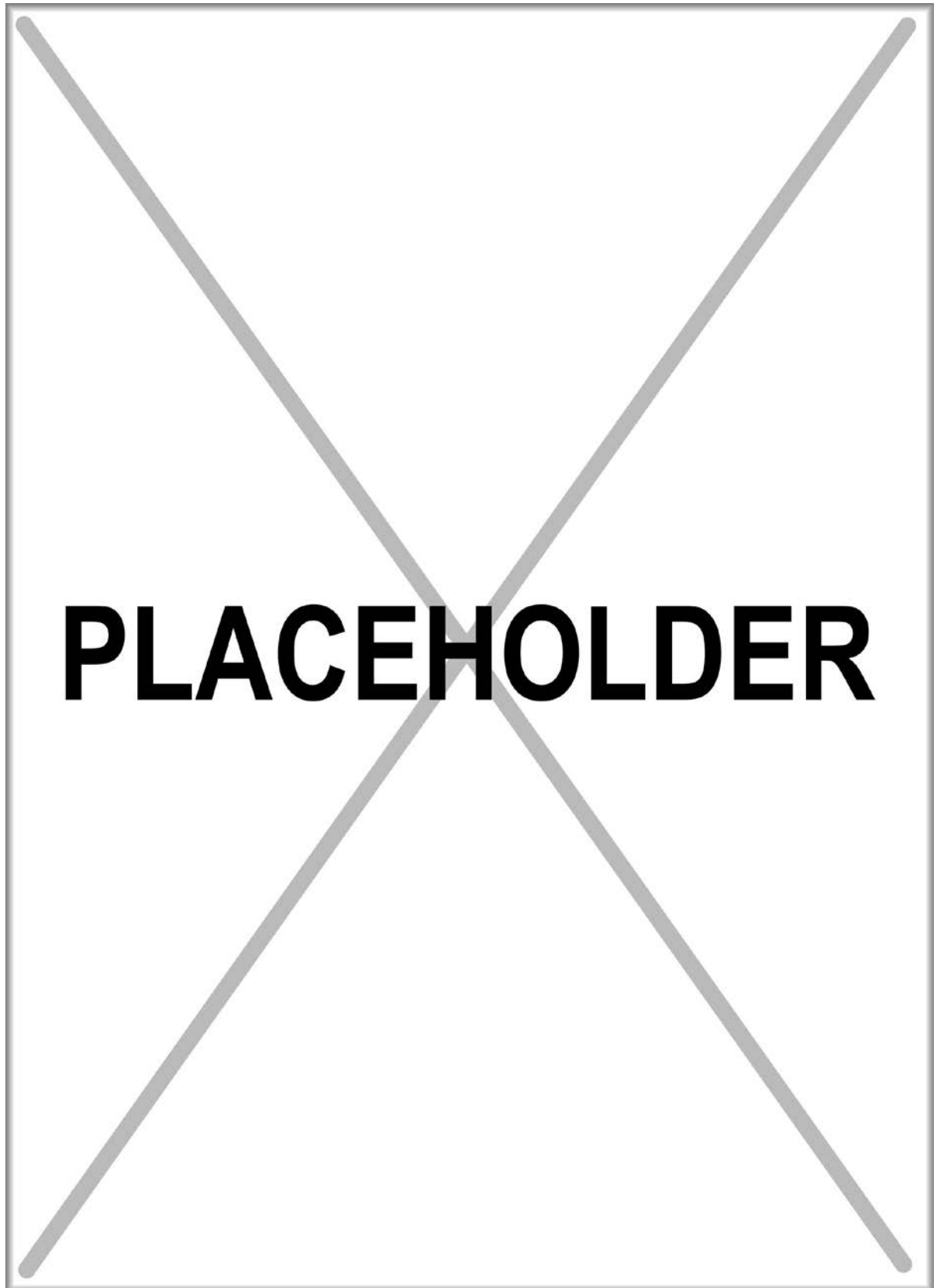
Step 4: Upgrading the team for the next game

Unique characters may also spend their OWN remaining XP to buy the following upgrades for their team which can be used in the next game ONLY.

Power Has It's Privileges
Flechette Munitions - 5XP. All SE and LE template weapons used by the team (not Psychic powers) are at ST-2 but gain Precision (+3).
Laser sights - 10XP. All HG, SG and A Type weapons used by the team gain +1 to hit when targeting models within 12" (applies to the closest target under the template in the case of SG weapons)
Tech Support - 10XP. A single Tech roll made by a team member will automatically succeed.
Secured Comms - 15XP. The team may automatically win a single initiative roll. Declare before rolling.
Satellite Feed - 15XP. Before the first activation of the turn, pick two stalk markers on the table. Reveal them.
Inside Man - 15XP. Pick one Civilian model deployed to a table quarter. Replace that model with a FRIENDLY Security Guard (SMG)
Corporate Transport - 20XP. All team members have the Pre-Emptive Strike deployment option and may use it even if deployment options are not allowed.

Step 5: Recalculate Total Team Value:

Finally, Add together the total team PTS cost and the total team XP to determine the Total Team Value, ready for the next game.



Optional Rules

Although the intent of Deniable Ops was to allow players familiar with the Warzone Resurrection 2.0 ruleset to play skirmish games with their models without having to learn too many additional rules, some players may prefer a more complex or realistic game, or to have additional options when playing a campaign. Thus, when playing a game or campaign of Deniable Ops, the players may agree to use one or more of the following rules, all of which are optional.

Equipment Upgrades:

During Step 3 of the Post Game phase, team members have the option to purchase weapon upgrades with their own XP, as long as the profile for that model features a suitable weapon upgrade. The items listed below are considered to be listed in that model's Options section of the profile, and thus may also be purchased during this step:

Item	Cost	Description
Street Mod	5	HG Only: This weapon gains RoA (+1) but fumbles on an 18-20.
Sawn Off	10	SG Only: This weapon now uses the SFT but gains Precision (+2). It may also be used in Close Combat, following the same rules for using HG type weapons.
Heavy Barrel	10	A Only: No RS penalty when performing a Rapid Fire action with this weapon
Tranq Rounds	10	S Only: Models reduced to 0 wounds by this weapon are immediately removed from the game, but do not count as casualties (e.g. no collateral damage for tranquilising civilians, and enemy team members do not have to make survival rolls in the post game phase.
Bipod	10	H Only: Gain RS bonus to all shots after performing Battle Focus as long as the model does not move in the same activation in which it shoots.
Guided Munitions	10	ML / GR Only: May re-roll scatter distance and / or direction when attacking with a template and the attack misses.
Jolt System	10	CC Only: Once all CC attacks against a target have been resolved during a CC action, if at least one hit, the target must pass a CON test or receive a stun effect.
IR Binoculars	10	May re-roll failed LD test to spot a Stalk Marker.
Med Patch	5	Single Use: +2 to a single Heal check. Declare AFTER rolling.
Blessed Charm	10	Single Use: Re-roll a single failed A or IA save - OR - make a save when one would not normally be allowed.
Autoinjector	15	If this model has Medic (X), it may re-roll failed Heal checks when healing or reviving other models.

Achievements:

During a game, models on either team may earn, or be awarded, certain achievements. Each achievement may only be given out once per team, and grants 1 XP to that model at the end of the game. If a non-character model earns an achievement, IMMEDIATELY mark off 1 mission as 'completed' towards their promotion. If this causes the non-character model to gain a promotion, this takes effect IMMEDIATELY.

During the Game

- Brought a knife to a gun fight: This model reduced an ENEMY to 0 Wounds in Close Combat using a CC type weapon when the target has already hit this model with a shooting attack earlier in the round.
- Brought a gun to a knife fight: This model reduced an ENEMY to 0 Wounds in Close Combat using a HG type weapon.
- Butterfingers: This model has failed 3 Tech tests in a row.
- Can you fly, Bobby? This model with Brute pushes an ENEMY off a ledge with a Shove action and that model loses a Wound because of the falling damage.
- Drive it like you stole it: The model with Pilot has performed 3 movement actions in an ENEMY or NEUTRAL vehicle.
- Good Samaritan: This model has passed 2 Social tests to persuade civilians or VIPs to leave the area.
- No witnesses: This model has reduced 2 civilians who have "Spotted" markers for your team to 0 Wounds.
- This is how it's done: This model scored more than 1 Powershot in a single attack.
- That's just a flesh wound: The model with Medic (X) has revived at least 2 Friendly models.
- You win again, gravity: This model has fallen at least 3", either by failing a climbing roll or because it was pushed over the edge by a Shove and fell.. and survived!

End of the Game:

- I'm good right here: This model does not move - except to change facing - for the entire game. Can not be the same model that earns "Pacifist"
- MVP: Each player nominates one team member on the opponent's team whose heroism, efficiency or just plain dumb luck stood him or her apart from all of the others.
- Pacifist: This model has not made an attack, nor used any psychic powers, for the entire game. Can not be the same model that earns "I'm good right here"

Campaign Map and Territories:

TBC.

Appendix 1: NPC Profiles

Civilian:

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	10/1	10	8	8	10	10	1	16	0	-

Unless otherwise noted, a Civilian will spend 1 AP to perform a Move action during their activation in the NPC Phase. Use the scatter template to move Civilians 5" in a random direction. Remember that a Civilian model may spot a team member before or after taking their action!

Civilians offer the following interactions. Additional interaction options will be noted in the mission text.

- A FRIENDLY or NEUTRAL model in B2B with a Civilian can take a Short Interaction and make a Social test. If successful, the Civilian will spend 2 AP to perform a Run action and will move 10" towards the nearest board edge during the NPC Phase instead of moving in a random direction, and will continue to do so until it has left the table. Use a "Broken" marker to indicate this.
- A NEUTRAL or HOSTILE model in B2B with a Civilian can perform a Long Interaction in order to make a Brute test. Success means the Civilian has been taken hostage. Treat the Civilian as impassable terrain that is moved with the attacking model, per the rule for moving terrain. Any attack made at the attacking model that misses, where the Civilian is providing cover for that attack, will hit the Civilian instead. A Civilian can be released for 0AP during the model's activation.
- A NEUTRAL or HOSTILE model within 6" with the Social skill can perform a Demand Surrender action. If successful the Civilian does not act during the next NPC Phase (use a "Pacified" marker to indicate this) unless the model who performed the action moves outside of 6", is reduced to 0 wounds, or the Civilian is attacked.

VIP:

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	12/1	12	9	9	14	14	2	22	0	-

Unless otherwise noted, a VIP will spend 1 AP to perform a Move action during their activation in the NPC Phase. Use the scatter template to move VIPs 5" in a random direction.

VIPs offer the following interactions. Additional interaction options will be noted in the mission text.

- A FRIENDLY model in B2B with a VIP can perform a Short Interaction in order to make a Social test. If successful, the VIP will spend 2 AP to perform a Run action and will move 10" towards the nearest board edge during the NPC Phase instead of moving in a random direction, and will continue to do so until it has left the table. Use a "Broken" marker to indicate this.

- A NEUTRAL or HOSTILE model in B2B with a VIP can perform a Long Interaction in order to make a Brute test. Success means the VIP has been taken hostage. Treat the VIP as impassable terrain that is moved with the attacking model, per the rule for moving terrain. Any attack made at the attacking model that misses, where the VIP is providing cover for that attack, will hit the VIP instead. A VIP can be released for OAP during the model's activation.
- A NEUTRAL or HOSTILE model within 6" with the Social skill can perform a Demand Surrender action. If successful the VIP model does not act during the next NPC Phase (use a "Pacified" marker to indicate this) unless the model who performed the action moves outside of 6", is reduced to 0 wounds or the VIP is attacked.

Security Guard (Shotgun):

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	12/1	12	10	10	12	14	1	22	0	-

Mandible Autoshotgun:

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
SG	8	2	SG Precision (2)

Security Guards begin the game on Sentry and during the NPC Phase, they will spend 2 AP to go on Sentry again. When they react, they can spend 2 AP on actions, with the following priority:

- If an ENEMY model is about to take an action or completes an action within 7" and LOS, they will perform a Battle Focus action and shoot. They MAY shoot while in Close Combat, but will only react to a model they are engaged with.
- If an ENEMY model is about to take an action or completes an action within 12", they will move 5" towards that model and shoot.
- If an alarm has been sounded and there are no enemies within 12" and in their LOS, they will run to within 3" of the source of the alarm.
- If an ENEMY model completes a move action within their LOS outside of 12" and there are no enemies within 12" and in their LOS they will move into cover and evade.

Remember that a Security Guard may spot a team member between the above actions!

Security Guards offer the following interactions. Additional interaction options will be noted in the mission text.

- A NEUTRAL or HOSTILE model within 6" with the Social skill can perform a Demand Surrender action. If successful the Security Guard can not react on Sentry but will still go on Sentry during the NPC Phase (use a "Pacified" marker to indicate this) unless the model who

performed the action moves outside of 6" or is reduced to 0 wounds, or the Security Guard is attacked.

Security Guard (SMG):

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	12/1	12	10	10	12	14	1	22	0	-

Interceptor SMG:

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
18	10	2	A Short Range Burst

Security Guards begin the game on Sentry and during the NPC Phase, they will spend 2 AP to go on Sentry again. When they react, they can spend 2 AP on actions, with the following priority:

- If an ENEMY model is about to take an action or completes an action within 9" and LOS, they will make a Rapid Fire attack. They MAY shoot while in Close Combat, but will only react to a model they are engaged with.
- If an ENEMY model is about to take an action or completes an action within 15" they will move 5" towards that model and shoot.
- If an alert has been sounded and there are no enemies within 15" and in their LOS, they will run to within 3" of the source of the alert.
- If an ENEMY model completes a move action within their LOS outside of 15" and there are no enemies within 15" and in their LOS they will move into cover and evade.

Remember that a Security Guard may spot a team member between the above actions!

Security Guards offer the following interactions. Additional interaction options will be noted in the mission text.

- A NEUTRAL or HOSTILE model within 6" with the Social skill can perform a Demand Surrender action. If successful the Security Guard cannot react on Sentry but will still go on Sentry during the NPC Phase (use a "Pacified" marker to indicate this) unless the model who performed the action moves outside of 6" or is reduced to 0 wounds or the Security Guard is attacked.

Appendix 2: New Army Profiles

The following profile(s) should be added to each army list, and the models are considered to be from that army for the purposes of army special rules etc.

Driver:

Each non-Cybertronic vehicle model taken in the team comes with one Driver for free who begins the game already mounted in the vehicle (the Cybertronic vehicles currently in the game are not operated by crewmen). The Driver has the same RS, WP and LD as the vehicle, as well as any purchased (with XP) abilities, as this is the only way they can be used.

This model cannot be purchased and does not count towards the team size limit.

Type: Infantry, Small Base

Deployment: N/A

Equipment: Crewman fatigues, Handgun (from vehicle profile, or P60 Punisher Handgun if no HG entry on vehicle profile), Crew CC weapon if one is present on the vehicle profile.

Options: None

Abilities: Pilot, Hard to Hit (1)

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	12/1	*	10	10	*	*	1	18	0	-

P60 Punisher Handgun

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
12	11	1	HG Headshot

The following profile(s) are considered to be from the Cartel list and as such, are not subject to any of the army special rules that apply to the army they are taken in. However, the freelancers found at the Midnight Sun are often desperate enough to work for anyone and as such, may be taken in any army. Upgrades listed with an XP cost may not be purchased with PTS when a team is initially created; They must be purchased later, either as an upgrade for an existing Freelancer or when hiring on a new Freelancer to join an existing team.

They may also be used in regular games of Warzone Resurrection, with the option to purchase the XP upgrade(s) on that profile with PTS, although they lose the Brute, Tech, Social or Pilot abilities.

Ex-Bauhaus Freelancer:

Type: Character, Infantry, Small Base

Deployment: None

Equipment: Armoured trenchcoat and low-profile combat composite armour, HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun, MP-105 Handgun

Options: Solid Slugs (5 XP) - The HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun gains the ability "Weapon Mode (Solid Slugs)"

Abilities: Fearless (4), Pilot, Cartel Agent, Legion Operative

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/1	14	10	10	14	14	2	24	0	30

HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
SG	9	1	SG Precision (3)

MP-105 Handgun

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
12	9	2	HG

HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun (Solid Slugs)

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
12	10	1	SG Armour Piercing (7)

Ex-Capitol Freelancer:

Type: Character, Infantry, Small Base

Deployment: None

Equipment: Ballistic nylon bodysuit, CAR-24E1 SMG, M-13 Bolter

Options: Light on your Feet (10 XP) - This model gains the ability "Light on your Feet"

Abilities: Social, Espionage, Cartel Agent, Legion Operative

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	16	10	10	14	15	2	21	0	30

CAR-24E1 SMG

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
18	12	2	A Short-Ranged Burst

M-13 Bolter Handgun

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
12	8	2	HG Headshot

Light on your Feet:

After this model completes a ranged attack, it may make a free 2" move in any direction.

Ex-Cybertronic Freelancer:

Type: Character, Infantry, Small Base

Deployment: None

Equipment: Armoured trenchcoat and subdermal armour, CAW2000 'Nailgun' SMG, Electric Fist

Options: Artificial Intelligence Implant (10 XP) - This model gains the upgrade from the Cybertronic Upgrades section of the Warzone Resurrection rulebook.

Abilities: Tech, Durable, Eagle Eye (2), Cartel Agent, Legion Operative

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/1	14	10	10	14	15	2	25	0	30

CAW2000 'Nailgun' SMG

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
18	11	1	A Short-Ranged Burst

Electric Fist

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
B2B	+1	1	CC Concussive (0)

Ex-Imperial Freelancer:

Type: Character, Infantry, Small Base

Deployment: None

Equipment: Armoured trenchcoat, Interceptor SMG, Bayonet

Options: UBGL Sonic Grenades (6 XP) - The Interceptor SMG gains the ability "Weapon Mode (UBGL)"

Abilities: Brute, Ferocity(2), Cartel Agent, Legion Operative

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	16/1	14	10	10	15	16	2	21	0	30

Interceptor SMG

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
18	10	2	A Short-Ranged Burst

Bayonet

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
B2B	+2	1	CC

Interceptor SMG (UBGL)

R	ST	ROA	TYPE	
18	-	1	GR	Concussive (1)

Ex-Mishima Freelancer:

Type: Character, Infantry, Small Base

Deployment: Pre-emptive strike

Equipment: Bulletproof composite suit, Tambu No.3 Silenced Ronin Handgun, Samurai Sword

Options: Smoke Grenades (5 XP) - This model gains the Smoke Grenades weapon profile below.
Climbing Gear (10XP) - This model gains the ability Grappling Hooks (6).

Abilities: Hard to Hit (2), Cartel Agent, Legion Operative

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	15/4	15	10	11	16	16	2	23	0	30

Tambu No.3 Silenced Ronin Handgun

R	ST	ROA	TYPE	
12	9	1	HG	Headshot, Exploit

Samurai Sword

R	ST	ROA	TYPE	
1	+2	2	CC	

Smoke Grenades

R	ST	ROA	TYPE	
ST	-	1	GR	Smoke

To Do & Changelist

To Do:

- Rule about Cybertronic vehicles is fluffy but maybe get rid of it? Unnecessary complexity?
- Increase base game to 150points (from 125) and reduce max team size to 12? Too many test builds only have 4-5 models unless you go crazy and take a Heretic horde army.
- Extend survival roll to a 2D20 roll for more results and reduced chance of death?
- Campaign map and territory rules, with some between game rolls too?
- Break up the Sketchup model of warehouse into flat plans for self assembly.
- Quick reference sheet.
- Testing!!
- Review Briefing text to make it more consistent.
- Review use of capitalisation, as well as number usages (1 vs one etc)

Changelist:

0.09

Added part about counters / dice for Collateral Damage in the What you need to play this section.

Added faction and cartel headers to the new profiles section, including adding a rule to allow freelancers to be used in normal games of Warzone (Marshall to approve).

Added optional rule / equipment and optional rule / achievements.

Changed the equipping section of post game to allow for purchased of army special abilities.

Improved formatting of tables and doc layout.

Moved Teamsheet and tokens out to separate file.

Added placeholders for images.

Put mission scoring into table format to make it easier to read.

0.08

Added mission table

Added a section on "What you need to play this"

Added a suppress action option for MGs, and a rule for the suppression marker.

Changed resources to 1 + 1 per four models.

Changed instances of "Short / Long Interaction action" to "Short / Long interaction" because it felt redundant.

Player: Team Name: Faction: TTV:

[illegible]

Name:	H	Type	SP	CC	DEF	RS	WP	LD	1-10	W	11-14	W	15-18	W	19-20	W	SZ	PTS	XP
	U○																		
	C○		o	ooo	oo	ooo	ooo	oooo	oo	oo	oo	oo	oo	oo	oo	oo			ooo

Bauhaus Dragoons

Being assigned to the Dragoons is one of the most prestigious in the Megacorp. Crushing your foes under titanium-plated tracks after bombing them with your tank's main cannons is the dream of every child of Bauhaus. Basking in their celebrity status, the Dragoon life is one of glamour. Their mechanized units are hailed for smashing through the enemy's defenses and deploying into the thick of battle to form a bridgehead, clearing the path for lighter forces such as Hussars to bring up the rear.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	11/0	14	8	8	13	14	1	22	0	15

Type: Troop, Infantry, Small Bases

Coherency: 8"

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 5-10 Dragoons

Equipment: AG-20 Kampfkane, MP-105 Handgun, Smoke Grenades, Gas Mask, Dragoon Armour

Squad Options:

1 in 5 models may replace its AG-20 Kampfkane with a GW-405 Grenade Launcher for (+10) PTS.

The Squad Commander may replace its AG-20 Kampfkane with an HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun for free.

Ranged Weapons:

AG-20 Kampfkane			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	12	1	A
Precision (1)			

MP-105 Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	9	2	HG

HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
SG	9	1	SG
Precision (3)			

GW-405 Grenade Launcher			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/SE	12	1	GR
Armour-Piercing (6), Weapon Mode (Smoke)			

GW-405 Grenade Launcher (Smoke)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/SE	-	1	GR
Smoke			

Abilities: Battlefield Repairs, Disposable, Mechanized

Battlefield Repairs: Any vehicle within 6" of a squad (or acting) commander with this ability gains Repair (5).

A model with this ability in B2B with a friendly vehicle may spend AP(1) and RES(1) to restore W(+1) to one

location that has been previously damaged. A vehicle may only benefit from this ability once per turn.

Mechanized: May treat any Bauhaus Tank as if it is a Transport (5) and Grizzly/Kodiak tanks are treated as if they are Transport (10). This does not make the model a Transport Type. When disembarking from a vehicle, this squad may activate immediately after the vehicle's activation ends.

Bauhaus GEV 12 Cobra

The Bauhaus GEV 12, also known as the Cobra, is a fast and easily maneuverable hovertank that is utilized in lightning strikes to catch the enemy off guard. Its armour plates are made of a heavy carballoy armour, and it packs as much protection onto its hull as it can hold. While not as shielded as other tanks in its size class, what it lacks in protection, it makes up for in speed and terrain-traversing ability. Armed with top-mounted heavy 60mm Bauforce Smoothbore Autocannon and a pair of LMG pods (one on each side), it carries enough firepower to devastate any enemy forces it catches offguard.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	Body A/W	Weapon Control A/W	Drive System A/W	Engines A/W	A-Rear	SZ	PTS
6	-/-	13	14	14	27/4	26/3	27/4	27/4	-4	4	130

Type: Light Vehicle, Tank, No Base

Coherency: -

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank

Squad Composition: 1 Cobra GEV

Equipment: 1 60mm Bauforce Smoothbore Autocannon, 2 Twin-linked MG-80 HMGs, Heavy Carballoy Plating

Squad Options: May replace its 60mm Bauforce Smoothbore Autocannon with a Quad-Tube Firefist Missile Launcher for free.

Main Weapons:

60mm Smoothbore Autocannon			
R	ST	ROA	Type
28	13	1	H
Armour-Piercing (7), Critical Force (2), Turret			

Quad-Tube Firefist Missile Launcher			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/LE	11	2	ML
May reroll scatter distance			

Secondary Weapons:

Twin-linked MG-80 HMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	12	4	H
RES (1): ROA(+2), Slow to Reload			

Abilities: Boost (2/2), Hoverer, Ranger

Hoverer: This model can move over Impassible Terrain that is less than 1" in height but cannot end its movement there. May make a 45 degree pivot for AP(0).

Bauhaus Major Ilsa Fieldhausen-Valmonte

Sometimes referred to as the "Double Scandal" within the ranks of Bauhaus nobility, Ilsa Fieldhausen-Valmonte is a young officer in the Hussars who can claim the dubious honour of being promoted to the rank of Major more times than any other in the history of the Bauhaus military. Born the youngest of five children into the privileged life of Valmonte nobility, she nevertheless grew into a rebellious teenager who spent most of her time on the streets of Heimbürg amongst the disaffected commoner youth. Watching with contempt as her older siblings served their brief military careers behind a desk before joining the family business in one way or another, her parents breathed a sigh of relief when their tattooed and unruly daughter was old enough to send away. While she was not a conventional officer by Bauhaus standards, she was an excellent soldier and served with distinction throughout the northern Ring of Strife on Venus. For several years, her family forgot about all about Ilsa and the feeling was very much mutual.

It wasn't until her second promotion that the Valmonte family began to pay attention, and less than a year later, she received an invitation to join the Valmonte Guard Order. While such an appointment would normally be considered an honour, Ilsa had grown tired of the internal politics at High Command and had already been reprimanded (and demoted) for disobeying orders that served only the interests of one of the great houses. She had no desire to be part of that and declined; Two months later, her transfer papers came through. It was no longer an invitation.

Ilsa had no intention of leaving her post, but didn't have the connections to make the transfer go away. On the advice of one of her few allies within the ranks of the nobility, she entered into an arranged marriage with a member of the hated Fieldhausen line knowing full well that no House Guard would allow someone with such ties into their ranks. To add insult to injury, the details of the marriage were an embarrassment to both families and the records have since been sealed. Very people know the truth, and speculation by the press regularly features in the gossip columns of the Heimbürg Gazette – a situation that pleases Ilsa greatly even as she teeters on the edge of disgrace. Now House Valmonte has cut all ties with her, and although it has surely stunted her career, Ilsa is happy to remain with the 8th Sturmpioniere.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/1	16	10	12	15	15	3	23(10)	0	80

Type: Character, Infantry, Hussar, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Equipment: Belt-Fed Bergstahl Stonecleaver LMG, Gas Mask, Superior Quality Guardsman Mk.III Armour

Options: If this model is the army commander, Etoiles Mortant become a Support choice and Feldwebel Richard Meier becomes (50)PTS.

May not be taken in the same army as Count Enrico Valmonte.

Ranged Weapons:

Bolt-Fed Bergstahl Stonecleaver LMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	11	3	H
RES(X): Strafe, This weapon gains ROA(+2) and this model suffers RS(-1) for each RES spent. Max RES(2).			

Close Combat Weapons:

Snap Kick			
R	ST	ROA	Type
.5	+0	2	CC
SZ(1) and lower models hit must pass a CON(-2) test or are pushed 1.5" directly away from this model (no free slash occurs)			

Abilities: Contempt (Bauhaus), Get Down!, Gunslinger, Leader (1/Sturmblitzer), Relentless, Sturmpioniere

Get Down!: When this model makes a Ranged Attack, friendly non-vehicle models within 6" do not provide a cover penalty to RS.

Sturmpioniere: When a friendly Bauhaus Troop Type model uses the Heal ability, it gains Heal(+2).

Bauhaus Minister Erwin Stahler

	SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
Minister	5	14/2	14	9	9	16	16	3	22(10)	0	100
Carcass Suit	5	16/4	10	12	12	16	15	4	25(12)	1	-

Type: Character, Infantry, Venusian Kapitan, Heretic, Legion Operative, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: **Minister:** MG-40 LMG, Dueling Sabre, Gas Mask, Guardsman Mk.III Armour

Carcass Suit: Necrobionic Claws, Carcass Suit

Options: May take up to 1 Dark Legion: Algeroth Power for free.

Ranged Weapons:

MG-40 LMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	12	2	H

Close Combat Weapons:

Dueling Sabre			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+0	2	CC

Necrobionic Claws			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1.5	+5	2	CC
Sweep RES(1): Critical Force (2), Loses Sweep			

Abilities: **Minister:** Contempt (All), Incognito, True Nature; As Venusian Marshal: Advanced Supply Chain, Duelist, Initiative (1), Officer's Judgement

Carcass Suit: Fearless (5), Heal (4), Regeneration (4), Relentless, Unbreakable

Incognito: Enemy models targeting this model must succeed a LD check. If they fail, they may not take the action against it and the AP is lost. Bauhaus models automatically fail the test.

Enemy models must spend RES(1) to target this model. Enemy Bauhaus models must spend RES(2).

True Nature: This model has two profiles, one for his Minister and one for his Carcass Suit. At the start of its activation, this model may make a WP check and if successful, he may transform into his 'Carcass Suit' profile. If wounded, this model may choose to do this automatically. This model loses all Equipment and Abilities for the 'Minister' form and gain the Equipment and Abilities of the 'Carcass Suit'. Any existing Wounds carry over to the new model.

Bauhaus Saurian Riders

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
7	13/1	13	8	8	13	14	2	20	2	28
	11/-		12							

Type: Monster, Cavalry, Hussar, Medium Base

Coherency: 12"

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank Deployment, Stalk

Squad Composition: 3-6 Saurian Riders

Equipment: MP-103 Hellblazer SMG, Explosive-Tipped Lance, Machete, Gas Mask, Hussar Mk.IV Armour

Squad Options: The squad commander may replace its MP-103 Hellblazer SMG with an HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun for free.

One model per 3 may replace its MP-103 Hellblazer SMG and Explosive-Tipped Lance for an MG-70 HMG for (+10) PTS.

Up to one squad may be taken as a Support choice for (+10) PTS.

Ranged Weapons:

MP-103 Hellblazer SMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	10	1	A
Short-Range Burst			

HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
SG	9	1	SG
Precision (3)			

MG-70 HMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	12	4	H
Strafe			

Close Combat Weapons:

Explosive-Tipped Lance			
R	ST	ROA	Type
2	+6	1	CC
Armour-Piercing (4), Critical Force (2), Slow to Reload May only be used on a Charge Action			

Machete			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+3	2	CC

Saurian Teeth			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	2	CC
Precision (3)			

Abilities: Camouflage (2), Clever Girl!, Leap (6), Ranger, Stay Frosty

Clever Girl!; RES(1): At the end of the squad's activation, if the squad (or acting) is within a woodland, jungle, or area terrain piece and no member of the squad is engaged, place a Stalk marker in BRB with the squad (or acting) commander and two other Stalk markers within 6", and recall this squad.

T-32 WOLFCLAW JBT

The Bauhaus T-32 Junior Battle Tank, also known as the Wolfclaw, is a staple in the armies deployed to fight in dense flora-infested terrain. Its primary function is to provide artillery support for front line troops with its imposing triple-barreled main cannon. The Synchronized Steiner Industries 3CHE-65 turret can fire three shells in succession to pepper an area, or all three at once, resulting in a conflagration that causes any survivors to bury their heads into the dirt. On their homeworld, the Venusian Rangers often hop onto the rear of the tank and use its deadly front-mounted cutting blade to clear a path through the jungle, before leaping off and disappearing into the underbrush.

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	AS	WP	LD	BODY A/W	WPNS A/W	DRIVE SYSTEM A/W	ENG A/W	A-REAR	SZ	PTS
6	-/-	13	14	16	28/4	27/3	27/3	27/3	-4	4	100

TYPE: Light Vehicle, Tank, No Base

COHERENCY: 12"

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular

SQUAD COMPOSITION: 1-2 Wolfclaws

EQUIPMENT: Synchronized Steiner Industries 3CHE-65, Bergstahl Stonecleaver LMG, Composite Armoured Hull

SQUAD OPTIONS: None

MAIN WEAPON:



SYNCHRONIZED STEINER INDUSTRIES 3CHE-65

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	16	3	H

Armour-Piercing (4), Slow to Reload, Turret, Weapon Mode (Concentrated Blast)



SYNCHRONIZED STEINER INDUSTRIES 3CHE-65 (CONCENTRATED BLAST)

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24/LE	14	1	GR

Armour-Piercing (4), Concussive (3), Turret

SECONDARY WEAPON:



BERGSTAHL STONECLEAVER LMG

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
18	11	3	H

Turret

ABILITIES: "Mancutter" Clearing Blade, Ranger, Sondereinsatzkommando

"Mancutter" Clearing Blade: Any Difficult Terrain that is 3"x3"x3" or smaller that this model moves through may be removed from the game. Ramming actions add ST(+4) to the autohit against the target model.

Sondereinsatzkommando: Each model may be used as an Open Transport (5) for Venusian Rangers. This does not make this model a Transport Type. Venusian Rangers may Embark for AP(0) and the Wolfclaw may disembark Venusian Rangers for AP(0).

ARK OF NATHANIEL'S FLAME

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	R	SZ	PTS
5	10/0	10	8	10	17	16	2	20(12)	0	45

TYPE: Character, Infantry, Mystic, Unique, Advisor, Large Base

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular

EQUIPMENT: Flame of the Cardinal, Combat Knife, Mystic Robes

OPTIONS: None

RANGED WEAPON:



FLAME OF THE CARDINAL			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
FT	15	1	F
Deadly			

CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON:



COMBAT KNIFE			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
B2B	+1	1	CC

ABILITIES: **Durable**, **Durand's Blessing**

Durand's Blessing: This model may choose one Art from the Art of the Elements for free. One member of the attached squad may cast this Art once per game turn. It is cast for AP(0) and is automatically cast successfully. Friendly Brotherhood models casting an Art within 6" of the Ark gain a WP(+1). A squad with the Ark attached gains a Heal (+2) while the Ark is in play. Enemy models targeting a squad carrying the Ark suffer RS(-1) to their attack rolls.

Inquisitor Majoris

"Sir, the Dark Legion is not in the ruins." Inquisitor Leftance reported, his voice distorted by his helmet.

Inquisitor Majoris Aberforth Malvain slowly turned the page of his Book of Law with one finger, waiting for his subordinate to continue. "In their stead, the forces of Cybertronic have been spotted." Malvain paused, his finger lingering over a particular appropriate line in the book. He snapped the tome shut and spoke in a booming voice that carried through the makeshift headquarters.

"And lo, did the Cardinal decree artificial intelligence the bane of Humanity and forbade its creation on pain of death!", the Majoris' proclamation resonating within the hearts of any who heard him speak.

Malvain, one of the youngest Inquisitors to be promoted to the rank of Majoris, hated everything impure, and those of the Cybertronic Megacorporation flaunted their sacrilege. Hamillkar, under the grace of Cardinal Durand himself, gave him leave to travel the Solar System and root out heretics wherever they may hide. He turned to Leftance, snapping his helmet over his head, the eye lenses flashing.

"We will show these apostates what price their folly brings! Come! Let us go kick ass for the Light!"

DEATH ANGEL

In days past, Brotherhood Inquisitors would take to the field in what was little more than a motorized gun-frame with a cannon on the front and a statue of the Cardinal bolted onto the back. The design was based on the Imperial Necromower, but not as sturdy. Due to the events surrounding the Siege of Volksburg, the Brotherhood's leadership has taken a new outlook on protecting its forces. The redesigned Death Angel is more akin to a fast-moving armoured jeep than anything. Still utilizing a fearsome cupola-mounted Anointer Autocannon, it also packs a pair of AC-43 Hymnal Light Machineguns. Instead of a lone driver, now a team of two Inquisitors bring the might of the Cardinal to bear, for he is always watching. To gaze upon his stony visage as it rides into battle is to feel the power of the Light!

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	DRIVER R/W	WPNS R/W	WHEELS R/W	ENG R/W	A-REAR	SZ	PTS
7	-/-	15	17	15	28/3	27/3	27/3	27/3	-4	4	95

TYPE: Light Vehicle, Tank, No Base

COHERENCY: 12"

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular, Preemptive Strike

SQUAD COMPOSITION: 1-2 Death Angel

EQUIPMENT: Anointer Autocannon, 2 AC-43 Hymnal LMGs, Book of Faith, Blessed Armour Plating

SQUAD OPTIONS: None

MAIN WEAPONS:

ANOINTER AUTOCANNON			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	13	4	H
Armour-Piercing (4), Pinning, Turret RES(1): Deadly			

SECONDARY WEAPON:

AC-43 HYMNAL LMG			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	11	2	H

ABILITIES: **Divine Protection**, **Fear (3)**, **Fear the Wrath of the Cardinal**, **"Look! The Cardinal!"**, **On the Hunt**

Divine Protection: The Driver location counts as having Durable.

Fear the Wrath of the Cardinal: RES(1):Dissention (2). Any enemy model within 12" and LOS receives WP (-1) and must reroll successful Psychic tests.

"Look! The Cardinal!": Any friendly, non-Mishiman/Cybertronic models that have LOS gain Contempt (All) and Psychic Mastery (D).

On the Hunt: This model may be used as an Open Transport (3) for Inquisitors. This does not make this model a Transport Type. Inquisitors may Embark for AP(0) and the Death Angel may disembark Inquisitors for AP(0).

The newly armoured, four-wheeled Death Angel tore a swath of destruction through the ranks of the enemy, bodies of Undead Legionnaires littering the mud of Doughpits and their ichor mixing in with the countless dead of generations of war. An explosion rocked the vehicle as Inquisitor Calliope Talbot expertly swerved to mitigate most of the damage, cursing under her breath as she felt one of the front tires tear free of its mounting. She skidded the heavily armed jeep to a halt, as the other inquisitors aboard quickly exited and took up firing positions outside of it. In the Death Angel's cupola, Inquisitor Majoris Malvain used the deadly Anointer Autocannon to shred a pack of Necromutants that had come loping over the embankment. He then extricated himself and leapt off the top of the vehicle, using the Disembowler Chainblade of his AC-40 to shear two shambling corpses in half. Talbot lifted her fearsome-looking helmet and pulled it over her fiery red hair, locking it in place. Strapping her Justifier to her back, she drew her specially-wrought P60 Barrage pistols and joined her squad in battle against the Legion. The statue of Cardinal Durand looked on approvingly from the rear of the jeep, inspiring all those around it.

ELITE TROOPERS

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	R	SZ	PTS
5	13/2	13	9	8	15	15	1	24	1	21

TYPE: Troop, Infantry, Small Base

COHERENCY: 8"

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular

SQUAD COMPOSITION: 5-10 Elite Troopers

EQUIPMENT: HAC-20 Eruptor Heavy Assault Rifle, Combat Knife, Gas Mask, Sanctifier Exo-Armour

SQUAD OPTIONS: 1 in 5 Models may replace their HAC-20 Eruptor for an AC-41 Purifier HMG for (+20) PTS each. An Inquisitor may be added as the squad commander for (+35) PTS.

One squad per army may use Flank Deployment for free.

RANGED WEAPON:



HAC-20 ERUPTOR HEAVY ASSAULT RIFLE

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	12	1	H
Short Ranged Burst, Weapon Mode (UBM AC-31 Flamethrower)			



HAC-20 ERUPTOR HEAVY ASSAULT RIFLE (UBM AC-31 FLAMETHROWER)

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
SFT	10	1	F
Deadly			



AC-41 PURIFIER HMG

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	13	4	H
Deadly, Weapon Mode (Incinerator)			



AC-41 PURIFIER (INCINERATOR)

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
FT	13	1	F
Exploit			

CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON:



COMBAT KNIFE

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
B2B	+1	1	CC

ABILITIES: **Fearless (2)**, **Heal (5)**, **Ranger**, **Relentless**

AML-100 Rattlesnake

The AML-100 Rattlesnake is a mainstay of the Capitol artillery line. A single-seater with an open cockpit, the vehicle is armed with a large double-sized 50mm missile rack used to bombard enemy positions with clusters of explosions. One of the more common tactics Rattlesnake drivers employ, is to launch all of their rockets in a single salvo, which has disastrous effects for anything or anyone caught within its target area. It also packs a pair of short-ranged submachine guns to use against any foes that get close. The drawback of the Rattlesnake is its maneuverability. It is best to keep it behind the main line where it can bring its formidable artillery to bear against enemy armoured targets.

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	AS	WP	LD	BODY A/W	WEAPON CONTROL A/W	DRIVE SYSTEM A/W	ENG A/W	A-REAR	SZ	PTS
5	-/-	12	13	13	26/3	26/3	26/2	26/2	-4	3	80

TYPE: Light Vehicle, Tank, No Base

COHERENCY: 10"

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular, Preemptive Strike

SQUAD COMPOSITION: 1-2 Rattlesnakes

EQUIPMENT: 2 50mm Missile Racks, 2 CAR-24 SMGs, Layered Composite Armour

SQUAD OPTIONS: None

MAIN WEAPON:

50MM MISSILE RACK			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24/SE	13	1	ML
Concussive (1), Weapon Mode (Salvo)			

50MM MISSILE RACK (SALVO)			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	12	3	ML
Armour-Piercing (5)			

SECONDARY WEAPON:

CAR-24 SMG			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
18	12	1	A
Short-Ranged Burst			

ABILITIES: **Ranger**, **Target Support**

Target Support: Any Sea Lion or Wolverine model may spend AP(1) to place a Temporary "Targeted" marker within LOS. Any Rattlesnake model making a Shooting action against an enemy model within 2" of a "Targeted" marker gains RS(+1), up to (+5).

"Sir, we have a firing solution" the Rattlesnake pilot said into his comms.

A tinny voice crackled over the radio, "On who's orders?"

The pilot paused for moment and double-checked. "A Lieutenant Charles Smith, sir."

There was a long silence before the repsonse came, "Fire on those coordinates, Corporal."

Capitol Assault Marines

The success of Project: Wolverine has given way to new advancements for Capitol to bring the war to its foes. While not as powerful as a Wolverine, each Assault Marine is selected from a pool of candidates that exhibit extraordinary physical and mental prowess. The HFMP5-100 Mk.3 "Copperhead" exosuit they wear protect them from even the most grievous wounds, allowing them to close with their enemies and bring their brutal weaponry to bear. Their favored targets are Imperial Golden Lions, and the two groups have a standing loathing for each other, often ignoring other targets for the opportunity to get to grips with each one another.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	14	10	11	14	15	2	24	1	35

Type: Support, Infantry, Medium Base

Coherency: 12"

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 3-6 Assault Marines

Equipment: CAR-24 SMG (Steel Jacket Ammo), Chainripper Sword, Frag Grenades, Gas Mask, HFMP5-100 Mk.3 Copperhead Exosuit

Squad Options:

One model may replace their CAR-24 SMG with a Gehenna Puker Flamethrower for (+10) PTS, DPAT-8 Rocket Launcher for (+15) PTS, or an M89 HMG for (+20) PTS.

If a Wolverine is attached, this squad and the attached Wolverine may gain Flank Deployment for free.

Ranged Weapons:

CAR-24 SMG (Steel Jacket Ammo)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	12	1	A
Ignores IA saves, Short-Ranged Burst			

Frag Grenades			
R	ST	ROA	Type
ST/SE	10	1	GR

M89 HMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	13	4	H

DPAT-9 Rocket Launcher			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24/SE	15	1	ML
Armour Piercing (5), Critical Force (2)			

Gehenna Puker Flamethrower			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	14	1	F

Close Combat Weapons:

Chainripper Sword			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+3	3	CC
Armour Piercing (4), Gain DEF (+2)			

Abilities: Brutal, Camouflage (3), Fearless (3), Grenade Specialist, Heal (4), Ranger, Stay Frosty

Grenade Specialist: This model may make a single attack with its Frag Grenades for AP(0) each turn and still make a Shooting Action with another weapon.

Capitol F-51 Puma

The F-51 Puma is the Capitol workhorse aircraft produced by General Aerospace. Filling a dual-role function of fighter-bomber, it's primary missions usually entail bombing runs against enemy entrenchments, but it can also hold its own in aerial combat situations. Known for having a legendary ability to shrug off damage and keep flying, its advanced self-repair systems and thick armour allow this beast to take hits from anti-aircraft weapons and stay airborne. It is not uncommon for the pilot to make it back to base, only to inspect the damage incurred on his twin tail-rudder aircraft, seeing it filled with large holes that would have downed many a lesser plane. Bristling with weaponry, the Puma is well-equipped for any mission it is sent on. Its massive M8 Thunderbolt Gatling Cannon is able to shred light vehicles and infantry with relative ease. It also carries napalm rockets designed to dig infantry out of entrenched positions, turning their defenses into a raging hellfire.

In the Battle of Lancaster Flats, Captain Josie Cortez had taken fire from missile batteries arrayed along the ridge, so much in fact that the port wing had been blown off halfway down the structure. As the firepower against her intensified, huge holes blasting into the fuselage, she dropped her napalm payload, incinerating the Imperial forces that had been holding the AFC at bay for three weeks. Her trusty Puma limped back to base, where her tech chief was in awe of the damage her plane had received.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	Hull A/W	Weapon Control A/W	Wings A/W	Engines A/W	A-Rear	SZ	PTS
7	-/-	13	13	16	28/3	28/3	28/3	28/3	-3	4	140

Type: Light Vehicle, Flyer, Large Base

Coherency: 18"

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank

Squad Composition: 1-2 F-51 Pumas

Equipment: M8 Thunderbolt Gatling Cannon, 2 DPAT-12 Rockets, 2 Napalm Ordinance Racks,

Squad Options: None

Main Weapons:

M8 Thunderbolt Gatling Cannon			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	12	4	H
Armour-Piercing (8) RES(1): Pinning, ROA(+4), Slow to Reload			

DPAT-12 Rockets			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24/SE	11	2	ML
Armour-Piercing (4)			

Secondary Weapons:

Napalm Ordinance Rack			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/FT	14	1	GR
Templates placed by this weapon remain in play and models ending an action touching it take a ST(14) autohit. Useable once per game.			

Abilities: Aeroplane, Durable, Enhanced Unblinking Eye, Hard to Hit (2), Repair (5), Still Flying

Aeroplane: This model's first action must always be a Vehicle Move action and it must move a minimum of its current SP. It ignores any effects that would cause it not to move. It always counts as Flying and may never land.

Still Flying: If the Wings location is reduced to W(0), the model does not crash. It may still move and pivot, but suffers SP(-3).

General Samantha 'Fireball' Michaelson

The person in charge of Capitol's Mars forces along the ramparts of the Kirkwood Mountain range is General Michaelson. As the stern commander of the 25'th Heavy Battalion "Michaelson's Reavers", she earned the nickname of "Fireball" after her impressive destruction record of Imperial Greyhound LAFVs during the Siege of Macon Ridge, which saw many of the small tankettes turned into explosions.

She later earned the Chairman's Legion of Honor award and a promotion to Captain when, as the last of her platoon, she single-handedly slew Bormian, a Nepharite of Demnogonis, and his bodyguards and rallied the besieged Capitol forces to victory. Shortly after, she was offered a spot among the legendary Doomtroopers, but declined, stating that her place was on the battlefield surrounded by her own forces.

Eventually, she earned the rank of General and was put in charge of the Kirkwood Ramparts, and was the commander of the Capitol forces when Lord Inquisitor Hamilkar launched his assault against the Citadel of Siropolis. While the campaign was a success, there is no love lost between Fireball and Hamilkar, the former believing the latter is reckless with non-Brotherhood lives.

In combat, she utilizes a specially modified M66 Autocannon with a much higher rate of fire that has an attached diamond-toothed chain bayonet. When confronted by a Nepharite of the Dark Legion, she will unsheathe her Capitolian Sword of Honor and charge fearlessly at her opponent. Michaelson is utterly loyal to the Capitol Megacorporation and her forces are utterly loyal to her, willing to follow her into the most dangerous warzones.

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
4	16/3	16	10	10	16	17	3	23(12)	0	80

TYPE: Character, Infantry, Heavy Infantry, Unique, Medium Base

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular, Preemptive Strike

EQUIPMENT: M66E 'Spitfire' Autocannon, Capitolian Honor Sword, Diamond-Toothed Chainripper Bayonet, Gas Mask, HFMP-94 Mk.3 Tortoise Armour

OPTIONS: This model will always be the Army Commander. You may not include Lord Inquisitor Hamilkar in an army led by this model.

CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON:

DIAMOND-TOOTHED CHAINRIPPER BAYONET

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
1	+3	2	CC

Armour-Piercing (7)

CAPITOLIAN SWORD OF HONOR

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
2	+3	3	CC

RANGED WEAPON:

M66E SPITFIRE AUTOCANNON

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
28	13	3	H

Armour-Piercing (3)

RES(1): ROA (+2), Strafe

ABILITIES: **Fearless (3), Michaelson's Reavers, Nepharite Slayer, Unbreakable; As Heavy Infantry: Fallaway Slam, Heal (4), Impervium 2 Armour, Stim Injectors**

Michaelson's Reavers: All friendly Heavy Infantry models on the table gain Fearless (3), Stay Frosty, and the Preemptive Strike Deployment Option.

Nepharite Slayer: When using the Capitolian Sword of Honor in CC against a Nepharite, this model's attacks gain Critical Force (2), Deadly, and may reroll its first miss each turn. This model automatically passes Fear tests against Nepharites.

Capitol Jake Kramer

A veteran of many battles, many would say Jake Kramer is well past his prime. Wherever he goes, trouble seems to follow him. As a teen, he was accused and sentenced to death for killing a local crime lord with powerful political ties. In lieu of corporal punishment, Jake opted to join the Free Marines where he excelled. Even though he was awarded many top honors and commendations, he always seemed to have trouble with authority figures and the command structure. Eventually, he was transferred to Special Ops where his considerable talents could be best utilized.

As the decades passed, the love of the job eventually gave way to a loathing that no matter what he did, nothing ever truly changed. He found himself drawn into the ranks of the Cartel's Doomtroopers, hoping that either his actions would have a lasting mark or it would eventually put him out of his misery.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	15	10	12	16	16	3	22(11)	0	100

Type: Character, Infantry, Free Marine, Doomtrooper, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Infiltrate, Stalk

Equipment: Gehenna Puker Flamethrower, CA-101 Piranha Handgun, Serrated Punisher Shortsword, Armoured Trenchcoat and Body Armour

Options: None

Ranged Weapons:

Gehenna Puker Flamethrower			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	14	1	F

CA-101 Piranha Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	10	1	HG

Close Combat Weapons:

Serrated Punisher Short Sword			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	1	CC
Exploit			

Abilities: Durable, Tactical Fallback, Unbreakable; As Free Marine: Camouflage (3), Cooperation, Heal (5), Fearless (5), Ferocity (1) Freedom Forever!, Frenzy, Ranger

Tactical Fallback: After an enemy model has finished a Charge Action against this model, if this model has not activated this turn, it may choose to take a LD test. If it passes, it may immediately make a Run Action to move away from the enemy model that charged it without suffering a Free Slash. This movement must be towards the friendly deployment zone, must move in the most direct route possible, and must use all available SP. If this take it outside of an attached squad's Coherency, it immediately leaves the squad.

Capitol Rangers

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	13	10	10	13	13	1	20	0	17

Type: Support, Infantry, Small Base

Coherency: 12"

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike, Stalk

Squad Composition: 5-10 Rangers

Equipment: M50 Assault Rifle, Punisher Short Sword, Gas Mask, Grappling Hook (8), HFMP5-93 Tortoise Armour Mk.I

Squad Options: Each model in the squad may be given a Riot Shield for (+3) PTS each.

One squad may gain Rapid Deployment for (+15) PTS.

Ranged Weapons:

M50 Assault Rifle			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	10	1	A
RES(1): Weapon Mode (Tear Gas Grenade)			

M50 Assault Rifle (Tear Gas Grenade)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/SE	-	1	GR
Any model hit must pass a CON test or be Pinned and Stunned			

Close Combat Weapons:

Punisher Short Sword			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	2	CC

Riot Shield
+2/+2 IA(10)

Abilities: Guardsman, Ranger, Stay Frosty, Target Sense, Vigilance

Vigilance: All models in this squad may perform a Sentry action with no limit to the number of models. If not using Stalk deployment, a model with this ability may be put into Sentry during the Control Phase of the first turn.

Battle of Sawyer's Landing

March 21st, YC 1298

After Action Report: The Battle of Sawyer's Landing

Recording Officer: Sgt. Allison Halloway

In examining the events of the defeat of the CAF at Sawyer's Landing to the Dark Legion, it is clearly imperative we find this Lieutenant Charles "Butters" Smith, formerly of the 44th Airborne Cavalry Battalion, both to determine what happened and to bring him before the Military Tribunal to answer for his actions on January 13th, YC 1298, most particularly his use of a malfunctioning strike transponder reported stolen from the engineering squad assigned to repair it. His assigned quarters were found to be completely bare upon search by the MPs sent to collect him. Interrogation of Lt. Smith's known compatriots indicate he was often to be found in the company of one Alexandra Rickets. To date, we have been unable to locate such individual or, indeed, confirm her existence in any official record.

Capitol Sergeant Carter

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	16/3	14	11	11	15	16	3	20	0	60

Type: Character, Infantry, Light Infantry, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options:

Equipment: PPX Assault Rifle, Steel-wrapped Gloves, HFMPS-93 Tortoise Armour Mk.1

Options: May not gain the Spec Ops Battalion Light Infantry bonus.

Ranged Weapons:

PPX Assault Rifle			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	14	1	A
Short-Ranged Burst			

Close Combat Weapons:

Steel-wrapped Gloves			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+3	4	CC
Deadly			

Abilities: Brutal, Fearless (5), Frenzy, Relentless, Rifle Drill, When a Man Has to Go; As Light Infantry: Battalion, Guide Them In

Rifle Drill: RES(2): Any Light Infantry squads within 12" of this model gain Enhanced Unblinking Eye.

When a Man Has to Go: If this model makes a Charge Action, all friendly Light Infantry models within LOS gain Fearless (2) and Frenzy when they also make a Charge Action that turn.

CTL-F800 Emancipator Combat Aircraft

Designed by Lockmann Aeronautics, a Capitol subsidiary, and built using Venusian steels provided by the Bauhaus Megacorporation, the CTL-F800 is a brutal looking aircraft. Dubbed the "Emancipator", the thick, riveted plates on its wings are able to

withstand even the most damaging attacks from ground fire and continue flying. It is primarily used as an anti-armour role, as its main cannons are able to punch large holes into tanks with ease.

The plane's primary armament is a pair of 32mm heavy machineguns, nicknamed 'Spider shredders' in the aftermath of the Battle of Icaria Plains on Mars, which saw a pair of F800s decimate seventeen Wolf Spider transports, resulting in the crippling of the attacking Algeroth force. Under the main fuselage is mounted an MG-40 light machinegun loaded with tracer ammunition, which allows the pilot to mark their quarry easier. When an enemy force is known to be light on armoured support, the HMGs can be replaced by UEXP-31 'Hedgetrimmer' Cluster Rockets. These weapons are very effective with making bombing runs against infantry and light vehicles.

Statistics

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	HULL R/W	WPNS R/W	WINGS R/W	ENG R/W	R-REAR	SZ	PTS
7	-/-	12	13	15	28/4	27/3	28/3	27/3	-3	4	120

Type: Light Vehicle, Flyer, Cartel Agent, Large Base

Coherency: 18"

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 1-2 CTL-F800 Emancipators

Equipment: 2 32mm 'SpiderShredder' HMGs, Twin-linked MG-40 LMG (Tracer Ammo), Riveted Armour Plating

Squad Options: May replace its 2 32mm 'SpiderShredder' HMGs with 2 UEXP-31 'Hedgetrimmer' Cluster Rockets for free.

Main Weapon:

32MM 'SPIDERSHREDDER' HMG			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	10	3	R
Armour-Piercing (8), Pinning			

UEXP-31 'HEDGETRIMMER' CLUSTER ROCKETS			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24/SE	11	1	GR
Critical Force (2), Deadly, Precision (4)			

Secondary Weapon:

TWIN-LINKED MG-40 LMG (TRACER AMMO)			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	12	3	H
If any shots from this weapon hit the primary target, the target loses any cover bonus and Hard To Hit against any other attacks made from this model			

Abilities: **Aeroplane**, **Hard To Hit (2)**, **Paired Weapons (R/GR)**, **Repair (5)**, **Still Flying**

Aeroplane: This model's first action must always be a Vehicle Move action and it must move a minimum of its current SP. It ignores any effects that would cause it not to move. It always counts as Flying and may never land.

Still Flying: The Wings location gains Durable. If the Wings location is reduced to W(0), the model does not crash. It may still move and pivot, but suffers SP(-3).

Cartel Freelancers

Drawn from the ranks of the Megacorporations, Freelancers are guns-for-hire who sell their services to the highest bidder. They do the work that a Megacorporation often doesn't want associated with their name.

What causes someone to become a Freelancer? The reasons vary as vastly as there are credits in the banks; The promise of more creds, a dishonorable discharge, no longer wishing to answer to a high power, or even serving a darker purpose. Freelancers are all highly skilled individuals who are often veterans of dozens of warzones from around the Solar System. Each of their services can be bought if the price is right.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/1	14	10	10	14	14	2	22	0	30

Type: Character, Infantry, Cartel Agent, Legion Operative, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Equipment: Custom Loadout, Armoured Trenchcoat and Low-Profile Composite Combat Armour

Options:

A Character may take Infiltrate Deployment for (+5) PTS.

Freelancers may be taken as a Unique Support Choice as a squad of 2-5 models with a 10" Coherency and lose Type: Character. This squad may take Infiltrate for (+15) PTS.

Ranged Weapons:

HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
SG	9	1	SG
Precision (3)			

CTL-62 SMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	12	2	A
Short-Ranged Burst			

MP-105 Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	9	2	HG

Tambu No.3 Silenced Ronin Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	9	1	HG
Headshot, Exploit			

M-13 Bolter Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	8	2	HG
Headshot			

Smoke Grenades			
R	ST	ROA	Type
ST	-	1	GR
Smoke			

P60 Punisher Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	11	1	HG
Headshot			

Close Combat Weapons:

Samurai Sword			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	2	CC

Punisher Short Sword			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	1	CC

Abilities: Custom Loadout, Durable, Fearless (3), Hard to Hit (2)

Custom Loadout: Each Freelancer must pick a single selection from below:

- * HG-14 Hagelsturm Shotgun, MP-105 Handgun, Medic (4)
- * CTL-62 SMG, M13 Bolter Handgun, Guardsman
- * Tambu No.3 Silenced Ronin Handgun, Samurai Sword, Smoke Grenades, Follow Up
- * P60 Punisher Handgun, Punisher Shortsword, Gas Mask, Ranger

Cartel Lane Chung

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	15/2	14	9	9	15	15	3	20(10)	0	60

Type: Character, Infantry, Cartel Agent, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Infiltrate, Rapid Deployment, Stalk

Equipment: M50 Assault Rifle, P60 Punisher Handgun, Banshee Blade, Armoured Longcoat

Options: May be paired with Pam Afton as if both of them have the Doomtrooper type.

Ranged Weapons:

CAR-24 SMG				M13 Bolter Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type	R	ST	ROA	Type
18	12	1	A	12	8	2	HG
Short-Ranged Burst				Headshot			

Close Combat Weapons:

Banshee Blade			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+2	2	CC

Abilities: Brash, Contempt (Dark Legion/Mishima), Duelist, Fearless (2), Paired Weapon (A/HG), Paired Weapon (CC/HG), Smoke Bombardment

Brash: When making a Charge Action, this model gains Fearless (5), Ferocity (2), and Frenzy. This model must pass a LD check if it is within Charge range of the nearest enemy model. If the test is failed, this model must Charge that enemy model.

Smoke Bombardment: Once per game, this model may call in a smoke screen. At any point during the model's activation, place a temporary Smoke token within LOS of the active model.

Cartel Pam Afton

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	15	9	9	15	15	3	20(10)	0	60

Type: Character, Infantry, Cartel Agent, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Infiltrate, Rapid Deployment, Stalk

Equipment: M50 Assault Rifle, P60 Punisher Handgun, Banshee Blade, Armoured Bodysuit

Options: May be paired with Lane Chung as if both of them have the Doomtrooper type.

Ranged Weapons:

M50 Assault Rifle			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	10	1	A
Weapon Mode (Frag Grenade)			

M50 Assault Rifle (Frag Grenade)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/SE	10	1	GR

P60 Punisher Handgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	11	1	HG
Headshot			

Close Combat Weapons:

Banshee Blade			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+2	2	CC

Abilities: Battlefield Logistics, Call the Shot, Contempt (Dark Legion/Mishima), Duelist, Enhanced Unblinking Eye, Espionage, Fearless (2)

Battlefield Logistics: The army commander gains Initiative (+1). If there is a tie on the Initiative Roll, this model's controller wins the tie.

Call the Shot: Once per game, this model may nominate an enemy squad within LOS. Place a 'Guidance' marker next to the target squad. Until the end of the turn, any friendly vehicle that targets the squad gains RS(+2) and Eagle Eye (4). This counts as a Shooting action.

Rob Yourstand

Statistics

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	14	8	8	15	15	2	21(10)	0	35

Type: Character, Infantry, Cartel Agent, Legion Operative, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Infiltrate, Stalk

Equipment: Silenced P-60 "Punisher" Handgun, Titanium-woven Suit

Option: May join a squad, even if that squad already has a Character attached.

Ranged Weapon:



SILENCED P-60 "PUNISHER" HANDGUN

R	ST	ROR	TYPE
12	11	1	HG

Headshot, Exploit

Abilities: **Brazen Thief**, **Espionage**, **For the Corporation**, **Misdirection**

Brazen Thief: When engaged with an enemy Character and after successfully hitting in CC, instead of inflicting damage, this model may instead take one Resource of its choosing from the opponent. If this model is killed, return the Resource to the original owner. This ability may be used once per game.

For the Corporation: This squad uses the army rules of its army commander.

Misdirection: If engaged with an enemy model, make a WP test before making a Close Combat attack against that model. If successful, the first CC attack made this turn is an autohit, and at the end of the turn this model may make a Move action for AP(0) that is immune to Free Slashes.



Seth Kaioh

As a child, Seth was found orphaned on the steps of the Storm Warrior martial arts school in Hosokawa. The young boy was taken in by the fighters, and despite his obvious Capitolian heritage, he was trained in their

brutal way of battle. An unforgiving and ferocious fighting style, their mantra is to strike first, strike fast, and hit as hard as you can. Through the years he trained with them, he was constantly pushed to his physical and mental limits. As he grew, he became one of the foremost warriors, defeating everyone who challenged him. Despite his accomplishments, he was still persecuted and when he was old enough, he left the school to find his own way.

Living on the streets of San Dorado, he was recruited into the Capitol military. He quickly rose through the ranks, and during a pitched battle against the forces of Saladin, Seth made his mark by leaping onto the top of an ezoghoul that had charged his squad, emptying the clip of his assault rifle into its head. When that didn't kill the beast, he channeled his strength and punched his fist through the monster's skull. Afterwards, he was approached by a Doomtrooper who had witnessed the act and recruited to join the Cartel. Always an opportunist, he accepted without a second thought.

In the years following, he worked with every one of the Megacorporations and forged strong bonds with each of them. From Cybertronic, he had cybernetic upgrades installed that make him faster and stronger, and Bauhaus awarded him a fearsome Deathstorm Combat Shotgun for his heroism during the Assault of the Citadel of Khorothar on Venus. Capitol, not to be outdone, gifted their lost son an experimental exosuit from its design labs, built to his specifications. After saving the daimyo of the influential Takeda Keiretsu, the blade "Salerian" was forged for him by their legendary swordmaker Hisaki Nihonto. For outstanding service, the Cartel itself gave him a Nimrod Autocannon to take into battle with him. Only the Imperial Megacorporation keeps him at arm's length, working with him only when the need is dire. They do not trust a man who is trusted so heavily by their competitors, a sentiment that suits him just fine. Regardless of their feelings about him, he gets results, and that is something that cannot be denied.



STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	R	SZ	PTS
5	16/3	16	11	14	16	16	4	24(12)	1	130

TYPE: Character, Infantry, Cartel Agent, Doomtrooper, Unique, Medium Base

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular, Flank Deployment, Preemptive Strike, Stalk, Infiltrate, Rapid Deployment

EQUIPMENT: Deathstorm Combat Shotgun, Salerian, Gas Mask, CTL-101 Predator Exosuit

OPTIONS: May take 1 Cybertronic Cybernetic Enhancement (not Hardware Upgrades) and may purchase 1 Mishima Ki Power from any Temple.

May replace his Deathstorm Combat Shotgun with a Nimrod Autocannon for free.

RANGED WEAPON:



DEATHSTORM COMBAT SHOTGUN

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
SG	9	3	SG

Deadly, Precision (2)



NIMROD AUTOCANNON

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
28	15	4	H

Gunslinger, Pinning, Strafe
RES(2): Gain ROA(+2), Slow to Reload

CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON:



SALERIAN

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
1.5	+2	3	CC

Deadly, Exploit, Weapon Mode (Deathblow)



SALERIAN (DEATHBLOW)

R	ST	ROA	TYPE
1.5	+5	1	CC

Critical Force (3), Deadly, Slow to Reload

ABILITIES: Brutal, Dodge (4), Duelist, Fearless (5), Hurricane of Destruction, Ranger, Storm Warrior, Unbreakable

Storm Warrior: RES (2): SP(+1), Ferocity (2), Frenzy, Follow Up, and Predator Senses.

Cybertronic Chemiman

The Chemiman is an AI programmed battle machine built in the early days of Cybertronic's rise to power. While it has been mostly replaced with the Atillia program, and their transferable Core, it still appears on the Cybertronic battlefield. The Chemiman was originally design to help chasseur troops by blocking enemy fire and picking off long distance threats earning its nickname "Flesh Wrecker" from its Capitol opponents. The Chemiman is less humanoid than its Attila counterparts. Standing over six feet tall, it is appearance is personified by the grenade tubes protruding from its back, and an evil mechanical grin underneath multifaceted insectoid eyes.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	10	15	10	10	12	13	2	22(10)	0	35

Type: Character, Infantry, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Equipment: SR3500, Integrated Grenade Launcher, Electric Fists, Titanium Plating

Squad Options: Chasseur Squads may purchase this model as an Advisor.

This model may be taken in the Battlefield Reclamation special formation.

This model may never be the army commander.

Ranged Weapons:

SR3500			
R	ST	ROA	Type
28	11	1	S
Pinning, Gains Critical Force (2) when using Battle Focus			

Integrated Grenade Launcher			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	-	1	GR
Smoke, Weapon Mode (Corrosive Gas)			

Integrated Grenade Launcher (Corrosive Gas)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	0	1	GR
Deadly, Gas, Pinning, Ignores Gas Mask			

Close Combat Weapons:

Electric Fists			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+1	2	CC
Concussive (0)			

Abilities: Camouflage (2), The Core, Unblinking Eye, Paired Weapons (S/GR), Multifaceted Eyes

Multifaceted Eyes: This model ignores the effects of Smoke.

Nova

The Nova is a small, unmanned scout jet that is piloted by a Cuirassier AI brain module. Developed to act as a forward observer for Propaganda forces, its systems are directly linked into those Mirrorman units on the ground. Utilizing the same stealth technology that Mirrormen have, the Nova is able to blend in against the backdrop of the sky or any other atmospheric conditions, effectively making it appear almost invisible. Once spotted, a Nova will drop its camouflage and activate its armour coating. This catches any light, no matter how ambient, and projects it to blind its enemies to its real position. While not a very hardy craft, the Nova packs a pair of SSW4200P HMGs to deal with lightly armoured targets, as well as an SSW5500 Rocket Launcher in case it has to tangle with armoured foes.

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	BODY A/W	WEAPON A/W	WINGS A/W	ENGINES A/W	A-REAR	SZ	PTS
8	-/-	13	15	18	26/3	26/2	26/2	26/2	-3	3	80

TYPE: Light Vehicle, Flyer, Large Base

COHERENCY: 18"

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular, Flank Deployment

SQUAD COMPOSITION: 1-3 Nova

EQUIPMENT: Twin-mounted SSW4200P 'Suppressor' HMG, SSW5500C Rocket Launcher, Chromebird Alloy Armour

SQUAD OPTIONS: This squad may also be taken as a Light Vehicle choice in the Mirrorman Propaganda and Rise of the Machines special formations.

MAIN WEAPON:

TWIN-MOUNTED SSW4200P 'SUPPRESSOR' HMG			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	12	6	H
Pinning			

SECONDARY WEAPON:

SSW5500C ROCKET LAUNCHER			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	14	1	ML
Armour-Piercing (6), Critical Force (2), Weapon Mode (Anti-Personnel)			

ABILITIES: **Hard to Hit (3)**, **Mirrorman Uplink**, **Optical Camouflage**, **Repair (4)**, **Shimmering Armour**

Mirrorman Uplink: Before the game starts, one Mirrorman squad per Nova model may gain the Stalk Deployment.

Optical Camouflage: This model may not be targeted by Ranged Attacks using Battle Focus.

Shimmering Armour: **RES(1):** Models targeting this model with a Ranged attack receive R(-6) to all Ranged Weapons. The model loses Optical Camouflage while this ability is active.

SSW5500C ROCKET LAUNCHER (ANTI-PERSONNEL)			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24/SE	11	1	ML

Cybertronic Reavers

Cybertronic specializes in creating troops for every occasion and dealing with the Brotherhood is no exception. When an unruly Inquisitor gets it in his head to censure the Megacorporation directly, a team of Reavers is dispatched to 'persuade' them to rethink their actions. Using highly developed psychic dampeners, the Reavers are able to shrug off even the strongest attacks from wielders of the Light. The downside to this is that the process leaves them much more vulnerable to corruption of Dark Symmetry; a 'bug' that Cybertronic scientists are still trying to eliminate.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	13/2	13	10	10	16	15	2	23	1	30

Type: Support, Infantry, Unique, Medium Bases

Coherency: 10"

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank Deployment, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 3-6 Reavers

Equipment: PR4000 'Blaster', Ripper Claw, Titanium Plates

Squad Options: None

Ranged Weapons:

PR4000 'Blaster'			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	12	2	H
RES(1): This weapon gains Type(R) and Slow to Reload			

Close Combat Weapons:

Ripper Claw			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	2	CC
Armour Piercing (4), Sweep			

Abilities: Brutal, Wired for Immunity

Wired for Immunity: This model's Resistance to Psychic Powers ability is increased to (+10) against Art and Ki, but receives a (-10) against Dark Symmetry. When targeted by an Art or Ki (D) Power, it has no effect on a roll of 1-15.

Cybertronic Shock Troopers

When Cybertronic is in danger of losing a position, it will send in its Shock Troopers to hold it at all costs. Highly-trained, they are quite literally the definition of "shock" troops, as they are outfitted with advanced armour laced with electrostatic fibers that charge kinetic energy when struck in close-combat, and returns the energy with a burst of power, stunning their would-be opponent. They are also equipped with shock gauntlets and stun grenades capable of rendering even larger foes senseless.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	14	10	12	14	15	2	22	1	30

Type: Support, Infantry, Medium Bases

Coherency: 10"

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank Deployment, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 3-6 Shock Troopers

Equipment: P1000 Pistols, Electroshock Grenades, Shock Gloves, Gas Mask, Shock Trooper Armour Mk.I

Squad Options: 1 in 3 models may be replace its P1000 Handgun with a TSW4000 'Rapid Blaster' LMG for (+10) PTS, a SSW4200P HMG for (+15) PTS, or an FM2600 Flamethrower for (+15) PTS.

Ranged Weapons:

P1000 Handgun				Electroshock Grenades				TSW4000 'Rapid Blaster' LMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type	R	ST	ROA	Type	R	ST	ROA	Type
12	11	1	HG	ST/SE	-	1	GR	24	12	3	H
				Concussive (0), Vehicles lose AP(-2) this turn (to a minimum of 1)				RES(1): Gains Type (R) and Slow to Reload			
SSW4200P HMG				FM2600 Flamethrower							
R	ST	ROA	Type	R	ST	ROA	Type				
24	12	4	H	FT	13	1	F				
Pinning											

Close Combat Weapons:

Shock Gloves			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	0	2	CC
Concussive (1), Poison			

Abilities: Disposable, Dissention (2), Eagle Eye (2), Fearless (1), Shock Suits, Target Identifier (0), Target Sense, Unblinking Eye, Urban Combat Specialist

Shock Suits: If an Infantry model successfully hits this model with a CC weapon, it will take a Concussive (0) autohit at the end of its activation.

Urban Combat Specialist: If this model is able to claim cover, it receives IA(10)

Cybertronic Surveilleur

As war escalates in the Solar System, Cybertronic is always adapting. A new battlefield commander has been spotted in various theaters of war, leading its troops with an almost symbiotic link to them. Designed by the Immortal as a next-gen field commander by merging a seasoned commander's brain into a powerful cybernetic body, the Surveilleurs act as a focal point for Cybertronic forces. Should any enemy forces manage to actually close with it, they will find themselves on the receiving end of its potent submachine guns and 4 titanium-shod fists, as a Surveilleur is not a target to be trifled with.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	14	11	15	17	17	3	24(10)	1	70

Type: Character, Infantry, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: 2 DE-233 SMGs, Robotic Fists, High-Density Titanium Polymer Plating

Squad Options: None

Ranged Weapons:

DE-233 SMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	11	1	A
Armour-Piercing (4), Short-Ranged Burst			

Close Combat Weapons:

Robotic Fists			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+2	4	CC
Precision (3)			

Abilities: Controller, Enhanced Unblinking Eye, Fearless (5), Heal (4), Neural Network Link, Paired Weapon (A), Power Blink, Target Sense, Unbreakable

Neural Network Link: During the Control Phase, if the Surveilleur is alive, it may nominate one other friendly Cybertronic squad as being connected to the Cybertronic Tactical Network. That squad gains +1 RS, +1 CC, +1 Weapon Strength for this turn. Place a "Linked Up" marker next to the affected squad. If the "Linked Up" squad kills the last model in an enemy squad, the Surveilleur gains +1 Tactical Point. This model starts the game with 4 Tactical Points.

At any time during the Cybertronic players turn, he can spend a tactical point to:

- Reroll a single friendly Cybertronic attack dice.
- Reroll a single friendly Cybertronic Armor/Con/Willpower save.
- Reroll a single friendly Cybertronic Break/Pinning test.
- Add +2 to the initiative roll for the next turn.
- Use the Espionage ability.
- Grant one squad Predator Senses.

At any time during the Cybertronic players turn, he can spend two tactical points to:

- Remove a single card in play.
- Grant one friendly Cybertronic squad the ability to fire without LOS. The RS of the shooting model is halved for this action.
- Grant one friendly Cybertronic squad that has not been activated this turn the ability to react to a single enemy Rapid Deployment as if the squad were on Sentry. This counts as the squad's activation this turn and they can perform no further actions this turn.

Dark Legion Algeroth Centurion

The commanders of Algeroth's massed ranks of shambling hordes are vicious creatures known as Centurions. Each one is a highly skilled commander and an efficiently brutal killer skilled in Dark Symmetry. If the brute-like Necromutant Leaders are considered to be the captains, a Centurion is the general that leads the entire Kohort.

At a distance, a Centurion has almost a noble profile and thought to look like the most human of Algeroth's creations, but that is where the resemblance stops. Picked from the ranks of cultists and heretics, captives, or Megacorporate deserters, they are reshaped by the Tekrons by being placed within a Distortion Chamber. When they emerge, they stand over two meters of pure, hulking muscle. Their greenish-grey skin and rank, corpse-like stench marking them as decidedly not-human.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
6	15/3	15	10	11	16	16	3	24(11)	0	75

Type: Character, Infantry, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank Deployment

Equipment: Enhanced Belzarach Rifle, Voriche Autopistol, Skalak, Gas Mask, Heavy Centurion Plate

Options:

May replace its Enhanced Belzarach Rifle with a Plagueddealer HMG for (+10) PTS.

May be upgraded with up to 2 Dark Symmetry: Algeroth Powers.

Ranged Weapons:

Enhanced Belzarach Rifle			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	12	2	A
Short-Ranged Burst			

Voriche Auto Pistol			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	8	3	HG
Headshot			

Plagueddealer HMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	13	3	H
RES(1): Weapon Mode (Flamer)			

Plagueddealer HMG (Flamer)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	11	1	F

Close Combat Weapons:

Skalak			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+4	2	CC
RES(1): ST(+3)			

Abilities: Duelist, Fear (1), Flexible Deployment, Heal (6), Kohort Commander, Unbreakable

Flexible Deployment: If this model is attached to an Undead Legionnaire or Necromutant Squad at the beginning of the game, that squad gains Flank Deployment.

Kohort Commander: Undead Legionnaire Squads led by a Necromutant within 12" of this model lose Brainless. All Dark Legion: Algeroth Troop squads within 12" of this model gain LD(+1) and Fear (+1). One additional Undead Legionnaire Squad may be brought above the OOC maximum.

Dark Legion Algeroth Ezoghoul

A familiar and terrifying sight to witness on the battlefield, the Ezoghoul can be found in every warzone Algeroth's troops are involved. Able to move at frightening speed, they appear to be driven by war and the urge to inflict as much damage on their enemies as they possibly can.

Standing over four meters, the Ezoghoul's thick torso is carried into battle by a massive centaur-like body. Its four powerful legs give it the ability to move and fire even the heaviest weaponry in Algeroth's arsenal, scattering its foes before it before running them down. A pair of boney "wings" protrude from its back, allowing it to channel pure Dark Symmetry through its skeleton.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
7	14/2	14	12	12	14	14	3	24	3	75

Type: Monster, Flyer, Large Base

Coherency: 12"

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike, Flank Deployment

Squad Composition: 1-3 Ezoghouls

Equipment: Blutarch Handcannon, Ashreketh Blade, Illitachk, Necrotech Exoskeleton

Options: This squad has the Wings of Darkness Dark Symmetry: Algeroth Power.

Ranged Weapons:

Blutarch Handcannon			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	14	2	A
Armour-Piercing (2), Short-Ranged Burst			

Close Combat Weapons:

Ashreketh Blade			
R	ST	ROA	Type
2	+6	1	CC
Headshot, Sweep			

Abilities: Contempt (All), Crushing Trample, Fear (3), Regeneration (4), Relentless

Crushing Trample: This model may make Ram actions as if it was a vehicle.

Illitachk: This model is immune to Gas weapons.

Dark Symmetry :

Wings of Darkness: Range: Squad. This squad may be Recalled. Next turn it may use Regular or Flank Deployment. This power must be the first AP used by the first model activated in the squad.

Dark Legion Algoth Korlugon, Grand Tekron and Master of Dark Technology

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/2	14	12	14	16	16	4	24(12)	2	130

Splug

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	11/0	11	8	8	10	13	1	20	0	20

Type: Korlugon: Character, Infantry, Tekron, Unique, Large Base

Splug: Character, Infantry, Undead Legionnaire, Unique, Small Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: Korlugon: 2 Advanced Necrofusion Blasters, Hand of Algoth, Symmetry Necrotendrils, Gas Mask, Reinforced Necrotech Plating

Splug: Plaguedealer (Corrosive Acid), Corroded Blade

Options: Korlugon may be upgraded with up to 2 Dark Symmetry: Algoth Powers for free.

May be joined by Splug, his faithful undead assistant for (+10) PTS.

Ranged Weapons:

Advanced Necrofusion Blaster			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	11	2	A
Armour Piercing (6), Weapon Mode (Burner) RES(2): Critical Force (2)			

Advanced Necrofusion Blaster (Burner)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	14	1	F
Deadly			

Plaguedealer (Corrosive Acid)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	13	1	F
Armour-Piercing (4), Deadly			

Close Combat Weapons:

Symmetry Necrotendrils			
R	ST	ROA	Type
2	+0	6	CC
No IA Saves allowed			

Hand of Algeroth			
R	ST	ROA	Type
2	+2	2	CC
Slow to Reload Armour Piercing (6) and Critical Force (2) against Vehicles			

Corroded Blade			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+2	1	CC
Deadly			

Abilities: Korlugon: Chief Necrotechnologist, Leader (2/Praetorian Stalkers), Paired Weapons (A/F), Praetorian Progenitor; As Tekron: Durable, Necrotech Engineer, Regeneration (5)
Splug: Medic (4); As Undead Legionnaire: Unbreakable

Chief Necrotechnologist: RES(1): Target friendly squad within 12" gains one of the following: Camouflage (+1), Crackshot (+1), Frenzy, Unblinking Eye, or ST(+1) to A weapons until the end of turn.

Praetorian Progenitor: Before the game, a single Praetorian Stalker squad may be upgraded to one of the following for free:

Praetorian Enforcers: Up to 4 models in this squad may upgrade their Scythe of Semai with a Hindenburg Incinerator for free.

Praetorian Hunters: Gains Flank Deployment and RS(+2), but loses Rapid Deployment.

Praetorian Executioners: Models in this squad may Savage Charge for RES(0).

Praetorian Guardians: Gains Bodyguard and Guardsman.

Dark Legion Algoth Tekron

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
4	12/0	12	9	14	15	14	3	20(10)	0	40

Type: Character, Infantry, Advisor, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: Necrofusion Blaster, Corroded Pneumatic Claw, Gas Mask, Reinforced Necrotech Plating

Options: May be upgraded with up to 1 Dark Symmetry: Algoth Power.

Ranged Weapons:

Necrofusion Blaster			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	12	2	A
Armour Piercing (6), Weapon Mode (Burner) RES(2): Critical Force (2)			

Necrofusion Blaster (Burner)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	13	1	F
Deadly			

Close Combat Weapons:

Corroded Pneumatic Claw			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+3	2	CC
Armour-Piercing (4) RES(1): No IA Saves allowed			

Abilities: Durable, Necrotech Engineer, Regeneration (5)

Necrotech Engineer: During the Control Phase, friendly Infantry squads within 6" may choose one of the following: A(+1), Ferocity (1), or CON(+2) until the end of the turn. All models in a squad must choose the same bonus. Friendly vehicles within 6" gain Repair (5). Friendly Algoth models within 8" gain Heal (+2).

Dark Legion Ilian Voidblade

During the battles against Mankind, Ilian has typically taken more of a support role to her brothers, but with recent escalations, the soldiers of the Megacorporations have begin encountering more and more forces dedicated to her service. One of those enemies is a sleek, swift moving atmospheric craft that flies in small packs. Megacorp pilots that have engaged them have reported the small craft are difficult to target, extremely agile, and even more difficult to harm. Any damage done to it appears to be self-repaired within moments. Any wreckage from recovered Voidblades that have been shot down have been unable to discern who or what pilots this craft, as only masses of wires are found internally.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	Hull A/W	Weapon Control A/W	Wings A/W	Engines A/W	A-Rear	SZ	PTS
8	-/-	14	15	16	27/3	27/3	27/3	27/3	-3	3	75

Type: Light Vehicle, Flyer, Large Base

Coherency: 15"

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank

Squad Composition: 1-3 Voidblades

Equipment: Heavy Void Cannon, Symmetric Multiblaster, Neronian Plating

Squad Options: None

Main Weapons:

Heavy Void Cannon			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24/SE	14	1	ML
Armour-Piercing (6), Critical Force (2)			

Secondary Weapons:

Symmetric Multiblaster			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	11	3	H
Pinning, Precision (3)			

Abilities: Enhanced Unblinking Eye, Hard to Hit (6), Regeneration (5), Repair (5)

Dark Legion Ilian Wardogs

The Mistress of the Void has agents everywhere, from high-ranking corporate executives to lowly house pets. Ilian's wardogs are able to shift their forms at will, the smaller and more innocent the better. They are often inserted into all levels of society, from a family's loyal Staffordshire to a socialite's toy poodle, these beasts are tireless spies. In their natural form, they are hulking killing machines able to disappear and reappear at will. They lead the Wild Hunt, tracking down and harrying those the Huntsmen seek. Their hides are as black as the void, shimmering with stars patterned across their backs, and their teeth and claws able to rend body armor like it is paper.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
6	13/1	-	10	11	12	16	1	18	0	17

Type: Troop, Infantry, Small Base

Coherency: 16"

Deployment Options: Regular, Stalk

Squad Composition: 5-10 Wardogs

Equipment: Teeth and Claws, Void-touched Hide

Squad Options: None

Close Combat Weapons:

Teeth and Claws			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+3	2	CC
Precision (2)			

Abilities: Dimensional Leap, Dodge (5), Hard to Hit (2), Predator Senses, Ranger, Target Sense

Dimensional Leap: As a Run action, this model may be placed within 3" of any Void Portal that is within 20" (does not need LOS). This counts as having used all SP for movement.

Saladin

Overlord of Mars

Ruling over the Algeroth forces on Mars, the Overlord known as Saladin is almost a primal force of nature. In a thousand years, his citadel has never been conquered and he has never ceased in his war on Capitol. Until the events of the Volksburg, he and Alakhai vied for their master's favor, but the Venusian Overlord finally managed to surpass him. Not content to allow such a slight go unanswered, Saladin renewed his conquest of

the red planet. While few enemies that have gone toe-to-toe and lived to tell the tale, the Blue Shark of Capitol was among their number; until recently. Not to be outshone by Alakhai's assault of Volksburg, Saladin and his forces crashed through the McCraig Line and tore into the Burroughs, killing thousands. During the battle, the Blue Shark engaged his hated foe once again, but the Nephrite Overlord proved to be too much and slew the man, taking his head as a trophy.

Statistics

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	R	SZ	PTS
6	17/4	15	14	15	17	17	5	24(12)	2	165

Type: Character, Infantry, Nephrite, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Equipment: Battlespear, Black Gun, Gas Mask, Nephrite Armour

Options: This model has the Throne of Saladin Dark Symmetry: Algeroth Power.

May be upgraded with 1 Dark Symmetry: Algeroth Power for free.

This model will always be the army commander and may not be used in the same army as Alakhai the Cunning or Alakhai Ascendant.

Ranged Weapon:

BLACK GUN			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
28	12	2	H
Critical Force (2), Exploit, Slow to Reload			

Close Combat Weapon:

BATTLESPEAR			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
2	+3	2	CC
Armour Piercing (8), Critical Force (2)			
RES(1): Sweep, lose Critical Force (2)			

Abilities: Bulldozer, Enhanced Unblinking Eye, Fear (5), Predator Senses, Ranger, Relentless, Unbreakable

Bulldozer: This model may run or charge through walls as long as there is space to place the model on the other side of the wall. Any structure punched through loses W(1) on a D20 roll of 1-10.

Dark Symmetry:

Throne of Saladin: RES(2): This model may spend AP(2) to nominate a friendly model within 18" (Does not need LOS). Place Saladin in B2B with the nominated model and then remove that model as a casualty. Only Saladin may use this Dark Symmetry Power.

In the summer of 1297, the Nepharite Overlord Saladin's forces stormed from his massive Black Citadel. Not to be outdone by his rival Alakhai, the Dark Legion smashed through the McCraig Line and decimated the Burroughs, killing nearly half of the population until Capitol and Imperial forces arrived to slow their advance.

General Michaelson took command of the allied battleforce and began to coordinate a counter-attack against the onslaught when Lt. Col. Sanders and his Sharks arrived. Ignoring the General's orders, the Blue Shark and his men shrieked off to confront his most hated nemesis. Cutting a swath of destruction through ranks of freshly raised undead, the two mortal enemies met on the outskirts of the city.

Saladin's Black Gun hammered into the armoured plates of the Blue Shark, punching huge holes into it. An expert rider, Sanders steered the bike into the nepharite at top speed, crashing into the monster and vaulting from the saddle with ease. As Saladin was pulling himself from the wreckage, the Shark leapt onto him and emptied his entire clip into the Overlord's chest.

Taking massive wounds, the nepharite threw him off and rose from the flames, ichor and black blood flowing freely down his ruined chest. Spinning his Battlespear, the two clashed together in fury and anger, each one scoring deep wounds against the other, until Saladin sliced the tip of his spear through Sanders' cybernetic arm, dropping him to the ground. With a final strike, the Doomtrooper was decapitated; his lifeless head rolling into the mud of the Doughpits.

Eventually, and despite their loathing of each other, the combined efforts of Generals Michaelson and Rist drove the Legion's forces back to the Citadel, but not without great losses to all of the forces involved.

It is said that Saladin wears the Blue Shark's skull on his belt as his greatest trophy, his cybernetic arm and assault rifle mounted above the Overlord's great throne.

Imperial MOW Lieutenant Trevor Bartholomew

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
8	13/21	15	8	8	14	15	3	23	0	100

Type: Character, Infantry, Flyer, Twin Barracuda, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Rapid Deployment

Equipment: Southpaw Rocket Launchers, Integrated Punisher Blades, Gas Mask, Mk.II Armour

Options: None.

Ranged Weapons:

Southpaw Rocket Launchers			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/SE	10	2	GR
RES(1): Weapon Mode (High-Yield Rockets)			

Southpaw Rocket Launchers (High-Yield Rockets)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	13	2	ML
Armour-Piercing (7), Critical Force (2)			

Close Combat Weapons:

Integrated Punisher Blades			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	4	CC

Abilities: Bee-Sting, Disposable, Leader (2/Twin Barracudas), The Blaggards; As Twin Barracuda: Daring Maniacs, Hard to Hit (4), Hidden Agenda, Massive Fuel Tanks

Bee-Sting: RES(2): If this model made a Run Action, moved at least 8", and ended its movement within 2" a targeted Vehicle this turn, it gains Critical Force (+2) and ROA(1) against that Vehicle to its Southpaw Rocket Launcher attacks. After the action is completed, roll a die. On a 1-16, this model is removed as a casualty. This ability must be declared before rolling to hit.

The Blaggards: If this model is attached to a Twin Barracudas squad, the entire squad gains Disposable and Bee-Sting, and loses the Difficult to Control ability. One nominated model in the squad has Medic (3).

Imperial MOW Master Sergeant Seb Möller

The son of Bauhaus refugees who defected to one of the Imperial sub-corporations, Seb Möller was raised in a modest lifestyle. When he was old enough, he joined up to do his duty to the Megacorp that had given he and his family a new life. Rising through the NCO ranks, Möller has proven himself time and again to his superiors in the Ministry of War. A grizzled vet of many urban warzones, the Master Sergeant is a stalwart defender of Her Serenity's holdings and would gladly give his life to protect her. He has been awarded the Blood Cross of Victoria more times than anyone in the Ministry, an award that is usually awarded post-humously. Each time the worst was feared, Möller has come through and lived, if not a bit worse for wear. As the platoon master of the Ganymede Shields, these elite Life Dragons specialize in hitting difficult targets from hidden positions within urban combat zones.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	15/1	15	9	10	14	15	3	22	0	50

Type: Character, Infantry, Life Dragon, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Equipment: Lyon & Atkinson Plasma Carbine, Incendiary Grenades, Combat Knife, Gas Mask, Claymore Mines, Custom Mk.II Armour

Options: May be added to a squad of Life Dragons as an Advisor.

Ranged Weapons:

Lyon & Atkinson Plasma Carbine			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	12	1	A
Deadly, Short-Ranged Burst			

Incendiary Grenades			
R	ST	ROA	Type
ST/SE	10	1	GR

Close Combat Weapons:

Combat Knife			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+0	1	CC

Abilities: Contempt (Bauhaus/Dark Legion), Ganymede's Shield, Medic (4), The Thatcher Maneuver; As Life Dragon: Bodyguard, Camouflage (2), Guardsman, Hard to Hit (2), Urban Combat Specialists

Ganymede's Shield: Up to 2 models in a single squad of Life Dragons per army may replace their Invader II and Bayonet for a Southpaw Rocket Launcher and Combat Knife for (+15) PTS each. If Master Sergeant Seb Möller is attached to this squad, it (and him) gains Flank Deployment.

Southpaw Rocket Launchers			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/SE	10	2	GR
Weapon Mode (Bearclaw Rockets)			

Southpaw Rocket Launchers (Bearclaw Rockets)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	13	2	ML
Armour-Piercing (7)			

The Thatcher Maneuver: Once per game, when this model would be removed as a casualty, this model may spend RES(2) to Recall. It may be deployed next turn using Regular Deployment with W(1).

Imperial MOW Nighthawk

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	Hull A/W	Weapon Control A/W	Wings A/W	Engines A/W	A-Rear	SZ	PTS
7	-/-	13	14	15	28/4	28/3	28/3	28/3	-3	4	95

Type: Light Vehicle, Flyer, Large Base

Coherency: 15"

Deployment Options: Regular

Squad Composition: 1-3 Nighthawks

Equipment: 2 Heavy Chargers (Reaper Pattern), Ultra Charger (Rear facing), Gas Bomblets, Aluminum Alloy Fuselage

Squad Options: None

Main Weapons:

Heavy Charger (Reaper Pattern)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
26	13	6	H
Armour-Piercing (2)			

Secondary Weapons:

Ultra Charger			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	11	5	H
Concussive (1)			

Gas Bomblets			
R	ST	ROA	Type
6/SE	6	2	GR
Gas			

Abilities: Hard to Hit (4), Navigator, Paired Weapon (H), Unblinking Eye

Navigator: This model may Battle Focus one weapon for AP(0). This weapon gains Crackshot (+2).

Imperial MOW Regulars

The most numerous of all of Imperial forces that are deployed.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	10/0	10	8	8	10	11	1	20	0	9

Type: Infantry, Troops, Small Base

Coherency: 10"

Deployment Options: Regular

Squad Composition: 5-15 Regulars

Equipment: Invader Assault Rifle

Squad Options: May include an NCO as a squad commander for (+25) PTS.

Ranged Weapons:

Invader Assault Rifle			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	10	1	A

Close Combat Weapons:

Combat Knife			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+1	1	CC

Abilities: Crackshot (1)

Imperial MOW Sergeant Pious Oleander

Pious was born into the notorious Kingsfield clan and his parents exclaimed how perfect the child was. Naming him Pious, it was assumed that he would go on to a very prosperous life within the ranks of the Brotherhood. As it happened, his family had other design for him. When he was old enough, Pious was educated into the clan's less favorable history. Initially shocked, the teen soon found the call of the Dark Symmetry to be more of a boon than a curse.

He went on to join the ranks of the Trenchers and excelled as a model soldier, inspiring those around him with his valor and skill. Those of that prove themselves worthy are brought into the embrace of the Dark Apostles, and with each new batch of recruits, the cycle starts again.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/1	15	11	11	15	15	3	20	0	50

Type: Character, Infantry, Trencher, Heretic, Legion Operative, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: Invader Assault Rifle, Corroded Hand Ripper, Frag Grenades, Gas Mask, Mk.I Light Combat Armour

Options: If the army does not include any Brotherhood, Cartel, or Doomtrooper Type models, this model may choose a single Apostle to follow. It may be upgraded with a single Dark Symmetry: Power of that Apostle for free. That army may also include up to two Heretic squads devoted to that Apostle.

Ranged Weapons:

Invader Assault Rifle (Corrosion Bullets)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	10	1	A
Exploit			

Frag Grenades			
R	ST	ROA	Type
ST/SE	10	1	GR

Close Combat Weapons:

Corroded Hand Ripper			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+1	2	CC
Deadly, DEF(+1) RES(1): Armour-Piercing (4), Headshot			

Abilities: Contempt (All), Fearless (3), Psychic Mastery (D), Regeneration (5), Undying; As Heretics: Human

Undying: If a model with this ability is removed as a casualty, replace the model with a 'Undying' marker. During the next Control phase, make a Regeneration roll for each marker. If successful, replace the marker with the model that was removed. It has W(1). Remove the marker regardless of the Regeneration result. If the removal of this model is tied to removing Resource cards, then remove those cards only after you fail the Regeneration roll.

Imperial Wolfbane Berserkers

In battle, Wolfbane Berserkers turn into screaming maniacs that froth at the mouth, eyes bulging and muscles bunched. Each of them charges into battle wearing little to nothing, save mystical warpaint that has been skillfully applied by their shaman. Their rune-covered axes have been honed to a razors edge, able to take down even the most formidable adversaries. When accompanied by their banner bearers, the only way to stop them is to kill every last one of them before they kill you.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	14/0	12	9	9	12	13	1	18	0	20

Type: Support, Infantry, Wolfbane, Small Bases

Coherency: 10"

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank Deployment, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 5-10 Berserkers

Equipment: Two-handed Runic Axes, Titanium Throwing Axes, Runic War Tattoos

Squad Options: One model may be upgraded to a Banner Bearer for (+5) PTS.

This squad generates 1 Silent Roar point.

Ranged Weapons:

Titanium Throwing Axes			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	+2	1	HG
Precision (2)			

Close Combat Weapons:

Two-handed Runic Axe			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1.5	+2	2	CC
Deadly			

Abilities: Brutal, Fearless (3), Ferocity (3), Frenzy, Frightening Howl, Tattoo Protection

Tattoo Protection: This model may make a CON test for every wound it suffers. If successful, the wound is ignored. Deadly, Poison, and Gas attacks negate this ability.

Frightening Howl: When performing a Charge action, this unit causes Fear (0).

Banner Bearer: This squad gains Contempt (All) while this model is alive.

Imperial Wolfbane Chieftain Dunnagh McKenzie

The story of Chieftain Dunnagh McKenzie is a strange one, even for Wolfbane standards. Even as a child, no one ever viewed him as being level-headed. Born as a low-level member of the Axelthorpe clan, he never really fit in. It was only a question of time until he was disowned after he lost a good amount of family cash due to a bad financial transaction.

Without any guidance, he sought other outcasts like him and chose to join the Wolfbanes except that didn't go very well either. His initiation rite was a complete and utter catastrophe, resulting in the death of a fellow initiate.

In the years afterwards, Dunnagh became a hired gun. It was good work and paid well, but in the end it wasn't that fulfilling. As so often before, alcohol became his only counsel. One day Dunnagh and his squad of fellow mercenaries sat in a derelict bar in the outskirts of San Dorado when a group of Wolfbane Commandos radioed for help. Scouting a forward Legion post, they found themselves surrounded by multiple squads of Necromutant-led Legionnaires. Though not in perfect shape and halfway drunk already, McKenzie's squad set out to help the Commandos in need. Being half-drunk probably helped that decision a lot, as most of the squad's equipment was in bad shape.

What they lacked in gear, the Imperial mercenaries made up with fierceness. Once they snuck up to the Legionnaire's position, they tore through it from behind like it was nothing. They opened up a gap for the Commandos that had been pinned down. A few of Dunnagh's men had died that day, but every death only inspired the others more. Dunnagh had been cut off from his squad whilst wildly pursuing unorganized Legionnaires when a Necromutant Leader emerged from the remnants of a smoking Wolf Spider. By the time it was over, Dunnagh McKenzie's face was a complete mess and many scars still remain today. But he returned to the other Wolfbane survivors, carrying the head of the Necrotech enhanced monster with him. One of the survivors was the brother of the Wolfbairn whose death was caused in the Initiation rite on that fateful day a few years back. Considering the circumstances and the bravery of the mercenaries, no grudge was held. The dead Wolfbairn's brother spoke for Dunnagh and his comrades, many of which were granted entry to the ranks of the Wolfbanes that day. They still fight with bravery and fierceness and have earned their place among the Wolfbanes more than once, with Dunnagh proving himself worthy countless times and rising to the rank of Chieftain. They also still drink a lot.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	16/1	13	10	10	14	14	3	18	0	50

Type: Character, Infantry, Wolfbane, Berserker, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Flank Deployment, Preemptive Strike

Equipment: Murtair, Titanium Throwing Axes, Runic War Tattoos

Options: May be added to a squad of Berserkers as a Advisor.

Ranged Weapons:

Titanium Throwing Axes			
R	ST	ROA	Type
12	+2	1	HG
Precision (2)			

Close Combat Weapons:

Murtair			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1.5	+3	3	CC
Deadly, Headshot, Weapon Mode (Thrash) RES(1): Critical Force (2)			

Murtair (Thrash)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1.5	+0	5	CC
Deadly, Headshot RES(1): ROA(2), Slow to Reload, Sweep			

Abilities: Hurricane of Destruction, Leader (2/Berserkers), Unbreakable, Warcharge; As Berserker: Brutal, Ferocity (3), Fearless (3), Frenzy, Frightening Howl, Tattoo Protection

Warcharge: When this model charges, all friendly Berserkers within 12" gain Ferocity (+1) if they also perform a Charge action this turn.

Imperial Wolfbane Chieftain Fiona Kingsfield

Known among the Imperial Megacorporation as those who brought the Dark Legion upon the Solar System, the name Kingsfield is often spoken with a measure of disdain and sorrow. Even with how much time has passed, the stigma of what transpired all of those centuries ago has never fully been healed. Many believe the clan is cursed, and some will actively shun its members. Fiona Kingfield was born to that lineage but has broken the mold by joining the Wolfbanes and rising to the rank of Chieftain through her purity of heart and inspiring ferocity in combat. It is whispered the axe she wields is forged from shattered blade of a nepharite she vanquished in single combat. Her preferred enemy is the Dark Legion, from which she takes heads from, imbues them with the Light, and then "returns" them in a most destructive way.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
6	15/1	14	10	12	16	15	3	20	1	70

Type: Character, Infantry, Wolfbane, Headhunter, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike, Stalk

Equipment: Aggressor Handgun, Imbued Screaming Skulls, Legionbane Battleaxe, Mk.I Light Combat Armour

Options: May be added to a squad of Headhunters as an Advisor.

Ranged Weapons:

Aggressor Handgun				Imbued Screaming Skulls			
R	ST	ROA	Type	R	ST	ROA	Type
12	10	2	HG	ST/SE	–	1	GR
				Concussive (1), Pinning			

Close Combat Weapons:

Legionbane Battleaxe			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1.5	+4	2	CC
Deadly, Headshot, Precision (2), CC rolls of 1-3 count as power shots			

Abilities: Contempt (Dark Legion), Leader (1/Headhunters), Skultakers; As Headhunter: Brutal, Dissention (2), Dodge (5), Fear (1), Fearless (3), Frenzy, Grisly Trophy, Relentless

Skultakers: If attached to a Headhunter squad, that squad gains Ferocity (1) and Stalk.

Imperial Wolfbane Huginn Helicopter

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	Hull A/W	Weapon Control A/W	Rotor A/W	Engines A/W	A-Rear	SZ	PTS
6	-/-	12	14	14	28/4	28/4	28/4	28/4	-4	4	100

Type: Light Vehicle, Flyer, Open Transport, Huge Base

Coherency: -

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 1 Huginn Helicopter

Equipment: 2 Ultracharger HMGs, Smoke Launcher, Reinforced Armour Plating

Squad Options: This model generates one Silent Roar point.

Main Weapons:

Ultracharger HMG			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	11	5	H
Concussive (1)			

Secondary Weapons:

Smoke Launcher			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	-	2	GR
Smoke			

Abilities: Boost (1/2), Rappelling Ropes, Transport (10)

Rappelling Ropes: This model may disembark any Wolfbane models for AP(0). It does not need to land to perform this action.

Imperial Wolfbane Wolfbairns

When someone wishes to join the Wolfbanes, they must first submit a petition, each of which is then reviewed by the High Chieftain himself. Should the applicant be approved, they are then taken to Strathgordon for initial assessment to determine their worthiness. If they pass their first round of trials, they are inducted into the ranks of the Wolfbairns. Though they are referred to as "wolf cubs", each one is still a highly skilled fighter with backgrounds from all over the Imperial military, from trench veterans to special forces.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	12/1	12	9	9	13	12	1	20	0	12

Type: Troops, Infantry, Small Bases

Coherency: 8"

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: 5-10 Wolfbairns

Equipment: Invader Assault Rifles, Combat Knives, Mk.I Combat Armour

Squad Options: 2 in 5 models may replace its Invader Rifle with a Mandible Shotgun for (+5) PTS, or a Gehenna Puker Flamethrower or a Southpaw Rocket Launcher for (+10) PTS.

May add a Wolfbane Commando as the Squad Commander for (+14) PTS.

This squad does not generate Silent Roar points and may not benefit from Rites or Howls.

Ranged Weapons:

Invader Assault Rifle			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	10	1	A

Gehenna Puker Flamethrower			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	14	1	F

Southpaw Rocket Launcher			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18/SE	10	1	GR
Weapon Mode (Bear Claw Rockets)			

Southpaw Rocket Launcher (Bear Claw Rockets)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	13	1	ML
Armour-Piercing (7)			

Close Combat Weapons:

Combat Knife			
R	ST	ROA	Type
B2B	+2	1	CC

Abilities: Contempt (All), Ferocity (1)

Mishima Daimyo

The rulers of the many Mishiman Keiretsu, each Daimyo commands a wealth of military forces. Even the smallest of them can bring the might of Mishima against their foes. While they do not normally take matters into their own hands, often the only recourse to defend their honor is to stride onto the battlefield and lead from the front.

Wearing the most advanced personal armour Mishiman engineers have developed, combined with Cybertronic components, a Daimyo piloting a Shoa Ace Custom Battlesuit is easily a match for a platoon of normal soldiers. Between the size a normal sized powersuit and a Meka, this rare and highly-sophisticated armor can mount weaponry normally only found on Meka or other vehicles.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
6	16/3	16	12	13	16	17	4	26(10)	2	125

Type: Character, Infantry, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: Tambu No.72 Dragonstorm Turbocannon, Musashi Battleblade, Shoa Ace Custom Battlesuit

Options: May replace its Dragonstorm Turbocannon with an Enhanced Demonfang Rocketgun for free.

May be upgraded with up to 2 Ki Powers for free.

Ranged Weapons:

Tambu No.72 Dragonstorm Turbocannon			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	10	8	H
Strafe, RS(-4) when the shooter's primary target is further than 12" RES(1): ROA(+2)			

Enhanced Demonfang Rocketgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
24	14	1	ML
Armour-Piercing (6), Critical Force (2)			

Close Combat Weapons:

Musashi Battleblade			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1.5	+3	2	CC
Deadly, Headshot, Sweep			

Abilities: Boost (1/2), Daimyo, Execution, Fearless (5), Initiative (1), Keiretsu Lord, Unbreakable

Daimyo: All friendly Mishima models starting their activation within 9" of this model gain ROA(+1) in close combat.

Keiretsu Lord: This model may choose up to 2 of the following squads as Troops: Crimson Devils, Demon Hunters, Tiger Dragons, or Shadow Walkers (each choice may be different). This model may also choose up to 1 of the following squads as Support: Kunshu Dragonriders, Meka, or a Fujin-Class Tatsu Gigamek.

Mishima Dragon Commander Isamu Wu-Shen, The Fury

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	17/3	14	11	11	16	16	4	26 (8)	0	90

Type: Character, Infantry, Hatamoto, Ebon Guard, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: Twin-Barreled Wrist Carbine, Nanren Chu Mo, Superior Mishiman Kote Powersuit

Options: May be upgraded with 2 Ki Powers from the Soshomara Temple for free.

Ranged Weapons:

Twin-Barreled Wrist Carbine			
R	ST	ROA	Type
18	10	2	A
Short-Ranged Burst			

Close Combat Weapons:

Nanren Chu Mo			
R	ST	ROA	Type
2	+3	2	CC
Armour-Piercing (3), Sweep, Weapon Mode (Lance)			

Nanren Chu Mo (Lance)			
R	ST	ROA	Type
2	+3	1	CC
Armour-Piercing (8), Critical Force (3), Slow to Reload			

Abilities: Dragon's Claws, Execution, Fearless (3), Follow Up, Hurricane of Destruction; As Hatamoto Ebon Guard: Duelist, Fear (1), Frenzy, Ferocity (1), Heal (5), Relentless, Unbreakable

Dragon's Claws: If this model is included in an army, you may also include the Dragon's Claws (this squad does not count against the army Ebon Guard limit). This squad of Ebon Guard gains Follow Up, and one model in the squad must replace its Tambu No.1 Shogun Assault Rifle with a Tambu No.45 Dragonfire HMG for (+15) PTS.

Dragonbike

Originally designed for engagements within the dark, water-filled caverns of Mercury, the Dragonbike has since been adapted by local keiretsu on other planets to provide a fast response against massed infantry and armoured threats alike. The front of the bike is sculpted to have the appearance of a dragon, whose open mouth belches flame, lead, and death to its enemies. Once their enemy is wounded, the pack will descend upon it and use specially crafted swords augmented with Cybertronic technology that enables the blade to slice through thick plating with ease.

STATISTICS

SP	CC/DEF	RS	WP	LD	RIDER A/W	WPNS A/W	DRIVE A/W	ENG A/W	A-REAR	SZ	PTS
7	14/3	13	14	16	25/2	25/2	25/2	25/2	-4	3	50

TYPE: Light Vehicle, Jetbike, Flyer, Large Base

COHERENCY: 8"

DEPLOYMENT OPTIONS: Regular

SQUAD COMPOSITION: 1-4 Dragonbikes

EQUIPMENT: Dragonfang HMG, Windrider SMG, Molecular-edged Titanium Katana, Kirin Ceramic Armour Plating

SQUAD OPTIONS:

Up to two models may replace the Tambu No.45 Dragonfire HMG with a Tambu No.88 Demonfang Rocketgun for free. A single squad of Dragonbikes may be taken as a Support slot. If this is chosen, a Dragonbike squad may not be taken as a Light Vehicle slot (it is one or the other).

MAIN WEAPONS:

TAMBU NO.45 DRAGONFIRE HMG			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
24	12	4	H

TAMBU NO.88 DEMONFANG ROCKETGUN			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
18	14	1	ML
Armour-Piercing (6), Critical Force (2)			

SECONDARY WEAPONS:

TAMBU NO.4 WINDRIDER SMG			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
18	9	2	A
Short-Ranged Burst			

CLOSE COMBAT WEAPON:

MOLECULAR-EDGED TITANIUM KATANA			
R	ST	ROR	TYPE
1	12	1	CC
Armour-Piercing (6), Slow to Reload			

ABILITIES: Agile Handling, Blaze of Glory, Hard to Hit (4), Tankusutoraiiku

Agile Handling: This model may pivot as many degrees as desired during a Movement action.

Blaze of Glory: When this model's Rider is destroyed, roll a die. On a 1-10, it immediately makes a Ram action. At the end of the action, it counts as destroyed and becomes terrain.

Tankusutoraiiku: When engaged with a vehicle, the model may make a Battle Focus action for AP(0).

Mishima Kamikaze Warheads

In centuries past, when fighting their enemies, the Mishima Megacorporation would stop at nothing to win the battle. To this end, they would even strap munitions to their peasants and force them to charge into enemy lines to take as many with them as they could. When the Cartel was formed, this abhorrent practice was banned, despite the protests of Mishima's ruling elite.

Engineers within the Megacorporation found a way around this law, by creating robotic simulacrums run by a rudimentary autonomous cyberbrain. These weapons, nicknamed "Warheads" and were originally deployed in squads consisting of nothing but walking bombs. The problem was, when one was shot, it would tend to explode and set off a chain reaction, destroying the entire squad. They were incorporated into human squads in limited numbers to blend in, much to the nervousness of those having to fight in the vicinity of them. The more traditional squads, such as Hatamoto and other bushido-code soldiers, actively refused to even be near them, thus it fell to the less honorable warriors to deliver them into the enemy's lines.

With the partnership between Mishima and Cybertronic, these weapons have been given even more advanced cyberbrains and explosives, allowing them to attempt to avoid enemy fire as they rush into combat to deliver their payload.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
6	8/0	8	8	10	16	16	1	23	0	10

Type: Infantry, Small Bases

Coherency: 12"

Deployment Options: Regular, Preemptive Strike

Squad Composition: Special (See Squad Options)

Equipment: BMB-43 Detonation Pack, Alloy Plating

Squad Options: Up to 3 models may be added to a Ronin, Ashigaru, or Crimson Devils squad. This does not take up an OOC slot.

May not use Ki Powers.

May be Guarded by any model.

Abilities: Boost (1/3), Hard to Hit (2), Hidden Agenda, Kamikaze, Premature Detonation, Unbreakable

Kamikaze: RES(1): At the end of this model's activation, you may choose to trigger its BMB-43 Detonation Pack in one of two ways:

Anti-Infantry Detonation: Center an LE template on this model. All model's within the template suffer a ST(13) Pinning autohit.

Anti-Armour Detonation: Center an SE template on this model. All model's within the template suffer a ST(8) Armour-Piercing (10), Critical Force (2) autohit.

The model is immune to any damage the Detonation Pack inflicts and it is removed at the end of the attack (Does not count against Body Count).

Premature Detonation: If killed by a Power Shot, the BMB-42 Detonation Pack is activated as if it used Kamikaze. It may not use the Anti-Armour Detonation and it counts against Body Count.

Mishima Yojimbo

As a promising soldier in the Mishiman special forces, the man known only as Yojimbo was elevated to one of Overlord Nagoya's personal bodyguards. His service to the Overlord was unflinching, and he had even taken a bullet in defense of his master, but a public scandal (whispered to have been started by Nozaki) ousted him and forced him to become a freelance ronin. With nothing to live for, he was recruited by the Cartel as a Doomtrooper and he put his considerable skills to use. During a mission on Mercury, he discovered a plot to overthrow the Overlord and foiled it, proving his loyalty and regaining the trust of his Megacorporation.

He is extremely disciplined and holds to the bushido code of honor. Though Nozaki was unable to prevent him from being brought back into the grace of Mishima, he has since reassigned him to Lord Maru, and very far away from the Overlord himself. On occasion, Yojimbo will offer his services to the Cartel as a Doomtrooper, not forgetting the boon he owes them for giving his life purpose again.

SP	CC/DEF	RS	ST	CON	WP	LD	W	A	SZ	PTS
5	16/2	16	11	10	15	15	3	25 (10)	0	60

Type: Character, Infantry, Hatamoto, Doomtrooper, Unique, Medium Base

Deployment Options: Regular

Equipment: Deathshrieker Screechgun, 2 Samurai Swords, Ornate Mishiman Kote Powersuit

Options: May be upgraded with up two Ki Powers for free.

Ranged Weapons:

Deathshrieker Screechgun			
R	ST	ROA	Type
FT	3	1	PSY
Deadly, Pinning			

Close Combat Weapons:

Samurai Sword			
R	ST	ROA	Type
1	+2	2	CC

Abilities: Lord Maru's Will, Paired Weapons (CC); As Hatamoto: Fear (1), Fearless (3), Ferocity (1), Frenzy, Unbreakable

Lord Maru's Will: If attached to a Hatamoto squad, he and the attached squad gain Flank Deployment and Ranger.

Prologue

Gunfire and screams echoed through the gloomy hallway of the Dark Citadel, and Gunnery Sergeant Vincent Harland knew that more Free Marines of the 210th Company were dead. They should have known something was too good to be true when, after months of terrible, bitter fighting, the Citadel's doors had creaked wide open and several companies, his company included, had been ordered to storm it. As they rushed forwards, they found their advancement unopposed.

Cautiously, they had made their way deeper and deeper into the seemingly abandoned fortress. Held within were scenes from a nightmare. They found entire grisly chambers where Capitol, Imperial, and Bauhaus soldiers had been dismembered, strung up, gutted, and the skin flayed from their bodies. That is when all hell broke loose.

The Dark Legion had baited a trap and the Capitol forces had fallen for it. Dozens of soldiers died in the first few moments. Some had been caught in a deadly cross fire by teams of razides, their powerful Nazgaroth heavy machine guns blowing men to pieces. Others found themselves fighting for their lives surrounded in a brutal melee with monstrous necromutants. It took only moments, but each soldier that fell soon rose again, as the virulent toxins coating the corrupted blades reanimated their flesh and added them to the ranks of undead that served the Legion. What were once comrades, were now hideous walking corpses that turned their guns on the living, and the Free Marines were now on the run.

Checking his M50 assault rifle and seeing it was low on ammo, Harland was glad he had brought a few extra clips. He tossed one to Private Garcia who was almost out. Slamming a fresh magazine into the rifle, he leaned around the corner of the wall and laid down a hail of suppressing fire against the advancing horde of shambling legionaries. His men followed their sergeant's lead and did the same; however, it seemed to have little effect on the oncoming mob.

"Cease fire!" Vincent shouted over the cacophony of rifle fire. He brought his gun to his shoulder and aimed carefully, putting a bullet through a former Imperial Trencher's forehead with a wet thud. "Pick your targets and aim for the head! Remember your training and don't go to pieces!"

The remaining members of his squad responded an affirmative. In unison, the marines steadied their rifles and began to systematically thin out the legionaries. Several of the under-slung grenade launchers fired into the mass of Dark Legion troops, the shrapnel shredding bodies and rending limbs. A few minutes later all that was left of their attackers were mutilated, unmoving corpses and blood-smeared walls.

"Good job marines," he praised them, using the back of his hand to wipe the sweat from his brow as he surveyed the smoke and carnage.

Breathing a sigh of reprieve, Harland moved forwards and stepped over and through the gruesome remains. The men of his squad were a bit apprehensive. Private Lewis had sustained a bullet wound to the arm, and while their medic, Corporal "Doc" Hill, was doing his best to patch him, the black

tendrils of the bullet's corrupting influence were already spreading through his veins. Lewis's body jerked violently and his eyes rolled back into his head. His teeth clenched tightly and in doing so, bit off half of his tongue. The medic quickly jumped back from the convulsing man and looked to Harland for guidance.

Vincent looked down at the stricken man and felt nothing but pity. Ron Lewis might have once been a convicted criminal, and to hear him tell it 'the most ruthless man this side of Vega', but he was a good soldier. All of them were. That is why he had personally selected them for his squad, affectionately known as 'Fell's Angels'. They were the 210th's crack unit and there had been few obstacles they could not overcome.

Privates Rolo Baker and Steven King had been convicted of armed bank robbery while on leave and Julio Garcia had stabbed another soldier to death. It was whispered that Private Bradford Cook was a pedophile, but he had never confirmed nor denied it. To even bring it up would be to bring on the little man's short-tempered rage. Corporal Jennifer Walker had shot her husband and his lover to death when she returned home on leave and found him in bed with her best friend. Normally it would have been written off as being in the heat of the moment, but it was her cold, matter-of-fact confession that sealed her fate. Corporal Nelson Hill was new to the unit, so not much was known about him, other than he was a doctor before joining the AFC, the Armed Forces of Capitol, and that he and Harland seemed to be old friends. He also sported the unit's M606 light machine gun.

In the Free Marines, anything a man had done in the past was just that, in the past. You left all that behind you when you signed on the dotted line. It was a blank slate; a place where a man could redeem himself. It was almost always a death sentence in and of itself, as they were often the first ones sent into the most dangerous warzones.

Having rallied his unit after the initial cross-fire massacre, Harland took count of who was still with him. Only six marines were still standing, and one was on the ground. Of the almost three hundred and fifty Free Marines who entered the citadel, they had no idea who was still alive. Radio transmissions were being jammed so they couldn't even communicate between the units. In the confusion of the ambush, he had lost track of their commanding officer, Major Henderson, who was most likely dead or worse now. That made Harland the ranking leader until they were able to establish a proper chain of command.

"What should we do with him, Fell?" Private Garcia asked apprehensively, using the sergeant's nickname rather than his rank.

"Hold him down, I'm going to try something," Hill shouted to them as he tied a strip of cloth tightly around the man's upper arm just above the bullet wound.

Rolo and Julio obeyed the corporal and pinned the struggling Lewis down under their weight, as Hill pulled his Punisher blade out of its scabbard. The wounded man glanced at Harland with pleading eyes.

“Sarge! Please don’t let them take my....UGHHH!” Ron shrieked in blinding pain.

Doc had swung the sword downwards in a smooth arc, but Lewis had jerked at the last moment and the sword hadn’t cut through the entire bone of his forearm. Dark blood splattered the four marines as the medic hacked at it again and again, finally severing the afflicted limb as Lewis screeched. It hadn’t been enough. The black corruption was still spreading, past the shoulder and into his neck and chest.

“Damn it,” cursed Hill, “I wasn’t fast enough.”

Unholstering his M14 ‘Bolter’ handgun, Harland pointed it at their fallen comrade’s face, “Step back,” he said solemnly. Though his agony, Lewis looked up at his sergeant in protest. Harland’s aim wavered as he his gaze met his old friend’s. A single, large-caliber bullet punched through the man’s forehead, and blew the back of his head all over the dirty ground.

“He will be mourned,” he said, closing his eyes, “as all of our fallen brothers and sisters will be, but now is not the time. Marines, we have a job to do. Move out.”

The small band of men picked their way stealthily down the dark foreboding corridors, covering each other in overlapping fields of fire as they went. They may have been criminals at one time, but life in the Marines was tough and it had made them into well-drilled soldiers. Vincent paused and motioned for them to stop as well. They listened and heard echoes of low chanting as well as muffled screams coming from up ahead.

Ahead was a dull reddish light at the end of the arched hallway. Quietly, the marines made their way up to where it was coming from. The corridor exited into a walkway that surveyed over a massive chamber that was bathed in a hellish light. Ringing the perimeter of the area were crucified, but still living, men and women who had been captured by the Dark Legion. Tekrons and their servants moved about the ranks of them, inspecting each captive in turn and cultists stood heads bowed, chanting in a fel tongue. Along the floor, heretical designs had been cut into the surface of it. Unsure what it was for, the answer came quickly as the belly of one of the prisoners was slashed open by a large, deformed necromutant, his entrails spilling out and blood splashing into the grooves in the floor.

The sanguine liquid moved as if it had a mind of its own down the roughly hewn channel, slowly flowing its way to the where a huge, black stone pedestal with alien sigils carved into its surface sat ominously in the center of the room. A tall, cloaked figure stood on the short dais speaking in a guttural, evil tongue that hurt Harland’s ears. More and more slaves were killed, many of them Free Marines of the 210th who had been caught, their lifeblood running together and forming arcane symbols on the ground. The chanting increased in tempo as the sacrifices were slaughtered by the dozens now.

As each victim was killed and drained of their blood, they were pulled down and unceremoniously thrown into large heaps of discarded bodies off to the side before fresh sacrifices were bound to the pillars and the cycle repeated itself. Vincent caught a glance of the huge necromutant again and lifted his rifle to get a better look through his scope at it. The beast was wearing pieces of what appeared to be gouged and discarded Blood Beret armor. Ratty, tangled, black hair hung limp in

patches from its head. Even more curious, was the fact that at one time, it appeared to be female before it was transformed into a Legion monstrosity. He watched as it crouched over the body of a disemboweled Imperial Golden Lion and easily wrenched the corpse's head free. It then began to chew on the pallid flesh of the dead man's face.

Harland could taste bile in the back of his throat as he almost wretched, but managed to keep his composure long enough to look away. After a moment or two, he turned his attention to the figure on the pedestal, the one who seemed to be orchestrating this macabre event. He signaled to his fellow marines to be ready to strike on his signal and they all nodded in unison.

"Be ready. Grenade launchers on my mark," he said in a low voice, just loud enough to be heard by his men.

Just as it seemed the chanting had reached a fevered pitch, there was a loud crackle in the air. In front of the cloaked priest, a shimmering black portal tore into existence. The marines all let out a gasp, and Harland knew what the Legion was planning now. If they didn't stop this ritual, the Legion would create a Black Gate, an unholy bridge to the Dark Symmetry where they would have unlimited power to draw upon.

The figure reached out to touch the swirling hole in reality. Dark energy flowed through down his arm and wound its way around his body like a serpent. Harland moved to give the order, but turned and heard whispering. Private Cook had knelt down and was speaking to nothing in particular, having set his rifle down onto the walkway. "Liberate tu te me," the man whispered.

"Soldier, back on your feet!" the sergeant hissed. Cook ignored him, beginning to speak the words a bit louder. As he did, his beady eyes went wide and brought his hands up to claw at them. Over and over he continued to chant the same words.

"Liberate tu te me," he spoke louder. "Liberate tu te me!" His fingers plunged deep into his eye sockets with a sickening pop. Horrified, the remaining marines stepped away from him.

"Private Cook, you are ordered to stand to!" Harland yelled.

"Liberate tu te me!!! Ah hah hah hah!!!" Cook cackled insanely. He pulled his fingers from the bloody sockets where his eyes used to be and withdrew his combat knife. Before anyone could stop him, he buried the razor-sharp carbon blade deep into his side and dragged it horizontally across his stomach. Still laughing gleefully, he reached into the ragged hole and began to pull out his entrails as if it were some horrific magic trick.

"Sarge! We have a problem!" exclaimed Corporal Walker. She was pointing down to the chamber floor where their presence had now been noticed.

Below them, the figure on the dais had turned to face them, his hood now pulled back and his teeth bared back in a feral hiss at his ritual being interrupted. The necromagus Siripolus outstretched his hand and spoke a few sharp words in a harsh language, then drew his hand to his throat. In seconds,

Legion forces had dropped what they were doing and were swarming across the massive chamber floor to find a way up to the Marines position.

Harland looked at the oncoming wave of enemies and took a deep breath. Lifting his rifle up, he gave the order, "Fire!" The marines unleashed their grenade launchers into the midst of the horde, blowing bodies apart and mangling them with explosive shrapnel. Even Siripolus was forced to abandon his ministrations of the dark vortex and seek cover against the fiery onslaught. As he fled the dais, the power sustaining the portal became unstable and it began to collapse. With a deafening thunderclap, it closed in on itself, sucking several unfortunate cultists who were too close to it along with it as it snapped shut.

"Marines!" Vincent shouted, "Let's get the hell out of here!"

The squad turned and made their way back the way they came, leaving the unfortunate Private Cook sitting in a pool of his own blood still unraveling the coils of his small intestine. Hurriedly, they ducked down some side passages, hoping to throw off any pursuers that had survived the firestorm and come after them. They had to find a way to escape this place and get word to Command on what the necromagus was attempting to do. The squad ran for several minutes, and Harland was convinced they had lost any one trying to follow them.

Baker was on point and held up a closed fist signaling them to come to a halt. The hallway was eerily quiet compared to the chaos that has ensued not long ago. A thin veneer of smoke hung low near the ground and created eddies around their legs as they moved through it. He peered around a corner to check their surroundings. A massive hand clenched him by the head, palming it like a melon. Baker was lifted bodily from his feet as a huge monster rounded the corner with him in tow. An unholy fusion of a heretic's remains and a necro-mechanic body, the Praetorian Stalker was the pinnacle of Dark Legion ferocity. It wielded a massive, evil looking scythe in one hand and Baker in the other. The thing's cold eyes appraised the marines, and with little effort, it crushed the soldier's head like it was an eggshell.

Dropping Baker's crumpled body to the ground, it rounded on the remaining marines. Garcia and Walker opened fire on it as it advanced on them, bullets ricocheting from its thick, heavily-runed armor. Its augmetic servos whirred as it moved, and it spun its Reaper of Semai around in a menacing arc. The weapon seemed to howl with some other-worldly screech as the Stalker closed on them and lashed out. In a single blur of motion, it bisected Walker's torso and beheaded her. Her raven-colored, ponytailed head spun down the gloomy hallway to land with a sickening thud next to King's feet.

Gunfire erupted from the survivor's weapons and caught the Stalker square in the chest. Many of the bullets bounced off harmlessly, but several struck deep, punching large holes in the monster's flesh and armor. It moved towards them, as if trying to swim upstream as the hail of ammunition intensified. Black ichor poured from the numerous wounds it had sustained, but still it came. It raised its wicked scythe two-handed and brought it down, the curved blade shearing through Garcia's sternum and exiting his spine. It carved downwards into his abdomen, hollowing him out like a gourd. As the marine fell, the Praetorian staggered as if to strike again, and then toppled over dead.

They were all breathing hard and Harland surveyed the carnage that the Stalker had wrought on his squad. Three more of his squad, his Angels, were dead. He felt his hands grip his M50 tight and he began to shake with rage. They were good men and women and he had served with many of them for years. Now they were gone. His jaw clenched tight and ground his teeth together. Only a baleful roar down one of the adjoining hallways snapped from out of it.

“Shit!” he chastised himself. It had all happened so fast that he had forgotten what they had just faced. Praetorian Stalkers hunted in pairs, and the twin to the one they had just killed now knew where they were.

“Steve... Jim...” He said urgently to King and Hill, “We have to get out of here.” He grabbed Private King by the arm to get his attention. Steve was staring down at the lifeless head of Jenny Walker, tears in his eyes. Harland had never seen the big man in such anguish.

“Steve,” Vincent said quietly, “I know you loved Jenny, but we can’t do anything for her now. We can avenger her...avenge all of them...later.”

The private reached down and picked up a pair of discarded dogtags, looked at them, and put them into his pocket. He turned and nodded to Harland and the three of them set off to find a way out of the citadel.

The corridors twisted and turned, and each one was like walking into a nightmare. Bodies were merged into pillars and walls, still alive through necro-sorcery. Their arms reached out to grasp at the marines, only to be hacked off by Punisher swords. Occasionally, the trio would encounter a patrol of shuffling undead legionaries, but they always dispatched them quickly and quietly as to not easily give away their position to the Praetorian Stalker that was hunting them. They knew they hadn’t lost it, even with all of their random movements.

They came out along into a long arched hallway with windows along one side. The stained glass depicted scenes of great carnage that Supreme Necromagus Siripolis had performed, some of them fairly recent. They peered out one of the more translucent pieces of glass and saw the trees that ringed the outside of the Citadel. By Vincent’s estimation, they couldn’t have been any higher than twenty feet up.

The sound of a heavy-bore cannon rang out, and Hill’s lower left leg exploded and he dropped to the marble floor. Spinning around, Harland and King saw the Stalker far down the corridor they had just emerged from, the barrel of its Scythe of Semai smoking.

Taking cover on either side of the entrance, Harland tied a ripped piece of cloth around Hill’s shredded calf to slow the bleeding. The man was pale, but still conscious. Hill cocked the bolt of the M606 and fired it at the stained glass windows, shattering them into pieces.

“Get...get going sarge. I’ll hold that bastard...off,” he gritted through his blood-stained teeth.

"No way, Doc. We all get out of here alive!" protested Harland as King returned fire at the Praetorian.

The old doctor looked at him and smiled, "Its ok, I got this. It's Just like that time in Southtown," He patted Harland's shoulder, gave him a wry smirk, and then staggered up on his one good foot. Hefting his light machine gun, he nodded reassuringly to Vincent, "You two need to get word to Command. I'll kill this monster and meet you for a beer later."

The two clasped hands and saluted. Vincent motioned to King and ran over to the destroyed window. The sound of the light machine gun rang out as Hill fired at the approaching Stalker. King looked hesitantly at the ground, back at Harland, then to the ground once more. He took a deep breath and jumped off of the wall and fell towards the ground below.

A small oblong canister bounced out into the hallway and rolled back towards Hill. Instinctively, he dove onto it and looked up to see Harland had climbed onto the short stone wall, preparing to jump.

"It's been an honor, Fell," He said proudly.

Before Harland could respond, the grenade detonated, blowing him out the window. Hill's body had taken the brunt of the explosion, but it had been enough to launch Vincent a dozen feet out. He impacted the ground violently. It must have knocked him unconscious, because when he came to, his head was thrumming and his vision was blurry. He was leaning against a tree with King quickly patching several deep gashes he had sustained in the fall. Trying to stand, he found he could not, as agony lanced up his right leg. He must have shattered his shin as well.

"Hill...is he?" Harland muttered.

"He's gone, Sarge," the big marine said, "he's with the rest of the Angels now."

Harland looked up at the smoking hole in the side of the Citadel and saw the large silhouette of the Praetorian Stalker, its head tilted slightly. It stood seemingly unfazed by the fire, and glared down at them with hatred. Roaring fiercely, it leapt off the wall and landed twenty feet away in the mud.

King stood up and looked over at the monster. Cracking his knuckles, he pulled his Punisher short sword from his thigh sheath and charged the huge beast as it brought its weapon to bear on them. The Scythe was too large though, and he dodged to the side, avoiding the wicked looking bayonet. Ramming his elbow into the thing's misshapen face, he caused it to stagger backwards. He followed up with a flurry of left handed punches, smashing its jaw and tearing bone and sinew. Black, oily blood ran down its thick armor. It swung its weapon at him again, but again, King dodged the blow.

Stepping to the side, he slid the blade under its heavy chest armor and twisted it. It screeched in pain and dropped its Scythe. King tried to wrench the sword free, but it was stuck fast in the internal mechanisms of the beast. Seizing its opportunity, the Praetorian Stalker grabbed ahold of him with one claw, and powerfully punched the other into his chest, shattering ribs and collapsing a lung.

“Not so fast, you bastard,” he wheezed. There was a steady beeping sound coming from between the two combatants. In the melee, King had attached a C4 charge to its carapace. Its malevolent, glowing eyes seethed with rage as it realized what he had done. The marine bear-hugged the Legion Stalker and both were consumed in a fiery explosion.

Deafened by the nearby detonation, it took Harland several minutes to splint his leg and stagger to his feet. He looked up at the Siripolis’s Citadel and took in a deep, mournful sigh. He had lost everyone he held dear in that hellish domain. Brothers and sisters he had served alongside for years. They had fought together, laughed together, bled together. Without them, he didn’t know what he would do. Vincent ‘Fell’ Harland knew one thing though; someone would pay for this.

Slowly, painfully, he used his M50 as a makeshift crutch and shambled down the hill and into the darkened forest of the Kirkwood. They would be looking for survivors and it would be a miracle if he made it back to base camp.

1. Hamilkar

It had been one Sol Standard month since Lord Inquisitor Majoris Hanno Hamilkar had stepped foot onto the red soil of Mars. Newly promoted to the command over the entire Brotherhood Second Directive, he had been sent here on the direct wishes of Cardinal Durand XVII himself to replace the incompetent Cardinal Diego, the former Brotherhood representative to the war effort, and take command of the entire theater of military operations. Diego was one of Cardinal Evangelatos' lackeys and he had utterly failed to bring the Capitol war machine to heel. Along with eighteen-hundred Brotherhood Troopers, two-hundred fifty Valkyries, sixteen Judicator power armors, his personal squadron of Icarus jetfighters, and a cadre of the elusive Mortificators, it was his sworn mission to eliminate the Arch-technomancer Siripolis before the situation became even more dire.

He thought back to his conversation with Cardinal Durand in his personal chambers back on Luna. Durand had spoken the words as if they were prophecy; the same words that had been sent to Evangelatos three years before.

"The beast has awakened in the south," the venerable potentate recounted, "You must contain the Dark Legion in the Southern Hemisphere of the Red Planet. For five years and five months the Legion must be denied the equator of Mars. They must be stopped at all costs!"

At first Hanno had not understood what the Cardinal had meant; surely the Algeroth nepharite Saladin was the biggest threat to Mars.

The Cardinal continued, "Additional forces are being dispatched to Mars to aid you in your struggle. Use them well, but let Capitol bear the brunt of the storm. It will teach them humility, and when they fail to stop the minions of the Dark Soul, the Brotherhood will be there to close the breach. This burden we pass to you Brother Hamilkar."

Originally this task had been thrust upon Cardinal Evangelatos, the spiritual leader of the Brotherhood on Mars, but he had sent a useless incompetent to rouse the Capitolian forces. Every major attack had failed completely, though Evangelatos had been reporting only the successes back to Luna, as few as they were. When this war was over, there would be a reckoning with the Cardinal of Mars.

Three and a half months ago, a lone Capitol soldier had escaped from the Dark Citadel, carrying word back that the technomancer was attempting to open a Black Gate. If he was allowed to complete this, the Martian jewel of San Dorado would be in great danger. If that were to happen, all of Mars would be in danger. Hanno could not let that happen. While the Capitol military was nominally still in charge, command of the operational theater had been taken over by the Brotherhood and the Cartel.

The change in command had been met with much fanfare and media coverage, as is the Capitolian custom of making a grand public show of anything and everything. Lord Inquisitor Hamilkar had stood with General Michaelson and her staff in front of several battalions of soldiers from various corporations and exchanged the formalities. This again, was just for show. The General had no intention

of being left in the dark, and insisted on being present at every major briefing and sending a personal aide to the lesser ones.

The war so far had been very bitter. Megacorp forces had been rebuffed at every turn and in almost three years' time had only managed to secure a siege position around the front of the thick walls of the Dark Citadel. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers were dead, and some of them had been claimed by the Dark Legion and sent back against their former comrades. To the surviving soldiers, it felt like a war with no end.

Even the planet seemed like it was against them. Parts of the inhospitable Kirkwood Forest had been cleared, but it had to be maintained or it would creep back in almost overnight. To the east and north was the foreboding Kirkwood mountain range which made any sizable direct attack impossible. The citadel itself was nestled deep against one of the most inhospitable mountains and safe from direct attack except from its front.

Standing behind a massive planning table, Hanno ran a hand through his thinning, salt and pepper hair as he scanned battlefield reports. His face was graven as he read through the casualty reports. The megacorporation forces had made good progress since his arrival, but it was slow and there were many setbacks. Several of them were very disconcerting and the one he was currently studying was particularly troublesome. He made a few marks on the paper and then laid it down on the huge table.

In this makeshift command bunker, they were not afforded the luxury of state-of-the-art equipment such as holo-projectors. They did have several datapads, though they could not be relied upon as the underground structure would often lose power, resulting in data corruption from the devices being turned on and off so often. So paper maps and reports had to be utilized.

"General, is this accurate?" He slid the action report over to the stern looking woman.

General Samantha "Fireball" Michaelson was an extremely capable woman who had clawed her way up the military corporate ladder from the ground up. The infantry adored her, and the Brass respected her. Years ago she had served in the Light Infantry, and then rose in status and fame within the companies of the Heavy Infantry. It was said she had turned down the Cartel's offer to become a Doomtrooper five times before she finally got her point across by breaking the recruiter's nose. With her devastatingly good looks, she could have easily passed as a film starlet when she was younger, but time and war had marred her features. Even so, it didn't stop young soldiers from pining for her. She typically kept her dishwater-blond hair cut shoulder length or pulled back into a bun, but it was her piercing green eyes that caught most people's attention. She wore a modified suit of HFMP-94 Tortoise Mk. 2 exo-armor painted black with flames on the extremities to play up her moniker.

Looking the document over, she nodded to the inquisitor. "Yes Lord, it's correct," she said with a low growl.

The inquisitor sighed, "They are calling it the Three Knolls Massacre and from the looks of this report, it was quite the rout".

"I know what they are calling it....sir," Michaelson ground her teeth with a hint of venom in her voice. She would be damned if she let this pompous clergyman demean her and her forces. "We had no way of...."

He cut her off as he slammed a gauntleted fist down onto the tabletop, glaring at her, "Your men all but threw down their weapons and fled the battlefield, General. It's no wonder we are losing this war!"

"We had no way of predicting the enemy could unleash that many razides at one time on us!" she countered vehemently, "The Ishi Bayers were slaughtered on that field! Almost an entire battalion of Light Infantry was wiped out! What, did you expect them to die to the man?"

Hamilkar straightened himself up and quickly regained his composure. "If need be, then yes. Such is the price we pay to keep the darkness back." He absentmindedly picked up another report, "That is why I have locked up the survivors."

The General could not believe what she had just heard, "You...locked up...my men?!"

"They are deserters and shall be tried as such."

There was a long uncomfortable silence as Michaelson stared furiously at the inquisitor. Ignoring her, he continued to scan through the various documents and passed one over to her. She stood silently and disregarded the paper he had placed in front of her. Finally, he looked over at her and raised one eyebrow.

"Make no mistake General, I am not here to make friends. I am here to finish what you could not. If you have a problem with that, you can be relieved of duty and join the rest of those misfits in the stockades as well." He held her gaze just long enough to make his point known.

He was bluffing to a degree of course. She was highly respected by every last Capitol trooper and making a public example out of her, especially on Mars itself, could cause a riot among the majority of the forces under his new command. Still, she needed to know her place. He could feel her seething hatred for him. Calming himself, he called on the Art.

"General, I know you are a devout woman. I too share your desire to eliminate this blight from our lands, but it can only happen if we all work as one. Do you understand?" his voice had a deep, almost melodic tone to it.

The woman's features softened slightly, but only just. She said nothing; her fingers gliding up and down the leather pommel of her Honor Sword. He could feel the tension from his Sacred Warrior guards as their pulses quickened. They, in addition to his shadow, would make short work of her if it

came to blows. He could not let the situation get that far out of hand. She was very strong willed indeed. He would have to make some concessions as well as attempting to sway her with his mind.

“Very well,” he sighed, “once this war is won, we can discuss this ‘Ishi Bayer’ situation, fair enough?”

The General held his gaze a bit longer and then ever so slightly nodded an agreement.

“Excellent,” he said matter-of-factly, as if the event had not even happened, “In the meantime, contact Lt. Col. Sanders. His Free Marine Company is to rendezvous with the 32nd “Firehawks” Mechanized Company. Their orders are to find and eliminate those razides with extreme prejudice.”

She spoke quietly to one of her aides, who then retreated from the bunker, glad to be away from that situation. No sooner did her assistant leave, than Vincent Harland came through the door. Newly promoted to Captain, Hamilkar could see the officer’s rank still sat strangely with him. He had been elevated, of course, as a promotional gesture by the Capitol Armed Forces to generate positive morale in the face of certain defeat. Hanno had read his file; He was of course, qualified for the position on paper, but he looked ill at ease among such high ranking Brass. He saluted Hamilkar, who returned the gesture nod. The man saluted the General as well, but she only half-heartedly saluted back, her thoughts elsewhere.

“Good morning, Captain,” Hanno said, “we are still waiting on a few others before we begin the briefing.”

Vincent nodded to him and walked over to fill a mug with fresh black coffee. He took a sip, found it was much too hot for his liking, and blew on it to cool it off. Unsure of where to stand, he opted to simply stand behind and off to the side of the General. The inquisitor had examined his file as well. He was the lone survivor of an ambush within the heart of the Dark Citadel itself. He had been found stumbling around delirious by a Sea Lion recon team that had been sent to scout the perimeter of the Citadel, and the news he brought with him once he was stabilized was what caused the Cardinal to immediately gather his forces and send them to Mars. Hamilkar noted the haunted look in his eyes.

He scanned through some more casualty reports and then found one of interest. Reading it more closely, he walked over to where the General was standing and showed her the paper.

“The Light has given me an inspiration of how to gain access to the Citadel,” He told her, “the Legion can’t be everywhere at once.”

She looked it over and squinted her eyes slightly, crinkling her nose. After a few moments, her eyes widened and she nodded, “It will be dangerous if it’s is what I think you have planned. Who would lead such a task?” she inquired.

“I will go personally,” Hamilkar replied.

“Lord Inquisitor, it is far too risky for you to....”

He cut her off, "I am well aware of the risks, General, but this mission is far too important for me not to. A small elite force could do what an entire army cannot."

She could tell by the tone of his voice that he would not be swayed. The small speaker in the center of the table beeped, slightly startling Harland, who had been lost in thought. Hamilkar reached out to it and pressed the button. "Hello Agent Afton, we were just getting ready for the briefing this morning,"

There was a crackle of static and a woman's voice echoed through the tinny sounding speaker, "Good morning to you, Inquisitor Hamilkar."

The Cartel was a conglomeration that was formed to combat the Dark Legion as well as provide a common ground between the various megacorporations. The former objective enjoyed overwhelming success with the Doomtrooper project. However the latter often proved to be fairly pointless as the megacorps simply used it as another vehicle in which to snipe and spy on each other. Agent Pam Afton was overseeing the various Doomtrooper teams that were in the field in the fight against Siripolis.

At that moment, a woman dressed in leather and furs came through the door. A tough looking warrior, Sheila McGregor was one of the two Imperial Doomtroopers the Cartel had sent in to assist. Of her partner, there was no sign. Along with her came a trio of Imperial officers and a single Bauhaus Major.

Captain Harland yawned and checked his watch, then gulped half of the tepid coffee he had been waiting to cool down. He made a sour looking face and looked into the mug then drank down the other half.

"Are my Doomtroopers there yet?" Pam's voice crackled.

"I'm here mum, but Alfreds is...." Sheila responded.

"I do wish you would stop calling me that, Sheila," Pam said slightly annoyed, "I'm not much older than you."

"Yes mum." The Mourning Wolf said flatly.

Hanno looked around the room and then addressed those assembled, "I don't wish to delay any longer. I will outline what the General and I have planned for the front line troops and then we shall discuss what to do about taking out the Arch-technomancer. General?" he turned the floor over to Michaelson with a gesture.

She stepped forward to the table and had one of her staff roll out a large map of the area. Setting several markers on various points, she listed off several key zones.

"In the last week we have made very good advancements against Legion forces here, here, and here," she pointed to the markers. "The 80th 'Sledgehammers' Armored Company and the 51st Heavy Infantry will continue to hold the center on the front line. Casualties have been minimal in recent days,

and we will move the 1st 'Old Reliables' Supply Battalion up to reinforce them from behind. The more ammunition we throw at the Citadel, the better," she paused for a moment before indicating a different set of markers.

"Doomtrooper Bob Watts, under direction by Ms. Afton, has again taken nominal command of the 25th Free Marine Company. Two nights ago, he and the girls swept through a large force of necromutants and legionnaires and reportedly killed one of Siripolis' right-hand commanders, a rather vile Centurion named Valigar. They have been ordered to push onto the western flank and keep the pressure up out there."

The 25th Free Marine Company, also known as the 'Devil's Kin', was a primarily female unit of soldiers. They enjoyed an immense amount of publicity due to their ferocity in battle and the numerous honors they had won, but also in part because Big Bob Watts had taken a shine to them and often joined up to lead them when he was able to. As such, they had taken to affectionately calling themselves 'Big Bob's Bitches', much to the chagrin of the few males within the company. Their company insignia was a female pin-up devil straddling an atlas megacannon Big Bob was famously known for.

"I've notified CAF Command of several hard points the enemy has dug in along the bulwarks to the east that we lost two months ago. They have three B-57 Aero fortress bombers on standby to bomb those positions to dust when we give the signal," she looked over to the inquisitor, "It should provide ample distraction for what you have planned if we can coordinate it properly."

Hamilkar simply nodded as she continued. "The Imperial Trencher regiments have moved up to reinforce parts of the western front, and there are two Blood Beret platoons engaged deep into the enemy battle line, here and here," she indicated on the map and two of the Imperial officers nodded in affirmation. "A Bauhaus Artillery company is assisting by providing long-range support," Michaelson said as she glanced at the Major. The stiff-necked man said nothing and continued to examine the battle map.

"Brotherhood forces have been utilized to bolster every battalion on the front line, and as such, we have seen a great number of victories all across the warzone in the last two weeks," she concluded.

"Thank you General," Hanno spoke up, "Agent Afton, can you give us a status?"

The speaker crackled and Pam Afton spoke up, "Four days ago, we infiltrated a pair of our Doomtroopers into the Citadel. Enrico Valmont and Karl Oberwald are some of Bauhaus's most decorated agents when it comes to fighting the Legion. Their mission was to sneak in, ascertain the exact location of the chamber Captain Harland had described in his report, eliminate the Arch-technomancer if possible, and escape," her voice got quiet. "Insertion went perfectly as planned and they were able to find the ritual chamber. However, something went wrong and over their open comm channel all I could make out was heavy gunfire," she sighed heavily. Pam's voice had a tone of resignation in it. "And that's when we lost communication with the team inside."

At that moment, what appeared to be a disheveled Imperial Blood Beret tromped through the door and elicited a glare from Hamilkar as all heads in the room turned to look at him. Hanno surmised from the look of the Doomtrooper, that Isaac Alfreds was in need of a very stern scourging. He turned his attention back to the speaker. "What has been done to retrieve them?" He inquired.

Pam was silent for a moment, as if caught off-guard by the question. "None, Lord Hamilkar," she finally responded. "Based on their signal transmission, we have been able to determine exactly where in the Citadel their last position was, but beyond that, no attempts to re-infiltrate have occurred."

The inquisitor nodded stiffly and then continued with his own briefing. "I have deployed the Blessed Vestals, along with their Valkyrie units, to assist on either side of the warzone. The light of the Cardinal they bring with them has been instrumental in raising the morale of our beleaguered forces. Blessed Vestal Miyuki has personally claimed the lives of two razides, five Zenithian Soulslayers, and a Praetorian Behemoth," He placed a marker on right side of the map and then pointed to the center. "Blessed Vestal Sonnenheim reports that she and her forces routed a huge mass of undead and brought low one of the titanic Bio-giants the Arch-Technomancer sent out to destroy us."

Hamilkar sighed heavily and stepped back from the table, looking over the faces of those assembled. "Despite these great victories, we are losing," he shook his head, "Bit by bit, it still is not enough. The forces the Dark Legion can bring to bear against us appear to be unending. We lose scores of good soldiers each day, and many of the ones who die end up rising against us. This cannot be permitted to happen any longer. I have a plan that will put an end to this upstart heretic and his foul armies once and for all."

He motioned to an area marked off in red in the northeast, "In two days' time, I will take a small force here. We will deploy into the Kirkwood mountain range and come in where the enemy will never suspect us to be. The terrain is extremely hazardous, as many of our Capitolian brothers can vouch for. We will drop in via Capitol AHZ-24 Blackhawks approximately fifteen miles out so as to not arouse suspicion. At that same moment, if we concentrate all of our efforts on the front line and throw everything we got against it for the next few days, it should draw most if not all available Legion forces to the defense". He shook his head slightly and continued despite the disagreeing murmurs, "This will allow us to slip a small, elite force in behind them. Make no mistake, we will sustain heavy casualties but I do not see any other choice. The Blackhawks will move swing back around to the south and fire their entire payload of missiles into the massed ranks of enemy forces. We will take demolitions with us, blow a hole in the wall, and make our entry from there. We have never assaulted them from that direction and they will most likely assume it is just a diversion". His finger traced a line from the drop-off point, down several paths marked on the map, finally stopping on the northern marker for the massive Citadel. "This handpicked detachment will infiltrate inside and locate Siripolis and that abominable chamber. We must ensure that sure he dies."

The briefing room was utterly quiet, with the exception of Alfreds light snoring. Hamilkar glared at him and then scanned the room. He could sense much apprehension in them, but this needed to be done. He continued, "As I stated, I will be leading this personally. General Michaelson will take

command of the front-line forces in my absence. Of Brotherhood forces, I will be taking my personal bodyguard and an elite unit of Troopers". The shadow behind him stirred but was silent. "Ms. Afton, I will need the assistance of two of your Doomtroopers. I trust Mrs. McGregor and Mr. Alfreds will be up to task?"

He could see Sheila McGregor was already nodding before Pam spoke. The speaker came to life with her voice, "Yes Lord Inquisitor. They will see this job through". There was no response from the dozing Alfreds. "General Michaelson, I will also a recon unit to help guide us through that territory as well Captain Harland's presence".

Vincent sputtered into his second cup of coffee. "Me? Why me sir? You know as well as I do that I'm just a ground-pounder who they gave some pretty medals to."

Hamilkar nodded his agreement. "This is true, but you sell yourself too short, Captain. You are an excellent soldier and I sense that you have a part yet to play in all of this. You seek to redeem yourself by avenging your fallen brothers and sisters, correct? What better way to do this than coming with me back into the heart of the beast?"

Vincent Harland thought for a long moment and then nodded quietly, "Yes sir. I'll go with you."

General Michaelson spoke up, "Lord, I do not have any squads that are familiar with that area...but I do know someone who is. He is a Sea Lion Senior Chief who has just transferred back to Mars from a tour at the Graveton Archipelago on Venus, and he is a very skilled recon sniper and an expert demolitionist. He can get you and your men through the Kirkwoods if anyone can."

Nodding, the inquisitor gave his approval and the General strode off to begin preparations. Her various assistants and aides scurried about, each one making calls over the radios. Leaving them to their duties, Hamilkar took his leave and walked out of the bunker with his escort in tow. Two of his Sacred Warriors flanked him just behind and the sight of them striding across to the Brotherhood command compound was intimidating to say the least. Infantry quickly moved out of the way or stopped dead in their tracks to allow them to pass by. Moving as he moved was the Mortificator, always twenty steps behind him. He entered his personal tent and his escort took up their positions just outside of his door.

Inside his personal quarters, he removed his armored mantle and set it on the dress mannequin that typically held his armor and robes. Reverently, he then placed his helmet on it as well. After hours of planning and discussion, he finally sat down in one of the chairs against the wall of the tent. He hadn't even bothered to remove the remainder of his armor or robes. He was wary down to his bones. This war was taking a lot out of him.

It was quietly joked between the Brotherhood Trooper units that Lord Hamilkar didn't need sleep; that he subsisted on the energy of his righteousness and the Light itself. The thought made him smile to himself as he slowly drifted off into slumber.

2. Alfreds

The thick, coppery taste of blood filled his mouth and pain lanced through his jaw as he felt broken teeth grind together. As he slowly picked himself up off the ground, he stumbled and knew in an instant that his leg had been broken.

"It is useless to resist us. Humanity cannot hope to prevail." The nepharite overlord's voice boomed throughout the chamber.

The massive creature loomed above him, towering almost eight feet tall. Its pale blue skin was covered in strange red tattoos. The ebon robes it wore were likewise adorned with alien sigils that hurt the eyes and proclaimed the various atrocities it had committed all across the solar system. Its smoldering eyes bore into the Doomtrooper's own, causing a wave of nausea to sweep over him.

"We...we will...fight you...monster." He heard himself say through gritted teeth in defiance, despite the fear creeping into his mind. His Punisher handgun was still in his left hand, and he raised it up only to feel the nepharite's own fist snatch him by his bicep and crush it in its grip. He heard the bones in his arm snap like twigs, and pain jolt through his body. As he cried out, the gun fell uselessly to the marble floor. Still, he could not tear his gaze from its hideous face. That was when he saw it was smiling like a madman.

Its tongue flicked out across the rows of sharp teeth, giving the monster the predatory look of a shark. "Ahhh, still some opposition left in you. Good. I would hate to know that a vaunted Doomtrooper such as yourself gave in so easily," Its grin widened even further, if that was possible, "Although, your partner certainly wasn't too tough to crack."

His partner, Rist, had stayed behind to hold off the hordes of Dark Legion and he would be damned if he let this mutant shame that honor. He spit a gob of blood into the overlord's face, but the creature did not even flinch. Instead, its long foul tongue licked the blood off and it seemed to savor it.

A moment later, he was spinning through the air and then came to a sudden crashing stop as he smashed against one of the pillars. Ribs shattered, bones broke, and he was lucky that none of them had pierced a lung. His head was dazed, but he could hear the nepharite laughing maniacally. He slowly raised his head and saw they were no longer alone. Scores of shambling undead had appeared from the gloom. They were wearing in all manner of outfits, from civilian Venusian dress to Bauhaus Hussar fatigues. He even recognized a few faces he had seen before and one in particular made his eyes widen. Stepping from the crowd was Rist, or what had been his Doomtrooper partner, remade into a hulking necromutant.

Still smiling wickedly, the nepharite stalked forward, its booted feet snapping the Punisher shortsword he had been carrying in half. It withdrew its own massive blade, a curved two-handed monstrosity that seemed to radiate pure evil from its edge, and gave him a mocking bow.

His vision began to blur, and the shapes that pressed in on him darkened. He heard the monster's deep voice rumble, "And now, little Doomtrooper, it is time to say goodnight."

Isaac Alfreds opened his eyes, startled at the sudden darkness of the large tent he found himself in. It was eerily quiet, save for the light snoring of the person next to him. He sat up with a groan, still panting from the nightmare; the last images of it fading from his memory. His body was covered in a light sheen of sweat.

"That's...that's not how it happened...," he murmured, "or was it...I don't..."

He shook his head clear of the horrid dream, turned to the side, and swung his legs off the edge of the double-sized bunk he had been issued when they made camp. Such were the perks of being who he was. Picking up the half-filled glass of whiskey off of the stand next to the bed, he downed the remainder of the liquid, heedless of last night's cigarette ashes in it.

Rubbing the stubble of his cheek, Isaac set down the glass and lifted up the mostly-empty pack of cigarettes. He sighed, noting how few he had left, and told himself he would have to remember to pick some up from the PX later. He pulled one of the slender sticks from the crumpled package and placed it to his lips. Picking up the zippo from the nightstand, he lit the end and took a long drag from it, exhaling the acrid smoke up into the air. The form next to him stirred, and Alfreds cursed under his breath.

"Are you still here?" He said gruffly. He leaned back and roughly shoved the person next to him in the bed.

"Mmm...what? Up for round two?" a woman's hoarse voice responded as if she had been partying all night.

Alfreds cursed again. "No, now get your things an' piss off," he snarled at her.

The woman rolled out of the bed and stooped down to pick up her discarded clothing, her tangled, dirty, blonde hair spilling over her hard-looking, pockmarked face. They were Capitol Infantry issue fatigues. He glanced at her, admiring the silhouette of her lean body despite his sour mood. These Martian women are so easy, he thought to himself.

"Fine, I'll talk to you later then," the woman said and made her way to the large tent-flap exit, struggling to get dressed quickly.

"No, you won't," He took another drag from his cigarette as she stalked from the tent.

He yawned and checked his watch. Four-fifteen. Glancing over to the corner of the tent, he looked at his discarded Imperial Mk. VI Combat armor. It was the best armor ever created for Imperial troops, and was specifically issued to their Doomtroopers. It had a camouflaged paint scheme with various designations and emblems painted onto it. It also sported a host of dents, nicks, scratches, and other sorts of damage that he never bothered to get repaired.

Some would call him remiss. He didn't care; let them think what they wanted of him. In fact, he didn't seem care about much at all these days, certainly not his own well-being. Reaching up, he scratched the side of his left cheek where his eye had been, now covered by an eye-patch. Even though it had been several years since, it was constant reminder of his only failed mission.

Yawning loudly, Isaac took another long drag of his cigarette, ashed it into his now-empty whiskey glass, and slowly stood up. The Cartel's surgeons had done a bang up job putting his body back together. His body was laced and criss-crossed with quite a few wicked scars, but he was no worse for wear. Bones mended and wounds faded, but it was the psychological damage that had hurt him most. He began to think of Rist again, but shook his head and quickly banished all memory of his former partner from his thoughts. Rist was gone now, and it did him no good to dwell on that subject.

He could see a little blinking blue light from his stand, and knew someone was trying to call him on his comlink. He didn't bother to answer it, hell, he should still be sleeping. Instead, he reached over to lift his Mk. IVP Plasma 'Intruder' sub-machinegun and checked its power cells. The gun was a little worse for wear than it should have been, but Alfreds didn't really bother maintaining it. He figured if he was going to die, a little cleaning wouldn't save him.

He set the gun onto the bunk, and rummaged around the area looking for something. Finding it, he lifted the bottle of whiskey to his lips; a particularly smooth fifteen year old Drougan Rosewood, and chugged down the expensive alcohol like it was common canteen water. He then proceeded to smash the remainder left within the bottle on the ground. Isaac let forth a guttural belch and staggered over to his armor.

In his half-drunken stupor, he gingerly lifted each piece of the assault armor as if it were an antique, rather than a pile of discarded plates. Slowly, he pulled the ballistic bodysuit over his head, wincing from the aches his body complained about. Once he had squeezed into the mesh undergarment, he began the arduous task of snapping each piece of armor into place. Alfreds had done it so many times, that even in his alcohol-induced miasma, he deftly applied the armor with practiced ease.

Once he had finished dressing, he picked up his P60 Punisher handgun from the ground where it lay discarded, stood straight, wobbled a bit, and finally holstered the weapon at his hip. He did the same when he slung 'Betsy' over his back, his heavy chainripper, but this time he almost fell over. Catching himself on the bunk, he steadied himself, grinned sheepishly to no one in particular, and once again straightened up. He slung his plasma sub-machinegun over his shoulder and patted it reassuringly.

Isaac lifted his crimson-coloured beret and examined it. The ratty, torn material had seen better days and looked as though it hadn't ever been washed. The badge signifying the Imperial Corporation with a flaming skull overlayed on it displayed his former unit of Blood Berets, a unit that he hadn't been part of in years. He shrugged and placed it on his head, not really caring if it was straight. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the blinking light again and picked up the transmitter, slipping it into his ear.

"Lieutenant Alfreds, where are you? The briefing is already in progress," a woman's voice crackled with static through the earpiece.

Isaac grumbled a curse as he moved towards the flap of his tent. "Pam! Good morning to you too!" He said with a mockingly cheerful tone.

The woman on the other end responded with an irritated bark, "Don't 'good morning' me, Isaac. The briefing started at o-five-hundred. You're late."

"What are you talking about? It's only..." he checked his watch. Five-twenty-five. When did it get that late? "Shit...ok, ok. I'm coming."

Despite the insistent tone in his handler's voice, Isaac was still in no hurry to get to the meeting. In fact, he stopped to bum a cigarette off of one of the light infantry he had passed on his way and decided to strike up a flirty chat with a particularly tough-looking female soldier who had been walking by. It wasn't until his earpiece buzzed again that he said his goodbyes, with a promise to look her up when he returned from whatever asinine mission they were sending him on this time, and got back on his way.

When Alfreds finally made his way to the ad-hoc command center, a large bunker that had been dug out of the earthworks surrounding the front of the ominous citadel looming in the distance, he was greeted by a pair of Brotherhood's elite Sacred Warriors on guard who both gave him a nod of respect as he passed by. He gave them a half-hearted salute and made his way past and down the dirt caked steps and into the underground chamber.

"...and that's when we lost communication with the team inside." He heard Pam Afton's static-distorted voice say to the gathering of soldiers over the bunker's intercom.

All eyes turned to him as he entered the chamber, several with looks of contempt. His new partner was among them and she narrowed her eyes to glare at him. Afton had assigned Sheila McGregor to be Alfreds' new Doombrooper partner, despite his ardent protesting that he didn't need to be saddled with one; especially after he found out what she was.

Her face was a beauty to look at, though the ritual paint that the Mourning Wolf insisted on covering her face with didn't do her justice. Her long, fiery red hair was pulled into a tight ponytail to keep it out of her face while in the midst of battle. Clad in form-fitting, reinforced, ballistic leathers, he saw various tribal fetishes hanging from it, but it was her ample assets that kept drawing his eye. Coiled at her hip was one of the signature weapons of her Order, a tangle chain. It was a wicked looking strand of linked, barbed metal with a weighted end on it, and Isaac had seen first-hand how deadly those trained with it could be. On her left arm was a 'Growler' short ranged grenade launcher; a weapon that typically wasn't standard issue for one of her kind. Finally, he noted the ornate Violator blade strapped to her back, which rumor had it, once belonged to her deceased husband.

She shifted her stance defensively when she noticed him eyeing her up and down, and she gave him a disgusted grimace and rolled her eyes. His response was to spit on the ground and turn his

attention to the table full of maps. On the other side of the large steel table stood the imposing figure of Inquisitor Majoris Hamilkar, along with his pet shadow. It was said that he held the title of Lord, bequeathed to him by the Imperial Corporation for some act of gallantry or other, but Alfreds didn't have much time for nobility or the church so he paid no attention to it.

He was more interested in the black-clad female behind the Inquisitor that was lurking in the dimness of the room. The Mortificator shifted back and forth on the balls of her feet, as if expecting an attack; her helmet slowly moved back and forth scanning the area. Since the Brotherhood arrived a month ago, he had witnessed her killing prowess on the battlefield on two separate occasions. He had seen her cleave a razide near in two with one stroke of her mortis sword; an impressive feat to say the least.

There were others in the room as well. Several Capitol and Imperial officers were also studying the maps, discussing where to best position their troops. A lone Bauhaus commander stood to the side, not saying anything, but merely observing.

Hamilkar finally spoke about the tactical positions he envisioned for the front line units and Isaac found himself leaning back against a wall, his body sagging a bit from the lack of sleep and the copious amounts of alcohol still in his bloodstream. He heard the Inquisitor mention something about a Dark Legion Black Gate, but he must have dozed off because when he opened his eye, he found that the briefing had apparently concluded and people were now moving about the bunker with some kind of renewed purpose.

"Ay, Sheila..." he yelled over to the Mourning Wolf, "come 'ere." The woman regarded him coldly but walked over to where he had been leaning against the wall, now smoking one of his last cigarettes. "So, what exactly are we doin'?"

The woman's eyes became slits of contained anger, "Ya are a disgrace. Did'ja hear nothin' the Lord Inquisitor said?"

"Yeah, yeah, some big words and some other stuff, but what exactly are 'we' doing?" he exhaled a puff of smoke.

Sheila shook her head. "Ya are unbelievable. Well, you 'ad best sober up Alfreds, because we are going over the Kirkwoods," she paused, "on foot."

For a moment, Isaac just nodded blankly and rolled his eye. That was before the realization of what she had just said sunk into his brain and his good eye widened in genuine surprise. The Kirkwood mountain range was one of the most dangerous and inhospitable regions in all of the known solar system, and this damned Brotherhood fool wanted to cross over them?! What was even worse is he was going to drag all of them with him to their deaths.

Alfreds thought on this for a moment and then smirked at the she-wolf. She blinked at him as he exhaled another puff of smoke. He then gave her a wide, toothy grin, "Well shit. Gotta die sometime, right? An' I need some new smokes."

3. Harland

Two days later, Harland walked through the camp restlessly after packing his gear. He was still trying to make sense of what had possessed him to volunteer to go back into the Citadel of Siripolus. A light rainy mist had descended on the area as dusk fell, and with it his mood had sunk. Mud clung to the bottoms and sides of his boots as he trudged his way past infantrymen going about their business, saluting him as he walked by. He returned their salutes, the weight of his new rank still sitting uneasily with him. He had enjoyed the respect of being an officer when he was younger, but after his crime, his time in the Free Marines had eliminated any further desire for it. He was a grunt at heart, and although he was an exceptional leader, he now felt his place was among the soldiers. It was exactly because of his history and his leadership skills that he had been tasked with putting together an elite squad of battle-hardened Marines; the kind of people who got the job done when everyone else failed. That was how Fell's Angels was formed...and now they were all gone.

Fell had been the nickname that Lieutenant Palmer of the 25th "Devil's Kin" company had given him when he signed away his life to the Marines. She had said that it was tragic someone so gifted 'fell from grace' in the way that he had. She was right, it was tragic, but it had also taught him some very important lessons. The first was that no matter your crime, everyone deserves a chance to make amends. The second was that the Light has a plan for everyone, you just may not know why right away. He thought about this and what Inquisitor Hamilkar had said to him.

"I must be out of my damned mind," he muttered to no one in particular. He had been contemplating this so deeply that he had run directly into someone else.

"Attention soldier!" an authoritative voice boomed, "Straighten up!"

"Sir, yes sir!" Harland responded without even thinking, snapping to attention and saluting the man he had bumped into.

There a loud laugh from the man and Vincent felt the man's hands clasp him on the shoulders. "At ease!" the man said, "You're a captain now."

Looking up, he recognized the smiling face and felt a wave of relief, "Captain Thomas..."

"Please! Call me Henry!" the man told him.

"Captain...I mean...Henry, it's good to see you again!" he said relaxing his pose. "I haven't seen you since that business in Vega."

Henry laughed again, "I still can't believe you got knocked out by that little girl."

"Hey! In my defense, I was really drunk from that contest your boys had with mine. It also taught me never to give anyone a freebie punch, not even someone as small as her," Vincent grinned.

"That little sergeant had quite the right hook. What ever happened after that? I was a bit too drunk to care."

Harland smirked sheepishly, "Well, once we sobered up, her and I...ah...kinda made up. We still keep in touch when we can. She's a lieutenant of her company now."

"She was quite the looker too, if my memory isn't too fuzzy," Henry laughed and shook his head, "Well Captain, I have to be going," he motioned to the staging area off near the eastern landing field. "We are dropping in nearly on top of the bastards; we're going to take them by surprise!" He clapped Vincent on the shoulder again, "When this war is over, we will have to hit up Vega again, Vince. Drinks are on me!"

Harland smiled at him, but it was mirthless. He knew what Captain Thomas and the 44th Air Cavalry Battalion was getting into and he knew few, if any, would return. A massive Orca Battlesuit lumbered by the two of them causing him to have to yell over the rumbling, "Sure thing Henry! Sounds like a good time!"

The two saluted and Harland walked off, heading to the western landing field where the covert infiltration team he was part of was mustering. As he made his way to the pair of Blackhawks, he saw that the Brotherhood soldiers were already loading up and Inquisitor Hamilkar and the fiery haired Doomtrooper were speaking to one another; of the other Imperial, there was no sign. The Cartel Agent, Pam Afton, was here in the flesh as well. Vincent had only met her one other time and usually just heard her voice over the command bunker's internal speakers. She was a medium height, had striking blue eyes, and short blonde hair. She was sporting some kind of light-weight, form-fitting blue body armor that he couldn't quite place the origin of and had a P60 Punisher handgun at her hip. He put her age no older than thirty, but then again, he was a very bad judge of how old someone was. She turned her head to regard him with a nod as he walked up, and then turned her attention back to speaking into her ear comm link.

Inquisitor Hamilkar nodded to him as well, "Captain Harland, it is excellent to see you decided to join us on this mission. Our guide is here as well." He indicated to a man wearing dark grey camouflage AJHMPS-12 Panther armor. The soldier had an SR-50 sniper rifle slung over his back, one of the deadliest sniper rifles in the solar system. His sidearm was a Sherman M15 pistol holstered on his left side, a large hip pack most likely containing explosives, and sheathed on his right calf was a large combat machete. His face was painted in similar grey tiger camo as his armor and he wore a boonie hat that was characteristic of all of the Sea Lions; the man looked every bit the professional as his reputation claimed.

Jeffrey Jacobs was a ranked Senior Chief in the 9th Sea Lions Battalion stationed in the Gaveton Archipelago on Venus. A marksman shot with his sniper rifle, he held the battalion record for the most confirmed kills, several of them from over a thousand yards from his target. He was also an expert demolitions man, able to find the weak point in any structure if given enough time. These skills, combined with his knowledge of hostile environments, made him the perfect pointman for this mission, and the team's best hope of getting into the Citadel alive.

The man turned his head, saluted Harland and then went back to stowing his gear on the Blackhawk transport ship. Several Brotherhood troopers were following suit, though they seemed to

have less gear than the Chief did. Over the past few weeks since the Inquisitor's arrival, Vincent had gotten to know several of them. He nodded to Troopers Otto and Lawson.

There were more members of the Elite Trooper unit that were accompanying the strike team, but Vincent hadn't quite gotten around to knowing them that well yet. If they made it through this mission in one piece, he would most definitely have to buy them all a drink or two. He knew the chances of that happening were slim though. He knew firsthand what horrors awaited them behind those dark foreboding walls.

Coming up the path leading to the airfield was the muddy mess of Doomtrooper Alfreds, who appeared to have slept on the outside of his tent the night before from the look of him. Pam Afton sighed and put two gloved fingers to her temple as if she had just developed a migraine headache. Harland couldn't see the inquisitor's expression, but he knew it was a sour one as well.

"Excuse me, sir," Afton said to the three of them. Growling, she turned and stalked off towards the disheveled Blood Beret in a huff.

Harland took his leave as well and made his way over to the AHZ-24 he had been assigned to. He secured his gear in one of the cargo harnesses and climbed up onto the passenger compartment, noticing he shared the compartment with several more of the troopers he had gotten to know. They gave him a nod and went back to chatting with each other quietly. Taking a seat and strapping himself in, Harland gave his M50 rifle a once over, attaching a suppressor to the barrel, and made sure his Punisher shortsword was fastened well to his hip. Trooper Sullivan gave him a smile and went back to chatting quietly with Trooper Rosecrans.

There was a loud thud as another passenger climbed aboard. Harland lifted his eyes and watched Isaac Alfreds slump hard into one of the seats across from him, the man's mood obviously as dark as the weather was outside. The stink of alcohol was strong and Vincent squinted disgustedly at the man. He was a professional soldier, a Doomtrooper no less, and he seemed to act no better than a petulant child! The man fumbled with the harness clasps for what seemed like several minutes before finally hearing an audible click from the buckle. Alfreds caught Harland's glare and turn his head to spit out the gunship's still open door.

"Oy...The hell're you lookin' at?!" he snapped at Vincent.

The marine racked the bolt on his rifle, set the safety switch, and placed it lengthwise on his thighs, returning the belligerent man's stare. "I'm looking at the most pathetic excuse for a soldier I've ever seen," he replied in a calm tone.

"Zz'at so," the Doomtrooper slurred, "I know you, yer that marine who got made a Cap'n for a publicity stunt, right? Can I have yer autograph...sir" he said in a mocking voice.

Not breaking eye contact with the wretch, Harland spoke in a deadpan tone, "I read your file, Alfreds. Just try not to get any of us killed; you seem to be good at having that happen".

Faster than Harland would have expected, the Imperial lunged forward out of his harness with a blade at Vincent's throat. The stink of booze was still suffocating, but the drunken facade had completely evaporated and in its place was a cold rage that smoldered in the man's eyes. There were sounds of rifles being raised from the other occupants of the passenger compartment, all of them aimed at the Doomtrooper.

"Yer one to talk... 'Fell'," Isaac's steely voice was almost a whisper, "seein' as yer the last one of yer entire battalion ta escape the hellhole we are goin' in'ta."

"I'd appreciate it if you removed that little toy from my throat," Harland replied. "If you don't, I'll blow a hole through you the size of a hubcap". He gritted his teeth as the blade nicked the skin of his neck.

His eyes glanced downward between them and Alfreds saw he had an M15 handgun pointed directly at his stomach. Seconds ticked by, and for a moment it looked like it would come to a fatal end for one or both involved, but finally the Doomtrooper relented and slowly sat back into his chair, sheathing his combat blade. Likewise, Harland holstered his pistol and the five Troopers lowered their rifles, returning to their previous conversations but still keeping an eye on Alfreds. He rested his head back against the seat, but like the others, never took his eyes off the unstable Imperial who had since closed his and began to hum drunkenly off-key to his self.

A few moments later, the outer door to the gunship slid closed and a red light in the interior came on, bathing the entire compartment in an eerie glow. The only way Harland knew they had lifted off the ground was the subtle shift in weight as the helicopter lifted off the ground and sped off towards their destination.

It was a smooth ride. The gunships flew a low profile despite their advanced cloaking measures, to ensure they were not detected by any enemy radar. Their course followed the northeastern route up the Cerulean River, banking and weaving mere yards above the crystalline surface of the water. Beneath the waves of the rapidly moving tide, vicious underwater predators hunted anything that was slower than them. It was rumored that thousands of years ago, Mars was nothing but an airless red dustball. Now, it was a magnificent, thriving, terraformed sphere. Nominally owned by the Capitol Corporation, parts of it had been either taken by force or licensed to their rivals for exorbitant sums of money and influence.

The AHZ-24 Blackhawks were top of the line stealth gunships used by Capitol Special Forces for discreet insertions; perfect for this mission. Utilizing a sophisticated blend of Cybertronic and Capitol ECM technology, their turbine engines were nearly silent and the black reflective paint made them nearly invisible at night and almost impossible to detect by radar. They also sported a pair of linked Trinity 20mm light autocannons in the nose turret, as well as two concealed racks of air-to-ground missiles that could be used against infantry or armored targets.

Against the black backdrop of the night sky, the helicopters passed like a pair of shadowy wraiths towards the drop-off point. The journey took about thirty-five minutes due to the circuitous

route they flew. The red light in the passenger compartment blinked several times, and Harland felt the gunship skew to a halt. He and the others unlatched their harnesses and got out of their seats, and he tapped the unlock button to slide the door open. Sergeant Alvarado did the same on the opposite side of the Blackhawk, and a hard wind blew around them. Several tension cables dropped from the Blackhawk and down onto the deployment area. Grabbing one of the cables with a gloved hand, Harland clipped a lead to it, took a breath, and stepped off the side of the gunship. He rappelled swiftly down towards the ground, slowing only slightly a few feet from it, before landing with a heavy impact. He quickly unclipped himself from the cable and brought up his M50, scanning the area for any potential hostiles.

The other Blackhawk's passengers were deploying in the same manner, fanning out into a perimeter guard. They appeared to have dropped into a small clearing on the banks of the river, the high, ominous tree-line only about ten meters from their position. Vincent motioned to Alfreds to take up forward position near one of the large boulders that dominated this part of the forest, but the Doomtrooper simply ignored him and moved off on his own, bringing his 'Intruder' up to aim into the darkened woods. He saw the other Doomtrooper, Sheila McGregor, link up with her partner, but Isaac appeared to feign his ignorance about her as well. Harland did not envy her for being stuck with a louse such as Alfreds. To her credit, she didn't appear to care either as she disappeared into the thick treeline.

Sergeant Alvarado had been tasked by Inquisitor Hamilkar with securing the dropzone with his squad and the Doomtroopers, while he and his bodyguard took up the center position. Harland looked back and saw the five Sacred Warriors had adopted a ring formation; each one crouched with their Retributor carbine aimed outwards and their potent Avenger battle-swords guarded crosswise in front of them, their long flowing manes of hair making them almost look like feral animals ready to pounce on anything that might be considered hostile. Inquisitor Hamilkar slid swiftly down the cable and into the middle of them, his fearsome helmeted head taking in the surrounding area. Like a well-choreographed troupe, the Sacred Warriors stood and moved as he moved, fanning out slightly to give him room to maneuver.

Of all of the Brotherhood soldiers, Harland had gotten to know Master Sergeant Alvarado the most. He had been serving in the Brotherhood for easily twenty years now. When Harland asked him why he never advanced beyond the enlisted, Edward's response was something the marine could relate to; he stated that his place was down in the dirt with his men. The man was also quite the drinker and had a funny story for every situation. Vincent enjoyed hearing his anecdotes from far off warzones, from the stinking hot caverns of Mercury to the asteroid belt that separated the inner planets from the rest of the solar system, the stories he told were always humorous. He confessed he loved to regale the men with funny stories, mainly because there was already too much death and misery in the world. When he was on the job though, he was a completely different man, and Harland could see why he was in the position he was. When he donned his armor and commanded his troops, he was a no-nonsense taskmaster.

“Captain,” he heard a low voice next to him, almost like a whisper. It was Chief Jacobs, but he had never even seen the man come up beside him, “I don’t believe we have been detected, but something in these woods doesn’t smell right. It would be best if we stayed on high alert”.

Harland nodded, “Your right, Chief, it’s the Kirkwood Mountains. Something is never right here”.

The cables leading to up to the helicopters retracted back up into them and the two gunships veered back towards the front battle line, their silent turbine engines at full throttle. Right at this moment, soldiers on the front battle lines were dying in an effort to keep the Dark Legion from becoming aware of their presence. Way in the distance, they could hear the far off detonations as the two armies clashed. He prayed to the Light it was worth the sacrifice.

Jacobs had drawn his pistol and large machete and fanned out ahead of them, leaving no trace of his passing. Behind him, the Troopers began to make their way into the thick forest, their AC-19 assault rifles at the ready. Each one had an extended barrel; a large suppressor to keep any gunfire from alerting more enemies. Harland moved in with them, keeping low to the ground, and scanning for any potential threats. He could tell the Brotherhood troops were doing their best, but they just weren’t cut out for stealth infiltration and were making more of a racket than they needed to be. During the briefing, he had suggested to the Inquisitor that perhaps it would be better to take an experienced team of Free Marines instead of the Brotherhood’s frontline warriors, but the idea was dismissed out of hand and he was told that the Light’s chosen warriors would be the clenched fist that smashed the Legion. To a seasoned soldier like him, the comment smacked of hubris rather than a sound strategy, but Hamilkar would not be dissuaded. At least the Doomtrovers knew how to move quietly; even the drunkard.

It had been slow going through the woods. The thick trees and rapidly fading twilight had made the start of their journey that much more difficult. The only reason they could see at all was because the two moons of Mars were out in full. After only an hour and a half, Jacobs had motioned for a full stop. Something was ahead of them. Harland crept up stealthily next to the Chief to see what it was they had stopped for. Down a gradual embankment, they saw a clearing in the trees. In it was a small group of Legion necromutants, most likely on perimeter patrol. The six of them were crouched around a campfire with a large beast of some kind they had caught roasting on a spit. They were speaking in a loud, guttural language and it was clear they had no idea the team was there. After all, no forces ever attacked from this direction. They had mutilated features and were wearing mismatched armor of various megacorporations. Each one stood around six and a half to seven feet and had thick, corded muscles capable of snapping a grown man in half if they ever got their hands on them. Deep scars, tattoos, and tribal stitches covered their misshapen bodies and the largest of them looked like he had several human heads hanging from his belt. Vincent felt his choler rise as he heard the mutants laughing.

Jacobs unslung the large sniper rifle from his back with a smooth, practiced grace. Several of the closer Troopers did the same as well. Kneeling down, he tilted his head and sighted the large necromutant through his scope, zooming in on the brute’s ugly visage, specifically the bone septum piercing in its nose. As he was about to squeeze the trigger, he saw the mutant reel back and saw it had

been struck in the chest by several incandescent bolts of energy. The explosive shots violently ripped the necromutant's body into pieces and caught a second one in the blast.

As the camp looked around in obvious confusion, a figure sped towards them from the woods. The first legion soldier in Sheila McGregor's path tried to bring its Belzarach assault rifle to bear on her, but she nimbly ducked under it and snaked her tangle chain around its neck. Giving it a yank, she pulled the mutant's head forward and rammed her blade upwards through its chin, piercing its flesh and slicing through the back of its thick skull.

Harland growled in irritation as any surprise attack they would have been able to launch was now impossible. He heard muffled gunshots from all around, as the Brotherhood squad opened up on the Dark Legion warriors that the Mourning Wolf had not engaged. He brought his rifle up and aimed down into the clearing, trying to take aim on the necros that were now scrambling for cover. They roared savage howls and returned fire with their heavy rifles, the loud gunfire echoing through the woods.

The she-wolf spun as bullets missed her by mere inches, and dodged behind a massive tree. She cycled in one of her Growler's special ammo shells and then leaned out from around the trunk, firing it towards the closest enemy. Before the mutant could react, the grenade exploded at its feet. Thousands of small projectiles pierced its body, yet it was still alive. That was until the monster started to burn. The grenade had been specially blessed and its contents highly toxic to those possessed of Dark Symmetry. Its body ignited as if napalm had been dumped on it and within moments there was nothing left but charred slag.

The Troopers traded shots with the necromutants, neither side gaining much ground. It appeared there were more Legion soldiers than just the six they had seen around the fire. Chief Jacobs sighted down one of the creatures as it charged headlong at one of the Troopers, pulled the trigger on his sniper rifle, and put a bullet through its head, blowing off half of its face. Unfortunately even this did not stop the brute and it slammed into the man, burying a horrid syringe filled with dark sludge mounted to the back of its wrist deep into the man's side. A second shot from Jacobs took the remainder of the mutant's head off. Seconds later, the poor Brotherhood man who had been stabbed by the necromutant lurched back to his feet and brought his gun up, turning slowly to take aim at the Chief. A third bullet pierced the chestplate of the newly dead man, blowing his back out in an explosion of gore and splintered bone.

Harland fired burst after burst from his M50, raking one necromutant up its side with bullets. Despite its grievous injuries, the monster kept coming as it broke into a run. Dropping his rifle, he pulled his pistol and Punisher shortsword and charged it head on. He swung the sword in a downwards arc only to have it blocked by the mutants own jagged blade. Sparks flew as the two fought for dominance, their muscles straining. Harland grunted and brought his knee up into the creature's side. Several ribs snapped under the impact and it doubled over. As it did, he brought his forehead down into the mutant's face and crushed his nose. As it reeled back, Harland brought his pistol to bear and fired, but at

the last moment the thing moved to the side as thick blood gushed from its smashed face and the shot only grazed its cheek.

It moved faster than Harland, and the necromutant clamped its powerful hand around his throat and squeezed. Harland brought the edge of the blade upwards, he shearing through the meat and bone of its bicep and cut its arm clean off. Putrid stinking blood splashed on his face. His Punisher punched into its belly, parting its pallid flesh as he buried it deep into its innards over and over. Sawing downwards, its entrails spilled out and coiled at its feet. It roared at him, its fetid breath making him wretch and then fell backwards with a crash.

Wiping the blood from his face, he saw the Brotherhood forces were finishing off the last of the Legion soldiers. In addition to the six that had been camped around the fire, there had been three more lurking in the woods. Two of the Troopers had fallen and their bodies had been brought near the fire. It had been over before Inquisitor Hamilkar and his retinue made it to the clearing. Vincent watched as the man walked into the firelight, his helmet swiveling back and forth to take in the violent scene. He walked over to the two dead and knelt beside them. Intoning a prayer for their souls, he immolated their bodies with the white fire of the Light. As for the necromutants, they piled the corpses up and burned them conventionally.

The thick haunch of meat over the fire had begun to sear and char. Harland walked over to it and studied it. It smelled like greasy barbeque and Vincent reached out to slice off a piece from it. Sergeant Alvarado reached out and stopped him with a shake of his head.

The sergeant motioned to a pile of discarded bones near one of the trees. The bones appeared to be from humans, including a skull. "I don't think you want to eat that Captain".

Vincent recoiled away from the fire and looked at Alvarado and nodded, "Thanks for the tip, Sergeant".

Of all of the Brotherhood soldiers, Harland had gotten to know Master Sergeant Alvarado the most. He had been serving in the Brotherhood for easily twenty years now. When Harland asked him why he never advanced beyond the enlisted, Edward's response was something the marine could relate to; he stated that his place was down in the dirt with his men. The man was also quite the drinker and had a funny story for every situation. Vincent enjoyed hearing his anecdotes from far off warzones, from the stinking hot caverns of Mercury to the asteroid belt that separated the inner planets from the rest of the solar system, the stories he told were always humorous. He confessed he loved to regale the men with funny stories, mainly because there was already too much death and misery in the world. When he was on the job though, he was a completely different man, and Harland could see why he was in the position he was. When he donned his armor and commanded his troops, he was a no-nonsense taskmaster.

Harland walked over to where Hamilkar was standing, the inquisitor's head bowed. Chief Jacobs came up as well, his sniper rifle slung over his back. He gave an informal salute and nodded to Hamilkar.

"Sirs, I think we should stop soon. It will be the dead of night in less than an hour, and travelling forward would put us into much more peril than we need to be. Once Phobos comes up, we can continue under its light," he stated, "According to some old maps I was studying, there should be an old town not far from here". Harland shuddered at the thought of the Legion-defaced moon providing the light they would travel by.

The inquisitor nodded in agreement and turned to Alvarado, "Sergeant, gather your men. We need to move forward immediately".

"Yes Lord," the sergeant affirmed.

A few minutes later, they were making their way through the dense brush again, leaving the remains of their fallen and the enemy behind them as smoldering piles of ash. Chief Jacobs led the way forward, silent as a ghost. They could hear the howls of rust wolves off in the distance, large canine-like creatures so named for their ruddy brown pelts. It was rumored the Siripolis' tekrons had been experimenting on them, making them larger and mutating them into tracking beasts and mounts.

"Be on your guard, captain," he said quietly. The Sea Lion's eyes shifted back and forth as if looking for something out of place.

Harland nodded and pressed on through the brush. True to what the Chief said, the soldiers soon broke through the dense foliage and onto an abandoned street. There were small single and two-story buildings lining the cracked road and a water tower could be seen behind a block or two away. The town was dark and decrepit looking, having long since been forgotten through the years. Most likely it had been a mining town used to pull out iron ore from the Kirkwood range.

Hamlikar and his squad emerged from the trees and he studied the area. He saw the lead Sacred Warrior nod to him, and then the unit fanned out wide around him. Making his way to where Jacobs and Harland stood, he addressed them and Sergeant Alvarado.

"This will do, Chief Jacobs. Well done," he stated with a nod of his helmet. He turned his attention to Alvarado, "Sergeant. Remain vigilant. I suspect there may be more to this place than just a resting spot."

The sergeant gave him a quick salute and radioed his unit to be on the lookout for anything suspicious.

The men found a medium sized building to hold up in, and Alvarado stationed guards at the entrances to it. It appeared to have been a diner or restaurant at some point in the past. Sitting down on one of the dirty chairs, Vincent finally slumped back against it and rested. It had been an arduous trek so far and they had a long way to go. A few hours of rest would do them all some good.

"Hey Captain," Trooper Otto called over to him, "would you like to join us for some cards?"

Harland saw that Franz had been joined by Rosecranz, Sullivan, and a trooper he hadn't met yet. He smiled, sighed, and then pushed himself to his feet, making his way over to the table they were sitting at. Pulling up a chair, he watched as Sullivan expertly dealt out the cards to them. Her flingers flipped the cards to each player like a seasoned pro. Catching Vincent's eye, she gave him a smile.

"I used to play a lot of cards when I was younger. Won a lot of money," she smirked, "Don't worry Captain, if you're lucky, I'll only take your shirt".

Harland laughed at that. It felt good to relax after their treacherous hike and the brief, but violent, combat with the necromutants.

Rosecranz seemed to win more often than any of the others, and they jokingly chided the former Cybertronic employee of having a computer in his brain that let him count cards. They played for about an hour, making small talk and having a good time. Harland kept his eyes on the two Imperials from time to time, unsure what to make of them. Doomtrooper teams were normally as close as siblings, but these two acted as though they wanted nothing to do with one another. Regardless of their personal issues, the two worked all together as evidenced during the skirmish with the necromutants.

Soon the building drew quite as each of them tried to get a little sleep. The only one of them who appeared not to was Inquisitor Hamilkar, who stood ever watchful. Harland was exhausted but slept fitfully, his nightmares haunting him.

4. Hiroko

The crosshair of his scope locked onto the chest of the lead soldier as the man quietly picked his way down the rubble-strewn street of the abandoned town. There were fourteen hostiles in the opposing group that Captain Nobou Hiroko had identified as Brotherhood. What had brought them out this far into the wilderness of the Kirkwood mountains, he could not say, but from the looks of them they had already encountered some resistance from the Dark Legion forces in the area.

The target lock of his sniper rifle followed the Trooper wherever he moved, and Nobou found he had a smile on his face as a thought entered his mind. The Brotherhood must have had the same idea that they did; sneak in over the mountains with a small force and attack the citadel from an unguarded spot. While he had never actually met any of the warriors of the Light, he had to admit the creative thinking on the part of their commander for such a bold and dangerous move.

At this distance, he could easily make the three-hundred yard shot and put a bullet through the eye lens of the man's helmet. He slowed his breathing and quietly murmured a mantra to himself, causing him and his rifle to respond as one. He knew the samurai below him on the ground were itching to launch themselves into the fray, led by Dragon Commander Wu-Shen the Fury and his Ebon Guard. Hatamoto samurai, the Ebon Guard in particular, were some of the fiercest warriors within the entire Mishima Corporation. Lord Heiress Mariko herself had commanded Wu-Shen and his squad to accompany the small Mishiman strike team, citing that if this Dark Citadel were allowed to continue to blight the land, it would gravely affect their holdings on the Red Planet. In addition, should they be the ones to put an end to the Arch-technomancer Siripolus where the other corporations could not, they would be elevated beyond stature as the saviors of Mars and her influence would grow exponentially.

While this was certainly true, Hiroko actually believed that Mariko had sent the Ebon Guard along to keep an eye on him. It was well known that Nobou was a radical in his thinking; a trait that would be celebrated in some corporations was frowned upon by his. The Fury was a man who would ruthlessly execute Hiroko for dishonor and not even think twice about it, despite the fact that the captain technically outranked him. This was a military mission, not a corporate one.

The captain's finger began to slowly squeeze the trigger when he stopped. He had seen a slight glint come from one of the tops of the far buildings. He shifted his sight upwards towards one of the upper building roofs, readjusting his scope as he felt a cold shiver creep up his spine. The lens of his scope swept across the top of the structure and finally focused on a new threat. Staring at him as if his twin, was an enemy sniper wearing dark grey camo fatigues; the man was as still as a gargoyle, his weapon trained directly at Hiroko. He had not fired yet, which meant there was something they wanted. The fact that such a professional would alert Nobou to his presence was enough to convince him that they were not here for the Mishimans. He gave the man a nod and moved his finger off of the trigger of his rifle. The man motioned downwards ever so slightly with the barrel of his gun, motioning the samurai captain towards something on the ground.

Hiroko cautiously slid his sight down the trajectory the sniper had pointed out ever so slightly; he was already dead if the man decided to end him, so he would play this game. Adjusting the scope to

focus on the lower area of a building down the street, he spotted one of his own men standing still, arms slightly raised upwards as if in surrender. The samurai appeared to have been disarmed and captured. At his throat was a large serrated combat blade, and the man holding the knife was an Imperial Blood Beret.

“No shame in dying to a man of that caliber,” Nobou silently reasoned to himself. For Mishimans, death in battle was a glorious and honorable way to die and his men would never back down if he gave the word.

The Blood Beret was using Ronin Jin as a shield as he glared upwards at Nobou, almost as if daring him to shoot. To his credit, Jin had a peaceful look on his face, accepting his fate with grace and humility. Ronin samurai in his service may have been disgraced at one time, but they fought to reclaim as much honor as they could. The Imperial smirked at Hiroko and then pursed his lips in a kissing motion, as if daring the captain to shoot him. Nobou’s trigger finger twitched, but he did not fall for the obvious bait.

Shifting his gaze back up to the enemy sniper, he slightly shook his head “No”, indicating that they may die but they would go down fighting. It was the Mishiman way. His finger slipped back onto his trigger and he saw the man sigh. He knew the man had him dead to rights and had just exhaled to steady his shot. Drawing on a ki mantra to steady his body, Hiroko banished any fear of death and steadied himself to shoot. He wondered just who was faster. In all likelihood, they would both die from this, and the small town would erupt into a warzone.

Just as he once again prepared to fire, a brilliant light blinded him from the ground. He blinked several times and the searing after-image resolved into the shape of a man wearing heavy crimson armor and midnight black robes. Hiroko felt his throat tighten and his breathing quicken. He tried to move, but found he was rooted to the spot just staring at this individual. It was as if he had looked at a divine being directly. He waited for the sniper’s bullet to blow the back of his skull out, but the shot never came. Loosening his grip, he was finally able to regain control of his senses and he radioed down to his waiting forces ready to ambush the oncoming force. A strange feeling came over him and he opened the comm to all of his forces.

“Stand down. You are not to engage,” he commanded.

“Belay that,” he heard Wu-Shen’s voice interrupt him, “Prepare to charge on my signal!”

“Commander, you and your men will stand down. That is an order!”

“You are a coward, Hiroko,” the commander seethed into the mic, “we will kill these dogs and then I will deal with you personally”.

Unphased by the threat, the captain spoke into his mic once again, “Commander, you will stand down or I will execute you where you stand. This is a military operation and I have been placed in command of it. If you do not like it, then you are free to return to Hosokawa and explain to the Lord Heiress why you have returned in disgrace”.

There were a few moments of silence followed by vitriol-laced curse, but no order to engage came from Wu-Shen as the Brotherhood force got closer to their position. Hiroko silently slipped from his vantage point and began to make his way down to the ground floor of the building he was in.

"All soldiers; keep your swords sheathed and ready your rifles," he moved like a ghost down the stairs leading to the front exit, "I want you covering me as I go to speak with these men".

The hatamoto leader protested, "Captain, you can't mean to treat with..."

"Commander, I am well aware of what I am doing," he cut the man off, "Ready your hatamoto. You will be accompanying me to greet them". Hiroko was tired of this tug-of-war power struggle that Wu-Shen was playing. It was time he put his foot down and showed him who was truly in charge.

Another Mishiman curse came from the Dragon Commander, but he did not disobey a direct command. He simply ground his teeth in seething anger and readied his power naginata. In the large first floor area of the building, the six elite hatamoto waited for him. Like large black-clad beetles, their powersuits seemed bulky to Hiroko, but looks could be deceiving. Although heavily armored, they were deceptively stealthy and agile and the Ebon Guard were the masters of their trade. Four of them were carrying Tambu No. 1 'Shogun' assault rifles, with their ceremonial blades scabbarded at their hips. One hefted a large 'Dragonfire' heavy machinegun, providing extra firepower for whatever situation they found themselves in. The Dragon Commander himself carried a long, elegant naginata called *Nanren Chu Mo* that hummed with electrical power, as well as a modified double-barrel assault rifle attached to the back of his right arm so as to not restrict his close-combat prowess.

Every time Nobou thought of the nature of the hatamoto, he felt his blood quicken. Why should their use of such weaponry be considered honorable, while others within Mishiman society were looked down upon for the exact same thing? It made no sense to him and it was the reason he saw his corporation ultimately losing in the long run. In his mind, they had to adapt to technology or they would perish. Why could the Lord Heirs not see that? He shook his head clear and moved forward quietly.

Flanked by the massive Ebon Guard, the Mishiman captain tentatively made his way out the door to the building he had been perched in. Copper colored dust swirled around their heavily armored legs as they strode into the street to face the oncoming Brotherhood force. The lead Trooper immediately snapped his rifle up, taking aim at Hiroko. He was out front of the small group, his rifle still slung and no weapon in his hands. The hatamoto were less at ease, their own weapons trained on the Brotherhood men.

The two forces cautiously closed in on one another, neither side opening fire yet neither lowering their guns. Hiroko's keen eyes picked out two more people he had not spotted earlier; a Free Marine by the looks of him, taking cover behind a doorway taking aim as they approached, and crouched behind one of the derelict cars in the road was an Imperial Mourning Wolf, her blade drawn and ready to engage at a moment's notice.

Nobou raised his hand and stopped about fifty feet from them and the hatamoto fanned out protectively, each one ready to strike if the word was given. Likewise, the Brotherhood soldiers spread apart, allowing the Inquisitor to pass to the front, his bodyguard close by, shielding him. For a moment, Hiroko's eyes scanned upwards along the windows of the buildings behind them as if looking for something that wasn't there. As the holy man and his retinue came closer, he looked back at them. The man stopped and his entourage stopped with him. His black helmet regarded the Mishimans with a cold, unblinking stare. Each side sized the other up, as if daring them to act, until finally the Inquisitor raised his hand in a gesture of peace. His eyelenses gazed over at the hatamoto, as if piercing through their armor. He said nothing.

Hiroko took a step forward and the Sacred Warriors tensed, but their lord raised a hand slightly and they relented.

"I am Captain Nobou Hiroko, heir to the Hiroko-Ryukan Kieretsu and loyal vassal to the venerated Lord Heiress Mariko herself," he said with a low bow. His was very precise when speaking in the Capitolian dialect, an uncommon trait among Mishimans as their people were very withdrawn from the other societies.

Inquisitor Hamilkar studied him for a moment or two and then gave a slight bow as well. His voice was deep and rich emanating from his helmet speaker, "I am Lord Inquisitor Hamilkar". The man said nothing else.

"<We should simply kill them all and get back to our mission>," the gruff voice of Wu-Shen crackled through Hiroko's earpiece in the Mercurian language. Hiroko could feel the Dragon Commander ready to pounce like a cat.

"<That is not why we are here, Commander. I have no interest in spilling blood needlessly if it can be avoided>"

Hamilkar stared at the two of them passively.

"What brings you and your men out all this way?" Hiroko addressed the inquisitor.

"We are hunting Legion forces," the man stated matter-of-factly, "We have no quarrel with you."

Nobou could sense the man was speaking the truth. After all, what would be the purpose of lying about such a thing? They were in the middle of nowhere and there was no conceivable way the Brotherhood could have known they would be set up for an ambush. He nodded an agreement, "As are we". He wasn't quite sure why, but he felt like he could trust Hamilkar completely even though he had just met him.

Hamilkar continued, "It would seem that we share a common goal. Instead of pursuing it separately, I put forth that we combine our forces."

Nobou considered this new development for a moment. This course of action would indeed be prudent and the most logical choice. As two units, they could be picked off more easily, but as one united force, they could overcome most anything they ran into.

Wu-Shen's steely voice crackled over the private channel to Hiroko again, "<It is one thing to stay your hand against these mongrels, but it is quite another to lower us into the mud with them>". He gripped *Nanren Chu Mo*, ready to strike the inquisitor and his lackeys down.

Weighing his words carefully, Hiroko was about to speak up when the Inquisitor shifted his attention to the imposing hatamoto commander.

"<I understand your concern and contempt, master hatamoto. The Mishiman people have long distrusted the Brotherhood and the other corporations, but in this case even you must see the folly of any fighting between us. Would you win? Possibly, but possibly not. However, should you launch yourselves against us 'mongrels' and win, we would exact a bloody tithe and we will both have failed in our missions>". Hamilkar adeptly spoke in the flowing language of the Mercurians, "<On the other hand, if we were to join forces, we would be able to deal with most anything we could possibly encounter out here>".

If Isamu was caught off-guard by Hamilkar's ability to access their communication network, as well as his fluent ease at speaking their language, his body movements did not betray it. Despite his hatred of these *gaijin*, their leader had a point. Instead he opted to say nothing and leave this decision up to Hiroko instead. If it went badly, it could be blamed on the samurai captain and his personal honor would be intact.

Tense seconds ticked by as Hiroko waited for Wu-Shen's response, but none came. Slowly, the captain nodded his head at Hamilkar in affirmation, "Yes, I think joining our men would be a most wise decision."

The Inquisitor reached up and unfastened his helmet, removing it. The man was in his late forties, perhaps early fifties, but looked wise and powerful, with a black moustache and short-cropped, salt and pepper hair. Taking the queue from their leader, The Brotherhood forces slowly lowered their weapons and relaxed. The Mourning Wolf still had her teeth bared, ready for a fight as her hands clenched her weapons tightly in her fists, but she did not act. Hauling his human shield out into the street, the Blood Beret shoved the ronin away from him and sauntered back to where the Inquisitor stood.

"Oh lookie, I see we're all mates now. How wonderful," the man said with a contemptuous sneer. Nobou looked the man up and down, noting the obvious lack of care the man had for his personal appearance. How a famous Blood Beret could present himself in this fashion baffled him.

With a word from Hiroko, his men cautiously made their way from their positions. Ebon Guard stepped back, and while they relaxed their weapons, it was clear they were still on guard. The Sacred Warriors around Hamilkar mimicked them, keeping a vigilant eye out for any danger.

Shuffling through the dim, cold passage deep within the Citadel, a creature that was once a man dragged a makeshift cart behind itself, one of its axles squeaking irritably in the darkness. It retained only a rudimentary amount of brain function, and if truth be told, it wasn't even sure of that. What was a fact, however, was that it was most assuredly dead. If the stink of its body or the cart trailing behind it affected its senses, the thing did not appear to notice. Instead, the empty sockets of its eyes and its slackened jaw faced forwards as it struggled on stiffened legs. The corpse still wore the garment it had on when it met its end. Now torn and blood-stained, they were the fatigues of Capitol Free Marine. It was missing one of the armored shoulder pads, and the other had a bullet hole through the front of it that had shattered the small Capitolian eagle emblem. Over its left breast was a name patch labeled 'Coo..' but the rest had been ripped off at some point in the past.

The cart it pulled was bare rusted metal stained deep crimson with what appeared to be blood. It was no mystery as to where the blood had come from, as the cargo it hauled was that of an over-sized pile that comprised of scores of body parts. Some were easily identifiable as human remains, but others were far more alien and sinister. The transport jostled about down the corridor and a severed hand fell from it and flopped onto the dirty ground. The shambling corpse guiding the cart along didn't stop to retrieve it, and it was very unlikely he had even noticed it had fallen in the first place.

It hauled the disgusting cargo into a massive chamber filled with rows of huge tanks filled with a greenish slime. Through the translucent ooze, large humanoid shapes could be seen. Dragging the squeaking wagon down the wide walkway between the tanks, its limited brain function didn't notice the hulking, mutant guards or the multi-barreled defense cannons tracking its progress. It simply continued on oblivious to its surroundings.

When it finally got to the near endless row of the vats, it stopped and looked up. Squatting like a rotund frog on a plinth overlooking the chamber was an obese creature. Its skin was a leathery shade of greenish-brown, like a corpse that had been left baking in the Mars desert for a few days. Hydraulic cables snaked upwards and fed power to the numerous mechanic augmentations it had attached to its body. It gurgled it itself and lifted its head as the undead approached, its fat chins jiggling. He was known as Korlugon, Grand Tekron of Algeroth, High Machinist of the Dark Legion, and the chief constructor of all of Arch-technomancer Siripolis' armies.

An augmented eye zoomed in and locked on the undead and his cargo and he shifted his bulk forward. His voice, heavily modified by vocal reconstruction, addressed his servant, "So you have finally returned. Maybe I need to tear your legs off and add faster ones?"

The legionnaire stared sullenly with empty eye sockets up at the tekron, a slight groan issuing from its lipless mouth.

Korlugon's fat arm jiggled as he raised it, pointing to the left of where his overseer's throne was. "Take it to the harvester. My children need to eat and you would see them starve with your incompetence, Splug. I have half a mind to feed you to them".

Again, the only response was a half-hearted moan.

The tekron glared as he watched the corpse shamle off, taking the cart with him towards the harvester vat that would feed Korlugon's fiendish creations. He pressed a few buttons on the console in front of him with a stubby finger and there was a grating sound of something unlocking underneath him. He stretched his arms wide. His right was a sophisticated piece of dark technology that changed to his will, and his left which was a thick, fat, snake-like appendage that bent in ways an arm should not. He rose up out of the socket he had been perched in, his lower body a mass of corroded mechanics, and stood to his full height. His legs were that of four large robotic limbs, each ending in a tapered claw, each easily able to shear through an armored soldier. Attached to a massive backpack that melded into his flesh, cables tipped with instruments and heavy pincers moved of their own accord, like metal eels seeking fresh prey.

He stepped down easily from his command pulpit, sparks flying from the ground where his claws struck. He strode over to one of the vats and checked a glowing monitor on the front of it. To anyone witnessing it, it was truly frightening how something so bulky could move with such apparent grace. He reached up to touch the glass of the tank and gently stroked its smooth surface, like a parent's caring touch. Looming in the darkness were his personal bodyguards, massive creatures Korlugan personally altered with gene-enhancements and piston-driven cybernetics.

In the far corner, the sound of heavy machinery fired up and a grinding rumbled through out the chamber. The tekron's assistant, the undead Splug, fed the severed bodyparts into the nutrient harvester. They were ground up, combined with a devious mix of fluids, and then pumped to each of the thirty-six tanks.

Floating before him, the large figure in the tank bobbed towards the glass. Korlugan gave an inhuman purr of delight as he gazed upon the features of the Praetorian Stalker being nurtured within. It had withstood the trials of its birth in molten fire, and now it rested in the nutrient-filled vat as small mechanical arms carved graven runes into its thick bio-armor. The creatures milky white eyes stared out unblinking as Korlugon looked into them, an evil grin coming to his obese face. His augmented eye whirred and extended, examining his creation.

"Hmm... nutrient level is low on this one. It will need to be increased to ensure proper