

WARHAMMER
40,000



CURSE OF THE WULFEN





CURSE OF THE WULFEN

THE SAGA OF THE LOST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE



Dark Angels

- Azrael
Supreme Grand Master of the Dark Angels
- Sammael
Grand Master of the Ravenwing
- Zaelion
Ravenwing Company Champion
- Ekrophan
Ravenwing Apothecary
- Araphil
Master of the 6th Company



Space Wolves

- Logan Grimnar
Great Wolf of the Space Wolves
- Ulrik the Slayer
Wolf High Priest
- Bran Redmaw
Wolf Lord of the Bloodmaws
- Engir Krakendoom
Wolf Lord of the Seawolves
- Erik Morkai
Wolf Lord of the Sons of Morkai
- Gunnar Red Moon
Wolf Lord of the Red Moons
- Harald Deathwolf
Wolf Lord of the Deathwolves
- Bjorn Stormwolf
Wolf Lord of the Stormwolves
- Egil Iron Wolf
Wolf Lord of the Ironwolves
- Krom Dragongaze
Wolf Lord of the Drakeslayers
- Ragnar Blackmane
Wolf Lord of the Blackmanes
- Sven Bloodhowl
Wolf Lord of the Firehowlers
- Kjarl Grimblood
Wolf Lord of the Grimbloods



Grey Knights

• Arvann Stern

Brother-Captain of the 3rd Brotherhood







THE LOST BROTHERS

Ten thousand years have passed since Prospero burned. Ten millennia of war and darkness, during which time much has been forgotten, and more erased. Yet there are those who know the truth of that terrible day, when the Thousand Sons felt the Emperor's wrath for their sorcerous transgressions.

Some maintain that good intentions led the Thousand Sons down the road to damnation. Others assert that the XV Legion were Warp-touched sorcerers who deserved their fate. Whatever the truth, the sorcerers of Prospero were judged wanting by the Emperor, and their sentence was carried out by the assembled might of the Space Wolves.

Like fiery comets the Wolves of Fenris fell upon Prospero's capital city of Tizca. Drop Pods in their hundreds scarred the blue skies black with their smoking trails. The Thousand Sons wielded forbidden sorceries in their desperation, and wrought great destruction in the Space Wolves' ranks. Still, though the XV Legion fought with all their strength and guile, they could not stand before the Fenrisians' savagery.

The Space Wolves tore through one Prosperine battle line after another. At their head charged the ferocious warriors of the 13th Great Company. These were the Wulfenkind, the



most feral and savage of an already ferocious Space Marine Legion. Before the roaring bolters and snarling chainswords of the 13th Company the sons of Prospero fell in their dozens, until it seemed there could be no hope for their survival.

But Leman Russ' invading Legion would be denied their final victory by the Thousand Sons' Primarch, Magnus the Red. By his fell magic did the surviving Thousand Sons escape judgement, fleeing into the Eye of Terror through a scintillating portal, and swearing vengeance upon those they had once called brother.

The Space Wolves' hunt was done. Prospero had been razed, while the strength of the Thousand Sons was broken and their remnants fled. With full-blown civil war raging throughout the Imperium, Leman Russ judged that his Legion's strength was needed elsewhere. However, not all of the Wolf King's sons withdrew. The 13th Company pursued the Thousand Sons through their portal, intent on finishing the hunt. Some claim they did this upon the orders of their Primarch. Others say that a madness took the Wulfenkind that day, and made them deaf to the Wolf King's words. Whatever the truth, the 13th Company chased their prey deep into the swirling madness of the Eye of Terror, and there they disappeared.

They have not been seen since...



CHAPTER 1

ECHOES OF DAMNATION







HORROR ON NURADES

The Warp storm that engulfed the bleak hive world of Nurades did so with terrible fury. Its onset was sudden, unheralded by dark portents or empyric disturbance. One moment, the crowded hive world span on as it always had. The next, the planet's skies lit with kaleidoscopic flame and the laws of nature went irrevocably mad.

Mutation and cannibalistic insanity ran rampant through the trillions-strong populace until the hive cities rang to the screams and gunfire of heretic rebellion. The planet's bedrock convulsed as twisted spires of bone forced their way up from below. Blazing skulls rained from the skies, and wherever they struck, tides of gibbering Daemons spilled forth to attack the beleaguered planetary defence forces. Seeing the damnation of his world looming, Nurades' Planetary Governor had his Astropaths send a desperate cry for help. It did not go unanswered.

Weeks passed, and the planet's doom seemed certain. Just when the last embers of hope were burning out, the Sea of Stars parted for the onset of the Deathwolves, the Great Company of Lord Harald Deathwolf. Space Wolves attack craft punched through the atmospheric firestorms at blistering speed, the warriors on board hungry to win glory and rescue Nurades' people from their fate. Gunships and Drop Pods plunged to the planet's surface, their blue-grey hulls emblazoned with Lord



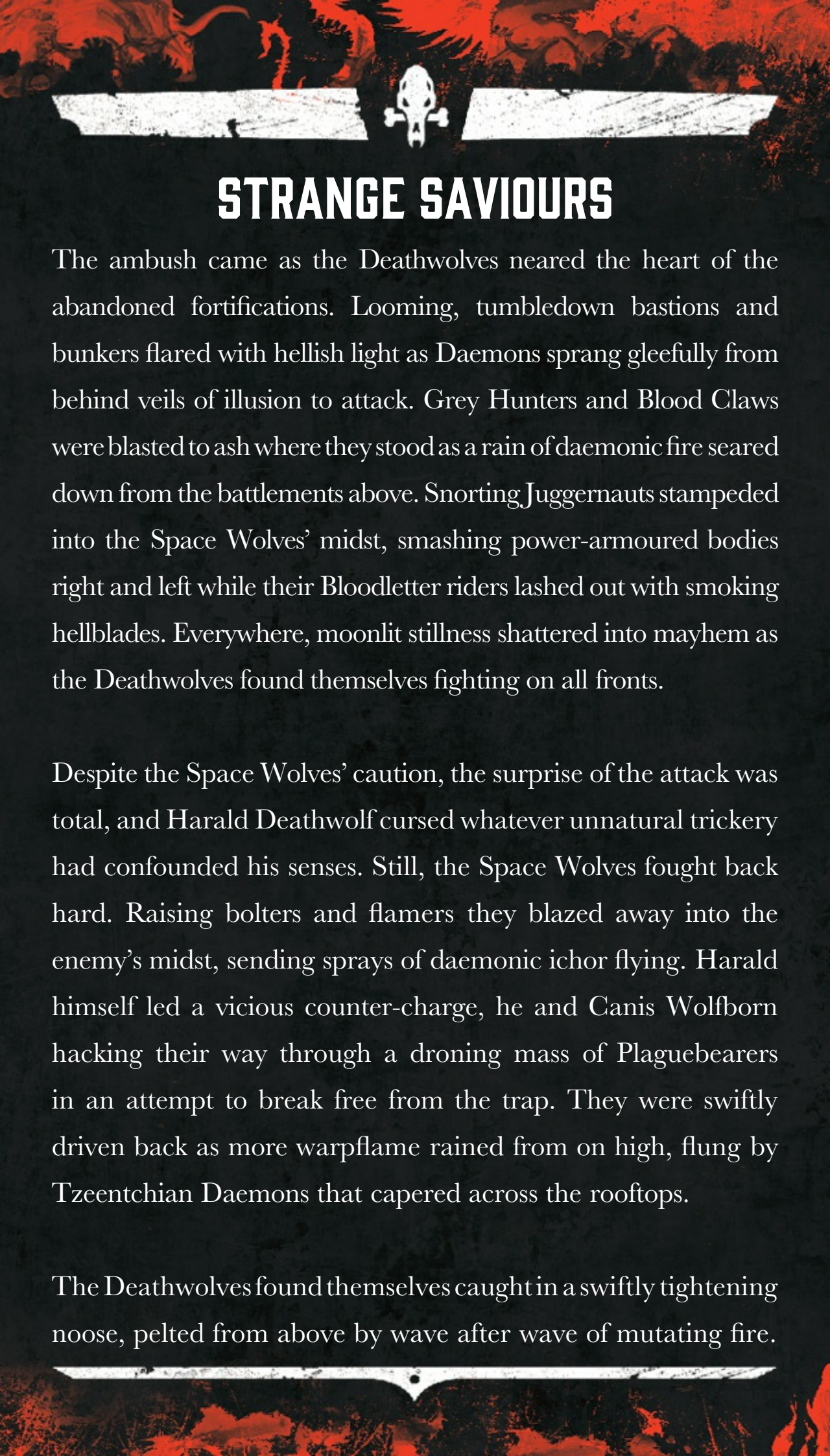
Deathwolf's Ravening Jaw heraldry. From within these craft, the Space Wolves surged forth to begin their hunt.

Mounted upon his huge Thunderwolf, Icetooth, the Wolf Lord led one lightning-fast attack after another to reclaim the tainted world. At the feet of the monolithic Hive Predomitus, the unstoppable charge of Harald's Thunderwolf Cavalry shattered the daemonic battle line and – after a savage and costly battle – saw a great cohort of blood-daemons banished back to the Warp. Amid the clanking maze of the Industrium Sub-terranean, the Deathwolves fought a hit-and-run war against the massed daemonic cavalry of the Tzeentchian Herald Slithertwyst. They emerged from this labyrinthine hell bloodied but victorious, before going on to break the siege of Hive Genos and rescue the governor himself. As weeks of hellish warfare ground by, Deathwolf remained cold and confident, his vast military experience and hunter's intuition allowing him to keep his abhorrent foes off balance.

With the warpfires dying in the skies, the Deathwolves pushed into the northern polar reaches. Here, a last enclave of Daemons had claimed a string of abandoned fortifications long rumoured among the Nuradean peoples to be cursed. Fenrisians are nothing if not superstitious, but after the hellish ordeal of the preceding weeks it would take more than local legend to turn them back. They pushed cautiously forwards into this last stronghold, wary of some final Chaos trick.







STRANGE SAVIOURS

The ambush came as the Deathwolves neared the heart of the abandoned fortifications. Looming, tumbledown bastions and bunkers flared with hellish light as Daemons sprang gleefully from behind veils of illusion to attack. Grey Hunters and Blood Claws were blasted to ash where they stood as a rain of daemoniac fire seared down from the battlements above. Snorting Juggernauts stampeded into the Space Wolves' midst, smashing power-armoured bodies right and left while their Bloodletter riders lashed out with smoking hellblades. Everywhere, moonlit stillness shattered into mayhem as the Deathwolves found themselves fighting on all fronts.

Despite the Space Wolves' caution, the surprise of the attack was total, and Harald Deathwolf cursed whatever unnatural trickery had confounded his senses. Still, the Space Wolves fought back hard. Raising bolters and flamers they blazed away into the enemy's midst, sending sprays of daemoniac ichor flying. Harald himself led a vicious counter-charge, he and Canis Wolfborn hacking their way through a droning mass of Plaguebearers in an attempt to break free from the trap. They were swiftly driven back as more warpflame rained from on high, flung by Tzeentchian Daemons that capered across the rooftops.

The Deathwolves found themselves caught in a swiftly tightening noose, pelted from above by wave after wave of mutating fire.



Fangs bared, they fought back to back, hugging what cover they could against the Tzeentchian bombardment. It was a defiant display, but Harald Deathwolf could see that, if something drastic were not done soon, his warriors would be annihilated. The Wolf Lord's scowl deepened as he gave orders for his Thunderwolf Cavalry to mass around him. They would stage a last charge, buying time for their brothers on foot to escape.

It was then that the hackles rose on Harald's neck. Massive figures were suddenly loose amongst the Daemons on the rooftops, tearing into the Horrors with astonishing savagery. Ichor rained down on the battle, replacing the devastating firestorm of moments before. The Deathwolves raised a howling battle cry, and their eyes widened in amazement as it was answered by a monstrous baying from the figures above.

Dispatching the last of their gangling prey, the massive warriors leapt from the rooftops, slamming into the Daemon horde with their clawed limbs swinging. For a brief moment, Harald Deathwolf simply gaped in shock. The figures were huge, bestial terrors spattered head to toe in Daemons' blood. But as they tore into the reeling foe and the Deathwolves rallied to the fight, there could be no mistake; the battered power armour and canine features of the newcomers marked them beyond a doubt as warriors of the Space Wolves.





BLOOD IN THE MOONLIGHT

From the moment the newcomers entered the fray, the tide of battle turned. The hulking beast-warriors moved with terrifying speed, stabbing and raking with claws, fangs and jagged punch-daggers. No Daemon could stand against their sheer animal ferocity. Buzzing Plague Drones were torn from the air even as Bloodletters and Plaguebearers were disembowelled or torn limb from limb.

Seizing their chance, the Deathwolves surged forwards with howls of fury. Axes thunked into unnatural flesh. Daemonic limbs and heads tumbled in sprays of sizzling gore. Long Fangs – at last given the space to fight on their own terms – sent murderous volleys into the collapsing lines of the enemy. At the heart of the carnage, Harald Deathwolf fought furiously to avenge his fallen packmates. Even as he hacked and hewed, dodged and blocked, the Wolf Lord's eyes were ever on the newcomers.

Torn and blasted into submission, the last of the daemonic horde fell. With their demise, a quiet descended upon the moonlit ruins. The wind sighed forlornly between crumbling structures. Grit and spent casings crunched underfoot as the Deathwolves recovered their fallen.

In the sudden calm, all eyes turned to the newcomers. The huge figures had drawn together into a pack, lurking amid the pooling shadows of a ruined bastion. Though their bestial features were obscured, their eyes reflected the moonlight and shone like chips of ice in the gloom. No Space Wolf made any move to approach. All held back in deference to their alpha.

Harald Deathwolf swung down from Icetooth's broad back, and stalked slowly towards the growling newcomers. The Wolf Lord kept his hands well away from his weapons, wishing to offer no sign of hostility. He kept his back straight and his eyes forwards, locking his stare with the unblinking gaze of the largest feral warrior. Slowly, pace by pace, Harald walked from moonlight into shadow, until he stood before the massive figures.

Even hunched, the creatures looked down upon Lord Deathwolf. Their long, powerful limbs and broad chests were barely encased in rag-tag power armour, while their faces were lupine and bestial. Around them hung an acrid reek, a mingling of Space Marine combat stimulants and animal musk. Deathwolf saw intelligence in their amber eyes, and recognised a twisted echo of his own features in those of the beasts before him. It was the faded insignia on the warriors' armour that truly made Harald's hearts beat faster. There, unmistakable even beneath a plethora of scratches and dents, was a Fenrisian symbol not seen for ten thousand years. Twisted and monstrous though they undoubtedly were, the

newcomers bore the heraldry of the 13th Great Company – the Mark of the Wulfenkind.

The largest of the bestial warriors loomed over Harald for a long moment, a rumbling growl shuddering deep in the beast's chest, before he dropped heavily to one knee. The gesture signified warrior nobility, and in swift succession his hulking packmates followed his lead.

Harald Deathwolf placed one gauntleted hand upon the shoulder of the creatures' leader, urging him to stand once more. The Wolf Lord spoke then, his words pitched too softly for the warriors of his Great Company to hear. Yet none could miss the slurred, snarling response of the newcomers' pack leader.

'We... are... brother. We... are... Wulfen.'

The hollow moan of the wind filled the silence that followed. Then, Harald Deathwolf turned away and marched back to where Icetooth stood with his hackles raised and metallic fangs bared. Harald barked out orders as he went, jolting his gaping warriors into sudden motion. The Deathwolves were done with this world, announced the Wolf Lord in a tone that brooked no argument. The Daemons were banished, and the Planetary Governor was well capable of pacifying his rebellious population on his own. This new matter took precedence over anything else. These Wulfen, Harald decreed, must be brought

back to the Fang without delay. If they truly were what they seemed to be, then their appearance was momentous in the extreme.

As the Space Wolves made ready for extraction from Nurades' surface, none could mistake their lord's grim mood. Nor could they misinterpret his order for an armed 'honour guard' of Grey Hunters to accompany the Wulfen at all times. It was clear to the Deathwolves that this historic moment had brought Harald Deathwolf not joy, but deep disquiet.



ark Angels Company Master Araphil frowned.

***D** Auspex readings suggested that much had happened here, only a day or so past. Newly wrought battle scars bore this out, old walls riddled with fresh craters and scorch marks. Moreover, there was no sign of Arhad and his Scouts. Araphil's brothers were searching the Nuradean ruins, but the Company Master found the Scouts' absence disturbing.*

An alarmed shout brought Araphil running. Scattered about the inside of an old bunker, the remains of the Scouts made for a grisly spectacle. They had been torn apart, armour marred with savage claw-marks. Daemons' work, surely, thought Araphil. But something felt wrong.

Amongst the body parts, he saw something twitch. A survivor. Swiftly, Araphil knelt at the fallen Scout's side and shouted for an Apothecary. The young warrior's face was waxen, his eyes closed, but he was unmistakably alive. Moreover, lying at his side with its gravitic impellers smashed, was a servo-skull whose memory-light blinked steadily. The Company Master took the small device in one hand and stood, staring into that still-blinking eye.

Behind it, he hoped, lay answers.







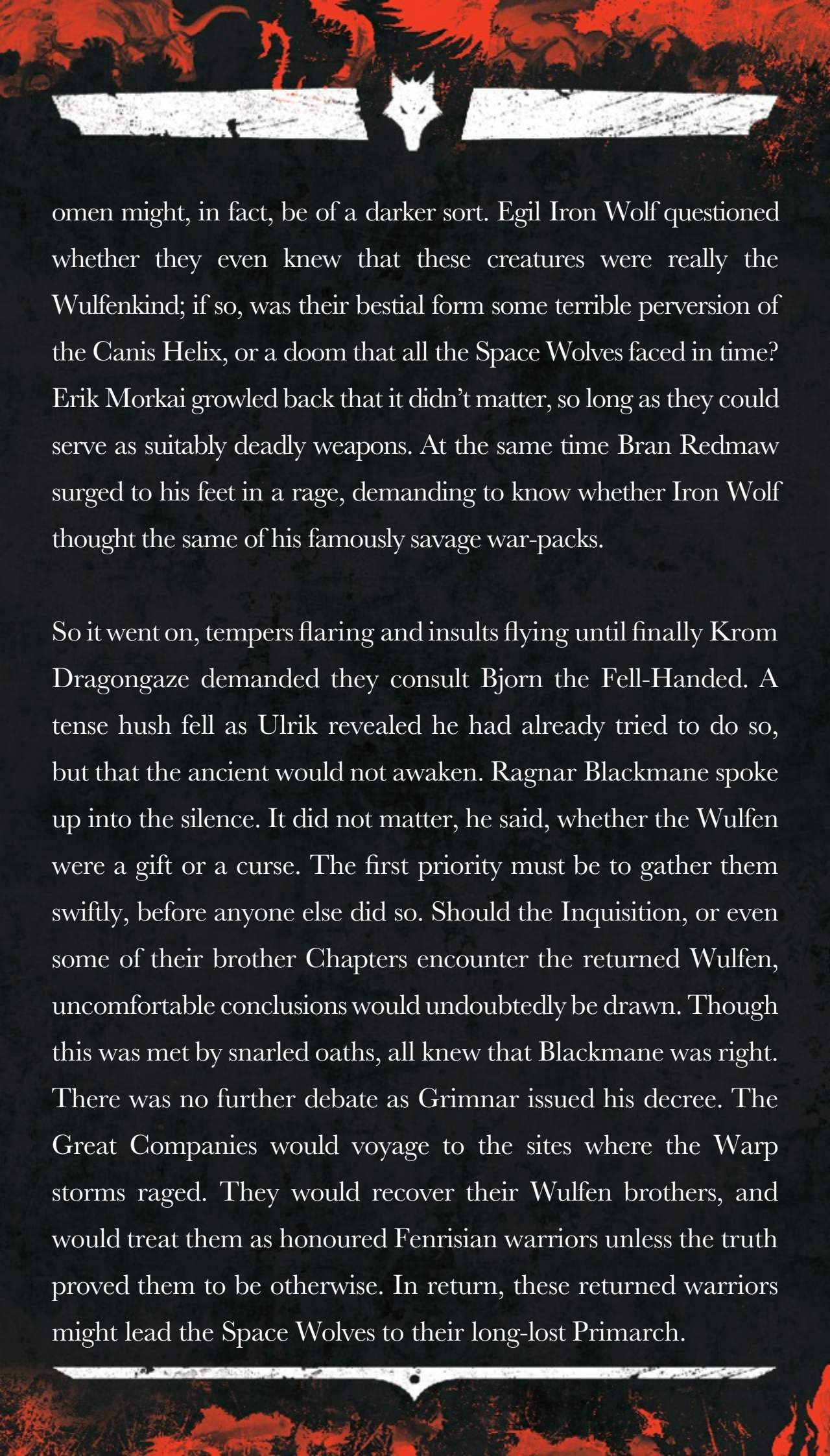
THE OLD WOLF'S DECREE

Mere weeks after the incredible discovery made by the Deathwolves, Chapter Master Logan Grimnar gathered his Wolf Lords within the Fang. They had made all haste in returning to their home world, and it was considered a good omen that the Sea of Stars had parted calmly before their passage. Now, Grimnar and his lieutenants took their places around the Grand Annulus to debate the return of the Wulfen.

A difficult matter lay before the Wolf Lords. What did the return of these 13th Company brothers mean, and what was to be done about it? Grimnar began by revealing that, in the wake of the discovery on Nurades, further Warp storms had been detected over Imperial worlds from Atrapan to Fimnir. The phenomena were scattered, but their distinctive empyric signatures stood out like beacons. Though his speech was limited, the Wulfen pack leader – who called himself Yngvir – had repeated over and over that more brothers were coming, and that they were borne upon the wings of the storm.

Ulrik the Slayer now spoke up. To the Wolf Priest's obvious frustration, Yngvir could articulate little about his past. But surely, asserted Ulrik with eyes alight, the appearance of the Wulfen was an omen. Russ' own return must be at hand. At this, the Hall of the Great Wolf exploded with shouting. Gunnar Red Moon demanded to see Ulrik's proof of this wild claim, even as Kjarl Grimblood warned that this





omen might, in fact, be of a darker sort. Egil Iron Wolf questioned whether they even knew that these creatures were really the Wulfenkind; if so, was their bestial form some terrible perversion of the Canis Helix, or a doom that all the Space Wolves faced in time? Erik Morkai growled back that it didn't matter, so long as they could serve as suitably deadly weapons. At the same time Bran Redmaw surged to his feet in a rage, demanding to know whether Iron Wolf thought the same of his famously savage war-packs.

So it went on, tempers flaring and insults flying until finally Krom Dragongaze demanded they consult Bjorn the Fell-Handed. A tense hush fell as Ulrik revealed he had already tried to do so, but that the ancient would not awaken. Ragnar Blackmane spoke up into the silence. It did not matter, he said, whether the Wulfen were a gift or a curse. The first priority must be to gather them swiftly, before anyone else did so. Should the Inquisition, or even some of their brother Chapters encounter the returned Wulfen, uncomfortable conclusions would undoubtedly be drawn. Though this was met by snarled oaths, all knew that Blackmane was right. There was no further debate as Grimnar issued his decree. The Great Companies would voyage to the sites where the Warp storms raged. They would recover their Wulfen brothers, and would treat them as honoured Fenrisian warriors unless the truth proved them to be otherwise. In return, these returned warriors might lead the Space Wolves to their long-lost Primarch.

IRON CLAWS



Since their return to the Fang, Harald Deathwolf had quartered the Wulfen in one of the fortress' many ice-bound galleries, under guard from his own hand-picked Grey Hunters. It was while the returned warriors languished here that the respected Iron Priest Hrothgar Swordfang applied himself to girding them for the Chapter's wars.

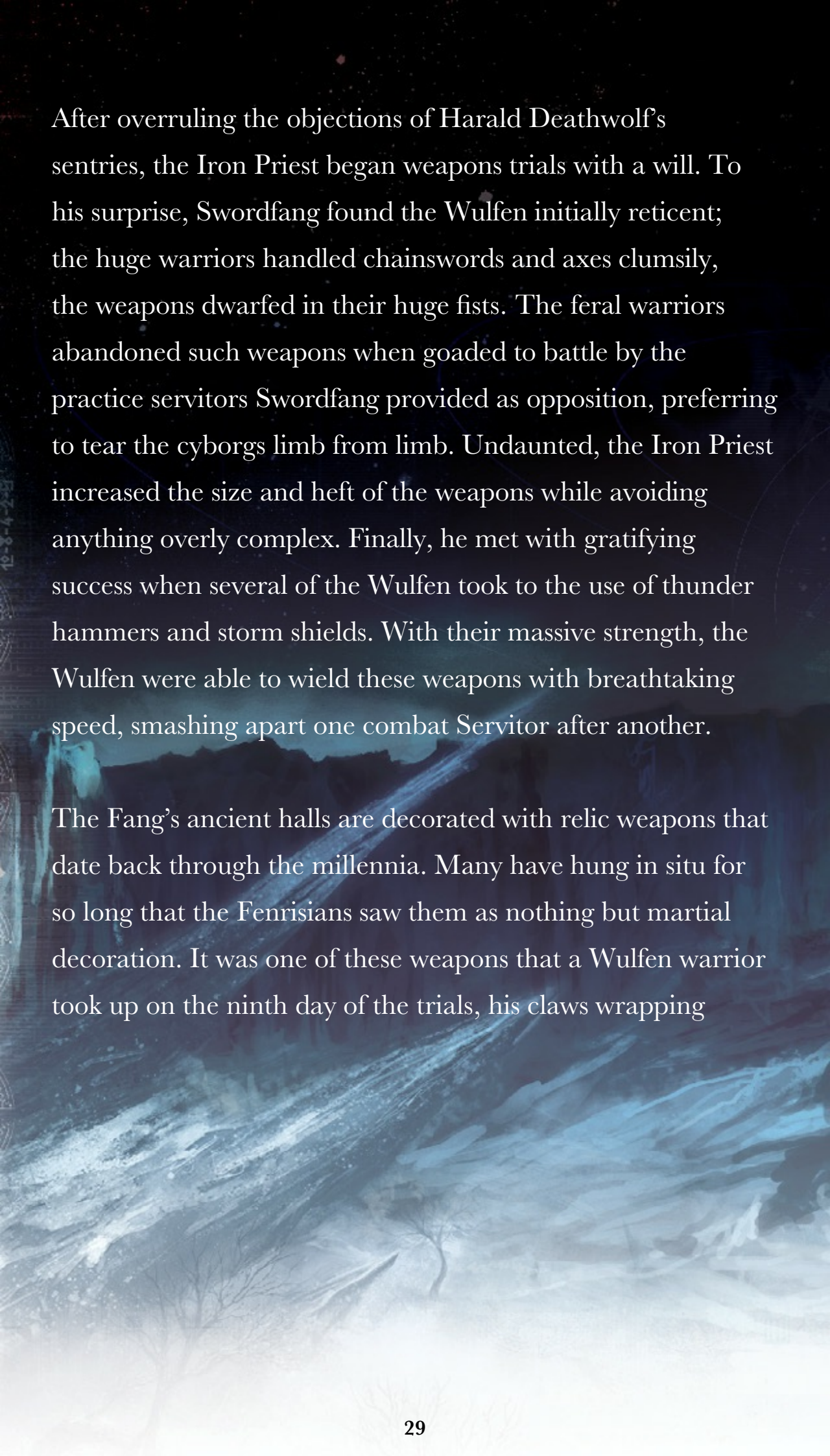
Upon the orders of the Great Wolf, Iron Priest Swordfang moved amongst the Wulfen with his retinue of Servitors. Grimnar had decreed that Swordfang would arm and armour the Wulfen, readying them to fight alongside their brothers. Cautious at first, the Iron Priest soon became used to the feral warriors' presence. Indeed, the more time he spent around the Wulfen, the more the Iron Priest found himself filled with a restless energy that he directed into his work.

The first step was to determine what of the Wulfen's archaic wargear could be salvaged. The battle plate worn by the bestial warriors was little more than scrap. All the same, they seemed reluctant to part with the familiar apparel. Two Servitors were dismembered by angry claw-swipes before the Wulfen were finally parted from their battered armour. It was replaced by power armour forged by Swordfang's own hand, its dimensions enlarged and systems adapted to accommodate the Wulfens' hulking frames. Once armoured, the Wulfen took quickly to their new gear, the enhanced power output lending them speed and strength in excess of anything they had known before.



The punch-daggers wielded by Yngvir and his packmates were clearly effective weapons, but it did not take an Iron Priest's practised eye to see that – with their massive, muscular frames – the Wulfen could bear larger and more potent weaponry with ease.





After overruling the objections of Harald Deathwolf's sentries, the Iron Priest began weapons trials with a will. To his surprise, Swordfang found the Wulfen initially reticent; the huge warriors handled chainswords and axes clumsily, the weapons dwarfed in their huge fists. The feral warriors abandoned such weapons when goaded to battle by the practice servitors Swordfang provided as opposition, preferring to tear the cyborgs limb from limb. Undaunted, the Iron Priest increased the size and heft of the weapons while avoiding anything overly complex. Finally, he met with gratifying success when several of the Wulfen took to the use of thunder hammers and storm shields. With their massive strength, the Wulfen were able to wield these weapons with breathtaking speed, smashing apart one combat Servitor after another.

The Fang's ancient halls are decorated with relic weapons that date back through the millennia. Many have hung in situ for so long that the Fenrisians saw them as nothing but martial decoration. It was one of these weapons that a Wulfen warrior took up on the ninth day of the trials, his claws wrapping

around the haft of a great frost axe with the hesitancy of dim memory. Swordfang watched as the Wulfen hefted a weapon long thought purely ceremonial. The Iron Priest's eyes widened as the Wulfen suddenly roared and bisected a marble statue with a single thunderous swing. Once the alarmed Grey Hunters had been talked down from riddling the axe-wielder with bolt shells, Swordfang was able to fully consider this revelation. If one relic weapon had been made for Wulfen hands, perhaps there were more? Had such warriors existed in the Chapter's past, or had their eventual existence been predicted? The search that followed produced further frost weapons of prodigious size, as well as an impulse-triggered grenade module that integrated seamlessly with the Wulfen's distinctive pattern of neural activity. Giving orders for the search to continue, Swordfang hurried to furnish Grimnar with his report. The Wulfen were ready for war.





ACROSS THE SEA OF STARS

Amid wilds howls and the booming of vast Fenrisian war drums, the Space Wolves set out to sail the Sea of Stars. Each Great Company followed a different path, chasing the strange beacon-fires of the Warp storms. It was a time of grand adventure and desperate battle, during which the Space Wolves raced to recover their ancient kin from countless battlefields, saved untold Imperial citizens from daemonic horror, and wrote new sagas in the blood of their foes.

**SEGMENTUM
OBSCURUS**

**Gothic
Sector**

The Eye of Terror

Mordian

Anvarheim System

Cadia

**Fenris
(Space Wolves)**
**Svardeghul
(Deathwolves)**

Armageddon

**SEGMENTUM
SOLAR**

Terra

Necromunda

Tallarn

**Tranquilitas
(Firehowlers)**

**SEGMENTUM
TEMPESTUS**

Solstice

**Atrapan
(The Stormwolves)**

Gryphonne IV





Gothic Sector

**Hades Reach
(The Grimbloods)**

**Nexus III
Astro Station**

Valhalla

Krastellan

**Baal
(Blood Angels)**

**Dragos
(The Blackmanes)**

**Svardeghul
(Deathwolves)**

**Mydgal Alpha
(The Ironwolves)**

**Vikurus
(Champions of
Fenris)**

**Suldabrax
(The Sons of Morkai)**

Prospero

Ryza

Catachan

**THE
MAELSTROM**

Badab

**Emberghul
(The Red Moons)**

Tallarn

**The Rock
(Dark Angels)**

**Rynn's World
(Crimson Fists)**

GHOUL STARS

Spartha IV
(The Seawolves)



**Astro Telepathic
Duct**

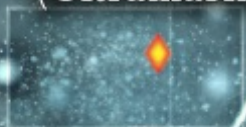
**Ultima
Segmentum**

Fimnir
(The Bloodmaws)



**Tau
Empire**

Macragge
(Ultramarines)



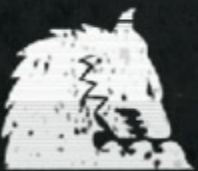
THE EASTERN FRINGE



Voyage of the Coldfang: The Strike Cruiser *Coldfang* departs Fenris, travelling under escort to the Anvarheim System. Here it forms a rallying point; each freshly recovered pack of Wulfen is brought to the *Coldfang* for rearming and observation. Only once all the lost brothers have been recovered will the Strike Cruiser bear them back to the Fang with due ceremony.



The Giants' Cauldron: Driving into the Warp-spawned maelstrom around the gas giant Fimmir, Bran Redmaw's Great Company make landfall upon the vapour-mining platforms that ring the planet. Hacking a path through the possessed corpses of the miners, Redmaw's warriors join the Wulfen they have been sent to find in a gloriously bloody slaughter of their foes. Only the approach of other Imperial forces compels Redmaw to abandon the fight before the infestation is fully cleansed.



Spartha IV: Engir Krakendoom's Great Company reaches the turbulent world of Spartha IV to find their daemonic targets already banished and Eldar from Craftworld Ulthwé hunting the Wulfen amid the mesa-storms of the planet's cyclone belt. The Eldar are driven off, saving the lives of thousands of local ore miners. Despite growing misgivings, Krakendoom recovers the surviving Wulfen and departs.



Fenris: Keen to show repentance after his mistakes on Alaric Prime, Krom Dragongaze swears a selfless oath; he and his Great Company will watch over the Fang in their brothers' absence, forgoing the glory of the hunt for the honour of the long vigil.



Dragos: Ragnar Blackmane's Great Company fall upon the world of Dragos, battling through Daemon-haunted jungles to recover their 13th Company brethren. As each pack of Wulfen is recovered, Blackmane sends them to Anvarheim in swift warships while his forces fight on and rescue numerous Adeptus Mechanicus personnel from research stations in the jungle depths.



Hades Reach: Braving wild solar storms and lakes of sentient fire, Kjarl Grimblood's warriors defeat a host of Daemons led by the Blue Scribes in order to rescue a handful of Wulfen brothers.



Atrapan: The situation on this prison world is already dire when Bjorn Stormwolf's Great Company arrive. Loose amongst the inmates, the Wulfen are causing carnage. Stormwolf bellows the order to unleash his war dogs, carving through armed gangs of convicts to extract the Wulfen. During the fighting,



Stormwolf descends into a state of berserk savagery that only abates when the fighting is done.



Suldabrax: While recovering Wulfen from the ironclouds of this strange world, Erik Morkai bests a Slaaneshi Daemon Prince in single combat and saves the lives of over a billion Imperial citizens.



Emberghul: Spacial distortion from the Warp storm engulfing Emberghul causes Gunnar Red Moon's Great Company to arrive on the world mere moments after they set out from the Fang. Aided by the prophetic powers of their Rune Priest, Skaerl Wyrldseer, the Space Wolves are able to catch the invading Daemons in a series of crippling ambushes and snatch up the Wulfen in a matter of hours.





THE DEATHWOLVES

The Deathwolves are amongst the greatest hunters and trackers in the galaxy. Led by Harald Deathwolf – whose affinity with all lupine beasts is unrivalled – it seemed certain that if any Great Company would swiftly bring the hunt for their lost kin to a successful conclusion, it would be these warriors.



HARALD
DEATHWOLF



Wolf Lord of the Deathwolves

CANIS WOLFBORN

Harald's Champion



THE RIDERS OF MORKAI

6 Thunderwolf Cavalry



THE THUNDERCLAWS

6 Thunderwolf Cavalry



THE REDHOWL HUNTERS

5 Thunderwolf Cavalry



MORKAI'S HUNTERS

10 Grey Hunters



THE FELLFANGS

5 Grey Hunters



THE DEATHHOWLS

13 Blood Claws



THE ICEFANGS

5 Long Fangs



LOKYAR'S STALKERS

10 Wolf Scouts

THE NIGHTWOLVES

10 Grey Hunters



THE STORMSTALKERS

7 Grey Hunters



THE WULFSOULS

10 Blood Claws



THE STORMBOWS

5 Long Fangs



THE COLDEYES

6 Wolf Scouts



THE HUNTBROTHERS

15 Fenrisian Wolves

THE FROSTRUNNERS

15 Fenrisian Wolves

VEGEL SHARD

Venerable Dreadnought with
helfrost cannon

HALFDR BANESTAR

Venerable Dreadnought with
plasma cannon

MANTLE OF THE ICE TROLL KING

Ripped as a trophy from the flesh of Blaugndir, this scaled cloak is said to be enchanted. Flames slide from its surface like waves from a rocky shore, even the helfires of Chaos finding no purchase upon the mantle's frozen hide.



STORM SHIELD

Lord Deathwolf's storm shield has seen much battle, and has saved the Wolf Lord's life countless times. Enfolded in a shimmering energy field, the shield is capable of turning aside even artillery blasts and sorcerous blades.



GLACIUS

Harald Deathwolf's frost axe is a weapon of great notoriety. It was this blade that took the head of the ice troll king Blaugndir, that cut down the heretical demagogue Hateshriek, and that felled every one of the ninety-nine grief-beasts of Gallowhaunt.





ICETOOTH

This hulking Thunderwolf has been Harald Deathwolf's loyal steed through many battles. It was Icetooth who bore Harald to victory upon the blasted plains of Zslabin, and whose slavering jaws tore the life from Phaenoc the Unclean.

STRIKE FORCE WHITESTALKER

Sweeping through the void, the Deathwolves followed the storm-spoor that would lead them to their long-lost kin. Their ships surged through the Warp like a pack of wolves loping through a dark and dangerous forest. Ever at the fore was their flagship and Harald Deathwolf's personal Strike Cruiser, the *Alpha Fang*. As this swift and predatory fleet drew ever closer to the Warpstorm, the Wolf Lord assembled his hunting party from the finest warriors in his Great Company. Named Strike Force Whitestalker, this was the army that Harald would lead to war in person.

From the back of his grizzled steed, Icetooth, Harald prepared to lead this force on what promised to be a strange hunt. The quarry was not foe but friend, or so Grimnar claimed. Harald wanted to believe this, but the warning from his instincts was strong and his caution great. The Wolf Lord knew that tactical flexibility and keen hunter's instincts would be needed to first locate, and then safely extract, the Wulfen from a world crawling with daemonic entities.

The Riders of Morkai were heroes all, a band of relentless hunters whose courage and ferocity was renowned. These Thunderwolf-mounted Wolf Guard would form the core of Harald's force; they were fast and hard-hitting enough to secure the Wulfen as soon as they were located, and to pacify them should it come to that. Wielding a mix of thunder hammers, frost axes and chainswords, this rugged band of warriors were well equipped for close quarters combat. Their hulking Thunderwolves lent the Riders of Morkai great resilience and



savage strength, Wolf Guard and beasts combining to create an unstoppable force. Harald knew that he could count on these saga-sung heroes even should this hunt turn sour.

Experience would count for much upon this strange and perilous hunt. Thus, as Harald broke his Great Company into strike forces ready for the battles to come, the Wolf Lord ensured that his remaining Wolf Guard – including Canis Wolfborn – rode at the head of these hunting parties. Each force also included at least one pack of Grey Hunters. Decades of battle had tempered these warriors and cooled the impulsive fires of youth; not only would the Grey Hunters provide each force with a strategically versatile core, but their wisdom would count for much when it came to dealing with their feral quarry.

Two bands of battle-hardened Grey Hunters would go to war at Harald's side. Both Morkai's Hunters and the Nightwolves – famed for their bloody victory on the cursed world of Perilforge – were armed with a flexible mix of mid- to close-range firepower and an array of fearsome close combat weaponry. Whatever daemonic horrors had spilled from the Warp storm in the wake of the returned Wulfen, Harald's Grey Hunters would be equal to the task of laying them low.

Harald believed that any encounter with the newly returned Wulfen could exhibit the violent potential of a primed krak grenade if poorly handled. As such, not only did the Wolf Lord keep his coolest-headed warriors on hand, but he also made sure that only his most tempered and capable Blood Claws joined Strike Force Whitestalker. This honour went to the ferocious band of Blood Claws known as the Deathhowls.



Long since passed through their trials of Morkai and learning to temper ambition with wisdom, these young warriors had already begun writing sagas of their own.

Strike Force Whitestalker was supported by veteran warriors whose skills would be crucial to the successful recovery of the Wulfen. The strike force's pack of Long Fangs were known as the Icefangs, and were famed throughout the Chapter for their lethal marksmanship during the long retreat from Vadyrheim. A pack of Wolf Scouts known as Lokyar's Stalkers completed the Strike Force's infantry complement. Their leader – Lokyar Longblade – was known as 'the Stormghost' for his near supernatural ability to exploit weather conditions and terrain to mask his approach upon his prey. These two packs would provide Harald's Wolf Claw Strike Force with strategic flexibility, allowing them to observe enemy movements, to identify key threats and to eliminate them from great range.

The hunt for the Wulfen would require razor-keen senses, and the instincts of true trackers. To supplement the already-impressive abilities of his Deathwolves, Harald ensured that great numbers of Fenrisian Wolves prowled the flanks of his strike force. These Wolfkin were relentless beasts, used to tracking their prey across hundreds of miles of frozen Fenrisian wilderness. Those Wulfen recovered from Nurades also loped into battle at Harald's side, since the Wolf Lord did not trust the 13th Company brothers enough to let them out of his sight. Harald also reasoned that the kinship of the Wulfen with his quarry would prove useful in locating them, while the ferocious strength of these feral warriors could be vital in effecting their brothers' rescue.









THE HUNT BEGINS

A grim and jagged world, the planet of Svardeghul had proved a rich source of precious ores for the Imperium. Worked for centuries by smoke-belching rig-cities, the planet's hide was gnarled and scarred, while its thin atmosphere had been rendered barely breathable. The damage wrought by the Imperium had only been worsened by the Daemons of the Warp.

Churning madness met the Deathwolves as their warships burst from the Empyrean. The localised Warp storm acting as the Deathwolves' beacon had engulfed Svardeghul, and now its energies battered at the Fenrisian ships. Void shields crackled and hull plates groaned as the Warp storm pushed billowing tendrils through into realspace. Servitors chattered madly at their stations, spooling nonsense or bursting into flames. Every ship in the fleet sustained damage as they rode out the ferocious Warp tides. Vessels and crewmen alike transmuted into ice, dust or slopping ectoplasm. Harald Deathwolf cursed as he stood on the bridge of the *Alpha Fang*, listening to the reports. Such was the import of the Space Wolves' duty that they weathered the storm regardless. The fleet would have to withstand orbit long enough to locate and extract the Wulfen from the world below.

As the Space Wolves' sensors swept Svardeghul, it rapidly became clear that rescuing their lost brothers – if they were even down there – would be a challenge. A cacophony of

terrified screams and helpless pleading clogged every vox frequency, except for those that resounded to booming, inhuman chants or spine-chilling daemonic whispers. Harald Deathwolf surmised with a heavy heart that this world was a lost cause, and its people beyond rescue. Remote auguries confirmed that every last one of Svardeghul's huge, ambulatory rig-cities was overrun by unnatural horrors. Many rigs were already blazing charnel houses, and more than one of the piston-legged mining settlements had become possessed biomechanical predators, rampaging across Svardeghul's desolate surface to prey upon their still-inanimate fellows.

Harald reasoned that there was only one way to find the proverbial icicle in the snow drift. His Great Company were trackers and hunters without compare, but could not use those skills trammelled on their ships. The only way to find the Wulfen was for the Deathwolves to deploy to Svardeghul's surface, scouring the world's habitable zones for their quarry. It would take time, but if anyone had sharp enough senses for this hunt, it was the Deathwolves.

Hunting parties of Wolf Scouts and Grey Hunters scattered to remote regions of the globe, hoping to pick up the trail of the Wulfen. Following a prickle of intuition, Harald had his strike force put down at the last known site of the planetary capital, Rig Delta. The Space Wolves were awed by the destruction

that met their eyes upon landing. The towering rig-city had strode across the planet's rocky surface upon eight immense, piston-driven legs; it was these limbs that had carried Rig Delta off a high precipice to be smashed apart upon the plains below. Wreckage and mangled corpses stretched as far as the eye could see, curdled daemonic ichor dripping and pooling amongst the remains of the city's slaughtered populace.

Even over the stench of blood, the Wulfen detected an unmistakable scent. With halting words, pack leader Yngvir reported to Lord Deathwolf that he and his brothers smelled Wulfenkind to the south, mingled with the dread brimstone stink of Daemons. The source of the windborne scent was many miles distant, but the simple fact that Harald's force had located it at all was nothing short of miraculous. They had expected this hunt to last many weeks, and hope for a successful conclusion had not been great. The Deathwolves gave praise to Russ for this omen before setting out in pursuit. But Harald remembered the strange intuition that had brought him here, and his disquiet grew.

The Space Wolves' loping strides ate up the miles as they crossed the plains beneath the weird, whirling aurorae of the Warp storm. Moaning faces and hellish sigils formed and dispersed across the upper atmosphere, but the Space Wolves ignored them. Their Wolf Scouts ranged ahead, the Wolfkin to their flanks, while the Stormwolf Gunship *Runeclaw* followed behind, the Deathwolf Blood Claws forming a flying reserve within its capacious hold.



Cresting a rocky ridge, Harald looked down upon a scene of madness. The Shatterfields had once been a rich mining site, but years of excavation had left the whole area a broken expanse of spoil-mounds, jagged ravines, and dry, cracked plains. Down amid that desolation, the Deathwolves' keen eyesight picked out the distant, hulking figures they had come to find. The Wulfen were already locked in battle with a great mass of daemonic foes. The bestial warriors were vastly outnumbered, and had retreated into an area of sharp rocks where the enemy were forced to come at them piecemeal. As flaming chariots swept overhead trailing warpflame, and Daemonettes stabbed at the Wulfen, it could not be long before the 13th Company brothers were overwhelmed.

Harald Deathwolf hesitated for a long moment atop the ridge, before at last raising his frost axe and signalling the attack. There were no howled war cries as Strike Force Whitestalker began to lope down the rocky slope, no battle shouts or oaths as they accelerated to a run, then a charge. The horde of Daemons before them was completely fixated on the Wulfen and had not yet realised that the Deathwolves were upon them. Harald and his warriors would make the Warpspawn pay for their lack of caution.

Strike Force Whitestalker ploughed into the enemy's rear ranks with the sudden ferocity of a wolf pack at the kill.

he wind whipped past Harald as he charged towards his unwary prey, but he felt no joy in this hunt. The Wolf Lord swung his frost axe savagely, hacking through a surprised Daemon and splitting it in two. Icetooth thundered on, crashing through a mass of Pink Horrors. Something about this quest sat wrong with Harald, something that had prickled at his instincts since he first heard those great brutes howling on Nurades. The Wolf Lord couldn't sink his fangs into what was truly troubling him, but it felt good to vent his formless unease as violence upon the Daemon filth.

The infernal enemy were turning now, reacting with shock and outrage at the Fenrisian newcomers interrupting their sport. The Daemons stabbed with vorpal claws and hurled wyrdfire, shrieking their wrath. Harald pressed on regardless, swinging his axe in killing arcs as he forced a path ever closer to the Wulfen.

The Deathwolf would obey Grimnar's commands to rescue these beast warriors but he would not pretend to like it, and he would not lie to himself that – for a moment up on the ridge – he hadn't considered simply turning around and leaving the Wulfen to their fate.

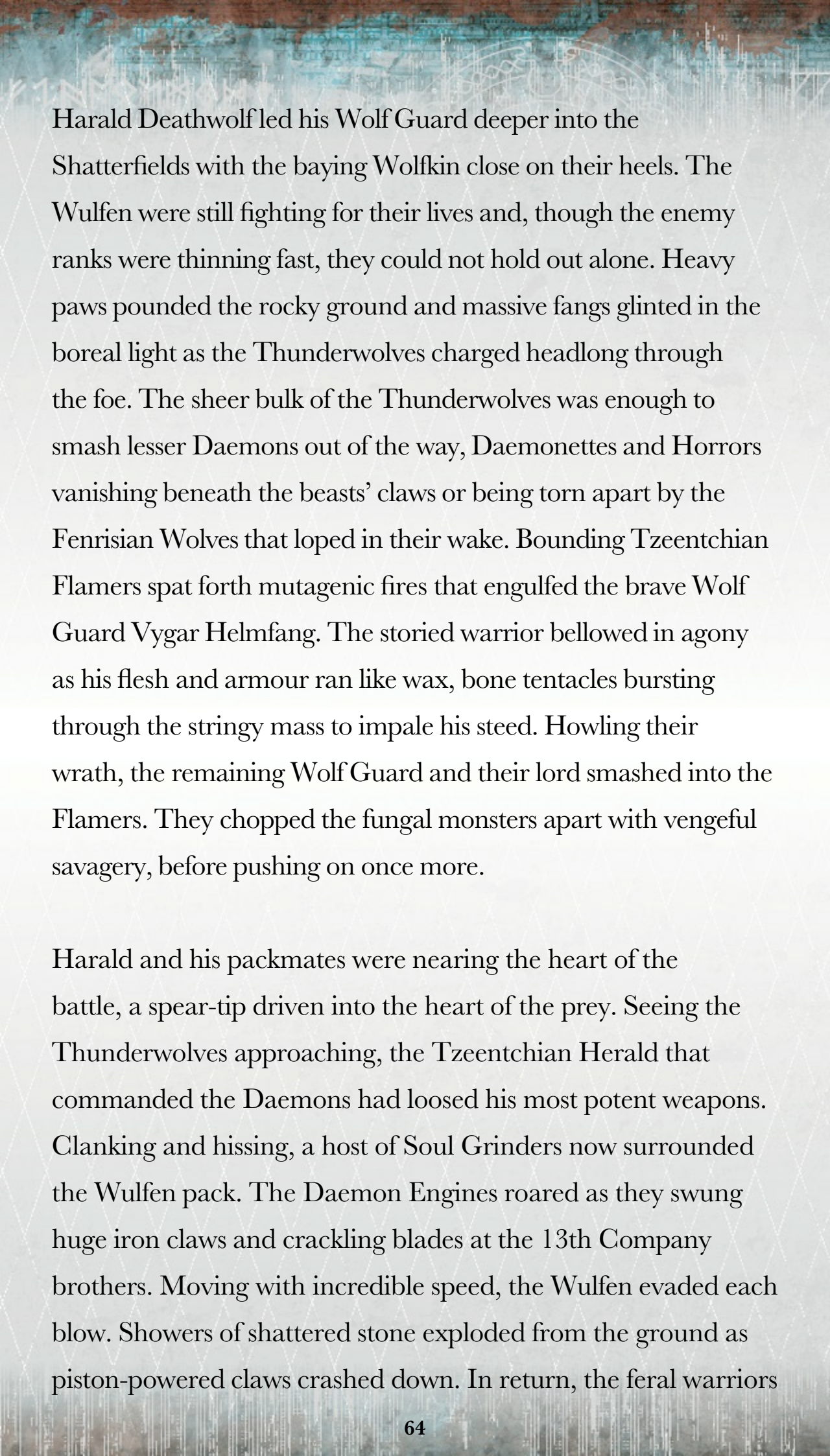


Pink Horrors were shredded by bolter fire, the rubbery blue simulacra that burst from their corpses cut down in turn. Trilling Slaaneshi Fiends were chopped to offal by roaring chainswords, while the Daemonettes that accompanied them fell to searing plasma fire. At the heart of the Shatterfields, the Wulfen caught scent of their saviours and raised a mighty howl, fighting all the harder with claw, fang and punch-blade. Their kin amongst the Deathwolves' ranks returned the baying call, hacking and bludgeoning a path into the Daemons' ranks in their desperation to rescue their brothers.

Taken wholly by surprise, the Daemons had seen their numbers cut in half. Such entities knew nothing of fear or panic though, instead responding with spiteful rage. A Burning Skyhost whirled above the battle, the Tzeentchian Daemons plunging down upon their foes with lethal intent. Unnatural chariots whipped over the Deathwolves' lines, their passengers hurling comets of etheric fire that blasted Grey Hunters to ash or hurled them, smouldering and mutating, through the air. Screamers swept through the Space Wolves ranks with unnatural grace, lopping off heads and slamming bone spikes through breastplates.

In response, Harald ordered *Runeclaw* into the fight. The Stormwolf Gunship swept low, its embarkation ramp whining down and allowing the Blood Claws of the Deathhowls to spill forth into the fight. The young warriors gave voice to a mighty war cry as they added their strength to the Deathwolf advance.





Harald Deathwolf led his Wolf Guard deeper into the Shatterfields with the baying Wolfkin close on their heels. The Wulfen were still fighting for their lives and, though the enemy ranks were thinning fast, they could not hold out alone. Heavy paws pounded the rocky ground and massive fangs glinted in the boreal light as the Thunderwolves charged headlong through the foe. The sheer bulk of the Thunderwolves was enough to smash lesser Daemons out of the way, Daemonettes and Horrors vanishing beneath the beasts' claws or being torn apart by the Fenrisian Wolves that loped in their wake. Bounding Tzeentchian Flamers spat forth mutagenic fires that engulfed the brave Wolf Guard Vygur Helmfang. The storied warrior bellowed in agony as his flesh and armour ran like wax, bone tentacles bursting through the stringy mass to impale his steed. Howling their wrath, the remaining Wolf Guard and their lord smashed into the Flamers. They chopped the fungal monsters apart with vengeful savagery, before pushing on once more.

Harald and his packmates were nearing the heart of the battle, a spear-tip driven into the heart of the prey. Seeing the Thunderwolves approaching, the Tzeentchian Herald that commanded the Daemons had loosed his most potent weapons. Clanking and hissing, a host of Soul Grinders now surrounded the Wulfen pack. The Daemon Engines roared as they swung huge iron claws and crackling blades at the 13th Company brothers. Moving with incredible speed, the Wulfen evaded each blow. Showers of shattered stone exploded from the ground as piston-powered claws crashed down. In return, the feral warriors

slashed and battered at their attackers, denting armoured limbs and ripping free great chunks of Daemon flesh.

Even as the Riders of Morkai neared the fight, one of the Soul Grinders plunged its blade through the chest of a luckless Wulfen before ripping it out sideways in a jetting explosion of gore. The remaining Wulfen went berserk, their pack leader launching himself high to slam into the torso of the Soul Grinder before hammering his punch-daggers repeatedly through its face. As the Daemon Engine reeled, the Thunderwolves crashed into the fight, Wolf Guard swinging their thunder hammers to smash the Soul Grinder's legs out from under it. The monstrous machine toppled, the Wulfen pack leader riding it to the ground before ripping its head clean off its shoulders. He rose, holding his grisly trophy high and howling in feral triumph.

Harald and his Wolf Guard fought all the harder in response to that primal sound. Fenrisian Wolf packs leapt and bounded nimbly between the Soul Grinders' stamping legs while the Space Wolves hacked and hewed. Sparks showered as frost blades and thunder hammers smashed daemonic iron and brass. A Wolf Guard was blown from his saddle by the point blank fire of a harvester cannon, while another was crushed by a stamping metal leg. A point blank stream of acidic bile dissolved a whole pack of Fenrisian Wolves in a single, horrific blast. Another Soul Grinder was brought down and smashed to scrap, but the third swung one mighty fist and snatch Harald Deathwolf from his saddle. Pistons creaked and servos groaned as the claw began to

contract, and the Wolf Lord snarled in agony as his armour – and bones – began to fracture and crack.

Out of nowhere, one of the Wulfen lunged in to grab the claw's pincers. Roaring with the strain, the hulking warrior pulled as hard as he could until, painfully, the iron talons creaked open. Pistons buckled and ichor spurted from burst cables as the claw gave way, Harald sliding free to crash to the ground. The enraged Wulfen tore the Soul Grinder's forelimb off altogether and – spinning on his heel – hurled the huge chunk of metal straight into the Daemon Engine's face. Brimstone blood showered down amid an explosion of flesh and shattered bone, and the decapitated Soul Grinder slumped sideways.

Gasping for breath, Harald Deathwolf looked up at his bestial saviour, who grinned back at him through a mouth full of fangs. The Wolf Lord spat blood and shook his head, looking past the Wulfen to where Strike Force Whitestalker were cutting down the last of the Daemons. Vision fogged with pain, Harald registered that victory had been secured. Though the fight had been fierce the Wulfen were safe, and the Deathwolves triumphant.

**'BENEATH THE LEERING SKY GONE MAD,
UPON THE SHATTERED FIELDS,
WARPSPAWN CRUSHED IN DEATHWOLF'S JAWS,
THE LOST WERE FOUND ONCE MORE.'**

- Extract from the Saga of the Lost







THE IRONWOLVES

The Ironwolves, Great Company of Egil Iron Wolf, are renowned for their mechanical might and relentless tenacity. These were the qualities that would aid them most as they brought the hunt for their lost Wulfen kin to the blighted hive world of Mydgal Alpha.

THE IRON EYE

Lord Iron Wolf lost his right eye to fire from Ork Lootas during the Battle of Raining Fire. The lost orb was replaced with one of steel and sensors, the finely crafted augmetic allowing Egil to visually dissect his prey. None can hide their weaknesses from the Iron Eye.



THE SKULL OF DOLF

This servo-skull is the last mortal remnant of famed Wolf Guard Dolf Longmane. Lord Egil chose to immortalise this hero as a mark of honour after his courageous death boarding the Chaos Titan *Shadow of Menace*.



THE CLAWS OF WINTER

Said to be imbued with the spirits of the Fenrisian winter winds, these famed wolf claws cut to the bone as easily as an ice-storm upon the slopes of Asaheim.





THE FORGEPELT

Egil Iron Wolf's masterwork power armour was forged by his own hand. The Wolf Lord has augmented his famed Forgepelt after each of his notable victories, so that now this distinctive armour is as much a part of Lord Iron Wolf's saga as the warrior himself.

EGIL IRON WOLF

Wolf Lord of the Ironwolves



THE IRONGUARD

10 Wolf Guard

THE FORGEHAMMERS

10 Wolf Guard Terminators





THE BLACKWOLVES

5 Grey Hunters



THE ASHCLAWS

9 Grey Hunters

THE STEELSOULS

10 Grey Hunters



THE HAMMERFISTS

10 Grey Hunters





THE HOTBLOODS

14 Blood Claws



THE IRONSTARS

10 Skyclaws

THE FROSTCLAWS

5 Long Fangs



THE IRON SHIELD

5 Long Fangs



THE SNOWFANGS

5 Long Fangs



THE ICERIDERS

5 Long Fangs





THE STEELHOWLS

8 Swiftclaw Bikers,
Swiftclaw Attack Bike

THE TROLLKILLERS

8 Swiftclaw Bikers,
Swiftclaw Attack Bike



THE IRON HUNT

Egil Iron Wolf's fleet broke Warp on the very edge of the Mydgal System, powering in towards Mydgal Alpha through the otherworldly turbulence of an empyric tempest. During Warp transit, Iron Priest Tsorvigg Helhammer had drawn upon scraps of arcane lore from the days of the Heresy, succeeding in rigging up a modified augur array. This was calibrated to detect the distinctive power signatures of 13th Company armour, and the moment the fleet translated in-system it began to provide a steadily strengthening return. Following its signal, Egil Iron Wolf split his Great Company into a trio of optimised strike forces. These would neutralise whatever threats were at large in the battlescape before converging on the location of the Wulfen. While Egil's Wolf Guard Battle Leaders oversaw the other two forces, he would command the Greatpack known as the Iron Hunt in person, accompanied by Iron Priest Helhammer and his augur device.

Egil Iron Wolf was followed into battle by his favoured champions, the Ironguard. Lord Iron Wolf looked for resilience, determination and brute strength in his Wolf Guard, and this band of warriors embodied all those qualities. With many boasting cybernetic enhancements and mechanical prostheses beneath their power armour, the Ironguard could fight on through the most grievous of wounds. Meanwhile, their assortment of potent close combat weaponry and decades of melee combat experience made them the equal of the hardest foes. Charging into the heart of battle from the exit ramp of their Razorback, Egil and his Ironguard were all but unstoppable.



The remainder of the Iron Wolf's Greatpack comprised a mailed fist of tanks, supported by infantry and air assets. A pair of Predator battle-tanks led this force into battle. Carrying a full load-out of lascannons to war, the Predator Annihilator *Iron Hunter* was a dedicated tank killer capable of slaying war engines far larger than itself. Meanwhile its sister *Iron Vengeance* was a Destructor-pattern Predator that packed sufficient anti-infantry firepower to mow down whole squads in a matter of seconds. Providing close-range, overwhelming fire support to these potent tanks was the Vindicator known as the *Wrath of Morkai*, a pugnacious mobile siege gun capable of blowing apart enemy war machines or flattening fortifications.

An ancient Land Raider Crusader by the name of *Ironfist* completed the formation. This roaring beast of battle boasted the thick armour and close-range punch typical of its ilk, coupled with a legendary tenacity that had seen it shrug off seemingly critical damage time and time again. Having fought its way through such infamous armour engagements as Bokka'de and the Cataclysm Pacification, Ironfist had proved its worth beyond any doubt. These battle tanks, overseen by Iron Priest Helhammer, formed a Spear of Russ formation.

This powerful hunting pack of armoured engines was accompanied by the Grey Hunters known as the Blackwolves, and a pack of Long Fangs who named themselves the Frostclaws. Carried aboard a lascannon-armed Razorback, the Blackwolves were few in number but highly experienced. With chainswords revving and boltguns at the ready, these seasoned warriors were well-versed in supporting the Ironwolves' armour,

warding off hostile infantry who might threaten the tanks up close or seizing vital objectives that the armour could not reach.

By comparison, the Long Fangs known as the Frostclaws had but a single task. It was their duty to speed in their Razorback to a commanding position from where they could best support their comrades. Wherever they identified a particularly pressing threat, or saw an opportunity to eliminate some vital target, the Frostclaws had autonomy to take the shot. In this way, Lord Iron Wolf trusted his veteran marksmen to dictate the shape of the battle as best they saw fit, punching holes in the enemy lines or turning back assaults at will. From the Hives of Herus to the furious assault on Dursella, the pinpoint fire of these Long Fangs had saved the lives of Lord Iron Wolf and his packmates more than once.

**‘STRUGGLE IF YOU MUST, YOU
DAEMON-LOVING SONS OF TROLLS. IT’LL
AVAIL YOU NAUGHT.
NO-ONE LIVES FOR LONG ONCE THE IRON
WOLF HAS THEM IN ITS JAWS.’**

- Egil Iron Wolf during the battle of the Seven Gates

Flying in support of this armoured assemblage was the Stormfang Gunship *Iron Spear*. Piloted by Vengr Iceblood – a renowned fighter ace who had downed over thirty Ork aircraft during the fighting on Alaric Prime – this attack craft certainly lived up to its name. Hurtling into battle like the thrown javelin of some angry god, *Iron Spear* blasted apart ground targets and enemy aircraft alike; countless foes had been reduced to frozen statues or ice-rimed wreckage by the gunship’s deadly firepower.







THE HELL BELOW

Braving the swirling energies and filthy unlight of the Warp storm, the Ironwolves moved into orbit over Mydgal Alpha. Embarking their armoured gunships, Egil Iron Wolf's warriors followed the Wulfen augur-trace down through the planet's atmosphere and straight towards the super-hive of Irkalla.

As his gunships roared down towards Irkalla's gleaming spires, Egil Iron Wolf brooded on the available information about this strange world. Below his craft seethed a thick layer of black-and-grey smoke, a churning ocean of smog and ash that blanketed the whole globe. For millennia this world had served as an industrial powerhouse, processing vast quantities of promethium for the Imperium's armies. However, some centuries ago, the chemical spoil-strata accumulated beneath the planet's crust had caught alight. Once started, the fires had been impossible to stop – they still burned beneath the surface now, belching forth a planet-wide blanket of pollutants from chasms and craters.

This catastrophe had reduced the surface to a hellish realm of flame pits and smouldering chemical rivers. Never ones to waste serviceable planets, the Administratum had simply reclassified Mydgal Alpha as a hive world and used the reclaimed factorum and refinery materials to build a single immense super-hive on the world's last viable landmass. This was Irkalla, and its creation had largely been a success.

Now, however, the hive faced dangers like none it had encountered before.

Judging by the pathetically hopeful vox hails from the hive's spires, the people of Irkalla believed the Space Wolves were here to save them. The Ironwolves muttered and made gestures to ward off evil as the voices on the vox spoke of a terrible plague, swarms of biting insects and an unnatural sickness that had swept up from the underhive when the Warp storm came. The light of the sun had 'gone bad' they said, turning a jaundiced yellow and causing rust and rot to spread wherever it touched. Foul omens and portents abounded, and before the spires had shut their gates to the levels below they had received word of otherworldly beings attacking the populace en masse.

Egil Iron Wolf wasted no time. Iron Priest Helhammer reported that the augur-trace was emanating from down in the very bowels of Irkalla, and if the city was overrun by sickness there was little the Space Wolves could do to help. Perhaps the Inquisition would come to aid these people – though the Space Wolves mistrusted the Inquisition's particular brand of help – but regretfully the Ironwolves and Wulfen must be long gone by then. Ordering his followers to ignore the frantic cries of Irkalla's damned populace, Lord Iron Wolf had his three strike forces descend into the pall of smoke below. Updated schematics showed that the hive's metal skin was ruptured and ruined at its lowest levels, mingling freely with the polluted wastelands without. It was here that the Ironwolves would gain swift access to the city.







So towering and vast was Irkalla that it took some time for the Fenrisian craft to descend to its base through the billowing smoke. Engines laboured as ash clogged intakes and turbines, while pilots were forced to fly by their instruments as visibility dropped to zero. Through the view ports of the gunships, the Space Wolves watched in silence as a ruddy hue suffused the billowing clouds, becoming more intense as they rumbled in towards their final landing points. Collision hymnals sang out and the pilots wrestled with their controls as towering, skeletal ruins loomed up out of the murk. Several gunships clipped some outflung spar of masonry or fire-blackened bridge. Fortunately, Adeptus Astartes craft were built to withstand incredible punishment, and no serious damage was sustained.

Finally, with a series of jarring thumps, the Ironwolves put down in their landing zones. Emerging from their gunships, the warriors of the Iron Hunt scowled into the firelit gloom, taking in their grim surroundings while the strike force's tanks detached from their Thunderhawk Landers. The hive had once sprawled out across this area, but constant subsidence and the hungry attentions of the flames had caused the architecture to crumple and collapse. Chasms yawned amid the tangled bones of ancient walkways, flames billowing up from their depths. Bubbling lakes of tar-like pollutants flickered with weird-hued fires, belching fumes that would have killed an unaugmented human in moments. It was an environment as hostile as any Egil Iron Wolf had seen, yet the augur trace was coming in loud and clear now, from just a few kilometres to the west. Weapons at the ready, the

Ironwolves advanced through the rust-rent skin of Irkalla and into its hellish underhive.

Egil's two flanking forces, the Cogclaws and the Steelpelt Destroyers, were the first to vox of enemy contact. Gunfire echoed distantly through the murk, mingling with the background roar of flames and the shuddering of the ground beneath the Ironwolves' treads. No sooner had these signs of battle reached them, than the Iron Hunt found trouble of their own.

The first Daemons shambled from amid the smoke in ones and twos, cyclopean eyes red-rimmed from the fumes and rancid flesh shrivelled by the heat. The Blackwolves cracked off bolter shots at these stumbling targets, felling them with precision fire. However, as the Ironwolves advanced, the terrain became denser and the packs of Daemons more numerous.

The Vindicator *Wrath of Morkai* smashed through a crumbling wall to find itself surrounded by hissing, red-skinned Bloodletters. Only by reversing hard and firing point-blank to obliterate the infernal creatures did the tank avoid being carved into scrap metal. The *Ironfist* rumbled through a shambling mass of Plaguebearers with its hurricane bolters blazing, only to become mired in sucking, tar-like ooze. The loathsome Daemons closed in around the tank, their weight forcing it further down into the swamp. The Stormfang Gunship *Iron Spear* screamed in low, its daring pilot jinking between ruined spars to blitz the Plaguebearers with heavy

bolter fire. Rotten bodies exploded like sacks of offal stuffed with frag grenades, and with a mighty roar the *Ironfist* dragged itself clear of the sludge.

Egil Iron Wolf's tanks smashed through a tumbled scree of ruins and into the skeletal remains of a shrine. Billowing clouds of daemonic flies swirled around the Space Wolf vehicles, and advancing through them came the greatest daemonic horde yet encountered by the Ironwolves. Plaguebearers and Bloodletters pressed in upon the Ironwolves alongside buzzing Plague Drones and bounding Beasts of Nurgle. Behind them came a rumbling battery of Skull Cannons, the Daemon Engines' maws drooling fire. Obscured by the thickest mass of foul insect bodies was something huge: a Daemon Prince, blighted by the gifts of Nurgle. This hideous fiend was Mordokh the Rotted, the architect of Irkalla's miseries and a living plague upon the worlds of men. Beneath his rusted helm, the Daemon Prince's visage split into a rotten-fanged grin, and he raised his blade in challenge to the Space Wolves.





The Iron Hunt surged forwards into battle, Egil and his Ironguard charging out at their head and crashing headlong into the Daemons with blades swinging. Behind them, heavy weapons roared as the Long Fangs, Grey Hunters and battle tanks opened fire in a thunderous volley. As explosions burst amid the Daemons and ruby beams of light tore through them, Lord Iron Wolf and Iron Priest Helhammer hacked and smashed their way deeper into the enemy ranks. The Iron Priest's augur insisted that they were all but on top of the Wulfen, and the Egil's omnipresent scowl deepened at the thought he might be fighting to avenge the lost brothers, not rescue them.

Lord Iron Wolf's fears were proved false, as several packs of Wulfen burst from the shadowed ruins and fell upon the Daemons' flank. Rending and tearing, the feral warriors ripped a path of destruction through the infernal horde. Some were dragged down or run through by rusted daemoniac blades, but the impetus of the Wulfen charge was unstoppable. Letting out a mechanical howl, Lord Iron Wolf drove towards the feral warriors, Helhammer and the Ironguard fighting furiously at his back. Wolf Guard fell, blood spraying and armour sparking as the Daemons tore and hacked at them, but finally the Space Wolves and Wulfen came together at the very heart of the melee.

The Fenrisian battle line had by now been broken into scattered bands and spread across the ruined shrine. To the rear, the Long Fangs of the Frostclaws blasted away, lancing Beasts of Nurgle like fat boils and swatting Plague Drones out of the sky. Egil's

two Predators and Vindicator were fighting hard, but all were damaged and on the verge of being overwhelmed. *Iron Hunter's* lascannons punched glowing holes through a pair of Bloodcrushers, sending them crashing to the ground. Seconds later there was a monumental roar as the Skull Cannons opened fire, flaming skulls exploding across the Predator and leaving it a mangled, blazing wreck. The Blackwolves had been cut off, surrounded by more Nurgle beasts. They hacked and hewed with their chainswords, but the enemy's numbers were against them. First, one Grey Hunter was impaled and borne away into the smoke by a Plague Drone, then several more were smashed flat by frolicking Beasts of Nurgle, writhing in agony as their flesh was eaten away by acidic juices.

Knowing that he had completed his task, and realising his Ironwolves would be overwhelmed if they remained amidst this hell, Egil bellowed into the vox for extraction. Barely had he given the order before a shroud of buzzing insects engulfed the Wolf Lord, the Ironguard and the Wulfen. Egil cursed as bloated flies crawled across his armour and bit at his exposed flesh. He swung his wolf claws in energised arcs, each sweep crisping masses of flies out of the air and ripping through the Plaguebearers pressing in behind. Around him his warriors did the same, fighting on despite the revolting insects that were but harbingers of something far worse. Shoving effortlessly through the ranks of lesser Daemons came Mordokh the Rotted.

The Daemon Prince's first swipe ripped a Wulfen's head from its shoulders before smashing one of the Ironguard head over

heels. His second tore through two more of Egil's Wolf Guard, a rusted blade sliding from Mordokh's palm to eviscerate one warrior and punch through the skull of the other. With an inarticulate howl of rage, Egil plunged his wolf claws into the Daemon Prince's chest. Energised blades ripped through rancid flesh, and Mordokh roared as pus-wet flies spilled from the wound. The Daemon's backhand caught Iron Wolf in the face, breaking his nose and throwing him back into his men with staggering force. The Wolf Lord snarled and spat blood as Mordokh loomed over him with a slop-wet chuckle.

At that moment the smoke-filled air came alive with roaring light and noise. At Egil's bellowed order, the Ironwolves' gunships loosed blitzing fire into the Daemon horde. A screaming salvo of lascannon fire tore through Mordokh's rotted form, blasting the monstrous entity into a buzzing storm of flies. Heavy bolter fire mowed down masses of the enemy, driving the rest back from the beleaguered Space Wolves. The Daemons were forced back into the smoke and flame around the shrine's edge, buying precious moments for the surviving Ironwolves to scramble aboard their extraction craft.

The cost had been steep. The Ironwolves had suffered heavy casualties before their ships had moved in to rescue them. However, the mission was a success, and as the Thunderhawks and Stormwolves turned their prows skyward and roared away through the smoke, the rescued Wulfen were safe within their armoured holds.



SHADOWS AND SECRETS

When the Astropaths of Nurades cried out in anguish, the Space Wolves had not been the only ones to heed their call. The Dark Angels, too, had heard the Astropaths' message. For them, it held an altogether different significance, and an alarming warning.

The Dark Angels are a Chapter with many secrets. The Sons of the Lion are compelled to hide many things from the eyes of the wider Imperium. Such was the nature of the cache of irredeemably tainted blades known as the Seven Shadows. Such relics could not be concealed upon the Rock for fear of the corruption they might spread, yet the Knights of Caliban themselves had once wielded these swords. The Chapter could not just cast them aside. The Dark Angels had instead buried the Seven Shadows in warded vaults that only a Company Master's seal could open, deep below the polar ruins of backwater Nurades.

Over time, Dark Angels agents had seeded into local folklore the notion that those ruins were cursed. This, coupled with an annually rotated guard detail of five Scouts, had been enough to keep hidden those despised treasures. However, the moment the astropathic choir upon the Rock detected Nurades' distress call, it was clear that action must be taken. A daemonic incursion would draw the eye of the Inquisition. The risk could not be run that the cache might be found. Responding swiftly, Company Master Araphil and a Lion's Blade Strike

Force made haste to Nurades, but had arrived too late to save Arhad's squad.

The Dark Angels did not leave empty-handed, however. The tainted blades had been recovered without incident, and were now locked in adamantine caskets ready to be borne away to some other dark corner of the galaxy. The Company Master had also recovered a survivor, who was immediately transferred to the Apothecarion. Recovered from amongst the polar ruins, the young Scout had been identified as Brother Dolutas. A trio of deep rents ran across his chest, made by long claws that had raked clean through his armour to the flesh beneath. As yet, the Scout had not surfaced from his healing coma.

If the wounded survivor could tell the Dark Angels little, the servo-skull recovered by Araphil and his brothers was more forthcoming. After being repaired as best it could by one of the Rock's skilled Techmarines, the macabre device was presented before a closed council of the Dark Angels' greatest leaders. Seated around a huge stone table in an arched and shadowy chamber, Chapter Master Azrael and his closest brothers watched stony-faced as the servo-skull played the patchy pict-feed that remained upon its memory coil. Though it was but a few moments of footage, the masters of the Inner Circle watched it again and again. They committed its every detail to memory and analysed it for the slightest nuance or fragment of information that might otherwise be missed.



The pict-feed was silent, hazed with grainy static. It showed Sergeant Arhad and his brothers crouched within the Nuradean bunker where their bodies had been found. As the pict-feed flickered, it showed the Scouts rising to blast away through the bunker's vision slits, before ducking back into cover. Strange, flickering lights could be seen outside the structure. The pict fuzzed and warped each time those fires blazed; Ezekiel, Grand Master of Librarians, explained that this distortion was almost certainly empyric in nature, a sure sign of daemonic activity at the Scouts' location.

It was then that the pict-feed took a disturbing turn. The image lurched, as though the skull had spun suddenly upon its impellers, and then tumbled as something knocked it savagely from the air. As the servo-skull rolled to a stop, its cracked lens continued to record. The legs of the Dark Angel Scouts were still visible, braced in firing positions.

The flare of boltgun fire lit the image, before a large, fast-moving shadow raced across the shot. Blood flew, spattering across the bunker walls, and a Scout's severed head thumped into view before bouncing away. Again that massive figure flickered across the image, and it was to this moment that the Inner Circle returned over and again. They had to be sure. They could not act upon an assumption.

After several hours the assembled Dark Angels were beyond any reasonable doubt, but the import of the revelation sat heavily upon them. Slowed down to a creeping framerate and digitally scrubbed for clarity, the figure could just be seen as something huge and bestial, bearing some semblance of a Space Marine's distinctive build. Closer inspection revealed an insignia upon the figure's shoulder – blurred by movement and half hidden by blood-spray – picked out for one crucial second in the flare from a boltgun's muzzle. It was a Fenrisian wolf's head, displayed upon a scratched and faded field of gunmetal grey. The gathered masters eyed one another from beneath their heavy cowls, silent stares loaded with significance.

Something terrible had occurred upon Nurades, and it seemed that the Wolves of Fenris were involved. The Dark Angels must not act without more information. Their antipathy with the Sons of Russ was well documented, but they would not – could not – suspect them of such a deed without further proof. So decreed Azrael, and so began the Dark Angels' hunt for the truth.



Sammael, Grand Master of the Ravenwing, marched across the Hall of Hidden Wisdom with Apothecary Ekrophan at his side. The footfalls of the two Ravenwing warriors echoed off the marble flagstones of the vast space, and away to its cavernous ceiling high above. They were fully armed and armoured, ready for a battle yet to be fought. But what sort of battle, wondered Sammael, and against whom? These were strange days indeed, and matters only seemed to be getting more unsettling by the hour.

‘And you say he has still not been found?’

The Apothecary shook his head in answer.

‘No, my lord. Scout Dolutas disappeared within hours of him being brought to the Apothecarion. I performed his initial inspection myself, and found nothing amiss besides the obvious. It is most perplexing.’

Sammael raised one eyebrow and shot the Apothecary a stern glance.

‘I would say that is understating the matter, brother. A wounded warrior simply vanishes. None see him leave. No one has seen him since. How is such a thing possible? Did he remove himself, and if so, why? These are questions that

will not stand to be left unanswered, no?’

The Apothecary nodded.

‘As you say, my lord. The search continues, and let us hope that by the time we return from Tranquilitus our absentee will have been located.’

Sammael gave no answer as he and his Apothecary strode beneath the Martyr’s Arch and emerged into the din and industry of one of the Rock’s many embarkation decks. As was custom, both Ravenwing warriors brushed their fingertips across the stone of the arch as they passed through it, asking for the Primarch’s blessings for the mission to come.

Sammael paused and surveyed the activity upon the cavernous deck. At one end of the vast, stone-carved chamber the open void beckoned, its deadly vacuum held at bay by ancient force fields. Before this yawning maw, the warriors of the Ravenwing were mounting their armoured steeds and moving to embark upon the Thunderhawks that would carry them to their Strike Cruiser. Sammael felt quiet pride as he watched his brothers taking their oaths of moment. The feeling was quickly swallowed again by his disquiet.

The report had come from one of the Rock’s chief

Astropaths; another Warp storm had broken over the haunted world of Tranquilitus. Its empyric signature had perfectly matched that which had engulfed Nurades. Moreover, astropathic intercepts revealed that a company-level force of Space Wolves were en route to that world, a deployment fit to arouse suspicion by its very size and haste. Whatever it was the wolves sought on Tranquilitus, Supreme Grand Master Azrael had tasked the Ravenwing with recovering it first, and Sammael was determined not to fail in his duty.

Yet, despite his conviction, Sammael could not shake off a sense of impending doom.

CHAPTER 2

HARBINGERS OF DOOM



GRIM REVELATIONS

In the wake of Nurades, mysterious Warp storms had broken out across the length and breadth of the Imperium. Though strewn sparsely across the vastness of the galaxy, the strange phenomena touched every segmentum. Others besides the Space Wolves had taken note of their emergence, and were even now moving to investigate.

Titan. The silent sentinel. Home of the Daemon-hunting brotherhoods of the Grey Knights, and secret guardian of Terra herself. From behind the armoured walls and towering bastions of their citadel, the Grey Knights kept vigil for the threat of Chaos. From here, too, they coordinated their secret war against the Ruinous Powers, and despatched their warrior brotherhoods to strike down the Daemon wherever it raised its head.

The Grey Knights possessed their own well-honed means to monitor infernal activities across the Imperium. This was the Augurium, a chamber atop the Silver Pinnacle within which the brothers known as Prognosticars sifted the strands of prophecy from the surfaces of crystalline mirrors. The Citadel of Titan contained other ancient secrets and strange machineries, and it was one such device – the Speculum Infernus – that stirred to life precisely as the first of the strange Warp storms roared into being around Nurades. As further storms emerged, the device roused to full wakefulness. Archaic machineries

hissed and turned. Delicately worked brass spheres whirled around one another on silvered armatures, crackling haloes of light leaping between them. Golden gargoyles long thought decorative opened their mouths and vomited forth reams of data-parchment crowded with dense, arcane sigils. The vast Speculum Infernus shuddered and steamed, watched with awe by the indentured data-savants of the Grey Knights.

The warriors of Titan were quick to decipher the device's warning, and their eyes widened in shock at its import. In spooling sigils and upon glowing holopicters, the engine showed the pattern formed by the strange Warp storms. It also predicted those that had not yet manifested. The Prognosticators were summoned to ascertain the strange engine's holy provenance by every means at their disposal. Confident that the speculum's warning was no daemoniac ruse, the Grey Knights wasted no time in acting upon it.







An unprecedented number of brotherhoods set forth from Titan, mobilising aboard mighty silver-flanked warships and determined to banish the Daemons that spilled from the newborn storms. The templars of Titan soon found the currents of the Warp turned savagely against them. Raging surges battered the Grey Knights' ships from the moment they left, the Immaterium lashing out with malice. It could not be a coincidence. The Strike Cruiser *Glorious Light* was swallowed by the Warp's tides after its Navigator died screaming. The Rapid Strike Vessel *Sanctified Wrath* was overrun in a nightmarish bloodbath when its Geller fields inexplicably failed. Several other craft were forced from the Warp, performing emergency translations that left them stranded while repairs were performed, and battles were fought to eradicate the foul beings infesting their decks.

Against all adversity the Grey Knights pressed on. Guided by the Speculum Infernus and drawing upon their psychic fortitude, several brotherhoods reached their destinations and were soon at war with the daemoniac foe. On Hades' Reach, the 4th Brotherhood teleported into a hurricane of living flame, there to do battle with a trio of rampaging Bloodthirsters and their minions. For two days and two nights, the Grey Knights battled their monstrous enemies while the ever-shifting fire-lakes swirled around them. Eventually, Brother-Captain Grud and his warriors were victorious, banishing the fiends despite heavy losses.

On Fimnir the massed tanks of the 1st Brotherhood rolled into battle, crashing through the structures of the gas giant's mining platforms with their tracks churning. Daemons poured from every direction to oppose them, Soul Grinders ripping into blessed hulls with their iron claws while Bloodletters and Daemonettes duelled with Grey Knights amid the dark of the void. Brother-Captain Pelenas personally slew the Great Unclean One Bol'Groblort, driving his silvered blade into the abomination's bloated heart. Nothing survived the wrath of Pelenas' warriors, not Daemons, not mining platforms nor the plague-ravaged and reanimated remains of the planet's worker clans. All were rendered equal as ash.

So it continued, the Grey Knights purging Emberghul and even Nurades with holy fire. Yet everywhere they went, they found trace energy signatures, psychic echoes and the signs of battle. Others had been to each of these worlds before the Grey Knights. Others had battled the Daemons and, for whatever reason, had been forced to leave before the fighting was done.

Brother-Captain Stern at last came to Mydgal Alpha, arriving mere days after the Ironwolves had departed. Finding Irkalla Hive utterly ridden with daemoniac plagues, Stern led a teleport strike into the depths of the Irkallan underhive. He hoped to banish whatever arch-Daemon had wrought this horror.

Though it had left its psychic spoor smeared across every surface, the Daemon Prince Mordokh was long gone. What

Stern found instead was more disturbing still. Lying in the rotting foulness of a week-old battlefield, half-buried beneath the foetid remains of hundreds of fallen Daemons, was a strange, bestial corpse. The creature's flesh was putrid, its form distorted by some kind of mutant gigantism. Still the insignia on its pitted armour was unmistakable.

Declaring Mydgal Alpha to be *Perditum Extremis*, Stern returned to his ship and ordered his Astropaths to determine – by whatever means, no matter how horrific or costly – the current whereabouts of Logan Grimnar.

Brother-Captain Stern would have words with the Great Wolf, and he would have answers...







THE MISTS OF TRANQUILITUS

Hot on their lost brothers' trail, Sven Bloodhowl's Firehowlers broke from the Empyrean directly above the ghostly world of Tranquilitus. The Warp storm that had led his Great Company here had all but dispersed, but other dangers waited upon the haunted world...

Rumbling back into realspace above Tranquilitus, the Firehowlers' fleet came straight to combat readiness. Reports suggested this was a strange and dangerous world, a thin spot in reality where some dark and terrible sentience ruled. It was a ghost planet of empty settlements, whose inhabitants had vanished amid Tranquilitus' ever-present mists. Wolf Lord Sven Bloodhowl was taking no chances with such a place.

As the Space Wolves ships swept in towards the planet, a sizeable craft hove into view through the tatters of the dying Warp storm. Helm-serfs quickly identified her as a Dark Angels Strike Cruiser, the *Silent Oath*. Moments later the master vox-bondsman reported contact. The *Oath's* captain warned that Dark Angels forces were currently deployed upon Tranquilitus and conducting a sensitive operation. The Space Wolves' presence was neither welcome nor required.

Snorting with derision, Lord Bloodhowl sent a brief and inventively offensive response. He then ordered Strike Force Sagablade to mobilise for battle. Sven was here to complete his quest. He had scented a chance to add to the sagas tattooed upon his skin; in his own words he would be damned to the seven hells if he was going to let El'Jonson's sour-faced chant-mumblers beat him to the prize.

Knowing they were hopelessly outgunned, the Dark Angels withdrew their ship, though not before issuing an ominous final warning to turn back. At the same time, the Space Wolves detected a brief burst of vox traffic flickering between the *Silent Oath* and its forces on the planet below. Tranquilitus was difficult to scry with any degree of accuracy, the world's mists throwing off strange, half-read lifesigns. Lord Bloodhowl thus elected to deploy close to the coordinates of the vox-burst. The Dark Angels wouldn't have dropped at random, he reasoned; if they were closing on the Wulfen then the Firehowlers needed to act fast.

Marching towards the embarkation decks, Lord Bloodhowl gave the order that only he and the handpicked packs of Strike Force Sagablade would deploy. This would be a dropship-borne mission – no Drop Pods, and nothing slower than a jump pack on the ground. Speed was of the essence, and Sven wanted his force ready and able to be extracted once their brothers had been recovered.

Minutes later, a pair of Fenrisian Thunderhawks dropped through the mists towards 'Tranquilitus' surface. They put down upon damp greensward, the mists swirling away in their downdraft to reveal gnarled trees and a lake with a surface like black glass. As the Space Wolves stormed down their assault ramps and the Thunderhawks roared back into the skies, the fog rolled in. Soon, visibility was down to a matter of yards, while the cloying, unnatural vapours muffled auspex and even the acute senses of the Sons of Russ. Sven's normally ebullient Skyclaws were quiet and vigilant. They perceived something unnatural about this place, a nebulous feeling of being watched and hunted that would have reduced any but a Space Marine to terrorised paralysis.

In the Space Wolves, it only heightened their combat instincts. Skyclaws, Swiftclaws, Land Speeders, and Sven's jump-packing Wolf Guard – the Bloodguard – made every effort to stay together amid the fog. They pressed on with all speed, following their auspexes through stands of shadow-drowned trees, over rocky hills and through abandoned ghost towns. Always the mist drifted around them, full of half-glimpsed movement and that oppressive sense of being watched.

All was still, until the sounds of gunfire and howling burst through the tattered clouds up ahead.









ven Bloodhowl fired his jump pack, rocketing

through the mist towards the sounds of battle.

*S**Around him, the air was filled with the half-seen shapes of his warriors, bounding high upon trails of flame.*

The Wolf Lord braced as treetops rushed up to meet him, and he crashed down through the canopy into the gloom beneath.

Sven's boots slammed down upon muddy loam a split second before a hissing Daemon lunged between the trees. Instinctively, the Wolf Lord brought up his revving chainsword to parry, hewing the Daemonette's claw from its arm in a spray of ichor. The thing shrilled with agonised bliss, but only for a second before Sven's axe struck off its head.

Another shape loomed, but Lord Bloodhowl pulled his blow at the last moment, splitting a tree in half rather than the Dark Angel whose bike skidded to a stop before him.

'You were told to leave, wolf,' boomed the Dark Angel through his vox grill. 'You should have done so.'

Sven Bloodhowl laughed in the warrior's face, his jump pack roaring as it hurled him back into the sky again.

'Make me!' he bellowed, hurtling away over the treetops.

The distant howls reached out to the Space Wolves on some instinctive level. The Firehowlers knew that it was the Wulfen who called, and they raised a howl of their own as they surged forwards as one. Amid the dense fog, the Space Wolves advance quickly fragmented. As they pressed forwards through rocky valleys and straggling woodland, the Firehowlers now faced constant daemoniac attack. Slobbering Beasts of Nurgle burst from the trees to crush and flail. Daemons of Tzeentch lit the mists with iridescent flame, their weird cackles of glee echoing from everywhere at once. The Space Wolves hacked and slew with furious strength, tearing apart each impediment to their progress.

Dark Angels, too, began to appear from the mists. Squadrons of Ravenwing Bikers hurtled across the Space Wolves' line of advance. The Dark Angels were locked in a running battle with the roving Daemon packs, but their fire whistled perilously close to the Fenrisian warriors. Skyclaws cursed as a Ravenwing Darkshroud whispered low overhead, veiling them in disorienting shadow.

The Firehowlers pressed ahead, the ground sloping slowly downhill beneath their churning tyres and pounding boots. Sven led the charge, bounding down the slope in long leaps and hacking apart Daemons wherever he landed. The Wolf Lord's next leap brought him down amongst a rocky outcropping, within sight of his Wolf Guard. As he touched down, a pair of Land Speeders streaked overhead. Just

shadows in the murk, it was impossible to see whose craft they were. The flame-spewing Daemon chariots that harried them were visible enough though. One of the Space Marine craft tumbled from the sky, flipping into the mist to explode with a dull thud some way distant. Sven Bloodhowl could only snarl, gesturing to his Wolf Guard to follow as he leapt on.

Far out on the Space Wolves' right flank, the Swiftclaw Bikers known as Bloodhowl's Riders hurtled down a high-sided ravine with insane bravado, fighting a running battle with a Grand Cavalcade of Slaanesh. The Space Wolves weaved between the spinning blades of the Slaaneshi chariots, deftly lobbing krak grenades into their workings. A series of explosions echoed along the defile as the chariots came apart in showers of glinting shrapnel, cutting scores of daemoniac Seekers to ribbons. Into the mayhem slammed Ravenwing Black Knights, leaping their bikes down from the lip of the ravine and barging into their Swiftclaw rivals. No blades were drawn nor shots fired, but within moments the Space Wolves were skidding and rolling to a halt, bruised and cursing. The Dark Angels roared on, shredding the last of the Seekers with gunfire as they went.





The cry of the Wulfen rose again, and Sven Bloodhowl fought all the harder as he realised how close they were. Seeing the Bloodguard and the Skyclaws of the Stormbringers fighting close at hand, Sven decided it was time to go for glory. Barking out a string of orders, the tattooed Wolf Lord formed his warriors up and led another hurtling leap into the mists.

As the Firehowlers flew, a huge black shape shot low overhead. The Space Wolves had a fleeting impression of dark, forward-swept wings and flaring ramjets, then the aircraft was gone. Sven and his warriors hurtled across ground that had turned flat and muddy, giving chase to what must surely have been a Dark Angels attack craft.

As though at some unspoken command, the mists suddenly parted. Sven and his followers saw before them two packs of Wulfen. The feral warriors were rampaging along the shores of another lake, savaging a horde of Daemonettes and Horrors that scrambled over one another to attack them. Sven felt the blood surge in his veins and charged with his warriors at his heels. Before the Firehowlers could reach the fight, however, the Dark Angels struck.

The dark shape swept overhead once more, now revealed as a Ravenwing Dark Talon. Sven bellowed in outrage as a bulky object plunged from the craft's underbelly, slamming down amid the Wulfen. But instead of blowing the bestial warriors

apart, the bomb's detonation projected a rippling stasis field that unfolded like the petals of some strange glass flower.

One moment, the Wulfen were raging beasts; the next, they were still as statues, the surviving Daemons recoiling from the temporal blast.

Engines screamed as Grand Master Sammael streaked in across the lake on his jetbike, *Corvex*, flying at the head of a squadron of Ravenwing Land Speeders. A wake of spray fanned up behind the hurtling skimmers as they swept in for their attack run. The Dark Angels let fly, a storm of plasma and armour-piercing shells ripping through the Daemons on the lakeshore and tearing them apart.

Sven Bloodhowl skidded to a halt just short of the blast-riddled remains of the Daemons, his warriors drawing in around him. Sammael and his craft shot overhead before looping back around, coming in to hover before the assembled Space Wolves with prow weapons levelled.

Looking down his nose at the tattooed, blood-spattered Space Wolves, Sammael demanded that they account for their presence there, and hand over their mutants so that the Dark Angels could deliver them to the Inquisition. Sven Bloodhowl spat on the floor in response. This was Space Wolves business, he snarled, and the Dark Angels were in his way.

Voice soft but icy cold, Sammael warned that the Space Wolves risked censure just harbouring such heretical travesties. They should not make matters worse by making him use force against them.

Space Wolves and Dark Angels rested fingers carefully on triggers and glanced at their leaders. Sven Bloodhowl stared insolently down the barrel of Sammael's plasma cannon, gripping his axe tight.

Then, screaming and gibbering, a huge wave of Daemons swept out of the mists with blades raised and eyes aflame.





FROM THE DAEMONS' JAWS

As the Daemons swept in along the shores of the lake, utter bedlam broke out. Space Marines who had been teetering on the brink of battle with each other now turned their guns outwards and blazed away at the onrushing threat. The mists poured in, closing over everything like a shroud, and in that moment Sven Bloodhowl seized his chance.

Bolts of warpfire tore from the mists, exploding against the stasis field. Its energies buckled under the bombardment of illogical energies, before collapsing like a popped bubble. As a sudden chorus of angry howls rolled over the battle, it was clear to all that the Wulfen were loose. That primal sound drove all rational thought from Lord Bloodhowl's mind, and he hungered to sink his fangs into warm flesh.

With difficulty, he wrestled the urge down. The Dark Angels had formed a battle line to meet the Daemons pouring along the shore. Now was the Firehowlers' chance, and upon Sven's bellowed orders they rushed to seize the Wulfen. With no time for subtlety, Skyclaws and Wolf Guard barged through the fight to where the Wulfen were ripping apart their daemonic foes. Two to a Wulfen, the Space Wolves grabbed their huge

kin beneath the arms and used their jump packs to leap away into the mists. The beasts struggled, until they grasped their brothers' intent.

The Space Wolves raced swiftly uphill. As they went, Sven activated his armour's teleport homer and ordered Strike Force Sagablade to converge on his position. Ahead, another hideous swarm of Daemons hove into view, turning Skyclaws to mutated slop with blasts of warpflame. In response the Space Wolves turned aside, powering up a steep scree slope. The roar of engines signalled the arrival of the Swiftclaws and Land Speeders. The bikes fell into formation with Sven and his warriors, while the speeders looped back and forth overhead, heavy flamers roasting the Daemon cavalry that sprinted up the hill in pursuit.

The steep climb ended suddenly on a rocky plateau with a sheer drop. The Firehowlers did not slow, hurtling towards the cliff edge at suicidal speeds. Behind them the Daemons howled and shrieked; before them the drop grew closer by the second.

With a sudden roar of powerful engines, the Firehowlers' Thunderhawks rose into view, coming up the cliff face with assault ramps yawning wide. In response, the Space Wolves whooped with exhilaration and launched themselves off into space. For a moment they soared through the tattered mists, death behind them and below. Then the Firehowlers were slamming through the open hatchways of their gunships, bikes

skidding to a halt and jump troops running to a crashing stop against the bulkheads within the Thunderhawks' holds. With them came the Wulfen, borne to safety in the arms of their kin.

Sven Bloodhowl's boots were the last to leave the soil of Tranquilitus, the Wolf Lord landing amid his packmates even as his craft fired their jets and made for orbit.

Sammael cursed vehemently as a flight of buzzing Plague Drones burst from the mist. Plasma fire burned into the vile things, turning them to blackened ash, but not before a plague sword had lopped the head from another of his Black Knights. Now the rearguard was just Sammael, his Command Squad, and three other warriors, drawn up on their matt black bikes.

The Daemons' attacks had grown more sporadic after the Space Wolves made their escape. Many of the creatures had disappeared into the mists as though their work was already done, leaving nothing but their mocking laughter to haunt the frustrated sons of the Lion.

Nearly all the Ravenwing had by now made it safely aboard their craft. Sammael's rearguard were fending off those scattered entities still roaming the mists. Regardless, losses had been completely unacceptable.

Worse, the wolves had escaped.

As though reading his thoughts, Zaelion, his Company Champion, shook his helmed head in disgust.

‘We should not have let them flee, lord. Our aircraft could have...’

‘Could have what, Zaelion? Shot down Thunderhawks? Slaughtered Space Marines? No, that is a dark road down which we of all Chapters should not tread’.

‘Then what do we do, my lord?’ asked Apothecary Ekrophan, his tone loaded with repugnance. ‘You saw those... things. They were nearly as hideous as the Daemons themselves!’

‘You forget yourself, brother,’ replied Sammael. ‘Sup not upon questions lest ye choke upon a lie.’

Even as he quoted the old maxim, Sammael shuddered inwardly. Those things had indeed been mutants, undeniably the ones that had slain Arhad’s men. They belonged in an Inquisitorial cell, at the very least.

‘Whatever the provenance of the mutant filth,’ snarled Champion Zaelion, ‘I know what the wolves themselves

are. Cowards. They fled the fight and left us here to die on this daemon-haunted hell hole.'

Sammael paused as his vox crackled, confirming the last of the vehicles were loaded. Dark shapes were stirring amidst the mist once again, but Sammael would lose no more warriors this day.

'Brothers, we depart.'

Sammael's warriors remained impassive as they turned their armoured steeds towards the Thunderhawks behind them, but the Master of the Ravenwing felt anger burning within him. The wolves had crossed a line. They teetered on the brink of heresy, and refused to explain their deeds. Sammael knew he must report all to the Inner Circle, and that the events here would not go unpunished.





THE FIREHOWLERS

Favouring fast, aggressive tactics, the Firehowlers are amongst the finest shock troops in the Space Wolves' ranks. These wild warriors tattoo their bodies with scenes from their personal sagas, though none can compete with the intricate tapestry of heroism that covers the skin of their Wolf Lord, Sven Bloodhowl.

SVEN BLOODHOWL

Wolf Lord of the Firehowlers,
with jump pack, frost axe and chainsword





THE OATHBOUND

5 Wolf Guard

with jump packs



THE BLOODGUARD

5 Wolf Guard with jump packs: Olaf Blackstone,
Uuntir Wolfskull, Istun Firestorm, Kregga Longtooth,
Torvind Morkai

THE FIREWYRMS

8 Wolf Guard

with jump packs





THE BLACKFANGS

10 Grey Hunters



THE THUNDERCLAWS

10 Grey Hunters



THE STONECLAWS

10 Grey Hunters



THE FIRESTONES

10 Skyclaws



THE STORMBRINGERS

10 Skyclaws



THE DRAKEBANES

14 Skyclaws



THE FIREKIN

10 Bloodclaws



BLOODHOWL'S RIDERS

7 Swiftclaw Bikers,
Swiftclaw Attack Bike



THE FLAMETONGUES

10 Swiftclaw Bikers,
Swiftclaw Attack Bike



THE STORMGHOSTS

7 Swiftclaw Bikers,
Swiftclaw Attack Bike



THE EMBERFANGS

5 Long Fangs



THE FIREMAAWS

5 Long Fangs



THE STONESHIELDS

5 Long Fangs



BLOODHOWL'S RAVENS

2 Land Speeders

THE IRONCLAWS

3 Land Speeders



LONGBOUND

Sven Bloodhowl's expertly crafted jump pack is known as Longbound. The Wolf Lord has had this priceless artefact overcharged to ensure maximum speed and lift, claiming that he is borne into battle upon the burning breath of the Firehowler itself.



FROSTCLAW

It is boasted amongst the ranks of the Firehowlers that no armour forged can stop the edge of this frost axe. Certainly, none of Lord Bloodhowl's many opponents has yet lived to disprove this claim.





FIREFANG

The whirring teeth of this weapon are made from tempered obstinite mined from below the mighty volcano from which Sven's Great Company take their name. When spun up to speed, these crystal teeth glow with the fiery wrath of the volcano itself.

THE SKIN OF THE BEAST

Once, the north fjords of Asaheim were menaced by a Fenrisian Stonebear so large that a Land Raider would have been lost in the behemoth's shadow. It was Sven Bloodhowl who struck down this near-mythic monster, and the Wolf Lord still proudly wears a segment of its pelt as a trophy of that saga-sung victory.



STRIKE FORCE SAGABLADE

At the head of Strike Force Sagablade stands Sven Bloodhowl himself. Unusually for a Wolf Lord – or for any Space Wolf that has lived long enough to be promoted – Sven fought for a full decade as a Skyclaw. Though he now commands an entire Great Company, the Wolf Lord still favours fighting with a jump pack, relishing the speed and power it grants him in battle. Sven prefers to fight up close, choosing to wield his chainsword, Firefang, and a massive frost axe that he names Frostclaw. In battle, Sven Bloodhowl is a whirlwind of destruction against which no foe can stand and live.

Sven's Wolf Guard – the Bloodguard – are an aggressive band of close quarters experts, well acquainted with fighting by jump pack and powerful enough to tear the heart from any army. Whether Olaf Blackstone with his crackling wolf claws, Istun Firestorm with his massive thunder hammer, or the plasma pistol and power fist of old Kregga Longtooth, each of the Bloodguard is a master of their chosen weapons. They are a boisterous brotherhood, exchanging oaths and banter as battle rages around them.

By comparison, the battle-brothers of the strike force's two Skyclaw packs are young and hotheaded. Known as the Firestones and the Stormbringers, these young warriors are so reckless that they cannot be trusted with any duty other than



headlong assault. Among the Firehowlers this is seen less as a mark of dishonour than a sign of greatness to come. Lord Bloodhowl views these boisterous young warriors with wry amusement, and insists that belonging to such a pack is more rite of passage than true punishment.

Sven's Skyclaws fight ferociously, always competing to impress their lord and earn their first tattoos. Attrition is high among these packs, for they rarely give a thought to the dangers they face. This fact troubles neither Bloodhowl nor his followers; life on Fenris is hard, and all are well used to the idea that the strong survive while the weak feed the crows.

Supporting Strike Force Sagablade on the ground come the pack of Swiftclaw Bikers known as Bloodhowl's Riders. The Swiftclaws provide a highly mobile and extremely resilient fire base to support the strike force on the hunt. It was these courageous young warriors who held the line at the apocalyptic Battle of Trollswatch, and it was they too who rode down and shot to death the Tyranid Lictor known as the Bloodlinker on Haedorn II. The Swiftclaws are well equipped to bring down even the biggest game thanks to the multi-melta of their attendant Attack Bike. They are often deployed by Sven Bloodhowl in a supporting role, serving with great effect as hunters of the enemy's battle tanks.



Additional support for the strike force is supplied by its only true vehicles, the twinned Land Speeders known as *Bloodhowl's Ravens*. Multi-purpose attack craft boasting exceptional speed and firepower, these two armoured skimmers prey upon tanks with their bulky multi-meltas, or immolate enemy infantry with their heavy flamers. Their Grey Hunter crews are experienced enough to spot threats wherever they arise, and have kept their more audacious comrades alive many times.

During the battle on Tranquilitus, Strike Force Sagablade gained the allegiance of the Wulfen who would come to be known as the Flameclaws. Sven Bloodhowl earned their pack leader's loyalty by rescuing his warriors from the Dark Angels and Daemons, and the savage strength and bestial speed of the Wulfen impressed Sven in turn. The Wulfen were a powerful ally in the Firehowlers' ranks, their aggressive temperament and penchant for close quarters brutality perfectly complementing the fighting style of their adoptive Great Company.

he warrior stood atop a wall of ice, behind battlements thick with a rime of shimmering frost. Silver-blue light gleamed from the hexagrammic flanks of the fortress, whose highest spires rose impossibly into the clouds of light swirling above. The towers, too, were crafted from glacial ice, and as the light fell through it the fortress shimmered with translucent hues of blue, turquoise, sea green and cold rose.

The lone warrior knew every inch of the mighty edifice upon whose battlements he stood. He knew its winding, empty corridors, its old secrets and glowing runic wards. This was an eternal place, and it was one that he must defend.

They were coming again. Grim-faced, the warrior rolled his huge shoulders and rose to his full, towering height. In one hand he carried a gleaming triple-blade of ice, and as the first of the awful creatures burst from the snowstorm and clawed its way up the wall, the warrior readied this weapon. Trailing ethereal flames, the things scrambled over the battlements, and with a mighty howl the warrior smashed them back into the void. More were coming though. It didn't matter, thought the warrior as he hacked and hewed. This was his home, his place to defend, and he would not let it fall.









THE SLAUGHTERED CITY

As the Stormwolf's assault ramp whined down, fiery light spilled into its interior. Along with several others, the craft had braved the flame-wracked skies of Vikurus in order to land in the shrine city of Absolom. They bore the Champions of Fenris into battle, and followed the scryings of Njal Stormcaller, who had divined that the Wulfen were even now embattled somewhere in this sacred city. To maximise their chances of quickly locating their kin, the champions had broken into small warrior-bands. Some landed upon the outstretched marble hands that served as landing pads for the city's vast statue-habs. Others dropped among the tangled buildings of the Tombplex or the arcing processional of the Serenitum. Grimnar's Stormwolves had put down at the centre of the Grand Assemblis, a broad, statue-dotted square between towering cathedrums.

Bloodletters filled the blood-soaked plaza, hacking apart desperate bands of militiamen. Corpses were heaped everywhere, many aflame or writhing with unnatural putrescence. Meanwhile the immense pict-screens that overlooked the square – previously used for the addresses of the Cardinalty – broadcast a constant, screaming bombardment of horrific images and sanity-warping noise. The once-holy place was defiled beyond all hope of redemption.





With a mighty bellow of rage, Logan Grimnar led the charge into the square. His chariot *Stormrider* swept into battle, and behind it came the Great Wolf's elite – the Kingsguard. Squads of Wolf Guard Terminators strode into the gore that swilled across the square, their storm bolters roaring as they opened fire into the Daemon packs. Mighty Dreadnoughts pounded forwards, lumbering into the fight behind the snarling, stomping terror that was Murderfang. At the head of this assemblage came some of the Chapter's greatest heroes, Njal Stormcaller conjuring the wrath of the tempest as Ulrik the Slayer charged with a howl of fury.

The fight was brief and brutal, hissing Bloodletters hacking and stabbing before being blown apart or smashed to the bloody ground. Soon, the only living things in the square were the Champions of Fenris, and a last few Absolom militia who stared in awe. Ignoring the screams from the pict-screens, Grimnar looked to Murderfang. Grimnar had risked bringing the bestial Dreadnought on this crucial mission, for he believed that Murderfang would share some kin-bond with the beings they sought. The Wulfen Dreadnought prowled back and forth, daemon gore dripping from his claws as he scented the air. Then, eyes lighting with feral recognition, the Dreadnought turned and pounded away towards a vast scrimshaw arch on the south side of the Assemblis. Trusting the senses of their cursed brother to lead them to their Wulfen kin, the Champions of Fenris followed.









ON SILVER WINGS

In the skies over Absolom, a trio of silver craft screamed through clouds of flame. The wards on each Stormraven's hull hurled back the unnatural fires, leaving those inside unharmed as they scoured the dying city for their quarry. The Grey Knights had come to Vikurus, Brother-Captain Stern leading his warriors on the hunt for Logan Grimnar.

Standing in the cockpit of the lead gunship, Stern watched the elaborate spirit-augur set into the craft's instrument panel. The device churned with activity, reading surges of Warp energy from every quarter. Like islands amid the storm, the bright souls of the Space Wolves stood out across Absolom amid hordes of daemonic foes. Stern had eyes for only one rune on the display – that of Grimnar himself.

As they approached the Great Wolf's position, Stern had his pilots bank down through the teetering spires of the shrine city. Soaring between madly tolling bell towers and rooftops crowded with gargoyle-servitors, the Grey Knights saw the full horror of the Virkurian incursion. Small bands of Battle Sisters fought back to back on teetering arch-bridges or spiralled stairways, hammering bolt shots into onrushing tides of Daemons until they were overwhelmed. Vast clouds of daemon-flies billowed from the shattered windows of cathedrums, their





drone drowning out the screams of the damned souls within. Ill-fated Ministorum priests – their robes ablaze with mutating fire – hurled themselves to their deaths rather than be seized by the abominations that had defiled their places of sanctuary. Here and there the Champions of Fenris were glimpsed; on the Ophidium Central, Grey Hunters and Long Fangs fired upon an advancing Forgehost of Soul Grinders, while on the Plaza of Peace, the Daemons of Nurgle were blasted to sludge and ash by the psychic fury of a Wyrdstorm Brotherhood.

Gravely assessing the pandemonium below, Stern knew that Vikurus was beyond help. This world's damnation could not be stopped. Only the mission mattered.

Banking hard, the three Stormravens hurtled into the man-made canyon of the Cathedrum Processional. Behind them, a host of airborne Tzeentchian Daemons rose from the mayhem. Their riders hurled blasts of warpflame that transmuted the rearmost gunship to lead and sent it plunging down to explode upon the processional below.

Turrets swivelled and assault cannons screamed as they span up to speed. As the gunships hurtled up the street between looming cathedrums, they spat sawing lines of fire at their infernal pursuers. Burning Chariots rained down as wreckage





upon the corpse-choked street below. The remainder of the Daemons peeled off, whipping away in search of easier prey and leaving the Grey Knights to bear down upon their target. It loomed ahead now, the towering Dome of Penitents rising to dominate the skyline. Screaming in towards its roof with weapons hot, the Stormravens did not slow...





THE CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS

The Champions of Fenris are the very best of their heroic Chapter. These daring and selfless warriors are renowned as saviours of the helpless and slayers of great evil, even in the folklore of worlds that have never known a Space Marine's tread. Tales of their incredible deeds are told across the Imperium, but all fall short of the Champions' true glory.



THE AXE MORKAI

The Axe Morkai has tasted the blood of tyrant and murderer alike. It has hacked the heads from demagogues, and split the rotten hearts of renegades. It is a weapon fit for a hero, and there are few more worthy of that title than Logan Grimnar.



FELLCLAW'S SKULL

The gilded skull of the monstrous wolf Fellclaw has long been Logan Grimnar's totem. Just a glimpse of this feral trophy fills Grimnar's followers with fresh resolve, and rumours abound that it brings good fortune to all who set eyes upon it.



BELT OF RUSS

Every Wolf Lord wears one of these ancient devices; concealed within its intricate links is a potent force field that protects its wearer from harm.



AVALANCHE PATTERN STORM BOLTER

The drumming fire of this lethal weapon has brought death to aliens, mutants and heretics. Expertly maintained and perfectly calibrated, Grimnar's storm bolter is a breathtaking example of the Iron Priest's craft.



GREAT WOLF LOGAN
GRIMNAR

High King of Fenris, riding *Stormrider*



ULSTVAN MORKAISON

Wolf Priest in
Terminator Armour

WOLF GUARD
ARJAC ROCKFIST

Grimnar's Champion

NJAL STORMCALLER

High Rune Priest of the
Space Wolves

TORFIN DAGGERFIST

Wolf Guard Battle Leader



THE WINTERFANGS

5 Wolf Guard Terminators

led by Kraeger Firebreath



WULFTONGUE'S SHIELDBROTHERS

5 Wolf Guard Terminators

led by Volkbad Wulftongue



DAGGERFIST'S VOID CLAWS

4 Wolf Guard Terminators

led by Alrik Doom-Seeker



JORN'S GIANT KILLERS

5 Wolf Guard Terminators



HORGOTH'S ALLSLAYERS

10 Wolf Guard



IRONFANG'S CLAWS OF GRIMNAR

5 Wolf Guard Terminators

led by Ranulf Ironfang



TORMUND'S ICEWALKERS

8 Grey Hunters



SHADOWSTALKER'S SNOWDEVILS

9 Grey Hunters



GREPNIR'S FIREFANGS

10 Grey Hunters



WULFSONS OF LORKIR

7 Grey Hunters



KJARL'S SLAYERS

8 Grey Hunters



VADDR'S SAGASUNG

10 Grey Hunters



JARN'S UNBLOODED

15 Blood Claws



FJYR'S STORMBRINGERS

10 Blood Claws



ALRIK'S REAVERS

10 Blood Claws



SKARNEL'S YOUNGBLOODS

13 Blood Claws



ULNAR'S SKYBROTHERS

10 Skyclaws



ORLOF'S THUNDERSTORM

5 Long Fangs



HAAKON'S WYRMSLAYERS

5 Long Fangs



FENRYD'S FELLEYED

5 Long Fangs



SVENAR'S
BLIZZARDWALKERS

5 Wolf Scouts



THE FROZEN
SHADOW

5 Wolf Scouts



NORGIR'S
TROLLKILLERS

5 Wolf Scouts



JORUND'S
FARSTRIDERS

5 Wolf Scouts



LENOLD WULFSON

Lone Wolf



THE GREY WALKER

Lone Wolf



BRAN DYRCLAW

Lone Wolf



WYRDFANG THE WANDERER

Lone Wolf

HAARGEN DEATHBANE
Venerable Dreadnought with multi-melta

SVENDAR IRONARM
Venerable Dreadnought with Fenrisian great axe
and blizzard shield



THE KINGSGUARD



Whether fighting perfidious Eldar beneath the cold light of alien stars, doing battle with vile renegades in the depths of twisted warships, or slaying the mightiest Tyranid beasts, the Champions of Fenris never fail and never falter. They are the exemplars of their warrior brotherhood, the packs that every other Space Wolf longs to join, and they are held to the highest standards by their master, Logan Grimnar.

When the Champions set forth on their quest for the Wulfen, Lord Grimnar led them proudly into the stars with hope in his heart. Grimnar brought with him his greatest advisors and most heroic companions, such renowned figures as Njal Stormcaller, Ulrik the Slayer, the Wolf Priest Ulstvan Morkaison, and the hulking champion Arjac Rockfist.

Upon making planetfall on the doomed world of Vikurus, it was these saga-sung heroes who led the Kingsguard into battle. It was an honour to do so, for few warriors in the galaxy could match the might of the massed Wolf Guard who made up their ranks. The combat specialists of Daggerfist's Voidclaws, the hammer-wielding brawlers of Wulftongue's Shieldbrothers, the deadly marksmen of the Winterfangs, the renowned Horgoth's Allslayers, and the Claws of Grimnar who had fought so hard and so well on Alaric Prime; all were living legends of battles beyond count, masters in the art of war and utterly loyal to the Great Wolf. The combined strength of these warriors was enough to change the tides of war,

conquer worlds, and crush the most terrible foes. On Vikurus they would be tested to their limits.

Fighting alongside the warrior packs of the Kingsguard were some of the greatest war engines and warriors of the Space Wolves' armoury. A pair of Land Raiders provided this fighting force with exceptionally heavy armoured support. The ancient engine of destruction known as *Morkai's Howl* could trace its history back to the bloody days of the Scouring, when it had roared out to do battle with the traitor engines of the fleeing renegade Legions. Since those days, *Morkai's Howl* had ended the evils of traitors beyond count, and the Space Wolves did not doubt that it would slaughter many more before it met its end.



Every bit as glorious was the Land Raider Redeemer known as *Fire of Fenris*; this pugnacious fighting vehicle was renowned among the Chapter's Iron Priests for its hot-tempered machine spirit, and had before been known to charge headlong into battle regardless of its crew's commands. However,

the Redeemer had never failed in its duty, delivering the Kingsguard into the heart of the foe and burning the enemies of the Allfather from Baddervacht to Grace's Fall.

Marching in support of this glorious assemblage were the Ancients of the Fang. Venerable brothers all, these Dreadnoughts fought with multi-meltas, great axes and helfrost cannons. Their counsel, too, was invaluable to Grimnar, and for every battle the Dreadnoughts won by brute force, they carried another with their millennial wisdom.

The same could not be said of the frothing lunatic known as Murderfang. This cursed brother had been brought to battle by the express request of Njal Stormcaller himself. The Rune Priest had sensed a deep bond between the Dreadnought and the Wulfen, insisting that Murderfang would be instrumental in leading the Champions of Fenris to their 13th Company kin. All the same, Grimnar ensured that the Stormfang Gunship Drakesbane would accompany his Kingsguard's advance; so powerful was Murderfang's rage that he might need to be subdued should he run out of enemies to tear apart.



As Murderfang barrelled down processions and across bridge-ways, the Champions of Fenris followed close behind. The Stormwolf Drakesbane streaked low overhead, transforming Daemons into crackling ice-sculptures with every pass. Up ahead, Grimnar could see a vast marble dome, limned by the fires in the sky. Silhouetted atop was a towering daemoniac form.

‘Bloodthirster,’ he growled over the vox.

Ulrik the Slayer gave a mirthless chuckle, the sound like someone crushing gravel. ‘Aye lad – that ugly trollson will die beneath our axes soon enough.’

Ahead, a mass of Plaguebearers filled the street, and the Champions of Fenris howled as they followed Murderfang into the putrid horde.

‘Oh it’ll die old one, the sagas will tell of that,’ said Grimnar as Stormrider smashed Daemons aside in gory sprays. ‘But before it does, it’ll give us back our lost kin.’ With that, the Champions of Fenris were through, and following Murderfang towards the towering dome.







BATTLE FOR THE DOME

Led by the bellowing Murderfang, the Champions of Fenris charged between the towering golden doors of the Dome of Penitents, and straight into a monstrous horde of Daemons. From high up in the Celestium Galleries came a chorus of chilling howls as the Wulfen welcomed their kin to the fight.

Murderfang was wreaking havoc. The moment the howl of the Wulfen echoed down from the golden balconies, the Dreadnought went berserk. Every sweep of his claws sent torn flesh and spraying ichor into the air, and the massed Daemons gave way before him like ice before a ram ship's prow. Still, the Warpspawn filled the floor-space of the Dome of Penitents in their thousands.

Once, this had been a great auditorium meant for gathering and worship; shrines to the Primarchs were raised around the dome's circumference, while at its centre a vast golden effigy of the Emperor lifted high a gleaming blade the height of a Reaver Titan to touch the ceiling far above. That domed span was painted with glorious frescoes of swirling stars and winged cherubim, and beneath it hung the great galleries and railed walkways across which the Wulfen were now hunting Daemons.

The dome swarmed with the terrors of the Warp, and the corpses of militiamen, Sororitas and priests filled it in carrion mounds. In scant seconds, the Daemons broke over the Champions in an unholy tide. Grumbling Plaguebearers and jabbering Nurglings lumbered to the attack, abandoning the

filth-sigils they had been smearing upon the dome's flagstone floor. They met the Kingsguard with stabbing blades and gnashing teeth, dragging down several of Wulftongue's Shieldbrothers and Horgoth's Allslayers. Bloodletters and Bloodcrushers charged across the charnel pit, weathering blitzing fire from the Fenrisians before launching into the fight. Svendar Ironarm staggered as a Juggernaut slammed into him, ripping through bonded ceramite and sending a limb – great axe and all – crashing to the floor in a shower of sparks.

Seeing the Dreadnought's plight, Njal Stormcaller sent arcing bolts of lightning into the Khornate ranks. Daemons spasmed as their eyes burst and their unnatural flesh caught fire. The rest of the Ancients of the Fang pressed on, the ground shaking with their fury.

From across the dome came a series of booms as Khornate Skull Cannons spat forth their macabre ammunition. Detonations bloomed across the hull of the Fire of Fenris as the tank surged forwards. The damage only seemed to enrage the belligerent vehicle, which engulfed a swathe of Daemons in promethium death.





The Wulfen bounded into battle, heedless of the perilous drop as they leapt between the platforms of the Celestium Galleries. Fungoid Flamers and leering Tzeentchian Horrors were their prey and – though one Wulfen after another was sent plummeting towards the ground aflame – they tore through the Daemons until iridescent ichor fell like rain.

Amidst the mayhem, Logan Grimnar made for the Bloodthirster at the horde's heart. When the Space Wolves had first entered the dome, the mighty Daemon lord had been aloft, vast wings bearing it between the galleries as it chased down the Wulfen. However, the Champions' arrival had seized the greater Daemon's attention and down it had swept, wings spread wide and blazing with hellfire.

The vast terror landed before Logan Grimnar, bellowing a wordless challenge at the Great Wolf. Contemptuously, the Daemon swung its massive axe, swatting one of Horgoth's Allslayers a hundred feet through the air to bounce hard off the statue of the Emperor. The warrior crashed to the floor, vanishing beneath the trampling feet of the battling armies.

In response, Grimnar leapt from the running board of his chariot and charged at the blood-soaked Khornate Daemon. Other enemies surged to meet the Great Wolf, but were hurled back by the Claws of Grimnar and the hammer-swings of Arjac Rockfist. This would be a fight for the sagas: Logan Grimnar battling a bellowing Bloodthirster of Khorne. To



fight such an abomination could well be the death of the Great Wolf, but he would not shy from so great a challenge nor leave his packmates to fight in his stead.

As Grimnar charged, the Bloodthirster sent its barbed lash snaking out to ensnare his legs. The Great Wolf sidestepped the lightning-fast blow, swinging his axe in a whistling arc. Such a strike would have cleaved apart a Dreadnought, but it was blocked with a thunderous clang by the Bloodthirster's blade.

Grimnar span away, avoiding his foe's savage backswing, and raked the towering Daemon's chest with storm bolter fire. The Bloodthirster snarled as the shots cracked its breastplate, before driving Grimnar back with a series of lightning-fast blows that left blood running from a half dozen wounds. Engulfed in the vast black shadow of the Daemon's wings, Logan raised his axe ready for the next onslaught.

At that very moment a great section of the ceiling exploded inward, tumbling down with an almighty crash upon the battle below.





A Smith

Masonry rained down, smashing through the Celestium Galleries and tearing away the gantries. Howling madly, the Wulfen leapt from gallery to platform to statue, riding the wreckage down to the ground below. Most of them survived.

Two silver-hulled Stormravens descended through the shattered dome. The Gunships' engines screamed as they shot low over the battle, before swooping in to land.

The Bloodthirster spared the craft a furious glare, recognising those who had banished it in ages past. Wounded but determined, Grimnar seized his chance. With a roar, the Great Wolf swung the Axe Morkai and lopped off the Bloodthirster's whip-arm. A mortal enemy would have died there and then. The Bloodthirster barely flinched.

Grimnar and the Daemon exchanged a furious flurry of blows, axe blades clanging like a blacksmith's forge. Shrugging off a mighty blow, the towering Bloodthirster raised one cloven hoof and kicked Grimnar in the chest, cracking ceramite and breaking the black carapace beneath. The Daemon roared in triumph as Grimnar's guard collapsed, but as its axe arced down to deliver the killing strike it was met by a crackling blade.

The Great Wolf glanced to his left, eyes narrowing as he saw the silver-armoured Terminators who had cut a path to his side.

‘What...?’

Grimnar's instincts howled a warning, and he dove aside as the Bloodthirster struck. Its axe shattered flagstones where the Great Wolf had stood. The blade swept out again, felling a trio of Paladins with a single swing. In response, the leader of the Grey Knights stepped in, forcing the Bloodthirster back with mighty swings of his sanctified blade.

'Lord Grimnar,' shouted the swordsman over the din of battle, 'I am Stern of the Grey Knights. I demand your immediate surrender!' Ignoring the agony of his injuries, Grimnar surged back to his feet with a scream of servos, barging one of the Grey Knights aside and hammering his axe straight into the Bloodthirster's breastplate. Ichor gouted forth, and the Daemon's knees finally buckled.

'You pious butchers aren't welcome here,' growled Grimnar, wrenching the Axe Morkai from his foe's chest with a sucking squelch. 'This is our saga,' Grimnar's next swing took the Bloodthirster's other arm. 'Our fight,' the Axe Morkai struck off the Daemon's head. 'Our business.'

As the Daemon's corpse fell sideways, the Great Wolf turned angrily to face Stern, face spattered with blood, dripping axe clutched in one fist.

'I speak with the Emperor's voice, Grimnar. And I accuse your Chapter of harbouring mutants. I further believe that your warriors have invested a number of incursion war zones, then departed from them at great cost to the Imperium.'

Grimnar scowled at Stern, volunteering nothing.

‘So you do not deny these things?’ Continued Stern. ‘I confess, Great Wolf, I had heard much of the Space Wolves, but I did not believe you to be cowards who ran from wars unfinished.’ Grimnar growled low in his throat, stepping forwards so his cracked breastplate clanged against Stern’s.

‘Careful, Daemon hunter. You go too far.’

A long moment of tension crackled between the two warriors. Grimnar turned away first, his duty to his Space Wolves overriding his dislike of the newcomers. He nodded with satisfaction as he saw that, though their fight had been near as desperate as his own, his Champions of Fenris had done themselves proud.

The daemoniac horde within the dome had been annihilated, though the cost in lives had been steep. The majority of the Wulfen had been recovered alive, and now banded together behind a solid wall of Kingsguard. As the massive figure of Arjac Rockfist loomed at his shoulder, Grimnar shook off his Champion’s offer of assistance. He would not show weakness before the Grey Knights no matter how severe his injuries, and so stood, swaying but unaided as he addressed Stern.

‘You had accusations to make, Brother-Captain?’

The Grey Knight frowned at the bestial Wulfen, panting and snarling with the battle's exertion. They were clustered around the armoured form of Murderfang, the huge Dreadnought quiet for once as it shared some kind of unspoken communion with the feral warriors.

‘Those creatures,’ began Stern, his Grey Knights moving to stand behind him. ‘They are mutants, yes?’

‘They are kin,’ replied Grimnar, his voice cold as a Fenrisian winter. ‘There is no taint in them. It’s... complicated.’

‘No, Lord Grimnar, it is extremely simple,’ replied the Grey Knight. ‘These things came from the Warp, and only my brothers and I are fit to judge if these *kin* of yours are corrupt. They must be handed over to us immediately, as must any others you have recovered. We will see to it that they reach Titan safely.’ Grimnar watched Stern’s face carefully for a moment, his expression unreadable. Then the Great Wolf gave a coughing, pain-wracked laugh.

‘Stern, I’m sure you think you’re being very reassuring, but there’s as much chance of you taking the Wulfen as of me giving my crown to a blubber-seal. I’d see our brothers dead before I handed them over to be cut apart and studied.’

Stern nodded slowly, taking in the army of Space Wolves that now surrounded his small band.

‘Forcing your cooperation at this juncture would prove costly.’

The Great Wolf shook his head to scattered chuckles from the Kingsguard. ‘Oh, we wouldn’t lose that many men, Brother-Captain.’

‘Still,’ said Stern, ignoring the insult, ‘I would have thought, considering the current situation around Fenris, you would want all the friends you could get, Great Wolf.’

An angry murmur ran through the Space Wolves at this, and Grimnar’s expression grew thunderous.

‘What *situation*?’





UNWELCOME TRUTHS

Stern paused at Grimnar's question, scrutinizing the Great Wolf's rugged features as though seeking to catch him in some falsehood. After a long moment, Stern began to speak, his words carrying to all the Space Wolves in the dome. As they listened, their faces curled into dangerous scowls.

The Grey Knights saw much, said Stern. Thanks to their powers of prognostication and astropathic interception, no secret was beyond them. So it was that Stern's Astropaths had caught fragments of an urgent communiqué meant for Grimnar's own. The Great Wolf bristled, but before he could speak Stern pressed on. The Grey Knight's tone was damning as he announced that, while the wolves chased mutants to the far reaches of the Imperium, the Fenris System itself had come under daemoniac attack.

A dangerous silence greeted these words. In the distance, the sounds of battle rumbled on. Eventually, Logan Grimnar spoke. If this news were true, he said, then the Wolves of Fenris would be recalled at once and woe betide those who had loosed such devilry. However, if this was some ruse by Stern to cut the quest for the Wulfen short then no force in the galaxy would save him from the Space Wolves' vengeance.

Unmoved, Stern established a vox link with his shipboard Astropaths and ordered the fragmented message passed on to Grimnar's own. The communiqué had been hurled forth in

great desperation, explained Stern. It had been jumbled and shattered by malevolent interference; only the skill of the Grey Knights' Astropaths had seen the missive recovered even in part.

As the seconds passed, the Space Wolves muttered amongst themselves and cast black looks at the Grey Knights who stood ramrod straight in their midst. Finally, Grimnar listened intently to his vox transponder before turning to face Stern. The message had been confirmed; its etheric signature was definitely that of the Fang's astropathic choir, while its portents and symbols were dire indeed. Stiffly, the Great Wolf thanked Stern for bringing him this warning, and asked that the matter of the Wulfen be set aside until Fenris' safety could be assured. All Space Wolf forces would be recalled to the home system's defence at once.

Stern agreed, and offered his aid. Grimnar growled an assent, and was turning away when Stern's parting words stopped him dead in his tracks. The Space Wolves must beware, warned the Brother-Captain, for something greater and darker was at work here than had yet been revealed. He knew this, because the Warp storms that the Space Wolves chased had not appeared at random. Rather, their placement formed a vast sigil, one that only appeared in the Grey Knights' oldest lore and that had not been seen for ten millennia.

From Spartha IV to Atrapan, from Fimnir to Hades' Reach, the Warp storms writ large an ancient symbol of vengeance last used by the sorcerers of Prospero – the Thousand Sons.

Ragnar Blackmane swung Frostfang in a savage arc, sawing clean through the neck of a Daemonette. Around Ragnar, the jungles of Dragos were alive with motion. Daemons poured from everywhere, wriggling like maggots between the densely packed tree-trunks to hack apart or impale the Space Wolves. Though beset on all sides, Ragnar's warriors had recovered several packs of Wulfen from amid this arboreal hell, and the returned brothers now fought at Blackmane's side. Their howling echoed over the mad clangour of battle, each fresh chorus fuelling the Space Wolves' battle frenzy.

Ragnar caught another Daemonette by the throat as it lunged at him, hefting the squirming creature into the air and snapping its spine with a brutal twist. One of the Wulfen lunged past him, hammering its frost claws through the chest of a Slaaneshi Fiend before ripping the Daemon bodily in two. Ichor rained down on Ragnar, and the young Wolf Lord snarled his approval.

Ragnar's eyes darted left and right, hunting for more prey to kill. He felt fire surging through his veins, and within his soul the blackmane wolf growled as it hadn't done in years. His hearts thundered with adrenaline, and his breath came in a savage pant. Part of Blackmane knew that something

was amiss, a sane voice whispering that the bestial power saturating his body was wrong. But the larger part of him exulted in the feeling, hungering for the thrill of the hunt and the hot blood of the kill.

Ragnar shook his head, coming back to himself as he realised that whispering voice was actually the crackle of the vox.

‘Say again...’ he panted through gritted fangs, forcing his mind to calm.

‘Astropathic communiqué Lord Blackmane,’ came the huscarl’s voice again, voxing down from the Strike Cruiser high above. ‘It is from the Great Wolf, my lord. He says we are to withdraw immediately and return to...’

‘Impossible!’ snarled Blackmane, cutting angrily across the man’s words. The beast in him raged at the thought of retreat. ‘We are still fighting! There are still... hnng... so many here to hunt!’

‘My lord,’ the serf’s tone was half apologetic, half afraid. ‘The order comes from Lord Grimnar himself. He says that Fenris is under attack.’

The words were like a blast of chill Fenrisian wind on Ragnar's skin, and he forced down the beast inside with a furious effort.

'Russ' bones... Understood. Pulling back now.' Ragnar switched vox frequencies, eliciting a chorus of angry howls from his warriors as he relayed the order to prepare for extraction.

Ragnar Blackmane shook his head with dismay as he and his surviving warriors began a fighting retreat. Fenris. The Wulfen. Something here was very, very wrong.

THE CURSE

By the time the Great Wolf's fleet reached their rally point in the Anvarheim System, the recalled Great Companies of several other Wolf Lords had already arrived. With those forces, the Wulfen amongst them, Grimnar intended to make straight for the Fenris System. It swiftly became apparent, however, that matters would not be so simple.

The moment Lord Grimnar's ships entered the Anvarheim System, it was clear something was amiss. Aboard his flagship, *Allfather's Honour*, Grimnar listened to a barrage of incoming vox-chatter. Alarming and contradictory reports overlaid one another, and the Great Wolf shared a grim look with Ulrik the Slayer.

Clustered near the third moon of Maedebrax, the warships of Harald Deathwolf, Egil Iron Wolf and Sven Bloodhowl's Great Companies waited in loose formation for the coming of their King. In their midst was the honour-ship *Coldfang*, sitting apart from its brothers like a leper amidst a crowd. It was from this craft that many of the urgent vox hails came, though the Wolf Lords also clamoured for their Great Wolf's attention.

Grimnar opened a vox-channel to all three of his lieutenants, as well as to Battle Leader Hjalvard aboard the *Coldfang*. Conscious of Stern's Battle Barge sitting in mute judgement off his port bow, Grimnar ensured the exchange was as heavily encrypted as it could be. He then angrily demanded that his brothers take a hold of themselves and explain exactly what was going on.



The truth was even more alarming than Lord Grimnar feared. Since the quest began, the *Coldfang* had waited in the Anvarheim System, its role to gather and re-arm the rescued Wulfen for their triumphal return to Fenris. Several Wolf Lords had sent back swift warships with Wulfen packs aboard, pressing on in search of more lost kin even as these first returnees were received aboard the Coldfang. To begin with, everything had gone to plan, the Iron Priests successfully equipping the 13th Company brothers with Hrothgar Swordfang's newly adapted armour and weapons.

More Wulfen continued to be ferried back from far-flung war zones, and as their numbers grew something strange began to occur on the Strike Cruiser. The Wulfen became ever more restive – so much so that their alpha pack leaders struggled to control them. Numerous servitors, and even a handful of crew bondsmen, had been injured or killed by Wulfen lashing out at random. At the same time, the Grey Hunters tasked with watching over the Wulfen became ever more quarrelsome and aggressive. Tempers flared, curses were hurled, and bloody fist fights broke out on the decks of the ship.

By the time the rallying call came, and the three Wolf Lords brought their own recovered Wulfen to join the throng, matters were deteriorating rapidly. Outright anarchy threatened.

Hjalvard snarled that a madness had descended upon the *Coldfang*. Every Fenrisian knew that the mark of the Wulfen

could seize a battle-brother in the heat of battle, could even transform him in extreme cases. On the *Coldfang*, it seemed as though the mark's symptoms were manifesting in every warrior aboard. Several had succumbed altogether, their bodies and minds devolving until they were indistinguishable from the 13th Company. For now, the ship's frightened huscarl crew, unaffected by the mutation, were still in control. But for how long?

Voice strained, Harald Deathwolf reminded his brothers that his instincts had warned of something terrible all along. What if this behaviour was not restricted to the warriors aboard the *Coldfang*? Already, the other Wolf Lords were reporting instances of unruly behaviour and increased aggression among packs on their own craft. Fights had broken out between packmates. Blood had been spilled. These Wulfen were not a boon, Harald warned.

They were a curse.

*A*t Harald's words, Logan Grimnar's grip tightened on the arm of his command throne.

'While we travelled, the Stormcaller subjected our kin to every test he knows, Deathwolf,' Grimnar bit out. 'I insisted on it. There is no Chaos taint here. None!'

'Perhaps not,' rumbled Egil Iron Wolf, 'but there is something amiss. Some sickness perhaps? My optic augurs read biochemical hyperactivity in my warriors. Their blood stirs...'

Grimnar looked to Ulrik again, where the Wolf Priest stood beside his throne. The Slayer's face was rigid as graven granite, and Grimnar knew that his old mentor still believed the Wulfen to be the Primarch's heralds. There would be no clear counsel from that quarter.

Grimnar shook his head angrily. He would not believe that their kin were cursed. Something was at work here, but it must be some outside influence, the mischief of a foe to be slain.

'We make Warp for Fenris at once,' Grimnar decreed, his tone brooking no argument. 'And upon our arrival, the Wulfen will fight at our side. The Space Wolves will defend our home world, and we will do so together!'







CHAPTER 3





ARCHITECT OF WOE

The Fenris System seethed with horror. Tendrils of madness coiled from the dark of the void, the raw energies of the Warp tearing at the Space Wolves' domain. Daemons beyond count spilled forth from crackling rents to fall upon vassal militia detachments and Space Wolves defence forces. It was a catastrophe of appalling scale.

As the ships of Logan Grimnar's fleet crashed back out of Warp space and into the Fenris System after long weeks of violent transit, vox and auspex alike came alive with tales of terror. On Valdrmani, Svellgard, Frostheim and Midgardia – every moon and planet but Fenris itself – the Ruinous Powers had struck with gleeful fury. Logan Grimnar was not fool enough to believe the timing of this invasion was coincidental, but for now there was no time for anything but the desperate fight to save the Fenris System from damnation. Only once that war was won would the culprit be hunted down and made to pay in blood.

The truths Grimnar desired were closer than he knew. As the Space Wolves ships appeared on the outskirts of the Fenris System, the mastermind of their miseries marked their arrival. Looming over a blood-spattered augur screen on Frostheim, Lord Vydus Skayle of the Alpha Legion watched intently as the runes denoting the Space Wolves vessels flickered into being. The Chaos Lord showed no reaction as the Fenrisian craft began to power in-system, and deployed their forces in defence of their beset worlds.



When he was sure that no further signifier runes were going to appear, Lord Skayle left the augur and strode across the command chamber of Morkai's Keep. He walked to the cracked and blackened armaglass of the chamber's observation window, stepping over the decomposing corpses of slain Space Wolves. No effort had been made to clear away the aftermath of the Alpha Legion's attack on this fortress; the dead still lay where they had fallen, rotting amid heaps of spent shell casings and scorched craters.

Lord Skayle stared out over the defence lines that spread around the base of the fortress. Down there, his legionnaires were readying themselves for the onslaught to come. Bastion emplacements were being coaxed back to life, autoloaders chattering as the guns guzzled ammunition. Chaos Space Marines herded shivering Cultists through the thigh-deep snow, forcing them into position behind armoured barricades. Daemon Engines prowled, the snow melting before their furnace heat.

The Alpha Legion also had the aid of the Dark Gods. Just as Warp rifts had opened upon the other worlds of the Fenris System, here a breach had torn open atop the glacier to disgorge the Daemons of Khorne and Tzeentch. Skayle knew better than to trust the entities' claims that they were his servants, but they would fight for him when the time came, and that was enough.

Morkai's Keep stood atop a glacial mesa that loomed over the frozen wastes of Frostheim. The Alpha Legion had banished the fortress' alarm spirits and rendered them inert during their attack, but even so there would be no way the Space Wolves could sneak up on Skayle's forces. Not that the wolves would be inclined towards subtlety upon discovering what he had done to their home system. They would be coming for the Alpha Legion with fangs bared.

In truth it didn't matter. The Alpha Legion had completed their task. The great ritual was done, and nothing could stop it now. The Warp rifts blossoming across the Fenris System would multiply, vomiting forth the unnatural energies of the Empyrean. A tide of Daemons would drown the Space Wolves' worlds, and even as they strove to protect their domain, the Fenrisians would damn themselves beyond redemption. So it had been prophesied. So the Despoiler had decreed.



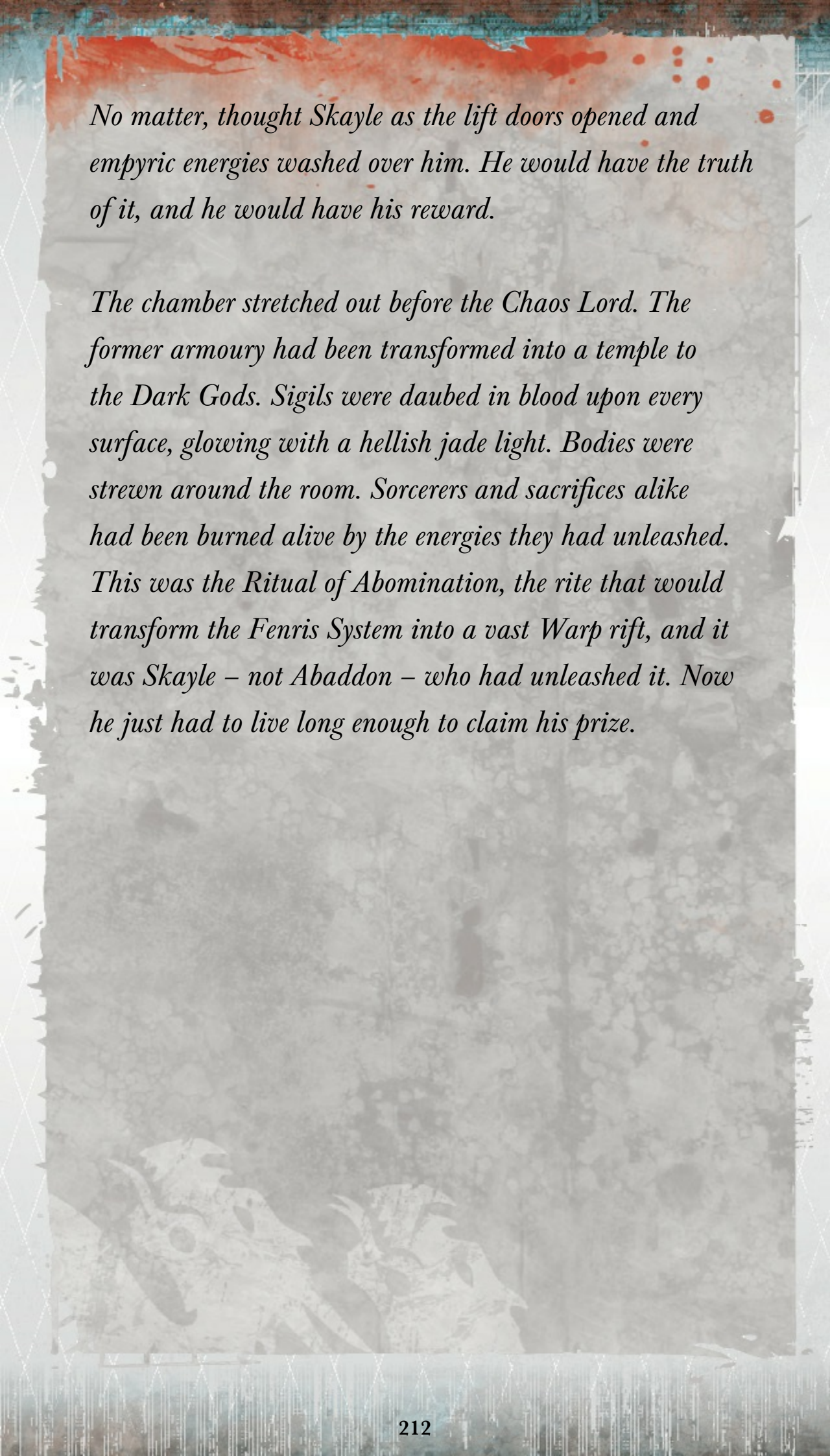
urning away from the armaglass, Skayle

***T**walked across the chamber and stepped into the fortress' grav-lift. He would bask in the energies of the ritual before battle.*

As the lift rumbled downward, Skayle again wondered whose will he was truly doing. It was the Despoiler that had sent him, all those years before. Abaddon had provided the ritual, and assured the Alpha Legionnaire that the Space Wolves would not contest his arrival.

Sure enough, the Alpha Legion's veiled warship had met with no resistance as it took position over Frostheim. Even on the surface, the renegades had met with only a token force. The Chaos Lord's lips split in a fanged smirk as he remembered the slaughter they had wrought upon the meagre Space Wolves garrison left to defend this place.

Skayle was of the Alpha Legion; duplicity was in his blood. And he knew the turning of plans within plans when he saw it. From what Skayle's Sorcerers had been able to fathom, the Space Wolves had been chasing Warp storms. Why, was less clear. Abaddon the Despoiler was capable of great things, Skayle thought to himself, but conjuring dozens of Warp storms across half the galaxy just to draw the wolves away? No.



No matter, thought Skayle as the lift doors opened and empyric energies washed over him. He would have the truth of it, and he would have his reward.

The chamber stretched out before the Chaos Lord. The former armoury had been transformed into a temple to the Dark Gods. Sigils were daubed in blood upon every surface, glowing with a hellish jade light. Bodies were strewn around the room. Sorcerers and sacrifices alike had been burned alive by the energies they had unleashed. This was the Ritual of Abomination, the rite that would transform the Fenris System into a vast Warp rift, and it was Skayle – not Abaddon – who had unleashed it. Now he just had to live long enough to claim his prize.



Midgardia: The continent-spanning fungus jungles of Midgardia played host to the vile servants of Nurgle, while the planet's subterranean cities seethed with daemonic invaders.



Valdrmani: The Wolf Moon had initially been untouched by hostilities. As the Space Wolves relief fleet arrived, however, a clarion call of distress rang out from its astropathic relay station of Longhowl.



Fenris: No enemy assailed Fenris at this time. The Drakeslayers prowled the battlements of the Fang, sure that this could not remain the case for long.



Frostheim: On snowbound Frostheim, the great fortress of Morkai's Keep had fallen to a surprise attack by the Alpha Legion, whose subsequent ritual had plunged the rest of the Fenris system into madness.



Svellgard: The turbulent ocean moon of Svellgard churned with daemonic activity. Its volcanic islands were overrun, and its crucial defences infested with nightmarish terrors.



The Adventurers Return: Sweeping in from beyond their home system's outer beacons, Logan Grimnar's relief fleet struck. They divided their strengths between the worlds and moons of the Fenris system, furiously determined to slaughter the Chaos forces to the last.



MIDGARDIA

FENRIS

VALDRMANI
The Wolf Moon

KEY



Defence Station



Minefield



Star Fortress





As yet, the Great Company of Ragnar Blackmane had not reached the Fenris System, but was instead racing through the Warp to the aid of their brothers.



Harald Deathwolf's Great Company made straight for Frostheim. They were determined to deal with whatever threat had silenced the garrison of Morkai's Keep and reclaim the fortress for the Great Wolf.



With their preponderance of armoured fighting vehicles and transports, the Ironwolves were deployed to the surface of Midgardia. There they would brave the corrupted jungles and bring the fight to the foe.



To the Firehowlers fell the duty of recapturing the mighty network of orbital defences that dotted the islands of Svellgard. Here their manoeuvrability and speed would count for much.



Lord Redmaw had claimed to be hours away, yet time in the Warp is fickle, and the Space Wolves could not wait for his arrival before launching their assault.



Possessed of a cold and terrible wrath the like of which even his Wolf Guard had never seen before, Logan Grimnar led his Great Company into battle beneath the surface of Midgardia. He would purge the caverns of Daemons or die in the attempt.



LOOSING THE WOLVES

As the Space Wolves' warships powered in-system, Grimnar divided his forces between Svellgard, Frostheim and populous Midgardia, while grudgingly requesting the aid of the Grey Knights in securing Valdrmani. Even asking these outsiders for help was not so contentious as his next order. The Wulfen were divided into Murderpacks and ferried from the *Coldfang* to augment each Great Company.

Those Wolf Lords who protested were shouted down by the furious Grimnar; the Space Wolves needed every warrior to defend their home. The Great Wolf would not allow the trickery of some unseen foe to deny them the aid of the Wulfen at this crucial moment. That, he asserted, was surely what their foes intended. The Space Wolves owed it to their returned brothers not to cast them aside. It was a thin straw to grasp at, but enough to secure the grudging compliance of his Wolf Lords.

Svellgard, Frostheim's turbulent oceanic moon, was the first world to feel Fenrisian retribution. It came in the form of Sven Bloodhowl and his Firehowlers.

Svellgard was the site of the main Fenrisian System defence network. Known as the Claws of the World Wolf, this string of missile silos dotted the chains of volcanic islands that rose from Svellgard's seas, and its sky-scraping missiles posed a threat to any warship navigating



the Fenris System. The control hub for this network – a fortified nexus named the World Wolf's Lair – was located on the largest southern island. It was upon this site that the Firehowlers descended in force, determined to reclaim control of this crucial asset.

As Sven Bloodhowl charged down the assault ramp of his Stormwolf, his augmented senses took in the battlefield at a glance. Having come down on the rocky ridge overlooking the World Wolf's Lair, his warriors were pouring from their drop craft, eyes wild and chainswords revving. Below them the fortified compound seethed with Daemons, the vile beings who spilled from every bunker and strongpoint in their eagerness to attack the skyborne intruders. To one flank of the compound, the ocean frothed madly, a sick luminescence shining in its depths. To the other, the island's volcano reared towards the sky.

Lord Bloodhowl knew that the compound must be retaken with all haste. The Claws of the World Wolf could be vital to reclaiming the Fenris System. A concerted attack was needed, yet the moment the Firehowlers barrelled from their craft they launched themselves down the slope in ragged packs. The howls of the Wulfen rose over their headlong charge, the feral warriors loping amidst their brothers with thunder hammers and great frost axes raised. Sven's Great Company howled in answer. Jetting forwards at their head, the Wolf Lord bayed as loud and as wildly as any, an animal rage burning in his eyes as he smashed into the daemoniac horde.





THE SVELLGARD INCURSION

At the moment Lord Skayle's Sorcerers completed their great Ritual of Abomination, rents had opened in reality beneath the oceans of Svellgard. Rippling Warp portals had shuddered into existence, radiating the mad light of unreality through the ocean depths. Even as millions of gallons of water thundered through these portals and into the Warp, so a daemonic Incursion had forced its way into Svellgard's seas.

Daemons in their millions had shimmered through the darkness of Svellgard's deep oceans, the crushing pressure an irrelevance to such unnatural fiends. The seabed had swirled up in clouds as clawed feet and cloven hooves churned it, Daemon packs advancing through veils of Warp-lit sediment. Strange fires had flared amid the darkness, Screamers of Tzeentch undulating through the water like abyssal beasts while Skull Cannons rumbled impossibly across the ocean floor. En masse, this terrible horde had surged through the frozen deeps, making unerringly for the islands on which the Space Wolves defence silos were located.

The greatest horde of the Svellgard Incursion had burst from the churning waters and straight into battle with the shocked garrison of the World Wolf's Lair. Leading the charge had come a terrifying force of destruction, a Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage. This was Vor'hakk, the Annihilator of Xarn, the Wound that Splits the World. An ancient and terrible being, Vor'hakk was fury distilled

into its purest form, a near-mindless destroyer against whom no mortal man had stood and lived. His wing beats were dark thunder fit to drive foes mad with fear. His axe was a thirsting horror of daemonforged steel that had sundered mighty fortress gates and split heroes like bloody firewood. The Bloodthirster's roar could shatter bones with its wrathful force, and the very ground blackened and scorched beneath its cloven-hoofed tread.



Even alone, Vor'hakk would have been a monstrous foe, yet in his wake came the rest of his hellish host. At their heart was a rampaging Murderhorde of Khornate Daemons, led into battle by the infamous Khornate Herald Raksh'as Sundersword. This bloodthirsty Daemon warrior broke the lines of Slaanesh's Wanton Jaunt during the War of Seven Chimes, and severed the head of the enormous Warboss Golg on Muraxia. Though limited as a strategist, the Herald was a lethal combatant and a decisive leader, both qualities he would need in order to keep up with Vor'hakk's rampage.

Raksh'as commanded not only the Bloodletter packs and trampling daemoniac cavalry of his Murderhorde, but also a rumbling battery of hellish cannons known as the Crimson

Destroyers. This trio of snarling Daemon Engines were notorious for their maddened flesh-hunger, an urge so strong that they would often forgo their duties as artillery in order to charge into battle. The Herald that oversaw them, Ka'Shan'kha, shared this base savagery. Little more than a feral beast, Ka'Shan'kha had been given his post as a punishment for disobedience in battle. Scornful of the very concept of supporting fire, he was content to leave matters of command to Raksh'as, instead urging his Skull Throne into battle as fast as it could go. The taste of mortal flesh was this Herald's only desire, the salt tang of blood his only true pleasure. The violence with which he and his cannons went about their slaughter was the stuff of dark legend.



The remainder of the Svellgard Incursion comprised the Daemons of Nurgle and Tzeentch. Masses of foul beings had burst through the Warp portals in Vor'hakk's wake, and they meant to cause as much slaughter as they could in the name of their own patron deities.

Lumbering ponderously from the ocean with salt water sluicing from their rotted bodies, the Tallyband known as the Rustlungs

had prepared to spread Nurgle's blessings across Svellgard. Their droning count drifted before them, mingled with the gleeful squeals of the Nurglings on which they glumly trod. At their head came the Herald Verdig'rus, whose touch spread corrosion like a plague.

Over the heads of the Incursion swept the Burning Chariots and Tzeentchian Screammers of the Conflagral Swarm. This Burning Skyhost streaked into battle leaving a trail of mutating warpflame in its wake, the strange fires transforming living flesh to glass or slime, flowers or healing flame with random caprice.

Providing the Incursion with a frightening volume of long-ranged firepower were the Soul Grinders of the Clattering Crescendo. This Forgehost stamped their clawed limbs and bellowed to the skies as the Space Wolves dropped from on high to do battle; it had been days since the last of the lair's garrison vassals had fled to the deepest tunnels beneath the island, and ever since the Soul Grinders had been forced to prey on their own for sport. Now, at last, a real foe presented itself once again, and the Daemon Engines meant to reap every mortal soul they could.











Space Wolves and Daemons hurled themselves into the fight with no thought for tactics or restraint. It was as though a madness had seized the Firehowlers, their Swiftclaws and Skyclaws leaving their battle-brothers in their wake as they charged wildly down the ridge. A bestial savagery surged through their packs and saw them claw and bite at their foes, bludgeoning with gun butts and hacking madly with blades. Lord Bloodhowl fought in their midst, his expression as feral and savage as any of them.

The Daemons of the Svellgard Incursion responded to this reckless attack with glee. They spilled from every bunker door and shattered bulkhead, raising a wordless war cry. For days they had been hunting the last of the lair's garrison or fighting sullenly amongst themselves. Now, here came a true foe to corrupt and defeat, and the Daemons would not waste their chance.

Launching himself skyward from the fortifications of the World Wolf's Lair, the Bloodthirster Vor'hakk flapped heavily into the air. The Daemon threw back his bestial head and gave vent to a mighty bellow, a roar that was matched by the volcano that towered over the battlefield. Molten brass and screaming skulls rained down upon the scene, spat from the mountain's maw, and through this rain of destruction the Bloodthirster charged.

Vor'hakk, the Annihilator of Xarn, hit the Space Wolf vanguard like a battering ram. Slamming down amongst them, the



Bloodthirster swatted a Land Speeder from the air with his axe. His second swing split three Skyclaws in half, soaking the ground with their blood. Bellowing, Vor'hakk kicked a Wolf Guard pack leader in the chest and sent him tumbling away, before cutting his axe up under another Skyclaw's chin and smashing him a hundred feet into the air. Blood rained down upon Vor'hakk as the Bloodthirster ploughed on deeper into the fight.

Taking their master's lead, the rest of the daemonic incursion hurled themselves at their foes. While the brass-shod Daemons of Khorne charged straight up the centre, Verdig'rus' Tallyband and the infernal servants of Tzeentch moved to engulf the Fenrisians' flanks. The fight that followed was savage and desperate.

For several saga-worthy minutes, those elements of the Firehowlers that had charged recklessly ahead were forced to fend for themselves against impossible odds. Axes thumped into daemonflesh. Power armour was rent and sundered. Bike engines roared and the cries of dying Skyclaws filled the air. Then, finally, the rest of the Great Company reached the edge of the fortifications.





The Daemons were so intent on overwhelming the Space Wolves, they didn't realise the danger until the main bulk of the Firehowlers crashed into them. Some of these Space Wolves had been driven just as blood-mad as their faster kin, a few even loping into the fight as fully transformed Wulfen. However, many Grey Hunters and Long Fangs had managed to keep their heads. These warriors now advanced into point-blank range and opened fire upon the encircling daemonic forces. A Soul Grinder that had just dismembered several Swiftclaws was struck in the side by a Vindicator shell and blown to gory scrap. Heavy bolter rounds thumped into the sky, sawing lines of fire criss-crossing as they punched Screamers and Burning Chariots out of the air. The Daemons were caught in the open and shredded by roaring gunfire, or driven back into the compound in disarray.

Though their flanks were collapsing, Vor'hakk and his Khornate Daemons were still wreaking havoc in the centre. Sven Bloodhowl was locked in battle with a hissing Khornate Herald, fighting furiously just to hold the Daemon at bay. He could do nothing to intervene as the Bloodthirster smashed its way through his battle-brothers, making corpses of heroes with every swing of its axe.

Then, with a mighty chorus of howls, the Wulfen Murderpack struck. Having circled their prey through the madness of battle, they came at the Bloodthirster from every angle,

returned 13th Company and newly turned Firehowler Wulfen fighting as one. Stormfrag auto-launchers drummed, stitching Vor'hakk's monstrous form with explosions in the moment before the Wulfen sprang.



The Bloodthirster caught one Wulfen mid-leap, his axe-swing smashing the warrior back and over the roof of a bunker.

At the same time a thunder hammer cracked into the Bloodthirster's jaw, and a frost axe hacked through his right wing, all but severing it in a spray of ichor. More blows rang from Vor'hakk's armour or stabbed through his iron-hard flesh, and the Bloodthirster bellowed in fury.

Another swing of the Bloodthirster's huge axe hacked two more Wulfen apart, before a blow from the weapon's pommel hammered another into the ground hard enough to leave behind a gore-smeared crater. Howling with incandescent rage, a Wulfen pack leader lunged inside the Bloodthirster's guard and buried both frost claws into its breastplate. In return, Vor'hakk smashed the pack leader aside, leaving the

claws snapped off and protruding from his chest. Seizing his moment, another Wulfen swung his thunder hammer with the force of a Fenrisian avalanche and drove the icy blades straight through Vor'hakk's black heart.

The Bloodthirster's axe hit the ground with a clang like a tolling bell, moments before its owner toppled backwards with black blood jetting from his chest. As the Khornate Daemons reeled in dismay, Sven Bloodhowl seized his chance and struck the head off the Herald he was fighting. The Wolf Lord stepped back, panting with exertion as he surveyed the battlefield with eyes from which the madness had fled.

Many of his Wulfen were slain, and dozens of Space Wolves besides. Their bodies lay between great mounds of twitching daemonic dead that even now rotted away to nothingness. Sven's Grey Hunters and Long Fangs were purging the last of the foe from the compound, driving them back into the sea with their gunfire.

The World Wolf's Lair was secure, but the cost of victory had been steep indeed.







THE FIERCE-EYE'S OATH

Bound by his oath to defend the Fang, Wolf Lord Krom Dragongaze had been forced to look on, powerless, as madness engulfed Fenris' sister worlds. Another Wolf Lord might have discarded their oath in favour of action, but the Fierce-eye still remembered his failures on Alaric Prime. He would never trade duty for self-aggrandisement again.

From the moment the Fenris System came under attack, the Fang's vox galleries and astropathic choir were driven to a frenzy of activity. Every day brought fresh tales of disaster. Every day brought demands from Krom's warriors to take the fight to the foe, but Lord Dragongaze held his post despite his rage at the destruction being wrought. On Krom's orders the Fang's astropaths hurled messages into the void until their minds bled, calling the wolves home.

After days of waiting, everything happened at once. Even as Grimnar's warfleet broke Warp on the edge of the Fenris System, an urgent message crackled through Krom's vox. Bjorn the Fell-Handed had woken at last.

Leaving orders with his Wolf Guard to appraise Grimnar of the strategic situation, Krom rushed down into the depths of the Fang. Stepping from the grav-lift into the shadowed

catacombs, Dragongaze found a group of Iron Priests and Wolf Priests already gathered around Bjorn's sarcophagus. The ancient Dreadnought stirred at the Fierce-eye's approach, chains rattling around him and vox grill rumbling to life.

In strained tones, the Dreadnought revealed the secrets of his slumber. So ancient and powerful was Bjorn's spirit that, while he slept, he had stood vigil from atop the hexagrammic ramparts of the Fang's echo in the Warp. It was from this vantage point that Bjorn had spied Daemons gathering in the beyond, and from here that he had fought them off since before even the first Wulfen were returned. Even now, part of his spirit still battled within the Empyrean, but he had broken away to deliver a vital warning.

Bjorn had, that very hour, felled a mighty Daemon that scaled the ward-wall with blade in hand. Even with Bjorn's boot upon its neck, the Daemon had choked out a mocking laugh. It had crowed that the silver templars were walking into a trap upon the Wolf Moon, and that their deaths would seal the Space Wolves' doom. Bjorn knew as well as any that Daemons lie, but he had felt the truth of this terrible utterance. And so he had risked a partial awakening to bring his warning to whomever could heed it. Krom must go, Bjorn urged; he must make all haste to Valdrmani, and there he must prevent whatever catastrophe was about to occur.





THE BATTLE OF MORKAI'S KEEP

As the Firehowlers fell in fury upon Svellgard, the warships of the Deathwolves rumbled into orbit over Frostheim. Here the renegade forces of the Alpha Legion had seized control of Morkai's Keep, putting the fortress' Space Wolves garrison to the sword. It was a cruel insult that could not go unpunished.

Harald Deathwolf snarled as the *Alpha Fang's* auspex confirmed Chaos Space Marine vox traffic upon the world below. Such traitors held a special place of loathing in the Wolf Lord's heart. The enemy signals emanated from Morkai's Keep, hunched atop its glacial perch on Frostheim's equator.

The Deathwolves had encountered only one enemy warship in high orbit, and the craft had plunged into the Warp at their approach. Better yet, sensor auguries confirmed that the keep's defences were without power, though they did read trace empyric emanations from deep within the glacier.

A current of feral excitement ran through the Wolf Guard gathered in Lord Deathwolf's strategium. Evidently, the traitors had exorcised the machine spirits of the keep's defences when they attacked, leaving its fearsome Icarus batteries and sentry guns lifeless and inert. It seemed as

though the renegades had underestimated the speed and severity of the Space Wolves' response. The Deathwolves would punish them for their presumption. They would savage the foe while his throat was bared, then discover whether these strange Warp readings had anything to do with the madness engulfing the Fenris System. Harald's Wolf Guard roared their assent, the normally taciturn hunters boisterous and aggressive as they made for the embarkation decks.

The Deathwolves' plan was simple. Morkai's Keep was a mighty fortress, located within concentric rings of static defences. It possessed excellent fire lines that would allow its garrison to slaughter foes approaching on foot. Instead, Harald's warriors would attack from above, exploiting the absence of the keep's otherwise lethal flak screen to mount a full aerial assault. It would be swift and bloody.

The truth of that assertion came as the Space Wolves' attack craft roared down through Frostheim's atmosphere. As the first Drop Pods plummeted into range, warning hymnals rang out from their alarm speakers. Seconds later, explosions stitched the air as the supposedly inert air defences of the keep roared to sudden life. First one pod then another exploded with horrific force, their blazing wreckage shedding burning corpses as they span away into the frozen wastes below.





Throughout the Space Wolves assault force, messages of alarm flashed back and forth. Through the sorcerous aid of their Tzeentchian Daemon allies, the Alpha Legion had masked the energy signatures of the fully operational defences. They had laid their trap, and the Deathwolves had dived straight into it. Committed to their attack run, the waves of Fenrisian gunships screaming down behind the Drop Pods now found themselves plunging into a cauldron of flak and mutagenic warpflame. Armaglass windscreens cracked and exploded inwards as shots marched across them. Armoured hulls were torn open or melted away, the crafts' passengers clinging desperately to bulkheads and restraints as they tried to avoid the terrible plummet to their deaths. The Space Wolves' craft opened fire in return, but the Drop Pods below hampered their accuracy. Explosions blossomed around Morkai's Keep as missiles and laser blasts stabbed downward, but the damage was nowhere near enough.

Worse was to come as a flight of Alpha Legion Heldrakes burst from concealed caves in the glacier's flanks. Swooping through the snow and hail with predatory shrieks, the Daemon Engines hurtled into the descending craft to rip and tear. Several of the draconic craft were blasted from the sky by the determined efforts of Stormfang Gunships, but the rest tore through the Deathwolves with horrific effect. Hades autocannons riddled Stormwolves with holes. Brass talons eviscerated adamantium hulls, sending flaming craft tumbling down to explode amid the keep's defences.

The death toll climbed by the second.

Harald Deathwolf snarled as he kicked open the buckled ramp of his gunship. The slab of metal crashed down, admitting an instant hail of bullets that pinged and clanged off his power armour. With a bellow of fury, the Wolf Lord charged down the ramp and into the frostbitten mob of Cultists before him. A mighty sweep of his frost axe sent heads tumbling and innards spilling, vivid red against the white of the snow.

Behind their lord, Harald's Wolf Guard were scrambling from their mangled craft, leading their mounts out into the cold daylight. The Wolf Lord sprang up onto the roof of his crashed gunship, trying to find a vantage point from which to gauge the shape of the battle. He spat at what he saw.

Forced out of formation and heavily damaged, the Deathwolves' airborne transports had scattered across the top of the glacier. Packs of Space Wolves were spilling from gunships and Drop Pods all around Morkai's Keep, blazing away at the surrounding foe. They were isolated, mired amid Firestorm Redoubts and Vengeance batteries, and taking punishing fire from bands of Cultists, Daemons and Alpha Legion all around. Over the mayhem drifted the howl of the

Wulfen, stirring that same animal hunger that had led the Deathwolves into this mess.

‘If I live through this, Grimnar, you and I are having words,’ muttered Harald to himself, before vaulting back down onto Icetooth’s broad back. He would unite his warriors and push for the keep, or die in the attempt.



SKAYLE'S DAGGERFANGS

A sizeable warband of Alpha Legion stood against the Deathwolves at Morkai's Keep. Though their numbers were no match for a Great Company in a straight fight, the Daggerfangs' ambush had evened the odds. Now, with the advantage of the keep's defences on their side, the Alpha Legionnaires struck their reeling foes hard.

At their head strode Lord Vykus Skayle, a Chaos Lord of the Alpha Legion and a true believer in the Ruinous Powers. Skayle was an arch-manipulator and master of intrigue, traits common within those of his legion. Less typical was Skayle's quiet but intense faith in the Chaos Gods, a zealous streak lacking in many of the Chaos Lord's peers. The gods had blessed Skayle for his devotion, bestowing him with unnatural strength and speed that allowed him to strike like an enraged viper. Coupled with his daemonic blade, this made the Chaos Lord a swift and deadly killer at close quarters. Determined to annihilate the superior force that had fallen upon his strongpoint, Skayle darted through the snows with supernatural swiftness, lopping off Space Wolf heads before vanishing once more into the maelstrom of war.

Lord Skayle did not fight alone. Following his winding path through the scattered Deathwolves came Skayle's Chosen, a band of veteran warriors who had fought the Imperium for many hundreds of years. Wielding crackling power weapons



and archaic bolt pistols, the Chosen took a terrible toll upon their foes. They flowed like water around one another, centuries of shared combat experience allowing them to predict their comrades' every move. Like the heads of the hydra, Skayle's Chosen fought not as individuals but as a single, terrible beast, striking from every direction at once with lethal force.

While their leader and his elite went about their bloody work, the Alpha Legionnaires of Skayle's force were causing carnage of their own. Squads of Chaos Space Marines such as Atraphaeus' Venomslayers and the Shadowkin had been afforded ample time to prepare their positions. Now these armour-clad killers winnowed the Deathwolves' superior numbers, pouring bolter fire into packs of Grey Hunters and Blood Claws as the bloodied Fenrisians pulled themselves free of their wrecked craft. Chaos Space Marines surged up from behind rockcrete barricades to hurl krak grenades into toppled Drop Pods, or charged into combat to lock blades with their Fenrisian foes. Power armoured figures wrestled amid crimson snows, smashing in faceplates with mailed fists and stabbing with envenomed combat knives.

Not all the defenders of Morkai's Keep were genetically enhanced giants. Many unaugmented humans fought there too, shivering with cold and fear amid the swirling snow and thundering gunfire. These Cultists belonged to the



Brotherhood of the Serpent's Eye, a sect who worshipped the Alpha Legion as demigods. They would gladly give their lives for the traitors' cause, and the Alpha Legion would gladly spend them.

Skayle's deadliest weapons were a mass of horrific Daemon Engines known collectively as the Dread Beasts. Bartered from the Warpsmiths of the Eye at great cost in souls and plunder, these terrible iron monsters wrought havoc amongst the Deathwolves as they strove to fight their way free of the kill-boxes in which they were trapped.

Stalking through the carnage atop the glacier was a Khornate Murderhorde known as the Scarblades, and a sorcerous Warpflame Host, the Burning Paradox. In furtherance of their own inscrutable ends, the Ruinous Powers had sent these warbands to fight alongside Skayle's forces, though the daemons cared little for their mortal leader and sought only to cause as much wanton carnage as they could.

jarl hauled himself from his Drop Pod, falling
K*into the melted snow around the wreck. Smoke*
billowed. Guns boomed and roared. To Kjarl's
senses, all was dulled by the pounding of blood in his ears
and the baying of the Wulfen.

The beast warriors were nearby, a whole Murderpack of
them tearing through the front of a Firestorm Redoubt to
hack and claw at the Chaos Space Marines within. Kjarl
watched with wide eyes, fighting down the savage hunger
flaring in his breast. Pain shot through him as the Wulfen
howled again, and something else – a sensation he had not
felt since his Trial of Morkai. Fire raced through his blood.
For a moment, the Grey Hunter knew a surge of horror as he
felt his body shudder and twist. Then, as his muscles bulged
within his armour and his fangs stretched longer in his jaws,
the beast rose up in Kjarl and drowned all rational thought.

When the Wulfen howled again, Kjarl howled with them.
The Space Wolf took three sprinting steps and launched
himself through the breach in the redoubt's wall, crashing
down atop a hated traitor. His new pack bayed their
approval, welcoming him into their midst as he tore his
struggling prey to pieces.











All around Morkai's Keep, battle raged. The Deathwolves fought furiously to drive back their ambushers and – with the howls of the Wulfen filling them with savage vigour – they were beginning to build momentum. So potent was the influence of the Wulfen that some Deathwolves had given in to it entirely, devolving into savage beasts before the horrified eyes of their packmates. The brutality of the tangled, point-blank battle was such that neither side noticed a small band of warriors clamber over the northern lip of the glacier.

The Stormwolf carrying the Wolf Scouts known as Feingar's Coldeyes was clipped by flak early in the battle. Damaged and belching smoke, it overshot the fortress and slammed down on an ice shelf jutting from the glacier's flank. Unperturbed, the veteran scouts on board had simply shouldered their gear and scaled the ice cliff. Now, disaster became good fortune as they prepared to assault the keep from an apparently unreachable and lightly defended quarter.

Led by their pack leader, Feingar, the Wolf Scouts ran through the snow, crouched low with their guns held to their chests. With every step, the looming wall of the keep drew closer. From away across the glacier they heard the thunder of guns and the bellowing roars of Daemon Engines. Distant explosions shook the ground and sent shockwaves shuddering through the pall of smoke that drifted over the battlefield. But here, in this neglected blind spot, the Wolf Scouts advanced unimpeded. They scrambled uphill through an ice-cut

drainage channel, their yellow eyes fixed upon the keep that loomed above them.

Hauling themselves over the lip of the channel, the Wolf Scouts made a last dash across open snow before skidding into cover at the base of the keep's north wall. The fortress loomed above them, fire pouring from its gun emplacements and vision slits to shred any Space Wolves that drew near.



With swift gestures, Feingar ordered his pack to stand back and stand ready. Flashing his fangs, the veteran warrior detached a melta bomb from his belt, slammed it against the fortress wall and hit the arming rune. Moments later, the bomb seared a breach in the wall of Morkai's Keep and the Wolf Scouts surged inside.

The first the Alpha Legion knew of the infiltration was when a blaze of boltgun fire blitzed the keep's command chamber. Two Chaos Space Marines and a handful of Cultists fell to that initial salvo. The rest dived for cover behind cogitator banks and consoles, returning fire at the Coldeyes. Even as the battle



raged beyond the armaglass of the observation window, the command chamber played host to its own ferocious gun battle.

Leaning from behind a console, Feingar vaporised a Chaos Marine's head with his plasma pistol. Another Alpha Legionnaire rattled off a volley of bolter fire, blasting craters in Feingar's cover before being punched off his feet by shots from a pair of Wolf Scouts. Seizing his opening, Feingar vaulted his smouldering cover and dashed to the primary control lectern. It was from this blink-lit console that the keep's door locks and external defences were controlled, and the Wolf Scout knew from his briefings that its destruction would leave Morkai's Keep wide open.

Feingar had never been one for technology, mistrusting the Iron Priests and all their strange secrets. In the field of blowing things up, however, none had ever had cause to question his prowess. Ignoring a fusillade of autogun fire that rattled around him, Feingar liberally festooned the lectern with his remaining krak grenades and melta bombs, before taking a running dive into cover behind the biggest console he could see.

The explosion that followed was sufficient to blow the chamber's armaglass out in a jagged blizzard, and raise a grin on Feingar's grizzled features for the first time that day.

ord Skayle fought furiously against the Space Wolves that surrounded him. His armour was rent and slick with his blood, but still the Chaos Lord fought like a serpent. He hacked the head from one victim, impaled another, then wove aside from a power fist swing before lopping off its wielder's arm.

As the last of the Chaos Lord's foes fell, a sudden absence of sound registered upon his senses. Skayle cursed as he realised the Vengeance Weapon Battery at his back had fallen silent. Worse, the vox quickly revealed that it was not just this emplacement that had shut down.

'They've taken the command chamber!'

'The doors won't close. The guns are down! The wolves are storming the keep!'

'Flak's gone. We're losing ground. By the Dark Gods...'

The battle was lost, and it was time to leave. Lord Skayle swore again as he tried and failed to establish a vox-link with his cruiser. The next moment, a huge shape surged from the smoke and smashed him from his feet.

The Alpha Legion lord rolled with the blow, coming up with blade raised and three massive, bleeding gouges torn across his midriff. Skayle had no time to think before his foe was on him again. Wounded, the Chaos Lord's unnatural speed deserted him. He managed to stab his blade into the shoulder of the huge wolf that crashed into him, but in return the beast hammered him onto his back with a crunch of breaking bone. Skayle's blade skittered from his grasp, and he found himself staring up, past the snarling muzzle of a giant wolf, into the ice-blue eyes of Harald Deathwolf.

'Time to pay, traitor,' rumbled the Wolf Lord, raising his frost axe high.

'The ritual is complete, lapdog,' hissed the Chaos Lord bitterly. 'Killing me won't change anything'.

'Maybe not,' replied Harald with a mirthless grin, 'But it'll make me feel better.' With that, the axe sliced down, and Vydus Skayle went to join his gods.



HORROR ON MIDGARDIA

Of all the worlds in the Fenris System, the poisoned greenhouse of Midgardia was the most populous. It was also the most challenging environment in which to wage war, necessitating Logan Grimnar's deployment of not only his own Champions of Fenris, but also the armoured might of the Ironwolves.

Midgardia was a world well defended from conventional attack. An ancient nova cannon watched the planet's skies, while the Magma Gates — a network of towering hive-fortresses — guarded the main entrance to Midgardia's network of subterranean settlements. Even the planet's environment was a deterrent to attack; the surface was a toxic hell of spores, created by the vast fungal trees that made up its strange jungles. Underground, the lava-lit caverns in which the Midgardian people made their cities were connected by winding tunnels and treacherous, easily defensible hanging walkways.

The foe that now assailed Midgardia was anything but conventional. As the ritual of convergence was completed, Warp portals had yawned wide both above and below Midgardia's surface, vomiting out tides of gibbering hellspawn. This enemy had no space ships to shoot down. They did not fear to breathe the toxic spores of the surface, for they did not breathe at all. By tearing their way through the meniscus of reality they bypassed many of the underground strongpoints that would have held

normal invaders back for weeks. By the time the Space Wolves rushed to Midgardia's defence, the world was all but lost.

Filled with a vengeful fury, Logan Grimnar devised an attack plan as aggressive as it was ambitious. He divided his forces into two massively oversized strike forces; Strike Force Fenris – consisting of the bulk of the Ironwolves, along with the armoured elements of Grimnar's own Great Company – struck from the skies against the Daemons that besieged the Magma Gates. Aided by thunderous orbital bombardments, this strike force drove the infernal foe back. They rallied the surviving Midgardian defence force regiments, swept the hives' shielded ramparts clear of Daemons, and drove Spear of Russ formations out from the Magma Gates until nothing daemonic remained standing within twenty miles.

Strike Force Morkai – comprising Grimnar, his Kingsguard, all of Egil Iron Wolf's Terminators and both Great Companies' Wulfen – teleported directly into the caverns and tunnels beneath the Magma Gates. This unnatural method of deployment drove the Wulfen wild, and saw their Murderpacks rampage furiously through the scattered Daemons that infested the tunnels beneath the Midgardian hives. Ichor ran in rivers as the Wolf Guard joined the battle, more than one succumbing to the Wulfen curse in the process. Though many great sagas were cut tragically short by daemonic blades, the slaughter was total. Within hours, Strike Force Morkai held the gates to the underworld.





Waiting only for planetary defence regiments to descend into the depths and join him, Logan Grimnar ordered the advance. His forces and those above would form twinned cordons that would advance outwards from their starting positions and purge all before them with fire and blade. The two forces – armoured tanks and transports on the surface, Terminators and Wulfen below – would keep pace with one another using vox-exchange and by tracking teleport homing beacons. Midgardian forces would move up behind them, plugging gaps and holding conquered terrain as needed. The Daemons would be systematically purged from both subterranean and surface war zones, with none escaping the Fenrisians' wrath.

On the surface, the spore-mists were so thick that only sealed armoured vehicles could safely advance. As it crunched and ground through the bloated purple foliage, Strike Force Fenris discovered that the powers of Chaos had already wrought horrific changes here. The Space Wolves found the fungus trees growing obscenely bloated, like boils about to burst. Rot spread dark fingers across the trees' quivering trunks, and a thick mucal sludge wept from them to form nauseating, sticky swamps. The stench from these pus-bogs was so foul that it penetrated even the hulls of the Ironwolves' tanks, while the muck itself clogged tracks and bogged the vehicles down.

It was as Strike Force Fenris foundered in this foul terrain that the Daemons of Nurgle struck. Plague Drones buzzed down from on high while beasts and Plaguebearers rose up from the milk-white, foetid swamps. The slime-dripping Daemons

closed in around the Space Wolves tanks. Swathes of the foul beings were hammered back into the muck by heavy bolters and lascannons, or shattered by Iron Priests' helfrost pistols. Still more and more Daemons arose, tearing tanks open with their unholy strength.

Worse was to come as the Space Wolves disembarked to defend their tanks. To their horror, they found the jungle's spores eating through eye-lenses and armour seals, and into the flesh beneath. Even as they battled the groaning Daemon hordes, the warriors of Strike Force Fenris could feel their flesh rotting and sloughing away. Soon the advance had stalled altogether, the Space Wolves fighting just to hold their ground.

In the underworld, Strike Force Morkai were having problems of their own.

**'MIDST BLIGHTED AIR,
WITH MUCK BEFOUL'D,
THE IRON WOLF FOUGHT THE DAEMON,
THO' FLESH DID ROT AND ARMOUR RUST,
NE'ER BACKWARD STEP WAS TAKEN.'**

- Extract from the Saga of the Lost



The squads of Strike Force Morkai made good progress at first. The Daemon packs that roamed the underworld were scattered and disorganised, more of a murderous rabble than an organised army. Amid the hot, claustrophobic confines of the tunnels that connected each hanging settlement, the individual might of the Terminators and Wulfen counted for much. The psychic lightnings of Grimnar's Rune Priests and the devastating weaponry of his Iron Priests scoured whole caverns clear of taint in minutes.

The further the subterranean forces pushed outward, the more thinly spread they became. When the surface forces stalled under heavy attack, Strike Force Morkai advanced without surface support. In doing so, they exposed themselves to attack from Daemons filtering down through tunnels and vents from the surface. Entire elements of the strike force were soon surrounded, caught to the fore by the Daemons of Tzeentch and Slaanesh, and to the rear by the rotting Tallybands of Nurgle. The Space Wolves fought like heroes from the first sagas. Heavy flamers roared, filling Daemon-choked corridors with cleansing flame. Wulfen howled madly as they launched themselves into battle, talons and axes ripping unnatural flesh while their stormfrag auto-launchers thumped out volleys of grenades.

For all their heroics, the Space Wolves' subterranean advance had slowed to a crawl and their casualties were appalling. The only exception was the force led by Logan Grimnar and Ulrik the Slayer, whose combined fury and zeal had seen them push ahead into Settlement 529 – known locally as Deepspark.

Typical of Midgardian settlements, Deepspark was a township built upon metal walkways and platforms, suspended from the rocky ceiling high above. Far below, lava bubbled and steamed lazily, its hungry glow lighting the cavern like some scene of hell.

It was as the Space Wolves reached the middle of this deserted settlement that Warp portals split the air around its edge.

Screaming and gibbering, a host of Daemons surged towards the Fenrisians. Looming at their heart came the architects of this sudden ambush, a quartet of towering Daemon Princes – an Infernal Tetrad. Had Egil Iron Wolf been present, he would have recognised the foul Mordokh from the depths of Irkalla.

Advancing alongside this flyblown horror came Arkh'gar Worldslayer of Khorne, Tzen'char of Tzeentch – known by countless cults as the Living Labyrinth – and Malyg'nyl Needletongue, a lithe-limbed and lurid prince of murder.

The power of the Tetrad radiated through Deepspark like a physical force, but Grimnar refused to be cowed. Roaring in challenge, the Great Wolf ordered the charge.

The two forces crashed together with incredible fury. Khornate cannons boomed, showering Grimnar's forces with blazing bone. Thunder hammers slammed into daemoniac flesh, blasting hellish horrors apart with loud booms. Storm bolters thundered. Daemon Princes roared, and hacked, and smashed. Terminator plate crumpled. Blood sprayed. Soon, the very platforms on which Deepspark sat were shuddering with the violence of the battle.







Ulrik snarled and swung his crozius, tearing away a Daemon's face. He could see the monstrous Daemon Princes, battling the Wulfen that surrounded them. The Daemons had been bloodied, but were causing carnage in return. Ulrik hated them all the more for it. These Wulfen were the blessed of Russ, the bringers of the Primarch's gifts and heralds of his return. To see them laid low by Warp-filth disgusted Ulrik more than he could say. He swung his crozius once again, swatting a Daemonette from the back of its freakish steed.

'Blasphemies! Warpspawn! Back to the pit with you, scum!'

Ulrik's crozius swung again, smashing a flame-thing aside with killing force. Suddenly, Grimnar was before him, noble features twisted in an animal snarl. Ulrik was pleased to see even Grimnar touched by the Primarch's blessings. Those who said 'curse' were fools. Russ would never have left his sons a legacy of harm.

Whatever thought came next disintegrated as a massive taloned fist connected with the side of Ulrik's head. The world tumbled, and suddenly the slayer was on his back, ears ringing and blood in his mouth.

Ulrik watched blearily as the Infernal Tetrad waded into the Space Wolves. Hurling a Wulfen through a hab-hut, the

Nurgle-blessed Daemon Prince vomited a great cloud of flies that filled the air with their mindless buzz.

Ulrik saw the Khornate Daemon Prince ram its blade through the chest of a Wolf Guard Terminator, before ripping the sword upwards to bisect the warrior in a shower of blood.

Another of the towering fiends – this one bearing the Mark of Tzeentch upon its unnatural flesh – flickered through the fight like a jumping pict-reel, blasting bolts of mutating fire into the Space Wolves that surrounded it. Behind this sorcerous abomination the Slaaneshi Daemon Prince danced and whirled, lopping off heads and plucking out eyes with monstrous grace. The fiend's dance was suddenly and violently interrupted as the Axe Morkai hurtled through the air, whipping end over end to bury itself in the Daemon Prince's leering face.

Charging in and ripping his blade free from the staggering monster's skull, Logan Grimnar turned in time to block a hammering blow from the Khornate Daemon Prince. Reading the blade-style of Khorne Berzerker as clear as words on parchment, Grimnar cut under Arkh'gar's titanic swing to spill the fiend's molten blood.

Ulrik's shout of encouragement was drowned out as the Tzeentchian Daemon Prince threw back its head and screeched

a deafening string of impossible words. As suddenly as they had appeared, the Daemons vanished, leaving in their wake a thunderous rumble.

Ulrik's eyes widened with horror as he watched cracks race through the cavern walls. Pummelled and torn by the force of the Warp, the cavern of Deepspark began to shake itself apart. Ulrik had just time to see Grimnar lunge protectively over the prone form of a nearby Wulfen before a thundering storm of rock and stone crashed down, and everything went dark.

CHILDREN OF THE TETRAD

Even a single Daemon Prince is an incredibly dangerous foe, an immortal demigod of misrule through whom the energies of his chosen patron howl like a gale. Four of these beings fighting as one is more terrifying still, a pantheon of horrors against whom only the mightiest heroes can stand. So it was with the dark overlords of Midgardia, each Daemon Prince bringing the blessings of their own terrible deity and fusing them into an unstoppable whole.

First amongst this grim gathering was Mordokh the Rotted, the same foetid fiend that had overseen the damnation of the Irkalla super-hive. Alongside physical boons of great strength and resilience, Nurgle had gifted Mordokh with a soul of rot and rust. The foul being could retch up the crawling, buzzing horrors that spawned from his putrid spirit, and could extrude rusted blades through his flesh with which to fight. Mordokh had paid for these gifts with his natural sight; instead of looking through his own, long-rotted orbs of putrid jelly, Mordokh now saw through the eyes of his myriad flies.

The next member of the Infernal Tetrad was Arkh'gar Worldslayer, who had once been a Berzerker lord of the World Eaters Traitor Legion. Little more than a huge, living weapon, Arkh'gar existed only to shed as much blood for Khorne as he could. He fought with a speed and brute strength that few

could match, and had single-handedly slaughtered the entire population of Edrigal Quintus to earn his title.

Subtler by far was the dread being known as Tzen'char, the Living Labyrinth. A whisperer of twisted truths and arch-manipulator of fate, it was said by his worshippers that Tzen'char's physical aspect was but one reflection of his true being. They claimed that Tzen'char was not one Daemon but many, an entity of impossible contradictions whose living echoes were all identical yet subtly different. From this did the Daemon's name derive, for though every passageway of a labyrinth may look alike, every single twist and turn leads to a different fate. Whether even one of these facsimiles was the true Tzen'char was a mystery, but all possessed his supernatural swiftness and sorcerous might.



The final entity of the Infernal Tetrad was Malyg'nyl Needle tongue, the Slaaneshi Perverter of Vardos III. This vile being exuded an aura of sinful wickedness so strong that few



could resist its pull – even the purest and most faithful would be driven to indulge in their darkest fantasies, attacking friend and foe alike in their sudden madness. Through this deviant mayhem the Daemon Prince danced, his every movement graceful and sublimely lethal as he gloried in the damnation of countless souls.

The Infernal Tetrad were mighty Daemon lords all, and thus the daemoninc incursion they led was accordingly vast. At its core were the massed Tallybands and Rotswarms of Nurgle, those festering hordes that beset the tanks of Strike Force Fenris in Midgardia's jungles. The greatest Tallyband among their rancid ranks was known as the Infested. Led by the grotesquely flatulent Herald Phugulus, this gathering of Daemons was itself partially formed from parasitic fungus. The sores and buboes on their bodies resembled fatted puffballs, and every stinking expulsion of gas from their bodies carried with it a cloud of noxious daemonspores. It was these seeds of destruction that had transformed Midgardia's jungles into a deadly biological weapon, and the Infested were rightly proud of having brought such a magnificent cutting of Nurgle's Garden into realspace.

Hordes of other Daemons swilled across the surface of Midgardia, or rampaged through its subterranean settlements in search of souls. Typical of these hordes were daemoninc formations such as the Warpflame Host known as the Ashtwisters, the Grand Cavalcade of the Hedonistarii, and the Gorethunder Battery known as the Burning Storm.

Each hideous daemoniac warband followed its own patron among the Infernal Tetrad, enacting their will upon this world. The Horrors and Flamers of the Ashtwisters spread mutation and corruption among countless defence troopers during the early stages of the invasion, leaving them alive to corrupt more of their kin and plant the seeds of future fates across the planet.

The Hedonistarii sought to goad and torture their mortal quarry, inflicting the very greatest agonies upon those they hunted before finally killing them with exquisite slowness. The pain these vile huntresses extracted flowed in currents upon the ether, empowering Malyg'nyl Needletongue with every heady draft he inhaled.

The Skull Cannons of the Burning Storm were charged by their master with wanton destruction. It was the task of these terrible engines to shed the blood of the foe by the gallon and add it to his endless tithe.













THE DAEMONS' SNARE

Brother-Captain Stern ducked, warpflame roaring over his head. Scowling, the Grey Knight reached out and chanted a rite of banishment to hurl a swathe of fungoid Flamers back into the Empyrean.

Daemons of Tzeentch and Slaanesh flowed across the marble floor in a seemingly endless tide. Stern stood as one of a tight circle of Grey Knights battle-brothers, fighting to hold back wave upon wave of the foe. Already the Grey Knights had hacked, blasted and banished what felt like hundreds, and still the Daemons came. Worse, Stern knew that this was but a diversion, a spending of footsoldiers meant to pin the Grey Knights in place. The greatest danger was from the roiling build-up of psychic energy that shivered the air around them. Every Grey Knight could sense it, even without the psy-trackers in their armour, for to those with the Gift it was akin to a rumbling volcano about to erupt.

Fighting on with mechanical efficiency, Stern mentally reviewed the events that had brought them to this. From orbit, Valdrmani – the Wolf Moon – had been revealed as a barren ball of crags and blood-red sand, bereft of atmosphere and lashed by radiation flares from the Fenrisian star. In these hellish environs the Space Wolves had established the dome-plex of Longhowl, fortified and shielded against the planet's hostile conditions. It was from here that an astropathic relay hurled messages from the Fang out into the void.



It had been from here, too, that the distress call had come. It was evident now that a heathen Cultist – a puppet of the Alpha Legion impersonating a Fenrisian huscarl – must have sent it. Such was the cunning and veracity of the message that it had been enough to lure the Grey Knights in.

Only when the Stormravens of Stern's force were plunging groundwards did the city's nova cannon awaken, blitzing columns of ruby fire into the heavens. Caught by the sudden ambush fire, the Grey Knights' Battle Barge was torn in two. By the time the ship's gun decks awoke, it was far too late.

That once-mighty starship now rained down as fiery wreckage upon Valdrmani's surface. The Grey Knights had blasted their way into the fortified city only to discover not hapless Imperial citizens, but seething hordes of Daemons, and shrieking Cultists clad in the colours of the Alpha Legion. And then there was the psychic build-up, an increasing empyric reaction that was swiftly reaching critical mass. Stern could sense that, when it peaked, the subsequent explosion would annihilate the city and the Grey Knights with it. Doubtless that was the point. What he could not determine was this; was it all some devious ruse of the Ruinous Powers to make the Space Wolves look culpable for the Grey Knights' deaths? Or was he witnessing the first act of open betrayal by a Great Wolf driven mad by the corruption of Chaos?





TALONS OF TZEENTCH

The trap on Valdrmani – indeed, the entire invasion of the Fenris System – had been orchestrated by a cabal of Tzeentchian champions, two of whom were present on the Wolf Moon in person.

The first of these was mortal, a Dark Apostle of the Alpha Legion named Hekastis Nul. When the Ritual of Abomination spewed Daemons across Valdrmani, Nul used the resultant mayhem to infiltrate Longhowl. On Skayle's orders, Nul had led Cultists of the Brotherhood of the Serpent's Eye to seize the city's astropathic choristrium. There, the Dark Apostle imprisoned the astropathic choir. When, days later, the Grey Knights moved into orbit above Valdrmani, Nul and his followers began their own ritual.

Cultists had rushed to Longhowl's command sanctum, sending out a false distress cry and manning gunnery lecterns. In the choristrium, daemonsblood had been daubed in a great sigil across the metal floor. As the vile mark was completed, the captive Astropaths cried out in agony. The symbol glowed as it leeches the Astropaths' minds, draining their energies in an ever-increasing flood. The horrified psykers jerked and twitched, flesh bubbling and minds melting as Nul's sigil drank in their powers to create an almighty psychic resonator.



Meanwhile, the Dark Apostle and his servants looked on with the gleaming eyes of fanatics. The cursed blast, when it came, would kill them all, but it would also damn the Space Wolves in the eyes of the Imperium. Channelling the stolen powers of the astropathic choir and lent the flavour of truth by the soul-stuff of the Grey Knights, the resonant blast wave would project twisted visions into the minds of Astropaths far and wide: a Fenrisian nova cannon firing on the Grey Knights' Battle Barge; the monstrous mutants in the Space Wolves' midst and the Great Wolf's misguided determination to protect them; the spectacular detonation of Longhowl slaying Stern and his brothers wholesale. By the time the wave of resonance receded, visions and portents of the Grey Knights' death at the hands of the Space Wolves would have reached half the Imperium, and the Fenrisians' vilification would be assured.

While Hekastis Nul went about his grisly work, the daemoniac incursion of Tzen'char the Living Labyrinth wrought havoc throughout Longhowl. Another echo of the same infernal being that fought on Midgardia, the Daemon Prince knew his role here well. The mortals would sacrifice themselves to see Tzeentch's will done. Meanwhile, Tzen'char and his Daemon hosts fought to hold the Grey Knights in the jaws of the trap.

A host of unnatural warriors fought for Tzen'char, though none were privy to his plan. Greatest of these was a monstrous Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster named Agva'hax. This



destroyer tore through Longhowl's garrison with unstoppable fury, but his true purpose on Valdrmani was to claim for Khorne the life of Brother-Captain Stern.

Hundreds of daemoniac footsoldiers crowded the corridors and domes of Longhowl, and it was these entities that hurled themselves against Stern's battle-brothers. The Warpflame Host known as Xa'kjlis' Betwisters hurled mutating fire at their silver-armoured foes. A Burning Skyhost wheeled and cackled around the dome's high ceiling, the Burning Chariots and many-eyed Screammers slinging bolts of energy or darting down to slice with blades and spikes. Daemons of Slaanesh, too, poured towards the Grey Knights from corridors and antechambers; the lascivious hellmaidens of Shlas'qyl's Flayertroupe danced into battle alongside the hurtling chariots and loping Seekers of the Beauteous Death. Swift and deadly, these daemons wove around Nemesis blades to stab and tear with vicious claws, singing their lilting, nerve-shredding dirge all the while.

he Winterbite was a Nova-class frigate, a sleek, fast warship that had borne Krom Dragongaze and his personal elite – the Fierce-eye's Finest – from the Fang's space docks with commendable haste. A canny tactician, the Winterbite's captain brought his craft in through the drifting wreckage of the Grey Knight Battle Barge, using the shattered remains to screen his ship from the deadly cannons lurking below.

As the strategic situation became clear, Krom's worst fears were confirmed. The Battle Barge had been destroyed by a sudden, massive volley of nova cannon fire. Whatever the rising psychic signature from the surface meant, he couldn't imagine it portended anything good. There had been no time for Krom to speak to the Great Wolf, but he could easily surmise that the Grey Knights must have come for the Wulfen. If Stern's men were wiped out in a trap now, Krom could well imagine how the remaining Grey Knights might react. It seemed the Daemon's warning rang true. That in itself gave the Wolf Lord a sudden feeling of disquiet, but he quickly cast it aside.

'Captain,' growled Krom urgently, 'keep your craft concealed, and ready the Stormwolves. I need to get down there. Now!'









BRETHREN IMPERIALIS

loodthirster!’ roared Stern, pointing his blade in warning. A second later, the vast Daemon smashed its way into the dome through the southern bulkhead.

The Daemon made straight for the Brother-Captain, swooping over the heads of the daemonic horde to crash down in their ranks. Bellowing, the Bloodthirster smashed Daemonettes and Horrors aside before sending its bloodflail rattling out.

Shoulder-to-shoulder with his brothers, striving to hold back the tides of Daemons before him, Stern could not avoid the blow. The brazen hammer slammed straight into his chest, denting silvered armour and cracking the black carapace beneath. It was a testament to Stern’s incredible fortitude that, though he staggered, he did not fall. Still, blood dribbled from between his lips, and his breath came in wheezing gasps as he levelled his storm bolter and fired back.

The Daemon snorted a laugh, ignoring the bolt shells impacting against its iron-hard skin. It whipped its bloodflail above its head, preparing to lash it outwards once again, and Stern gritted his teeth for the blow to come.

It was at that moment that a loud Fenrisian shout burst from his vox relay.

'Grey Knights! Incoming! Brace!'

Without conscious thought, Stern maglocked his boots to the metal decking and prepared for a blast. In the next second the entire west wall of the dome exploded inward, missiles and lasblasts annihilating the rad-proof crystalglass in blooms of searing flame.

Immediately, the scream of escaping atmosphere filled the dome. Though the Grey Knights were locked in place, the Daemons had no such protection against the vacuum. Stern watched in amazement as, wailing and howling, his foes went tumbling away across the atrium, sucked out of the gaping rent to plunge hundreds of feet to the red sands below. The Bloodthirster was the last to be taken, wings beating furiously against the suction of the void. Yet out it went, slamming bloodily against the jagged plasteel of the breach before spinning away with a muffled howl of fury.

Stern – his helm locked in place against vacuum – watched wordlessly as a trio of Space Wolves craft hovered into position outside the breach, and his saviours leapt from their open ramps into the atrium with weapons drawn.



As the last of the atmosphere leeches from the atrium dome, the Space Wolves and Grey Knights wasted no time in making for the north bulkhead, beyond which a transit corridor stretched away to the chorum. A swift blow from a power fist persuaded the bulkhead's override panel to activate, sending the metal door grinding up into the ceiling. The Imperial warriors ducked through, heads lowered against the atmosphere howling out past them, before manually dragging the bulkhead back down. As the door's pneumo-bolts locked and air pressure equalised, Krom and Stern pulled off their battle helms.

Krom Dragongaze had with him his Fierce-eye's Finest, a retinue of favoured warriors drawn from all ranks of the Drakeslayers. First amongst this warband of heroes were the Fierce-eye's Wolf Guard, a proud and ferocious pack of veteran warriors led by the redoubtable Beoric Winterfang. These warriors had fought alongside their fiery-tempered lord during the darkest hours of the war against the Red Waaagh!, and neither xenos nor Daemon gave them pause.

Next came Hengist Ironaxe's Grey Hunters. Well equipped for firefights and close-quarters combat alike, Ironaxe's pack were renowned for their unflappable calm and near-insane courage, qualities that had seen them prevail in more than one seemingly impossible situation. Chafing for combat, and eyeing the Grey Knights fiercely, were Egil Redfist's Blood Claws. This hot-headed band of freshly blooded Drakeslayers



were typical of their ilk, all bravado and bloody-minded desire for glory.

By comparison, the surviving warriors of Stern's force made for a small and solemn band. Alongside the Brother-Captain himself, there were but ten others left from a force of more than twice that number.

Despite the ichor that spattered their armour, the warriors of Strike Squad Daradus seemed to glow with a holy radiance that drove back the creeping shadows of this Daemon-infested place. The battle-brothers of Terminator Squad Varvox stood ready for battle, their brows drawn thunderously down and their Nemesis weapons crackling with energy.

The two bands of warriors watched each other carefully, weapons gripped tight. Then Krom barked a humourless laugh and introduced himself and his men. He would accept the Grey Knights' thanks later, the Wolf Lord growled; for now, they had work to do.









BY BOLTER AND BLADE

Brother-Captain Stern knew Dragongaze was right. The energies flowing from the astropathic choristrium were reaching their peak, exerting a throbbing pressure within his mind that felt ready to burst. He had to make a choice, right away – either to trust these newly arrived Space Wolves, or to strike them down as traitors.

The moment stretched long, Stern staring at Krom as if seeking to divine the thoughts behind the Wolf Lord's eye. Finally, the Grey Knight held out one mailed hand in greeting. Krom gripped it fiercely, and both heroes' warriors relaxed their grip upon their weapons.

They had to move, stated Stern without preamble. Whatever the Daemons were doing, it was almost done. Krom nodded, and the two warriors led their followers at a run down the long, gallery-windowed corridor. A piercing whine carried on the air, rising in volume and setting the Space Marines' teeth on edge. Spectral fire flickered along the walls, while the doors of the choristrium churned with screaming faces that pressed out from beneath their golden surface. The Space Wolves forked signs to ward off witchcraft, Stern noting the gestures without comment.

Krom went to shoulder-charge the writhing portal, but Stern motioned him back. Raising one hand and splaying his fingers, the Brother-Captain began to chant the Thirteen Verses of Negation, his brothers swiftly joining him. Their words crashed forth as hammers of holy sound, the syllables forming into glowing motes that coalesced into a blazing orb. Suddenly, Stern stabbed his fingers forwards, the gesture hurling the blast of psychic might down the corridor and blasting the doors apart in a shower of smoking shrapnel.

Krom growled appreciatively at the raw destruction, before throwing back his head and loosing a feral howl. His warriors joined the wordless war cry, before charging headlong into the blinding jade light spilling through the blasted doorway.

Stern and his battle-brothers followed. The choristrium was a spacious ironcrystal dome, whose tiered cradles gave the Astropaths an unobstructed view of the portent-filled starfield above. The energies of Chaos had transformed the chamber into a scene ripped straight from some ecclesiarchical vision of hell.

The Astropaths still reclined in place but their bodies had melted like wax, becoming screaming lumps of meat-tallow fused horrifically with the cradles that held them. From the eye sockets of each, roaring torrents of jade power poured into a vile sigil that dominated the chamber's metal floor. The glyph pulsed with Warp energies, searing out like a sun on the brink of supernova.

he Imperial warriors had barely a moment to register the glowing glyph, the mutilated Astropaths, and the gibbering soulghosts that whirled around the dome's ectoplasm-smeared ceiling. The next second, a furious hail of firepower rained down upon them.

'Cultists,' snapped Stern over the vox. 'In cover behind the cradles.'

'Petty little men,' scoffed Krom in return. 'Drakeslayers! Put them down!'

A howling gale of gunfire erupted at the Wolf Lord's command, Krom and his battle-brothers blitzing the tiered astropathic galleries with fire. Jets of flame consumed tormented Astropaths and screaming Cultists alike. Ripping volleys of bolt shells detonated flesh and sent blood jetting all the way up to the crystal ceiling.

As the Astropaths burned or burst asunder, the energies flowing into the hellish sigil stuttered. Green light strobed wildly through the chamber, and hairline cracks shivered through the choristrium's crystal dome as overpressure battered its structural integrity.

'Commendable vehemence,' commented Stern with approval.

'Lord Krom, keep them busy. My warriors and I will finish this. Brothers! The Rite of Nullification!'

Waves of wild energy were cascading from the sigil now, the metal decking glowing and bubbling all around it. The Grey Knights advanced like men walking into a gale, buffeted by malefic energies. As they bellowed their ritual chant, the sigil's light wavered and dimmed.

In response, a booming voice echoed across the chamber. Recognising words from the ancient and abhorred Scrolls of Magnus, Stern snapped his gaze up to see a cruel-faced Dark Apostle. The demagogue emerged from amid the sigil's searing energies, biting out the last words of his infernal incantation.

The next second, a psycho-kinetic shock wave exploded amidst the Grey Knights. With their energies focussed upon nullifying the daemonic glyph, they had nothing left with which to defend themselves against this sudden attack and were hurled from their feet.

Stern pushed himself upright in time to parry the thunderous overhead swing of the Apostle's mace. The force of the attack staggered him, as did the next three crashing blows. The Apostle battered through Stern's guard like a

madman, crashing his weapon down on the Grey Knight's shoulder hard enough to break bone.

With a furious roar, Stern rallied and swung his Nemesis sword double-handed, swatting the Apostle's mace from his hands. Reversing his grip, Stern drove the point of his weapon deep into his foe's chest and out of his back.

The Apostle dropped to his knees, but even as blood bubbled between his lips the priest forced out an agonised laugh.

'Very... good. You make your carrion god... proud. But now... a real god comes! Kneel before the majesty of... Tzen'char!'

The Space Wolves' firepower had all but annihilated Cultists and Astropaths alike, but as Stern ripped his blade from the body of the Dark Apostle, the light of the sigil redoubled in strength. A screaming, sawing note filled the dome, and as it swelled a wave of Daemons burst from the radiant glow. At their head came the Tzeentchian Daemon Prince Tzen'char, the sorcerous abomination blasting three Paladins to ash in a heartbeat. In his wake came leaping Flamers and Horrors, their warpfire licking out to turn half of Redfist's Blood Claws to screaming glass.

With bellows of fury, Krom Dragongaze and his warriors hurled themselves at this new threat. Chainswords roared as they carved daemoniac flesh. Bolt pistols boomed, blasting sulphurous gore into the air. Krom was a dervish of destruction, every sweep of his axe cutting down another foe. The tide grew by the second, more and more empyric creatures surging from amid the sigil's glare.

That light had now become blinding, a physical force that thickened the air like treacle. Stern hacked at the Daemons surrounding him. Amongst them he could see islands of silver and grey, his battle-brothers fighting furiously to survive. It was not enough; the Imperial warriors could slay a thousand Daemons, but they would still be annihilated by the sigil's blast.

Brother-Captain Stern knew what he must do. Ripping free from the claws and tentacles that scrabbled at his armour, Stern whirled his blade in a wide arc to clear a space. Dropping his shoulder and blazing away with his storm bolter, the Grey Knight barged through the Daemons until he stood just feet from the howling, pulsing sigil. With a whispered prayer to the Emperor, Stern raised his blade high and plunged into the light.

Across the chamber, Tzen'char swatted a Grey Hunter aside and beat his mighty wings, making to leap after Stern. Instead, he crashed to the ground as a howling figure slammed into him from behind. Grinning, Krom came up shooting.

Shrugging off the pummelling shells, Tzen'char rose with a shriek and drove his massive sword through Dragongaze's shoulder. The Daemon Prince gathered his sorcerous might to finish this mortal prey, but snarled as an amplified prayer boomed from within the sigil's glare.

Every Daemon in the choristrium threw back their heads and screamed as one. One moment, the sigil was bomb and gateway both. The next, its energies were turned in upon themselves by Stern's rite, a wave of banishing force thundering through the chamber. Krom watched in awe as the energies of the Warp were turned against the Daemons, sweeping them wholesale from Valdrmani.

Sudden quiet descended as the Daemons vanished and the light of the sigil guttered and died. In its place, blade driven into the symbol's heart, armour scorched and seared, Stern rose slowly to his feet. Wisps of smoke curled from the Grey Knight as he offered Krom a nod of thanks. Blood welling from his shoulder, Dragongaze returned the gesture. The trap had been defeated. The Daemons had been driven back. There was yet hope.











WAR ZONE FENRIS

The fate of the Fenris System balanced upon a knife's edge. Svellgard's orbital defences were back under the Space Wolves' control, but the planet's islands and oceans seethed with Daemons. Morkai's Keep had been retaken only at great cost, and the energies of the ritual enacted there were still tearing open new Warp rifts throughout the system. Of the situation on Valdrmani, little was known save that the Grey Knights' Battle Barge had been destroyed while still in orbit.

News from the Midgardian front was dire, the Space Wolves' attack foundering and all contact lost with the Great Wolf himself. Worst of all, across the Fenrisian war zone, the curse of the Wulfen waxed strong. Even the most veteran warriors strove desperately to restrain the animal rage that threatened to master them, while many of their younger packmates had already devolved into ravaging beasts. The Space Wolves had no idea whether they were gripped by a viral phage, a soul sickness, a genetic legacy or some curse of the unworthy. None could escape the fact that their Chapter faced a battle not only for its home system, but for its very soul.

It was into this cauldron of mayhem and strife that the Dark Angels fleet emerged. Augur alarms blared and vox-blurts raced back and forth among the Great Companies' fleets, multiple contact runes flashing into being on auspex screens. Imperial ships by the dozen tore from the Warp, shedding skeins of tendrilous madness as they





raised void shields and brought lances and turrets online. Within the vox galleries of the Fang, bond-serfs and wolf-headed Servitors listed off signifier codes as their augur sweeps detected them.

Dark Angels. Ultramarines. Iron Hands. A dozen Chapters besides. Knightly houses and Astra Militarum mass transporters. A stir passed through the observers as an enormous and distinctive signature appeared amid this mighty assemblage. The Rock itself, floating citadel of the Lion's sons, had entered Fenrisian space and was even now powering in towards the embattled worlds.

As the news filtered down to the embattled Wolf Lords, alarm warred with relief in the hearts of each. It was a rare Fenrisian who would acknowledge the need for help, but there could be no denying that reinforcements were sorely needed. However, the Space Wolves had striven to keep the matter of the Wulfen from Imperial eyes until it could be understood and resolved. Now, with Daemons infesting their worlds and whole packs of warriors struggling to fight off the Wulfen curse, even the most obtuse Space Wolves could see that the wider Imperium might judge them harshly.

As they fought on, the Space Wolves kept one eye on the heavens, waiting with trepidation to see whether this crusade fleet came as saviours or executioners.

They would not have to wait long.



As they broke into separate spearheads and bore down upon each world of the Fenris System, the crusade craft made little contact with the Space Wolves. Even as the Rock itself rumbled steadily closer to Fenris, their responses remained sombre and by rote. The Dark Angels had come to excise the taint of the Daemon. What they did, they did for the good of their brothers, no matter the cost. Soon enough, concern turned to outright alarm. The corridors of the Fang echoed to booming voices and the thrum of titanic generators as shields were raised and firing solutions cogitated. These were precautions only, the Space Wolves told each other. Surely none would doubt that they remained loyal servants of the Allfather.



Such doubts had become all too possible for the Dark Angels. The deaths of Arhad's Scouts on Nurades had been but the first step along a dark path of accumulating evidence and growing alarm. Next had come Sammael's return from Tranquilitus. The Ravenwing Grand Master maintained a stony veneer before his subordinates, but in closed session with the Inner Circle he had been deeply troubled. Sammael had seen the Space Wolves turn their

backs on brother Space Marines, placing the survival of aberrant mutants above Sammael's own battle-brothers. The cost in Ravenwing lives had been steep, but the damage done to the Space Wolves' reputation was more severe still. Surely, argued Sammael, the Sons of Russ must have been led astray by some daemonic trickery.

Worse news followed when the Rock's master Astropath, Asconditus, brought his lords a string of deeply troubling communiqués. Wolf-like mutants had been reported in multiple star-systems, he revealed, spilling from Warp rifts with hordes of Daemons close behind. On each occasion the Space Wolves had arrived shortly afterwards to gather the beasts and carry them away. The Astropath lamented that no effort had been made by these strike forces to protect Imperial citizens; in some cases they had even brought those same worthy servants of the Emperor to harm. The whispers on the Warp suggested the Grey Knights had even become involved, hunting down Logan Grimnar for reasons of their own.

This last terrible hint of Warp-spawned connivance was enough to convince Supreme Grand Master Azrael and his brothers that they must take direct action. A long-standing rivalry existed between the Space Wolves and the Dark Angels – a siblings' quarrel that had its roots in the time when Russ and El'Jonson themselves made war in the Emperor's name. While the Inner Circle told themselves this had no effect on their decision, in truth not a one of them could

help a certain feeling of vindication at that moment. The Space Wolves – always reckless and wilful – had now charged headlong into the gravest peril. Now it was up to the Dark Angels to save their wayward brothers, even should the cost prove woefully steep.

Exerting his full authority, Azrael declared a crusade. The Space Wolves would not be allowed to fall into damnation. The word of a Chapter Master bore great weight, while the evidence assembled was enough to rouse the fears of all true defenders of the Imperium. So it was that, by the time the Dark Angels arrived in the Fenris System, they sailed at the head of a mighty fleet.











*voxman Mendaxis stood, solemn and silent,
V swathed in the shadows of a communications
pit on the cavernous bridge of the Rock.
Around him, Servitors chattered and rune-banks flashed.
Parchment spooled, data from the warships that even now
entered orbit above the worlds of Fenris.*

*Menials gathered up the scrolls by the armful, but
Mendaxis stood dignified amongst the scramble. It was
the hooded seneschal's role to wait upon the word of
the demigod enthroned high above. After all, Supreme
Grand Master Azrael was dealing with a difficult
situation; it would not do for his orders to be in any way...
miscommunicated.*

*Mendaxis stifled a giggle, checking that the menials hadn't
noticed. No, they were still bustling about their business.
Stupid, dead-eyed cattle. But then, most humans were just
that; pompous, petty, narrow-minded and governed by their
fears. It was no wonder that one such as he could lead
them by the nose.*

*The vox seneschal adjusted his robes, working a crick
out of his neck while being careful not to stretch his flesh
unnaturally far. So limited, he thought irritably. Still, they*

were easy enough to wear, as Mendaxis had proven over the past weeks. Or was it Brother Dolutas, tragic casualty of Wulfen attack and absentee from the Dark Angels' apothecarion? Or perhaps Master Astropath Asconditus, twister of missives and voice of counsel?

Another giggle threatened to surface and Mendaxis clamped down on the feeling. He had worked hard to bring things to this point, and though he was just another cog in a vast machine, Mendaxis knew he was a crucial one. He had done his master's bidding, and had done it well. Yet some tasks remained before him, and they were the most crucial of all.

Sobering, the thing wearing Mendaxis' flesh listened intently to the words being exchanged high up on the throne dais. He didn't need his vox headset to hear Azrael and his aides, but the pretence was all.

'Matters are worse than we thought, my lord. Our Librarians report a system-wide reality breach.'

That was the voice of Asmodai, Master Interrogator-Chaplain.

'And the wolves?' The deep, solemn voice that replied belonged to Azrael himself.

'In terrible peril, my lord, as we feared. Vox intercept suggests these beast-mutants are not merely under the Space Wolves' protection. Their own battle-brothers are... becoming them.'

There was a long pause before Azrael spoke again. When he did, his voice was the cold of drawn steel in winter.

'We have no choice then. Give the order to open fire. Pain before redemption.'

'Pain before redemption,' agreed Asmodai, passing on his lord's command.

Across the Fenris System, lances flared and bombardment cannons lit with silent fire as the crusade fleet rained shots down upon the worlds below.

Lurking in the shadows of his communications pit, the Changeling pictured the carnage, and smiled.

CHAPTER 4

HEROES OF THE SAGA



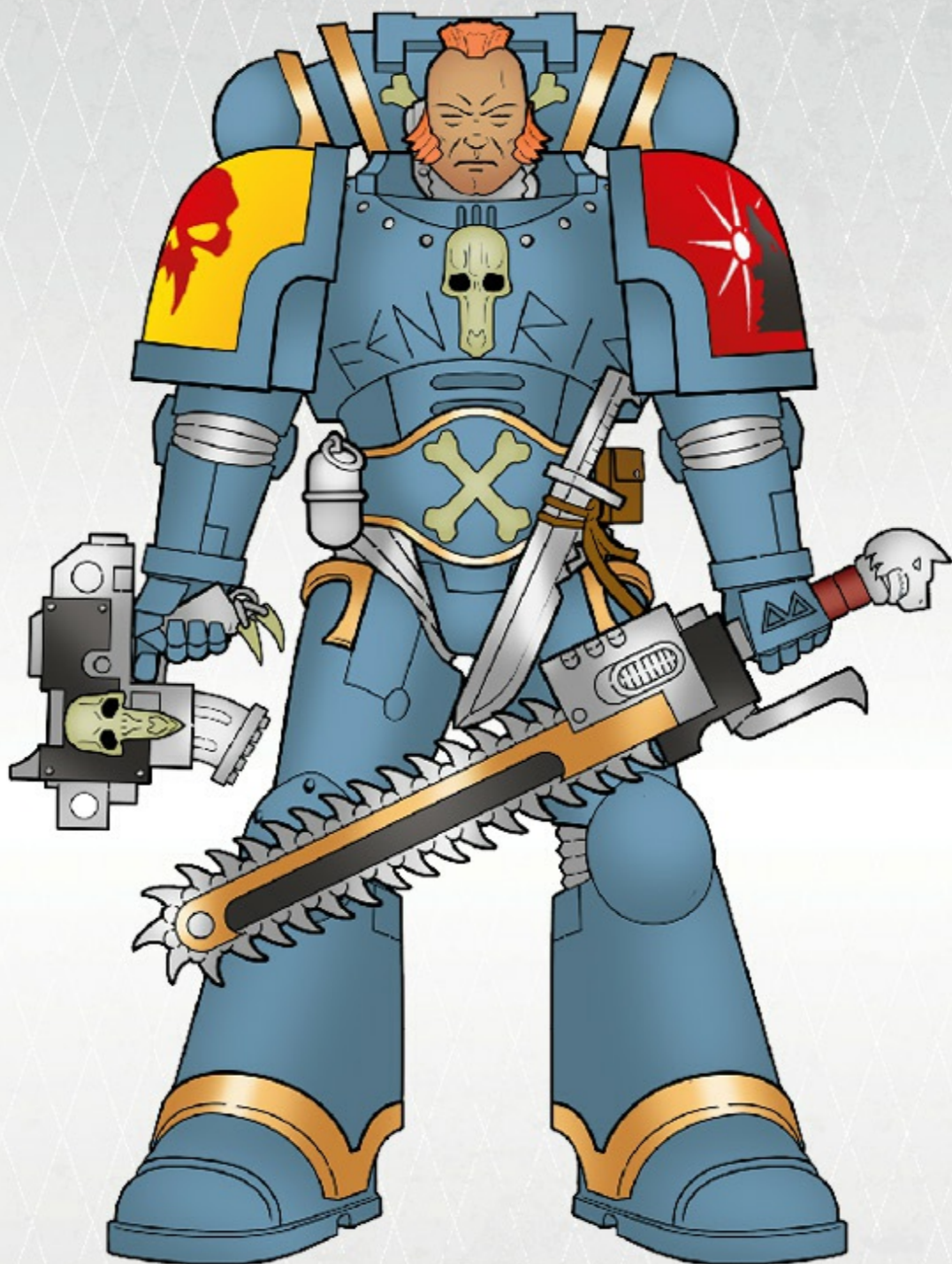


THE DEATHWOLVES

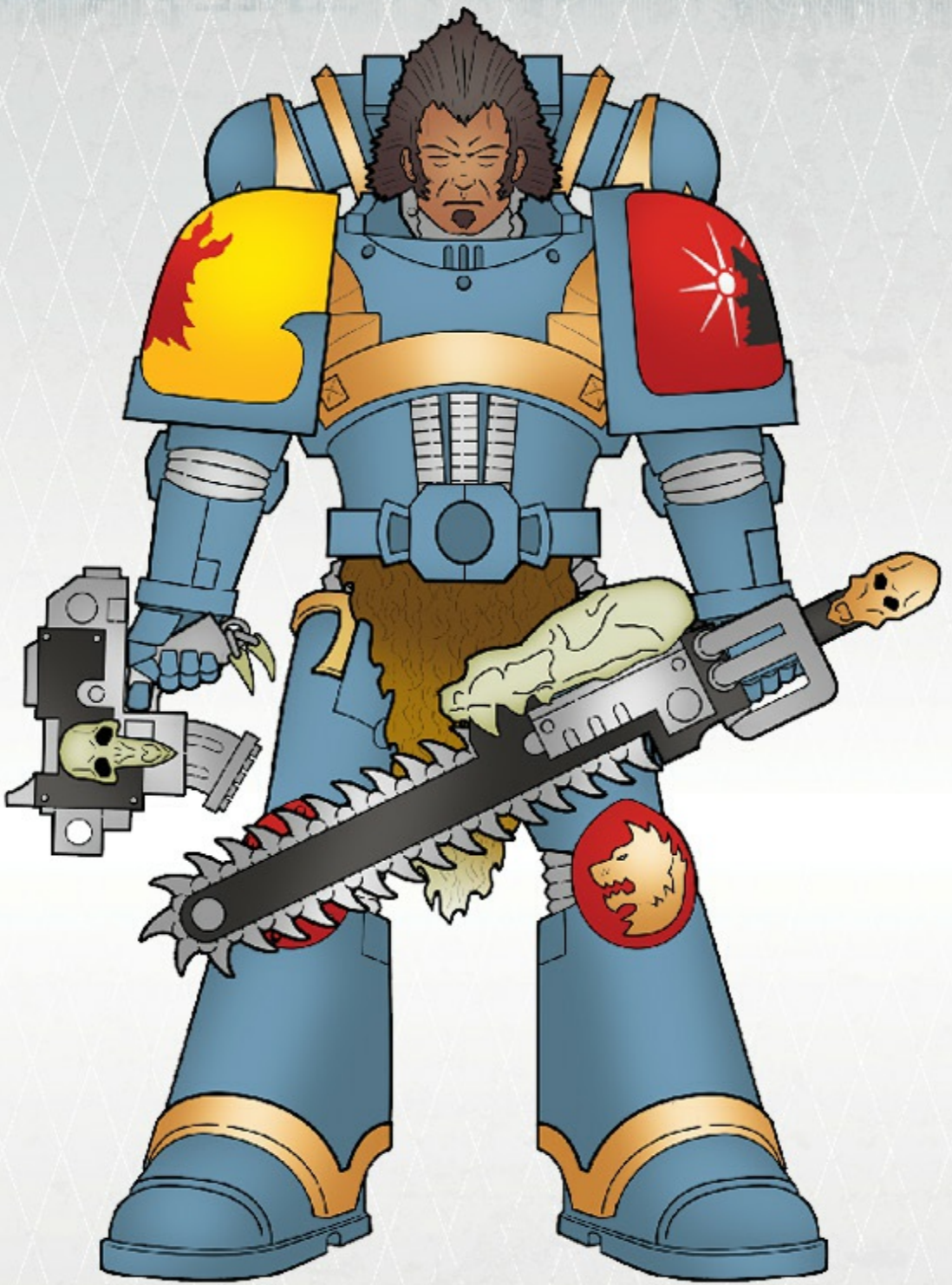
The Deathwolves are keen of sense and feral of aspect, the very embodiment of the fierce nobility for which the Fenrisians are renowned.

Many of the Deathwolves wear tribal fetishes, or the pelts of mighty hunting beasts. It is a belief amongst these warriors that the spirits of such creatures remain tied to their mortal remains, and imbue the wearer with their essence and power.

Harald Deathwolf surrounds himself with a great number of cool-headed veteran warriors who have the patience to stalk their quarry. So it is that many grey manes of hair and snowy beards can be seen amongst the Deathwolves' ranks.



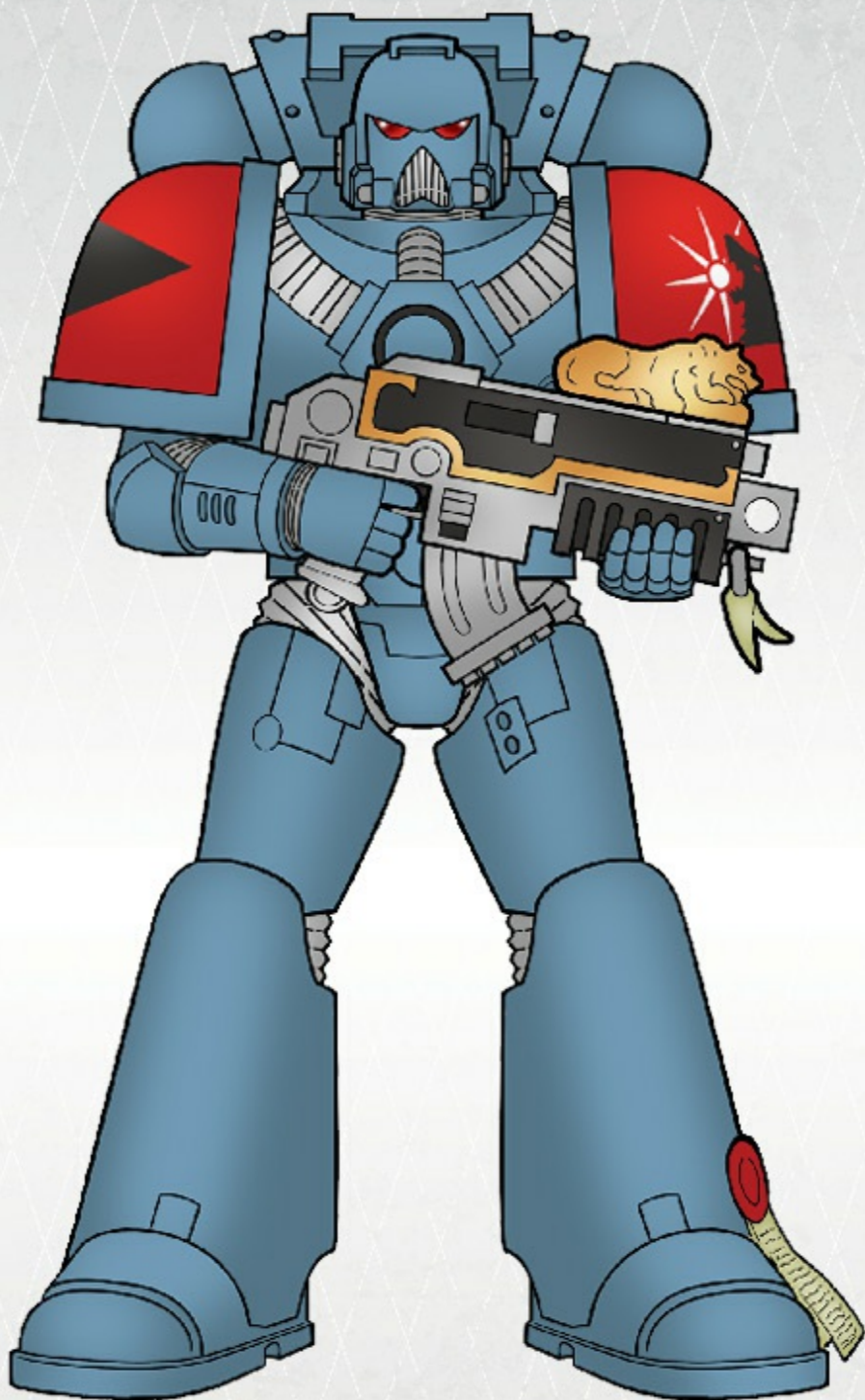
Blood Claw Ullr Vansson of the WulfSouls pack. Vansson carries a vicious skinning knife at his belt.



Blood Claw Svengar the Red of the Deathhowls pack, whose chainsword bears the skull of the Ghostwolf.



Wolf Scout Vost Ironfang of the Coldeyes pack. Vost's imager lens can peer through the thickest snowstorm.



Torfinn the Silent, Grey Hunter of the Nightwolves pack.
The charm on his boltgun is for luck on the hunt.



Grey Hunter Olav Twopelts of the Fellfangs pack. He is festooned with hunt trophies.



The left hand shoulder guard is the pack marking of Harald Deathwolf, the design symbolising the wolf's jaws yawning wide for the kill. On the right is Harald's chosen emblem for his Great Company, the Ravening Jaw. This sigil symbolises the Wolftime, when Morkai will devour the sun and plunge all into darkness.



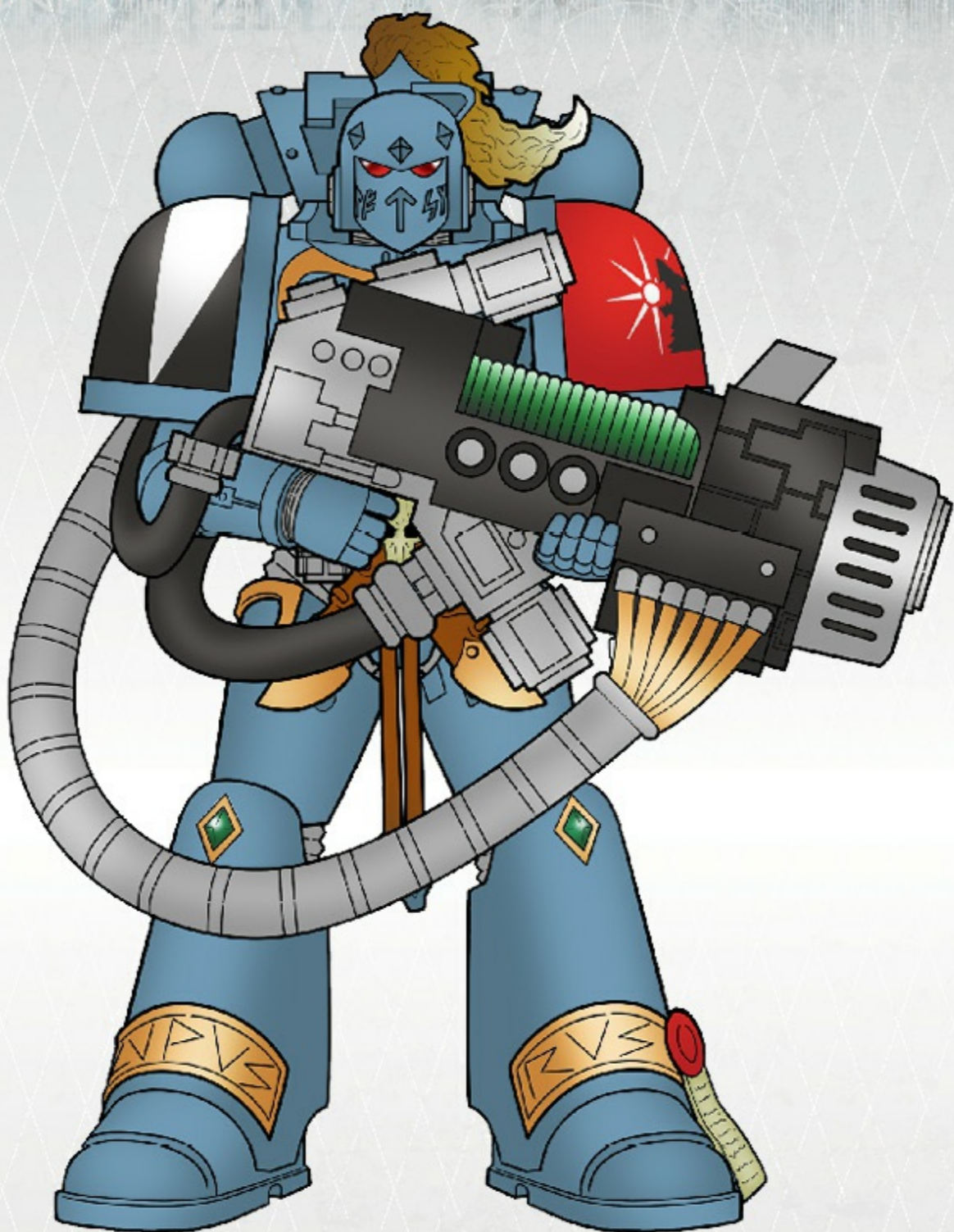
Gunnar Felsmite, Wolf Guard and member of the famed Thunderwolf Cavalry pack the Riders of Morkai.



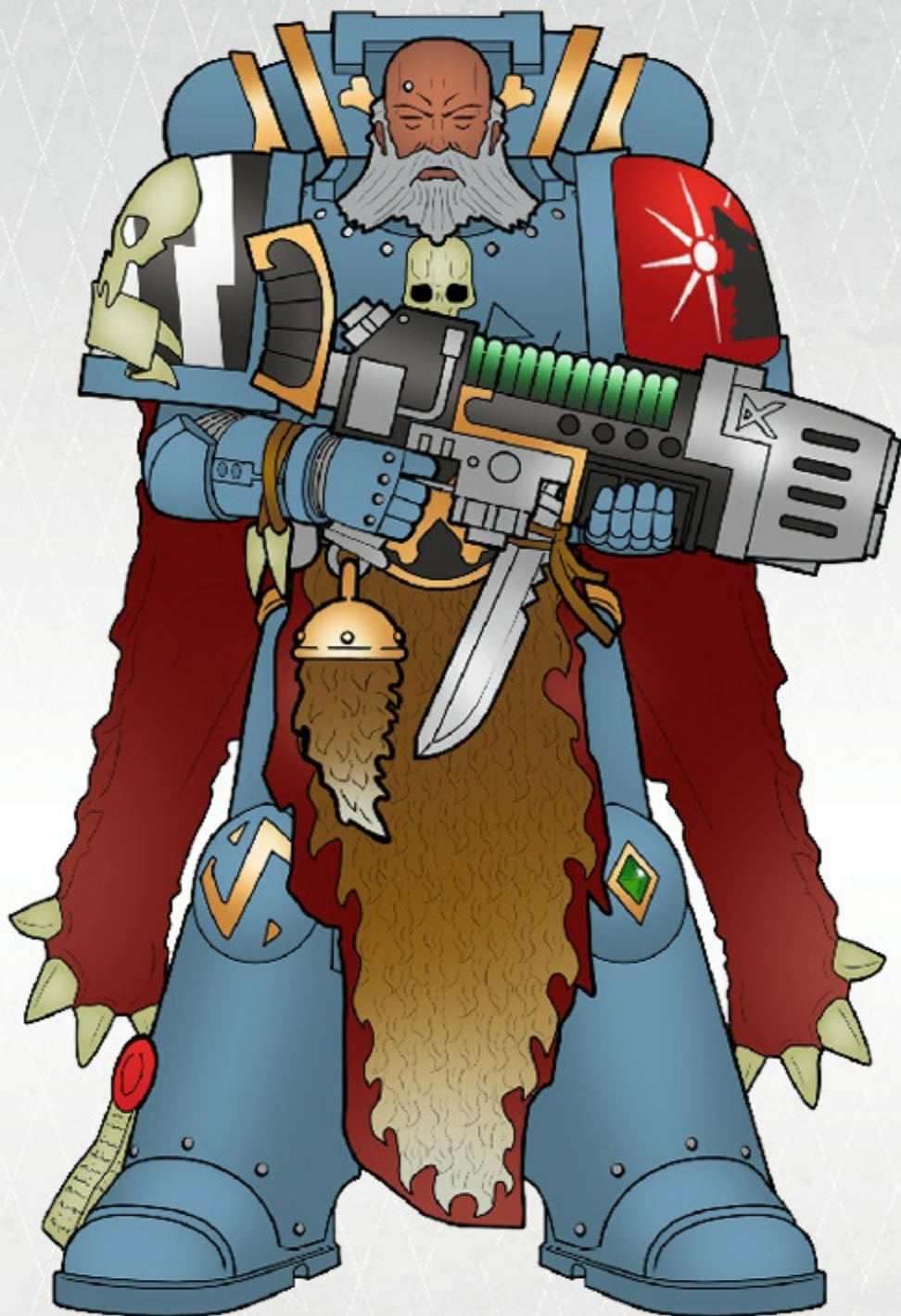
Wulfen Pack Leader Ynvir, he who first met Harald Deathwolf. Note the adopted wolf fang jags on his knee.



The banner of the Deathwolves Great Company, which bears the Ravening Jaw rampant.



Arnulf Deadeye of the Icefangs pack. The rune markings on his greaves honour his Primarch.



Hrolf Snowbeard, Long Fang Ancient of the pack known as the Stormbows. His snow bear cloak is a century old.



Vygar
Helmfang



Ranulf
the Black



Fior
Frostmane



Nils
Ironclaw



Gunnar
Felsmite



Denr
Longblade

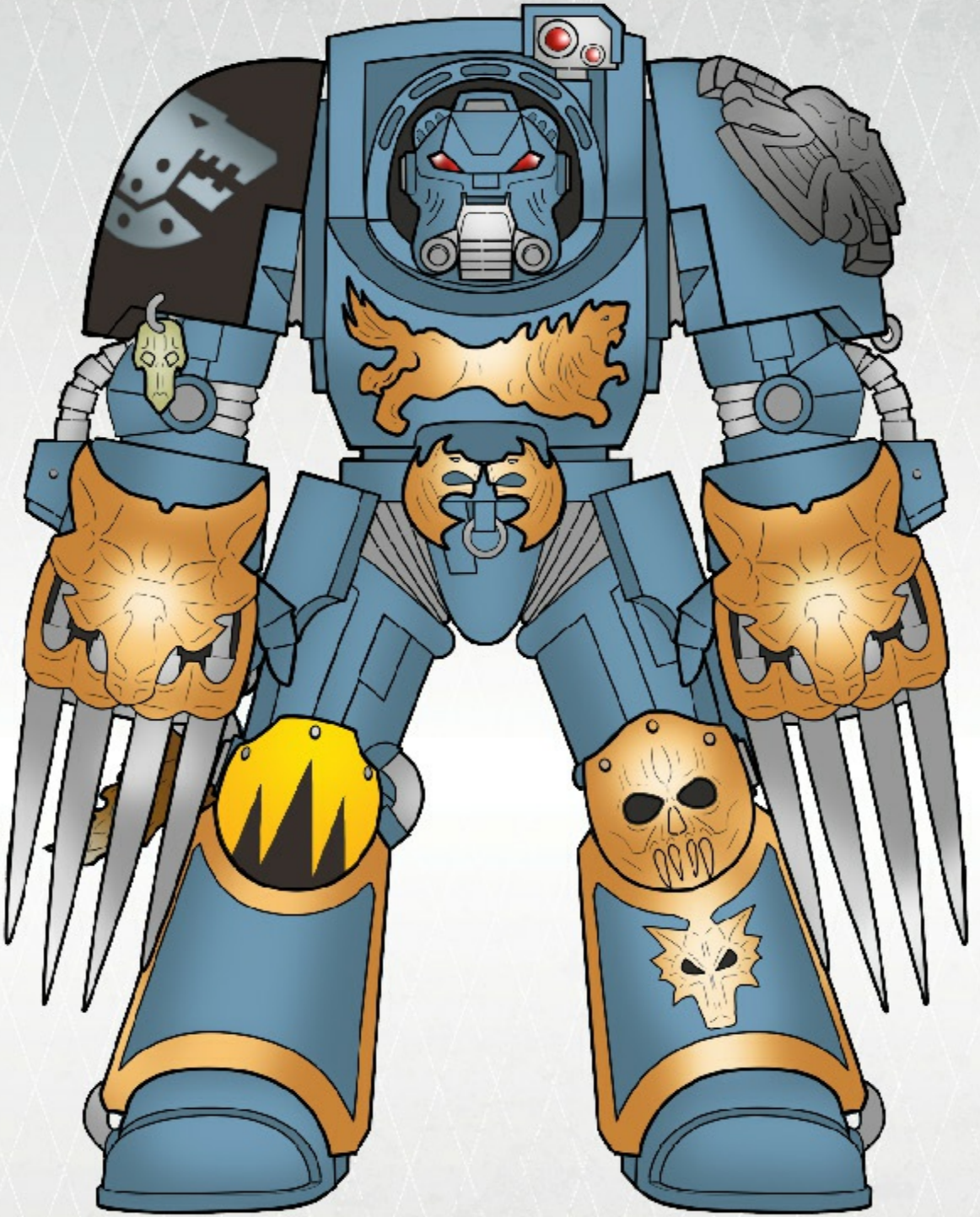
The personalised pack markings of Harald Deathwolf's favoured Wolf Guard Thunderwolf Cavalry, the Riders of Morkai. Each symbolises the fangs of the wolf, in some cases augmented by personal honour badges.



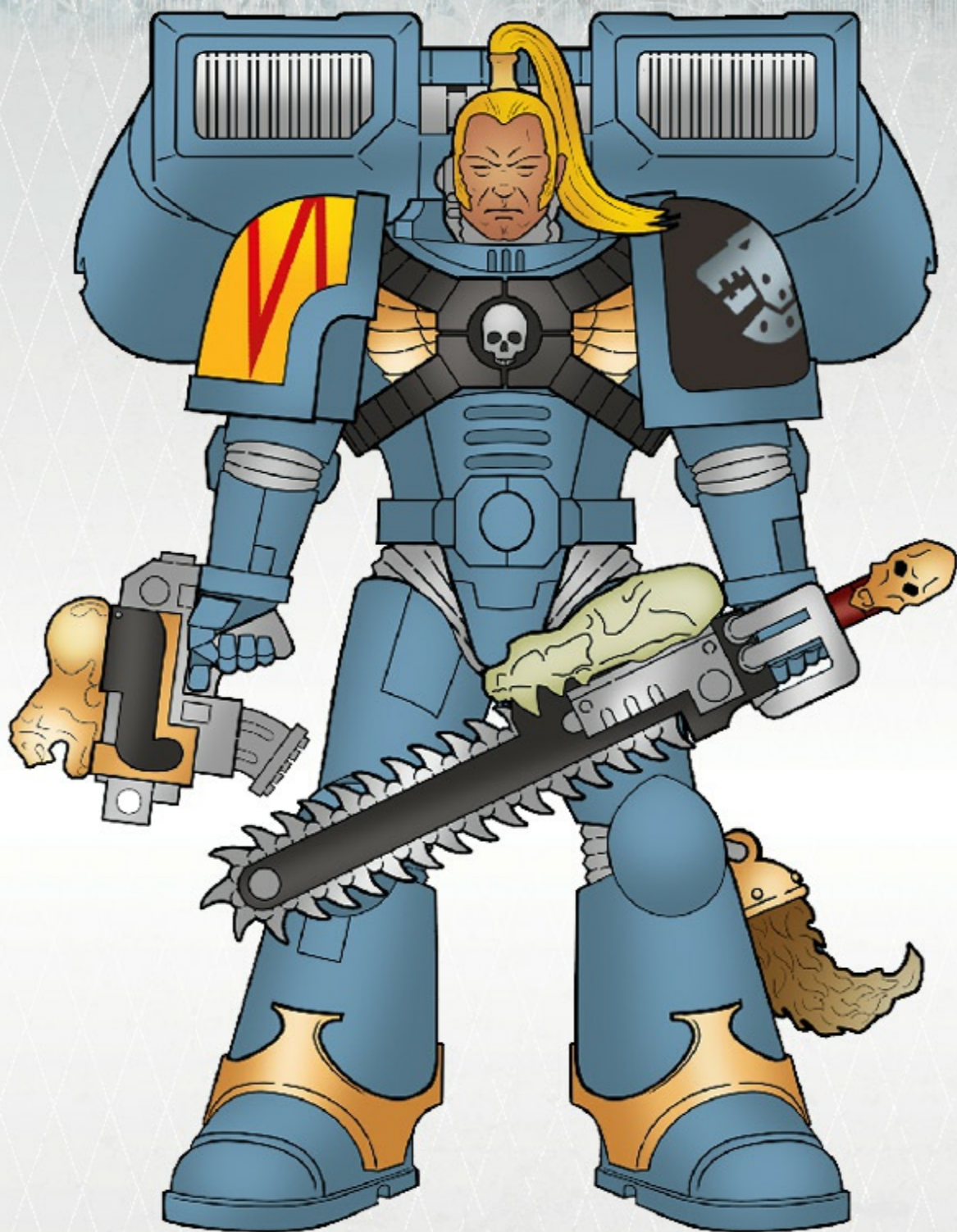
THE IRONWOLVES

The appearance of any Great Company is heavily influenced by its Wolf Lord's personal preferences. The Ironwolves are a good example of this, their master's affinity for the mechanical reflected in the prominent metallic hues upon much of their wargear.

The jagged lines of their pack markings further show this bond, for to the Ironwolves they represent the inescapable jaws of the great mechanical beast who stands as their Great Company's symbol.



Voldr Bladehist, Wolf Guard Terminator of the Forgehammers. His lightning claws are ornately crafted.



Skyclaw Heimdal Vicejaw of the Ironstars pack. His brass-skull pommel was forged by his own hand.



The Ironwolves' Great Company banner shows the Ironwolf on the red and black of the Adeptus Mechanicus.



Mjorl Wyrdpelt, Grey Hunter of the Steelsouls. His accuracy with a boltgun is famous among his pack.



Long Fang Nokdr Iceclaw of the Snowfangs pack. His pack's marking aptly reflects its name.



Olaf
Ironhide



Bjorn
Bloodfist



Orven
Highfell



Conran
Wulfhide

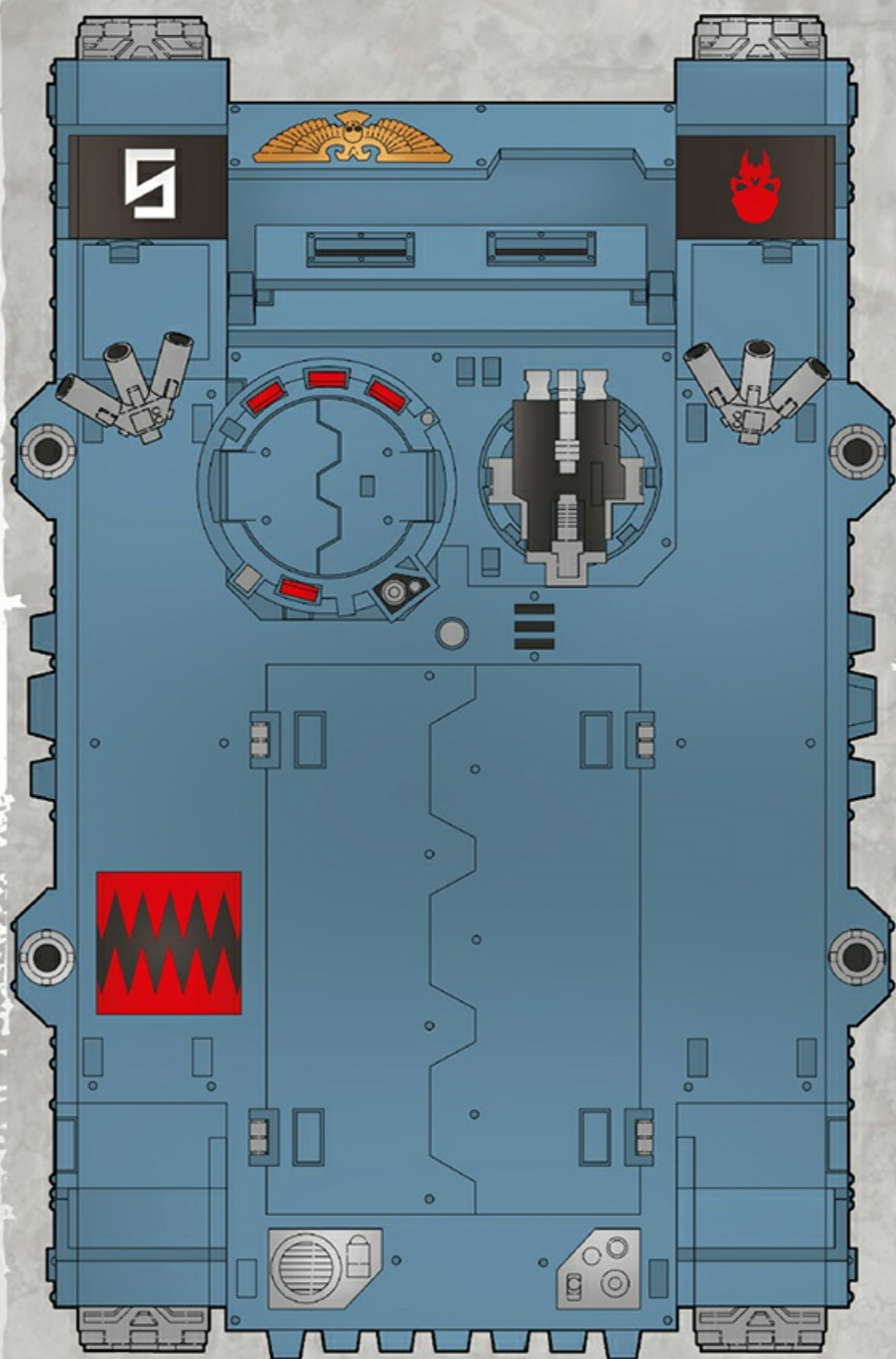


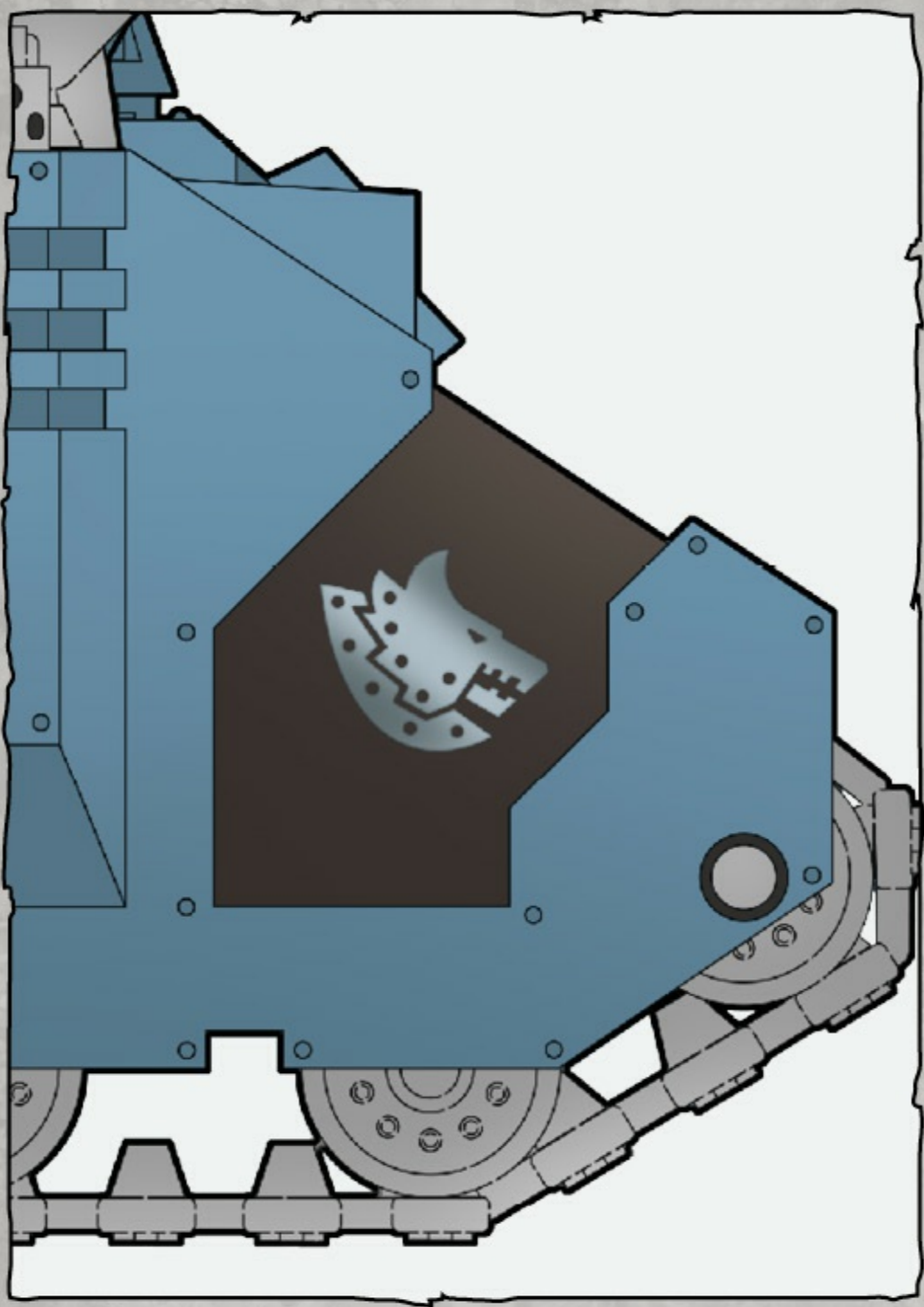
Borgen
'Fire-eye'



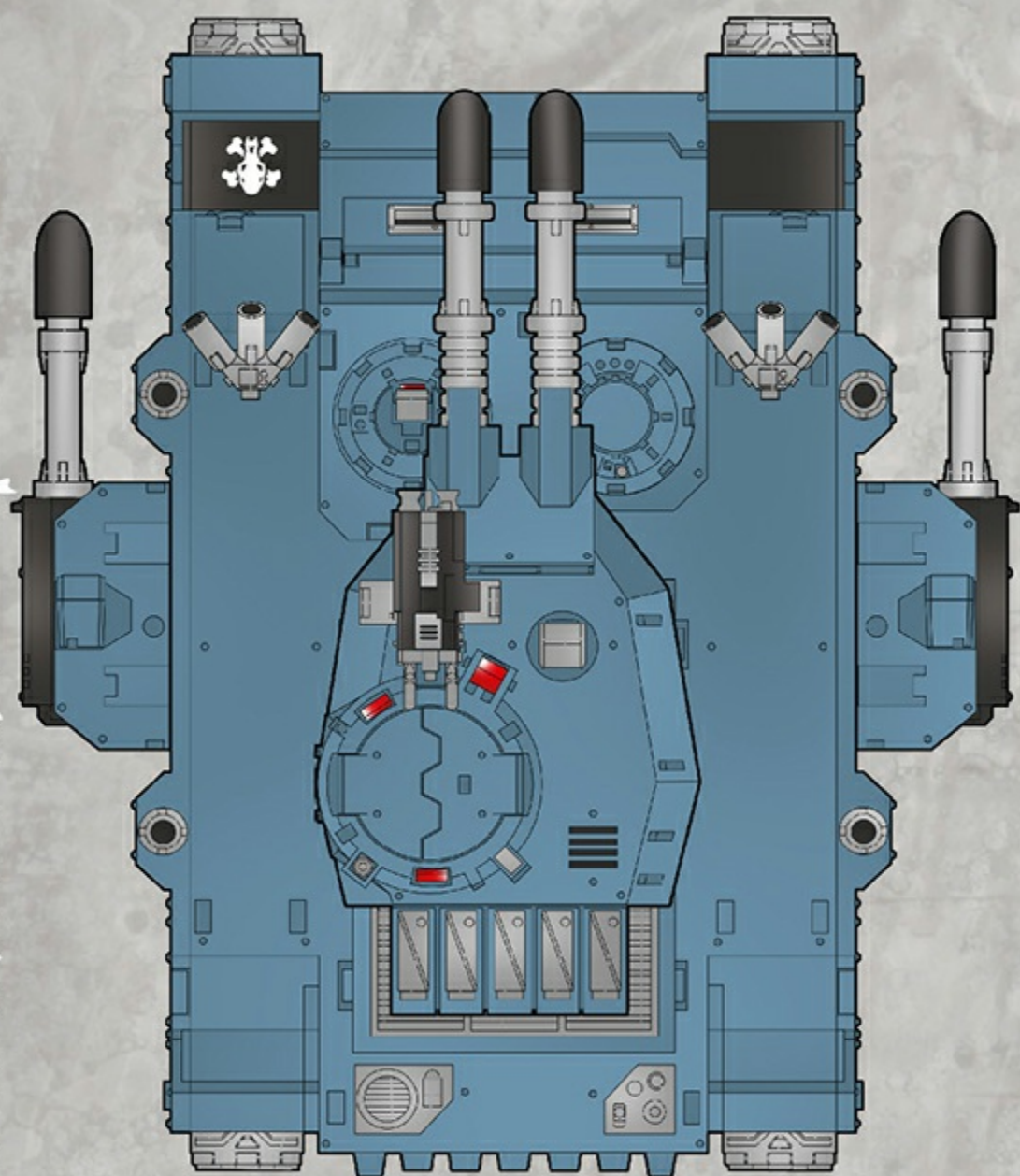
Moln
Stormbrow

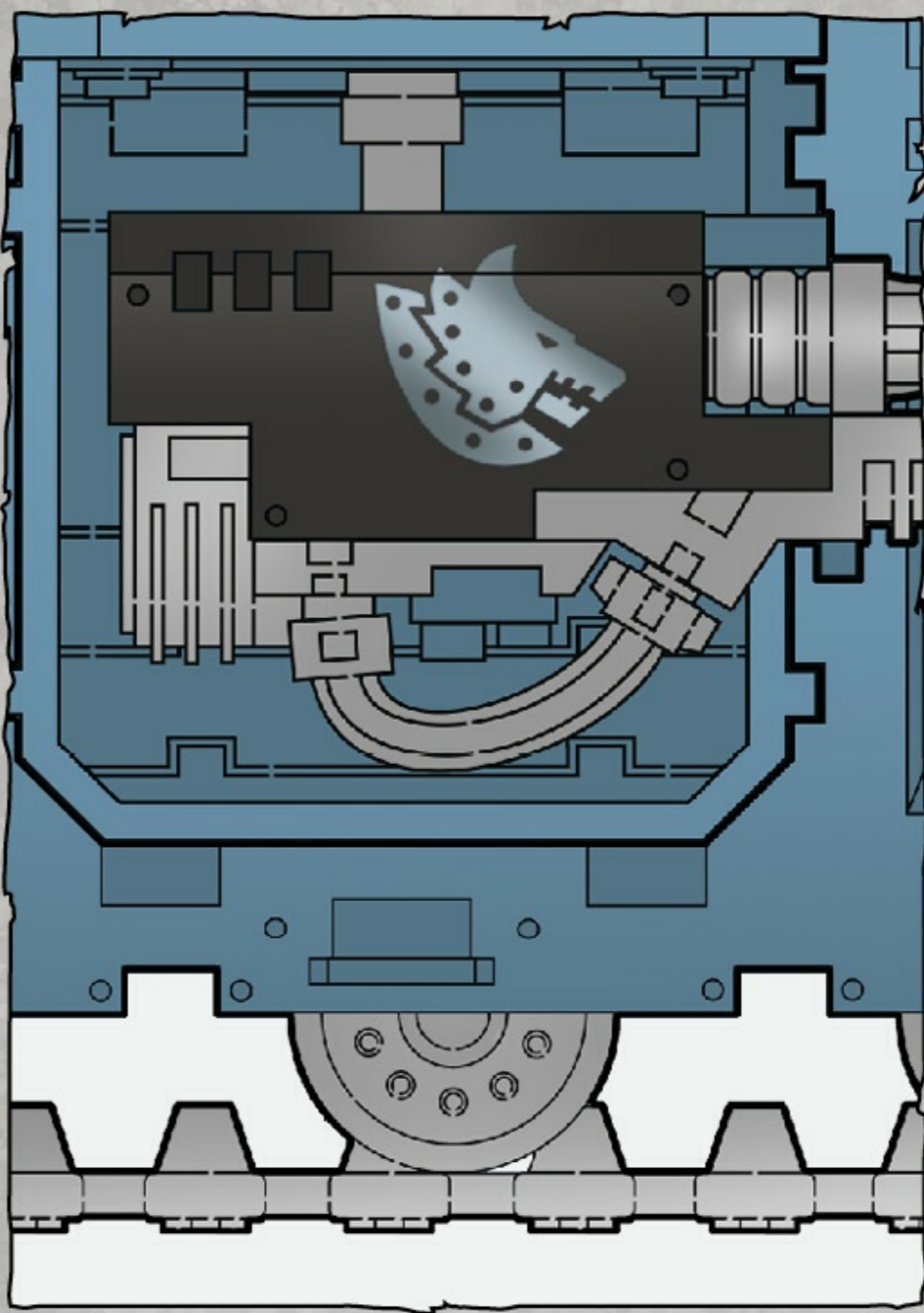
The Ironguard are Egil Iron Wolf's bodyguard, and are known as the cogs around which the Wolf Lord's plans revolve. Many battle-honours are reflected in their pack markings, for they have fought long and heroically at Egil's side.





All transport vehicles within the Ironwolves bear certain key insignia upon their armoured hulls. The front right bulkhead of this Rhino displays the Great Company marking of the Ironwolves, while the pack marking of its passengers, the Grey Hunters of the Steelsouls, is shown upon the topside of its hull.





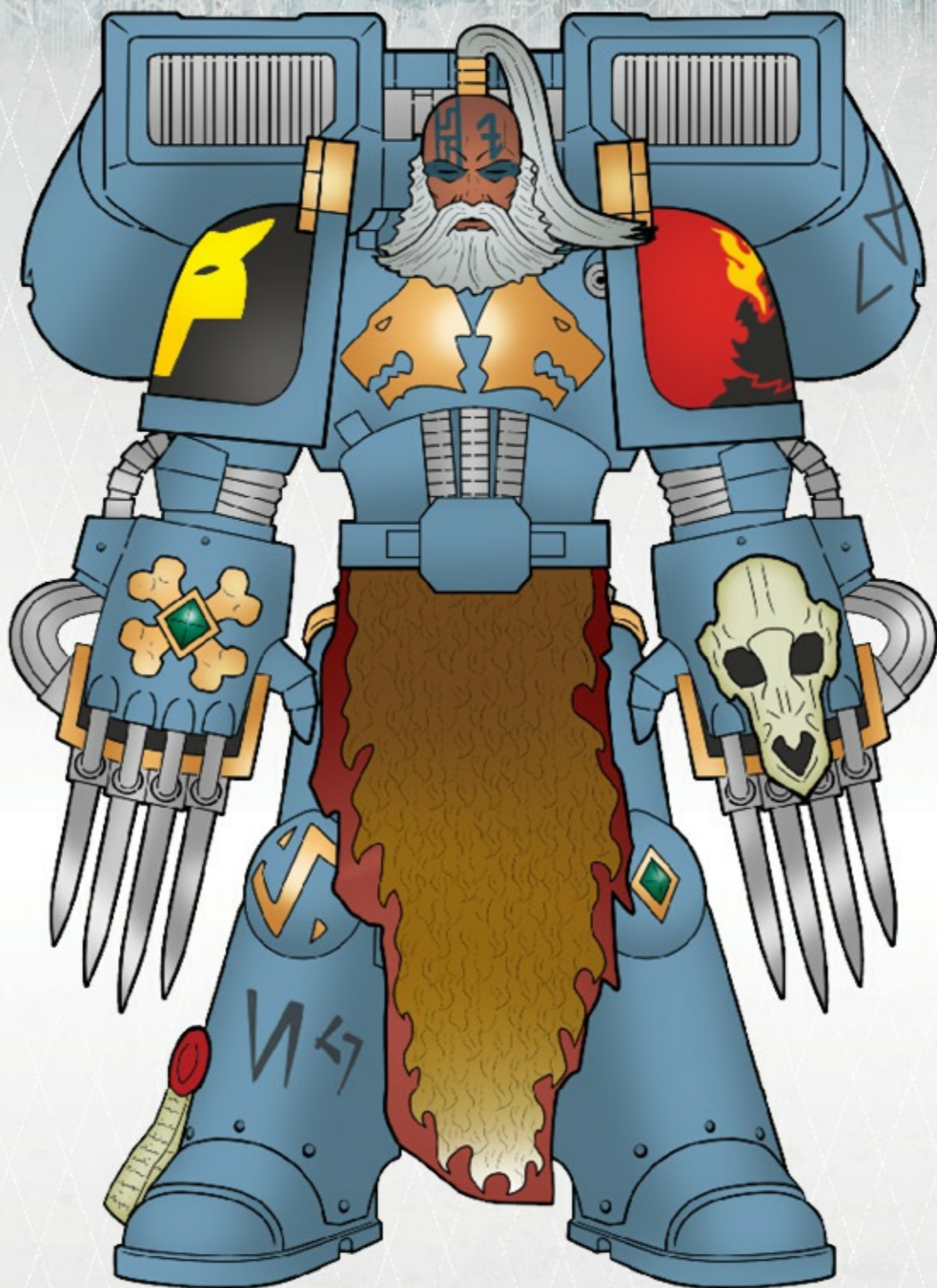
On Space Wolf battle tanks, the markings of the crew are displayed upon the hull, as shown by the wolf-skull and crossbones on the front left bulkhead of this Predator. The Great Company symbol is shown wherever the crew choose; in this case, it has been used to honour the lascannon that scored the killing shot against the Beast of Magvadendra.



THE FIREHOWLERS

A strong tribal aesthetic runs through the Firehowlers Great Company, one that is derived from their Wolf Lord. Just as Sven Bloodhowl bears his honour markings as tattoos upon his flesh, so too do his warriors. From bands of colour to elaborate knotwork patterns and images of enemies slain, these designs serve to make the Firehowlers look especially fearsome in battle – an impression they have no trouble living up to.

The wargear of Bloodhowl's Great Company appears particularly tribal and ferocious; bright, fierce colours are set against animistic totems and the pelts of beasts slain by the warriors who wear them. Voldr Bladefist, Wolf Guard Terminator of the Forgehammers. His lightning claws are ornately crafted.



Wolf Guard Olaf Blackstone, whose breastplate bears a representation of Morkai.



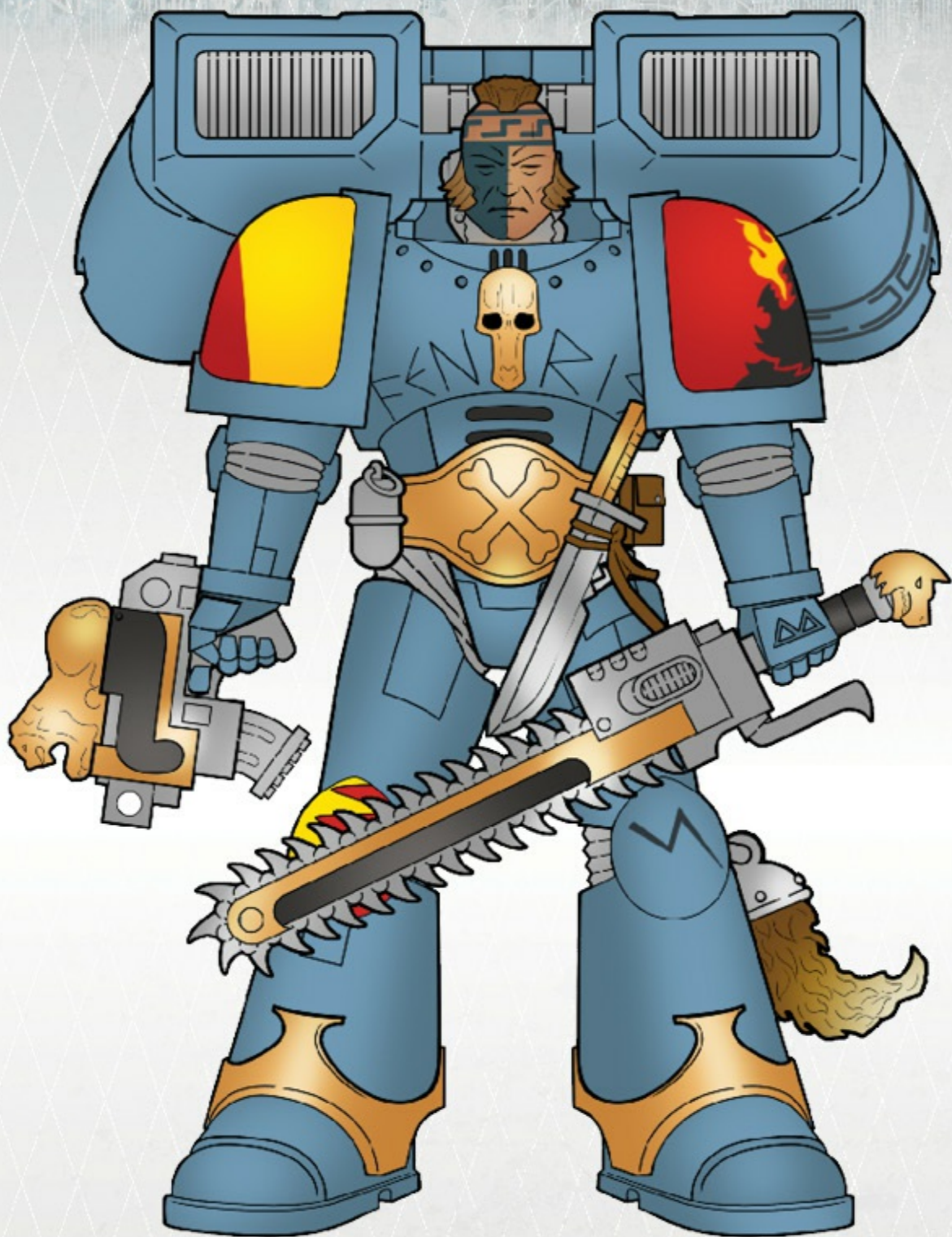
Torvind Morkai of the Wolf Guard, upon whose greaves are engraved Fenrisian runes of good fortune.



Blood Claw Orin Redfang of the Firekin pack. The gold wolf's head on his knee honours his many kills.



Skyclaw Ernil Wrathfang of the Stormbringers pack. The skull of the mighty wolf Gauvold adorns his blade.



Jarlulf Firefist, Skyclaw of the Firestones pack. His tattoos show that he has slain many traitors.



Istun Firestorm



Uuntir Wolfskull



Olaf Blackstone

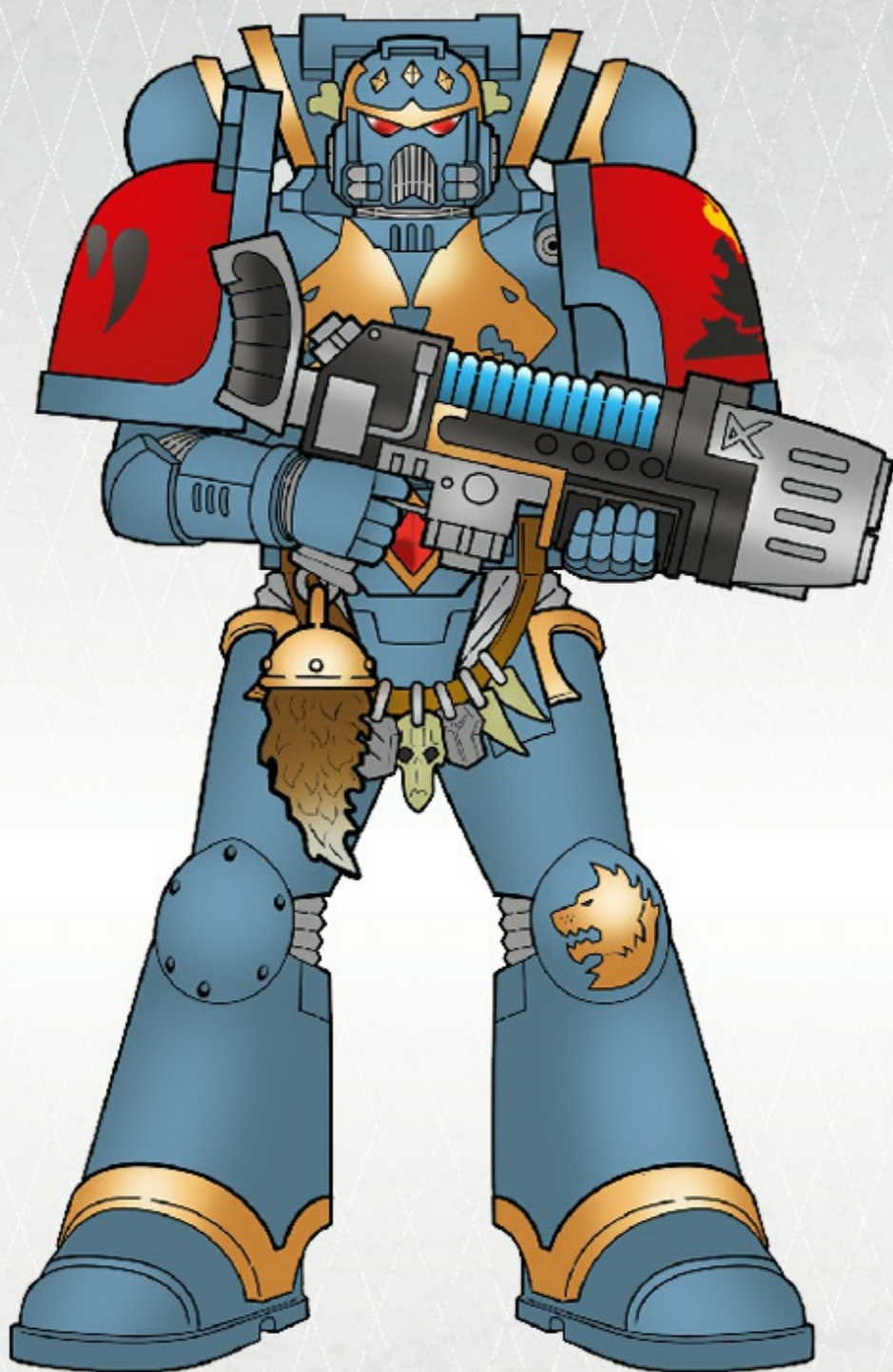


Kregga Longtooth



Torvind Morkai

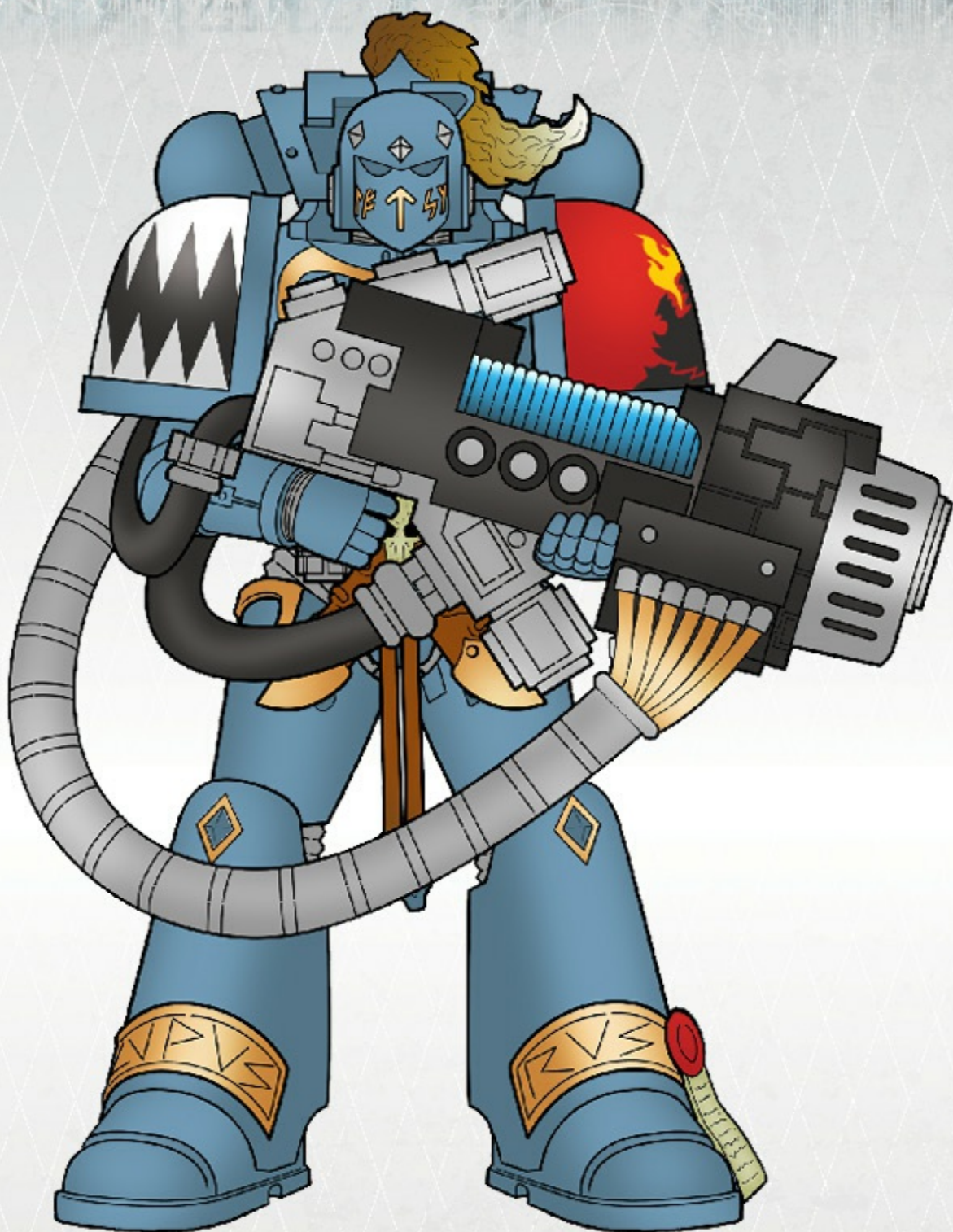
The Bloodguard are Sven Bloodhowl's personal Wolf Guard, a hand-picked band of ferocious heroes whose pack markings are as direct and feral as the warriors who bear them. Their battle sagas are so long and complex that they are inscribed not just upon their skin, but on their armour too.



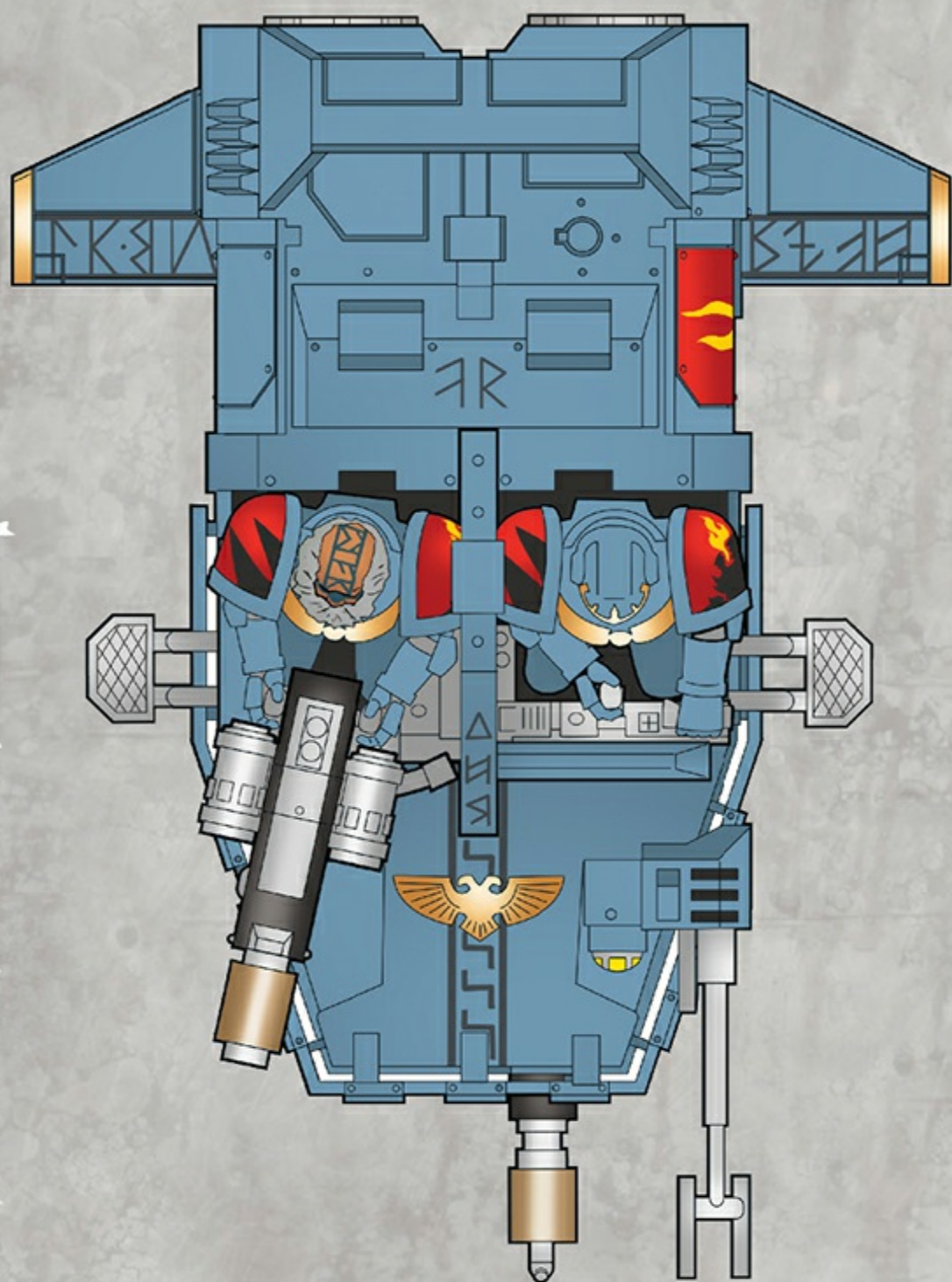
Grey Hunter Dolph Felwinter of the Blackfangs. His pack marking shows the Fire Breather's scorched fangs.



Long Fang Yngfor Stormsson of the Firemaws pack. The purity seal on his leg bears his wyrdscribe.



Vaddr Coldsoul, Long Fang of the Emberfangs. His helm is decorated with runes of protection.





The crew of this Land Speeder, one of Bloodhowl's Ravens, bear a pack marking that symbolises the roaring flames of the Fire Breather. Their craft is marked with numerous runic designs that honour its machine spirit, celebrating worthy kills and giving thanks for the times that its armoured hull has deflected the attacks of the enemy.



THE CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS

As befits the warriors of the Great Wolf, the Champions of Fenris are the most regal and glorious of all the Great Companies. Their warrior finery, gleaming with gold, silver and bronze, outshines even the mythic treasure hordes of the Fenrisian dwarrovolken. Their weapons and armour are finely crafted, adorned with runic designs and golden skulls.

The Champions of Fenris are heroes worthy of every last honour they bear, masterful warriors who destroy the enemies of Mankind wherever they are found. They fittingly add numerous kill markings, warrior trophies and victory totems to their wargear, proudly displaying their sagas for all to see.



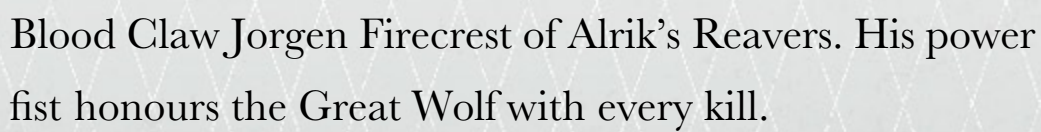
Grey Hunter Leif Ragnarksson of Shadowstalker's Snowdevils. Note the honour runes on his blade.



Mjorl Redclaw, Grey Hunter of the Wolfsons of Lorkir. His back totem symbolises victory over a great beast.



Vengar Halfmad, Blood Claw of Jarn's Unblooded. He wears trophy pelts to attract spirits of glory.





Long Fang Lorvar Thunderhand of Haakon's Wyrmslayers.
The skull on his weapon symbolises great courage.



The shoulder guard on the left bears Logan Grimnar's original symbol, the Night Runner. After his elevation to the position of Great Wolf, Grimnar and many of his warriors adopted the sigil of the Wolf That Stalks Between Stars in honour of this promotion. This design is shown on the right hand shoulder guard, set upon the Great Wolf's black background.



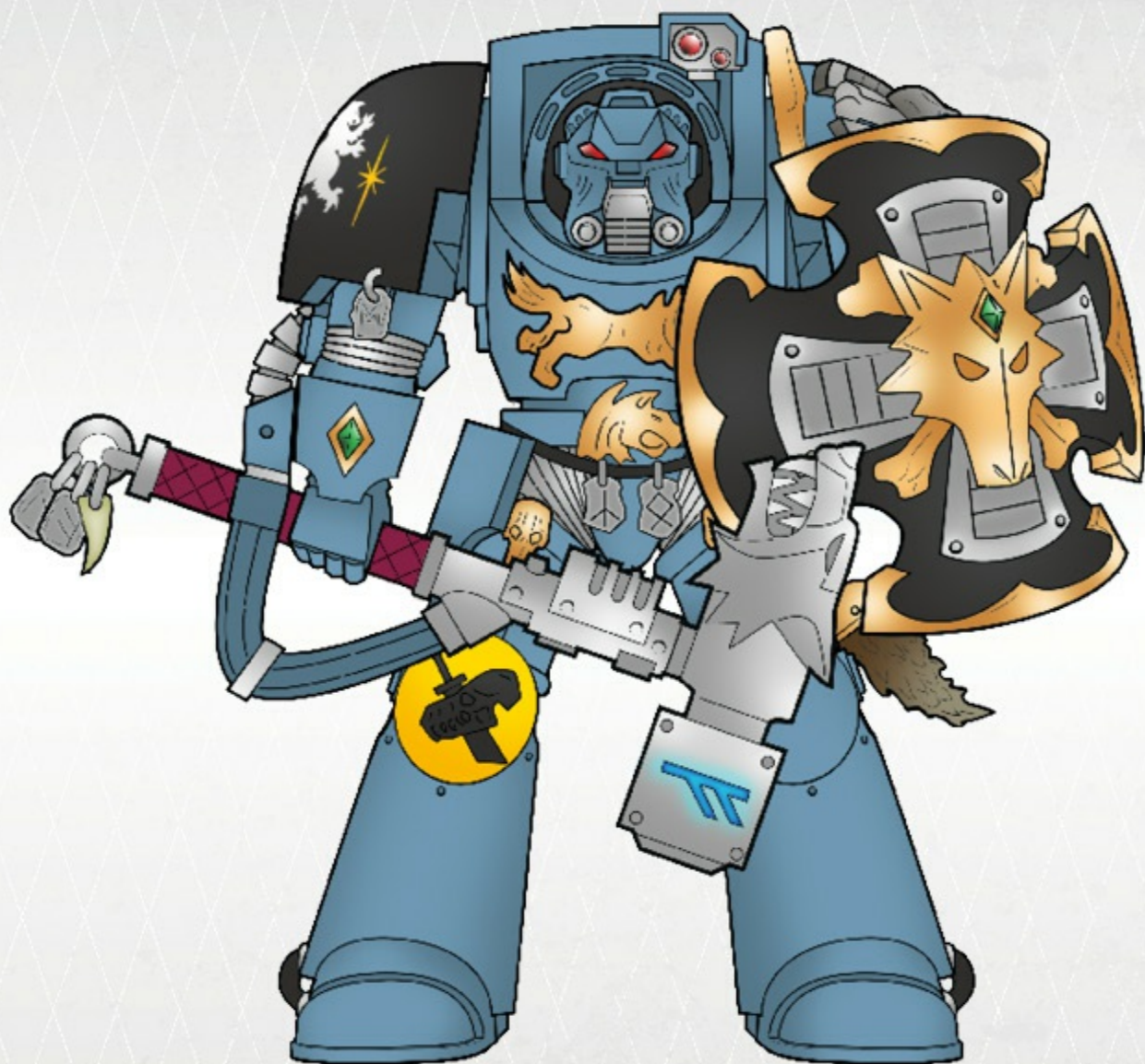
Gnjarl, Wulfen brother attached to the Champions of Fenris.
He wears a variety of feral warrior trophies.



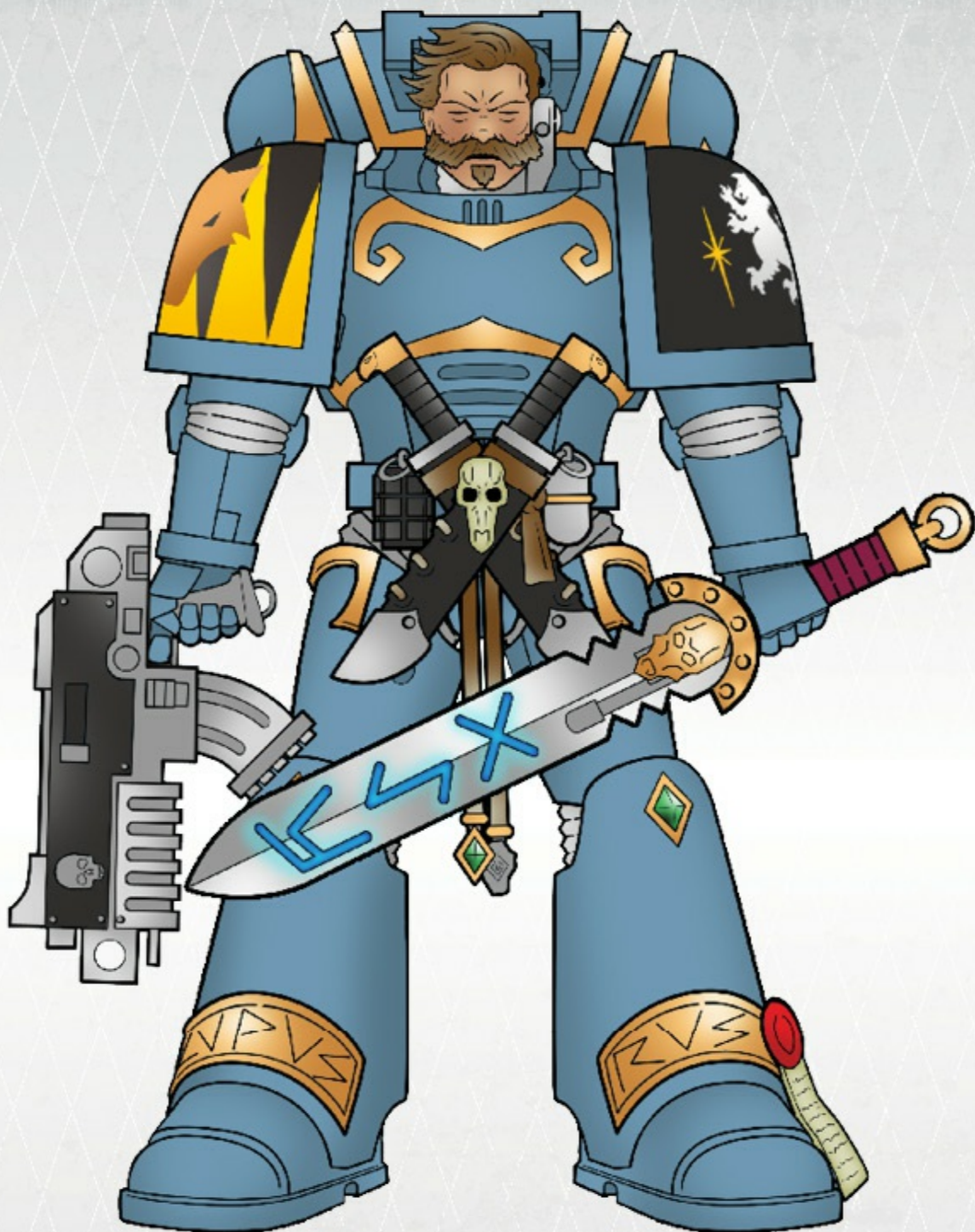
Vrokka, Wulfen brother attached to the Champions of Fenris. His storm shield bears runes of honour.



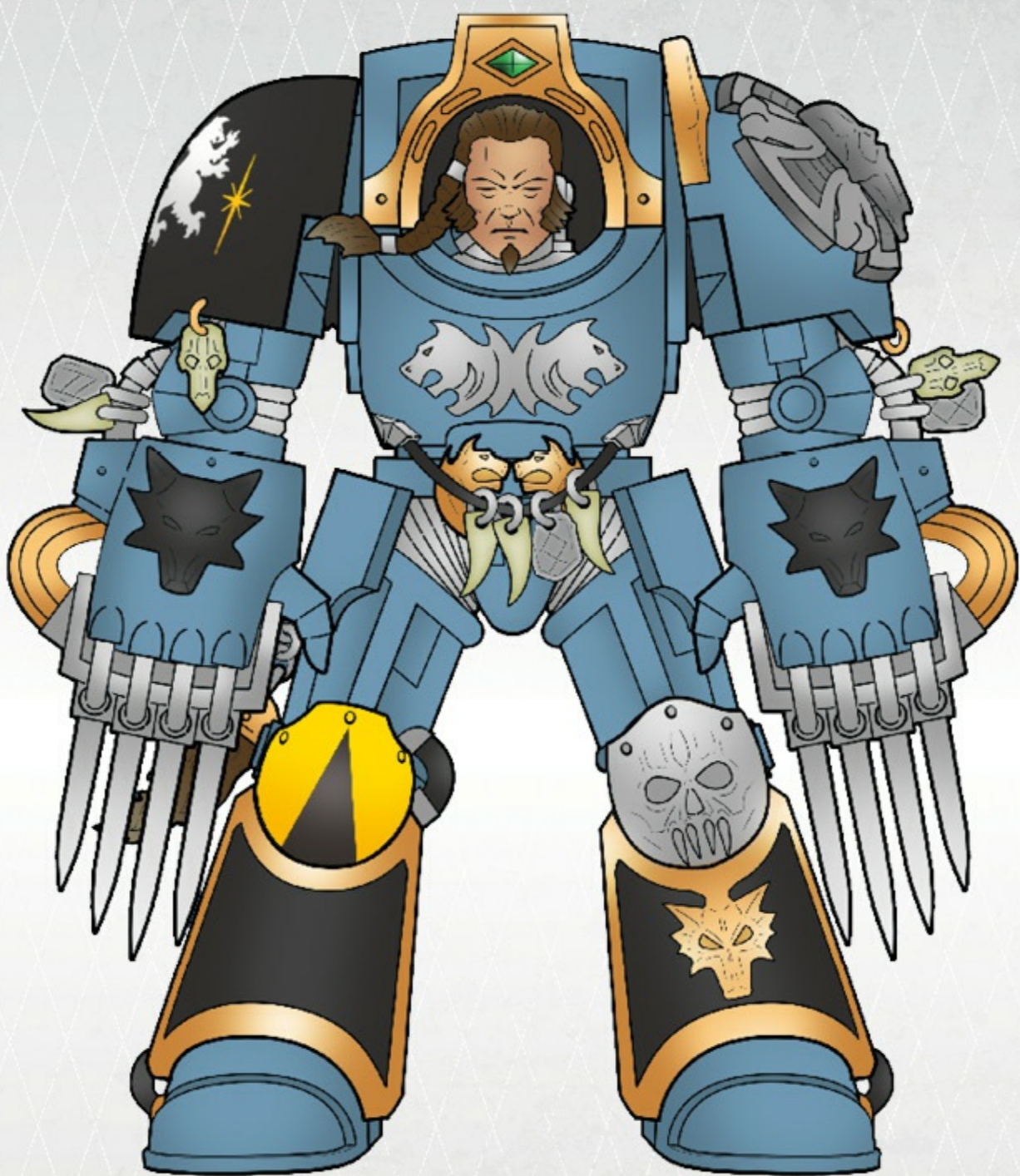
Above are pictured a number of Wulfen pack markings, typically displayed upon the knee pad of each Wulfen brother. Red and white are used for these markings, each design reflecting the fangs and claws of these bestial warriors.



Wolf Guard Terminator Groka Helmsmiter of the pack known as Wulftongue's Shieldbrothers.



Horgoth Swiftfang, Pack Leader of the Allslayers. The runes on his blade are a blessing of speed.



Hagrik Wyrdfang, Wolf Guard Terminator of Daggerfist's Voidclaws. The black wolves symbolise death.



Each of Logan Grimnar's Wolf Guard, known collectively as the Kingsguard, bear their own individual pack marking that speaks of their glory and warrior prowess. Great names such as Torfin Daggerfist, Runstun Wolfbrother and Bensson Ironjaw are saga-sung throughout the Chapter, and their markings carry great weight.

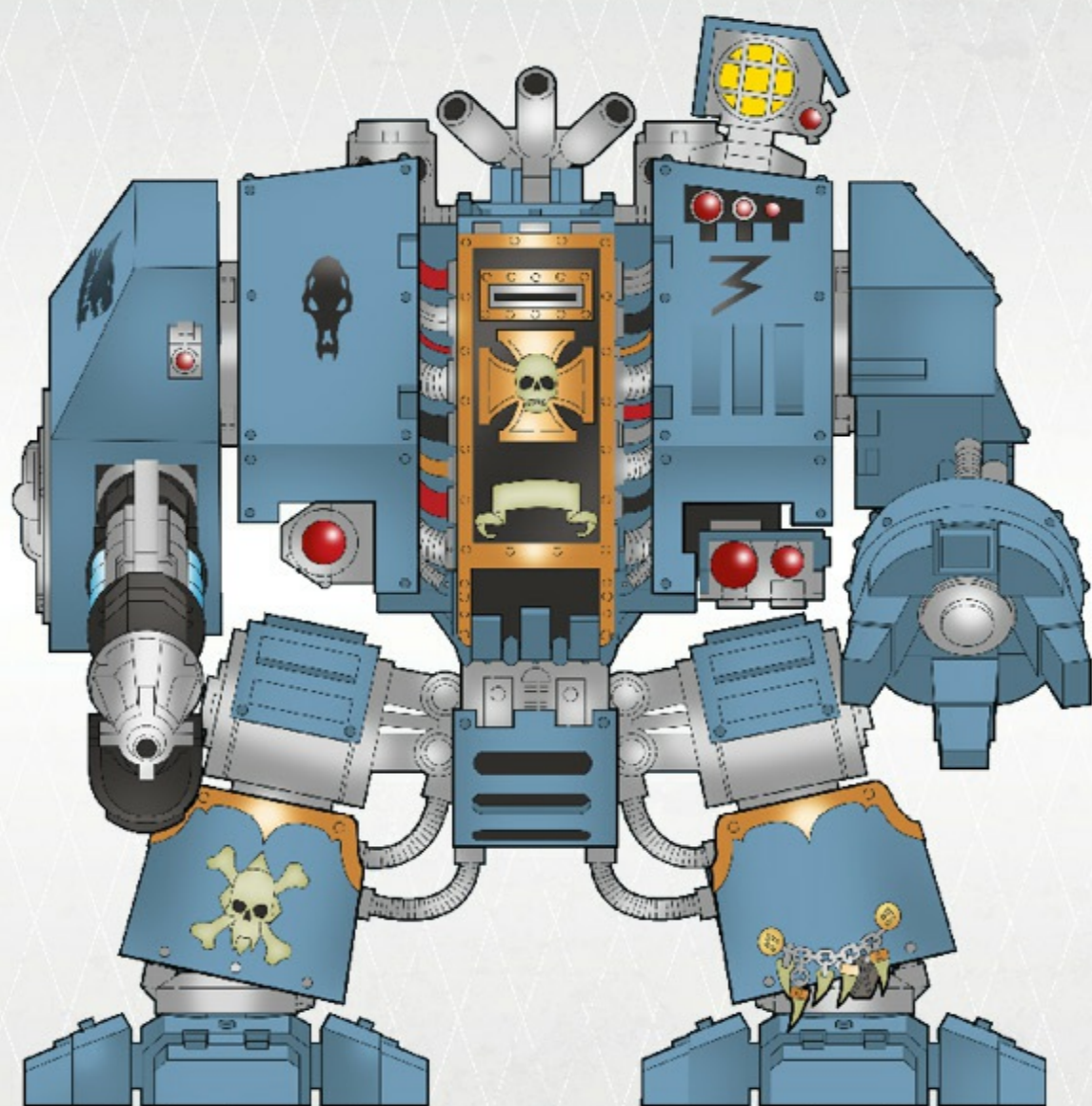


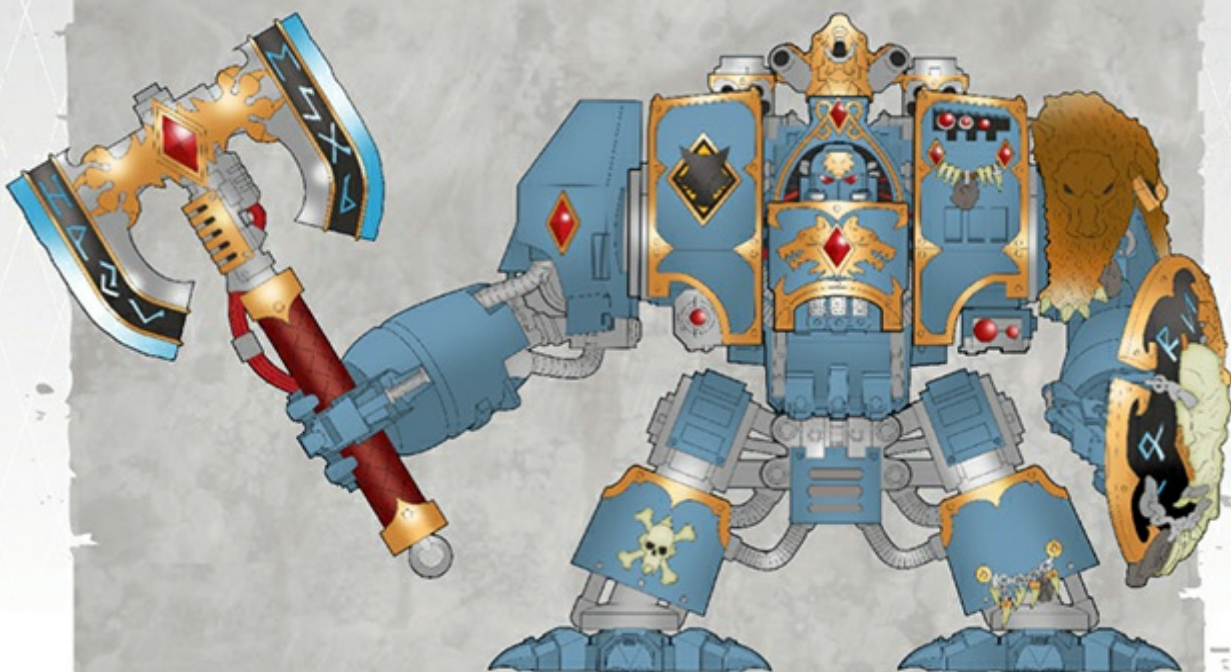
THE CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS

Unusually for a Space Marine Chapter, the Space Wolves Dreadnoughts are all attached to one Great Company – that of the Great Wolf. Recognised collectively as the Ancients of the Fang, these revered warriors have their sarcophagi decorated with numerous honour markings that speak of their glory.

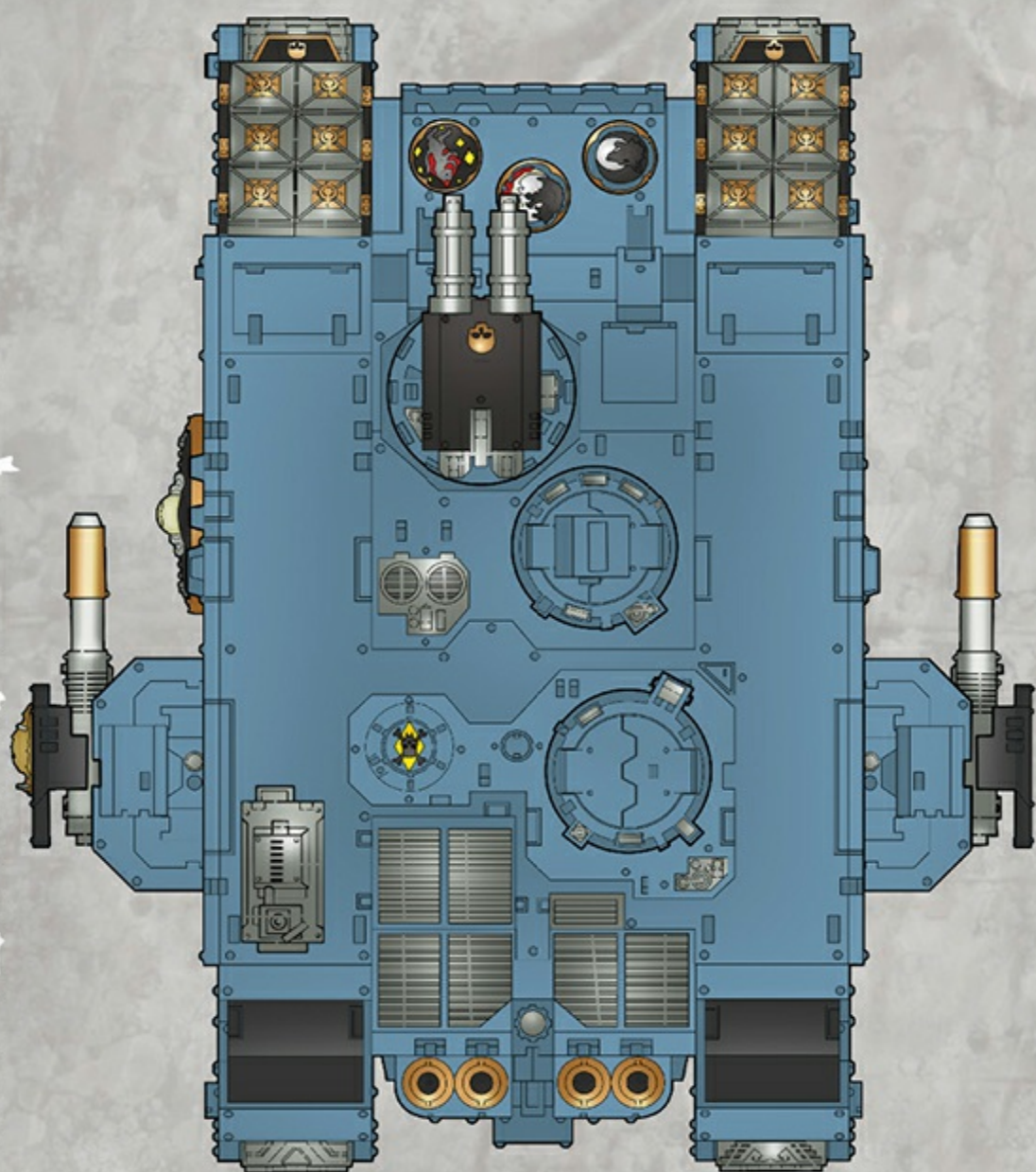


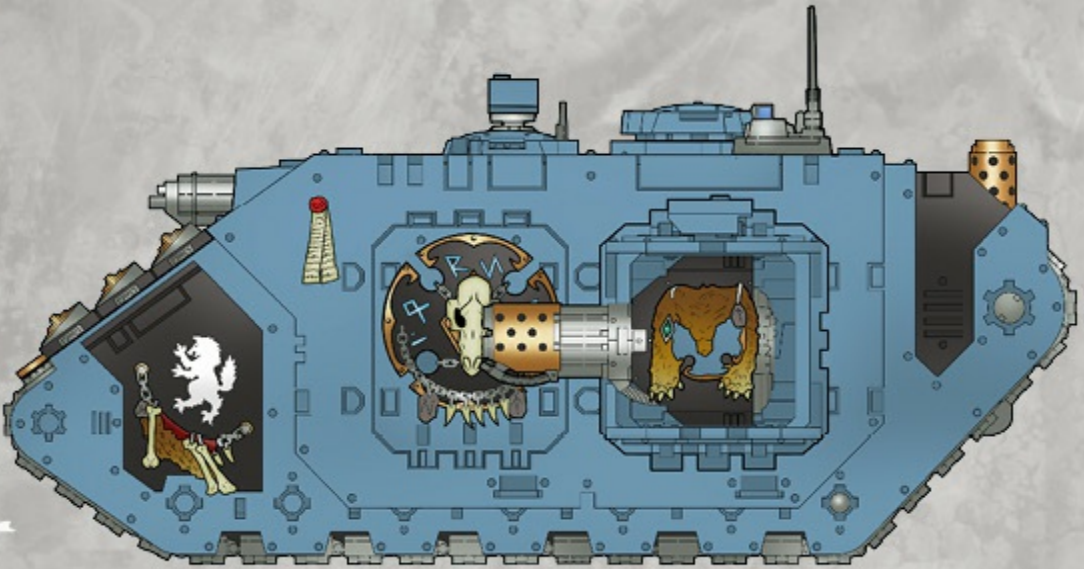
Each honour marking has its own meaning; the Fang and Blade represents selfless sacrifice, for example, while the Ravager's Skull stands for great savagery.





Morkir the Indomitable, Venerable Dreadnought of the Company of the Great Wolf. The black wolf on a gold emblem upon Morkir's sarcophagus shows that he has slain over one hundred worthy foes, while the pelt upon his left shoulder symbolises long kinship with the Kingsguard. The runes upon his axe blade are Fenrisian curses against the foe.



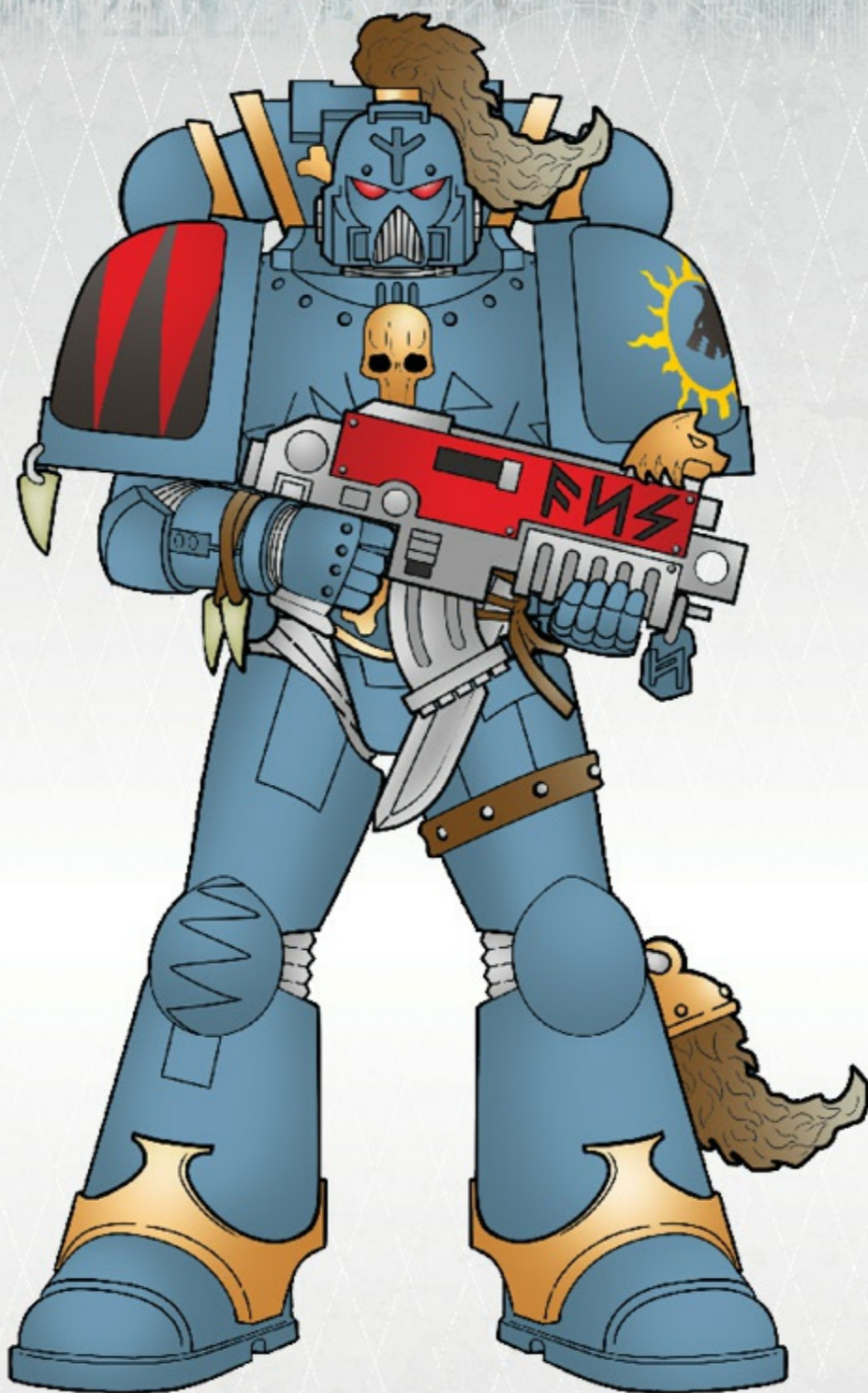


Land Raider Redeemer *Fire of Fenris*. The marking of Logan Grimnar's Great Company can be seen picked out upon a black background on the tank's front left bulkhead. Multiple shields adorn the Land Raider's hull, each one a ritual totem symbolising mighty victories from Aarnheim to the Sevenfold City.



THE DRAKESLAYERS

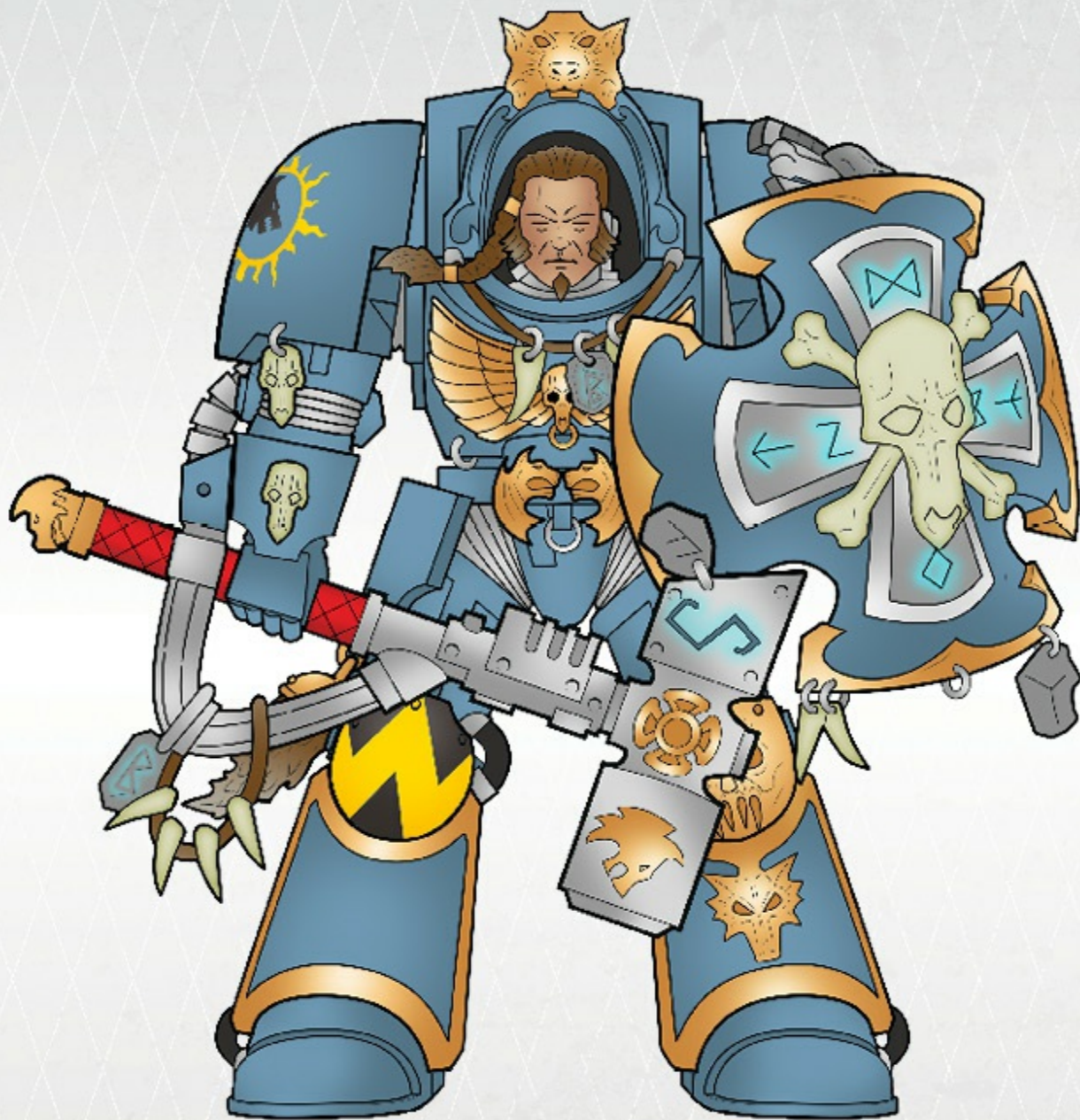
The Drakeslayers are the Great Company of the infamous Wolf Lord Krom Dragongaze. Following their master's lead, these warriors are fiercely competitive, both toward their fellows and the warriors of the other Great Companies. As such, many of the runic designs and honour markings that adorn their armour symbolise times when they have bested their brothers. From scoring the greatest number of kills in a pack, to beating the warriors of another Great Company to the killing blow, each is a mark of hard-earned superiority. As a counterpoint to such bravado, all of the warriors who fought upon Alaric Prime bear some mark of contrition upon their armour or weapons.



Grey Hunter Molric Fireblood of the Longstalkers pack.
The runes on his bolter bespeak superior accuracy.



Beoric Winterfang, first amongst Krom's Wolf Guard. Each link in his chain represents a lost brother.



Dvordin Ironblood, Wolf Guard Terminator of the Fierce-eye's Guard. His hammer glows with honour runes.



Movir the Brash, Blood Claw in Egil Redfist's pack. The skull on his back symbolises his watchful hunt.

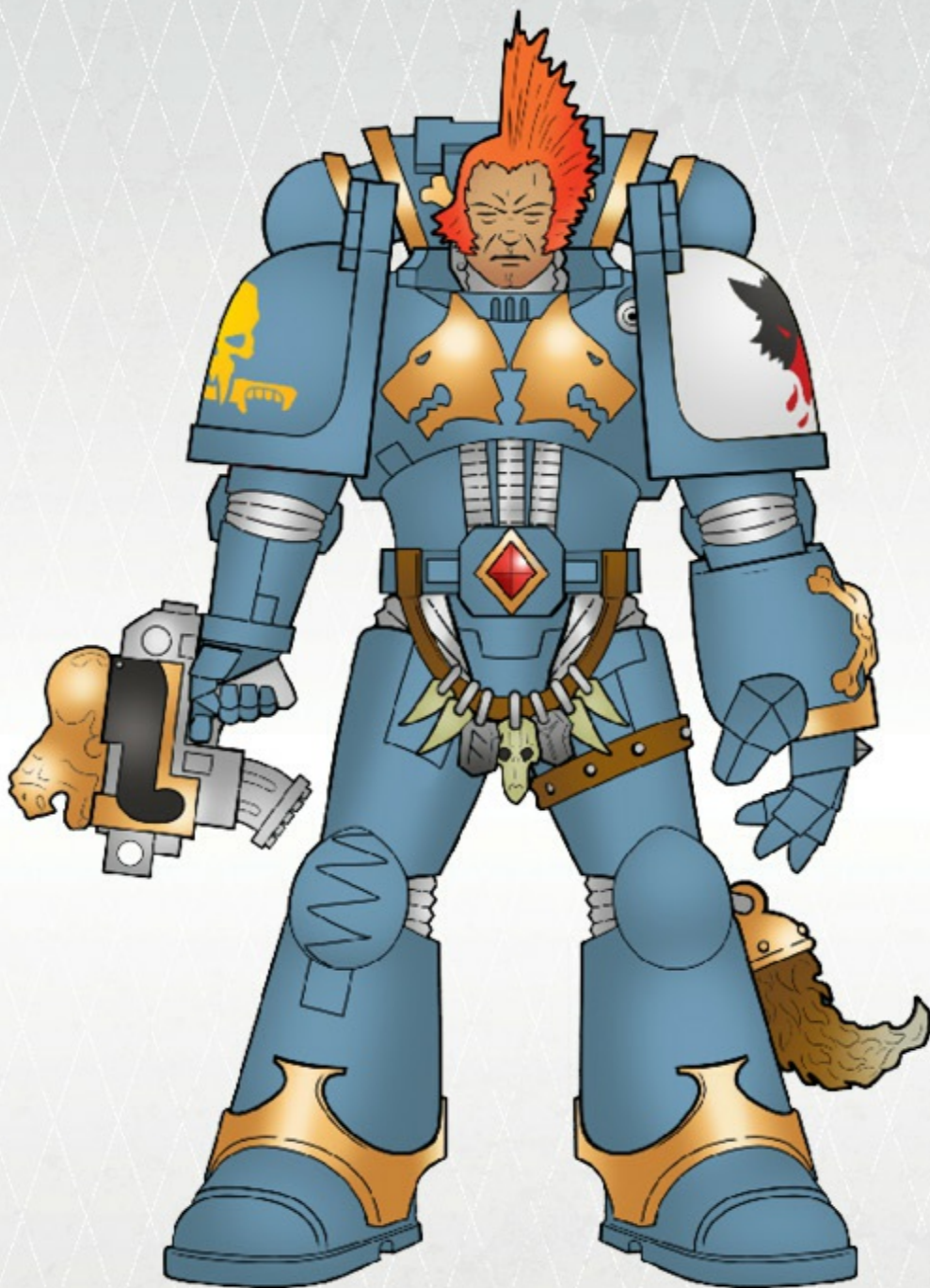


Erik Darkmane, Wolf Guard Terminator of the Fierce-eye's Guard. His red fist signifies a blood debt.



The sigil of Krom Dragongaze is the Sun Wolf, the only beast said to have a hope of meeting the Wolf Lord's furious gaze. It is a badge with mixed associations; Krom's Great Company are not well loved due to their overly competitive streak, but equally, their aid in battle can turn even the grimmest odds to victory.

COMPANIES OF FENRIS



Dolf Halfcrest, Wolf Guard from Bran Redmaw's Great Company. Each fang at his belt was taken from a Fenrisian wolf that he killed unarmed and alone in the wilds.





Hrothgar Stormrunner, Blood
Claw of Engir Krakendoom's Great
Company. The black wolf on his belt
signifies the fell gaze of Morkai.





Hagrik Goldwulf, Grey Hunter from Erik Morkai's Great Company. The golden wolf's head on his bolter is said to be enchanted, lending every shot the fierce bite of the World Wolf itself.

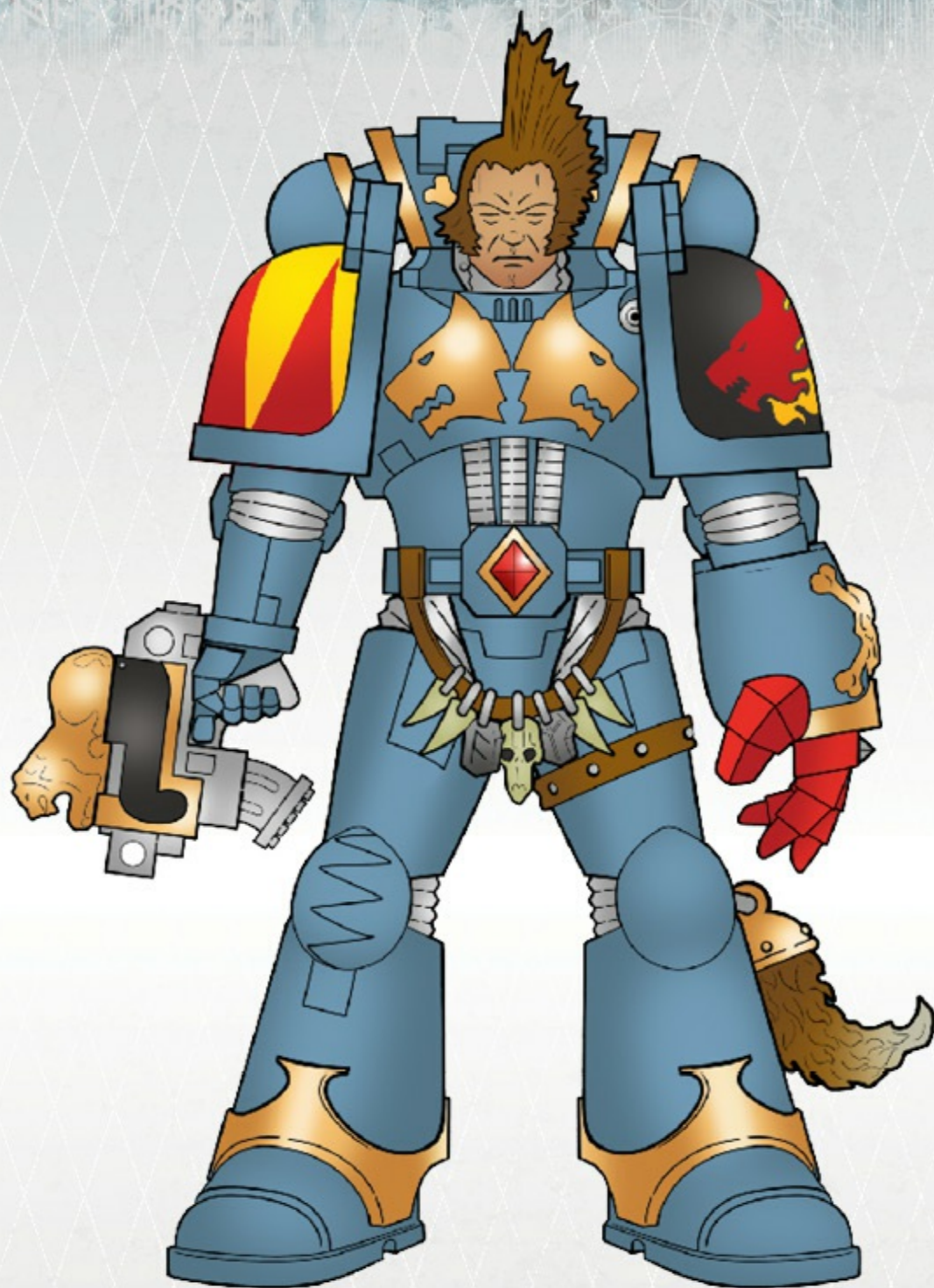






Jarnul the Wrathful, Grey Hunter from Ragnar Blackmane's Great Company. He earned each rune engraved on his helm and blade in a successful Drop Pod assault.





Hengar the Young, Blood Claw from Kjarl Grimblood's Great Company. He has painted one digit of his power fist red for the blood of every ten worthy foes he has slain with its crushing grip.





CHAPTER 5

MISSIONS







ECHOES OF WAR MISSIONS

This section includes several Warhammer 40,000 missions inspired by the pivotal battles that took place in the narrative book. These missions provide players with new ways to use their armies and a wealth of new tactical options to master – you can even play them sequentially as part of a campaign using the rules at the end of the section.

There are two main ways in which you can use the missions in *War Zone Fenris: Curse of the Wulfen* – the most straightforward is simply to choose a mission you want to play. Alternatively, you can fight a campaign by playing the missions in order using the rules found at the end of this section. If you do so, then players should stick to the same side for each mission. Keep a note of the players' victories and defeats – the winner is the player that achieved the greatest number of victories once all of the missions have been played. In the case of a draw, the player that wins the final battle wins the campaign!

There's nothing to stop you from playing the missions using different armies from those in the story of *War Zone Fenris: Curse of the Wulfen*. With a little imagination and some minor changes, you can easily fight similar battles with any combination of miniatures and terrain you have in your collection.

PLAYING ECHOES OF WAR MISSIONS

However you use these missions, it only requires a handful of changes to the Preparing for Battle rules in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, which are detailed below.

The Armies

Each mission recommends which armies and units should be used if you want to fight the battle according to the story. If players are using different armies, then it is up to them to choose sides.

Unique Characters

Models noted as being Unique in their Army List Entry represent legendary characters of the 41st Millennium. If you want to play a mission according to the story, then these characters should only be used if they are listed in The Armies section of that mission – they were either at the battle, or they were not!

The Battlefield and Deployment

The deployment map, zones and instructions for an Echoes of War mission are included with the mission itself; don't use those in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

Victory Conditions and Mission Special Rules

Some mission special rules and victory conditions only apply to specific units. If that unit isn't present, the associated special rule or victory condition is ignored.

HOSTILE ENVIRONMENTS

Also included in this section are the rules for fighting in hostile environments. You can use these in any combination you choose to recreate some of the more esoteric battlefields of the 41st Millennium, such as a Haunted Shrine World or an Abandoned Ice Planet. They are designed to be used in any game of Warhammer 40,000, not just the missions in this book. Any Maelstrom of War, Eternal War or Altar of War mission could take place in such an environment, as could games of Planetstrike, Cities of Death or Apocalypse. Why not add an exciting new dimension to your favourite missions by adding these rules into the mix?



DESIGNER'S NOTE

The Echoes of War missions presented in War Zone Fenris: Curse of the Wulfen help you recreate the pivotal battles that took place over the course of the Space Wolves' rediscovery of their long-lost kin, but they are far from the only battles that were waged during this gruelling campaign. There were countless other blood-soaked conflicts within the wider war, and as a result, numerous other ways to play games of Warhammer 40,000 in this epic setting. You could recreate the Blackmanes' landings on Dragos as they sought out the Wulfen packs in games of Planetstrike, and Cities of Death missions are ideal for replicating the advance of the Champions of Fenris on Vikurus as they fought their way towards the shrine city of Absolom. A game of Apocalypse is perfect if you wish to play even bigger games of Warhammer 40,000, perhaps fielding the combined forces of the Ironwolves, Champions of Fenris and surviving Midgardian militia in a battle to reclaim the Magma Gates. You might even want to expand on the campaign presented on page 463 using Eternal War, Maelstrom of War and/or Altar of War missions – or by generating your own set of missions – to recreate the valiant efforts of the Space Wolves and their allies against the Chaos Daemons.











HOSTILE ENVIRONMENTS

The ecology and topography of the worlds of the 41st Millennium are infinitely varied. Where some have pristine skies and clear horizons, others are endlessly pummelled by ferocious ice storms or beset by arcane phenomena. In this section, we present the rules for some of the very deadliest of these battlefields for your armies to fight over.

HAUNTED PLANET

On a haunted planet, the barrier between the physical realm and the immaterial madness of the Warp is wafer-thin. The leakage between the two planes leads to frequent supernatural events, ranging from strange ectoplasmic banks of mist to wholesale vanishings.

When fighting a battle on a Haunted Planet, the following rules apply for the duration of the game:

Ectoplasmic Mists

The friction between the physical world and the Warp causes thick banks of ectoplasmic mist to roll across the planet, blocking sight and baffling scans, be they technological or telepathic.

The mists make it hard to acquire distant targets. Psychic

powers and weapons used by an attacking unit cannot target units more than 24" away – the unit is completely hidden by the ectoplasmic mists. Roll a dice when a unit targets a unit more than 12" away; on a roll of 1-4 the target is hidden by the mists and the attack is not made. Targets between 6" and 12" away cannot be attacked on a roll of 1 or 2. Units less than 6" away can be targeted normally.

In addition, roll a dice before a unit fires Overwatch; on a roll of 1-3 the target is hidden by the mists and the Overwatch attack cannot be made. A unit that is not able to attack cannot pick a new target – the attack has been wasted.

Haunted Ruins

Buildings on a haunted planet are infested with the residual spirit-energy of the creatures that lived and died there. These spirit forms are extremely unsettling to be near, and cause electronic equipment to stutter and glitch.

Units within 3" of a building, ruin or fortification on a Haunted Planet must subtract 1 from their Leadership and Ballistic Skill characteristics.

Vanishings

Stories of haunted planets abound with tales of people mysteriously vanishing. Usually such disappearances only affect individuals, but sometimes entire families or whole communities will simply go missing,

leaving no evidence as to how or where they have gone.

When playing a mission with the Mysterious Objectives special rule on a Haunted Planet, replace any rolls of a 1 (Sabotaged!) on the Mysterious Objectives table with the following:

Vanishing. Roll a dice when the objective is discovered.

On a roll of 3-6, one model from the unit that identified the objective vanishes. On a roll of 2, D6 models from the unit vanish, and on a roll of 1 the entire unit vanishes. Randomly select the models from the unit that vanish; they are removed from play and count as having been destroyed.

ABANDONED DEFENCE NETWORK

Many planets have an elaborate system of defensive fortifications to protect against invasion. These defence networks are often fully automated, and can continue to function for centuries after being abandoned. Unfortunately, the protocols that identify friend from foe will have long been lost...

The following rules apply to all fortifications, even fortifications that are included in a player's army, and replace the rules for dilapidated buildings in the case of 'neutral' fortifications:

Identification Protocols

Determining the identification protocols for the automated defence network can take time. Until they are discovered, the network's automated weapons will fire at any troops that draw too close.

The first time during the battle that a unit from your army is selected as a target by an automated weapon system (as described in ‘Automated Fire’, below), roll a dice. If the roll is a 6, you have identified the protocols and the weapon system will not shoot you.

Assuming you didn’t roll a 6, then at the start of each of your subsequent turns you can roll the dice again. However, the second time you roll, use two dice; the third time you roll, use three dice, and so on. You are able to identify the protocols if any of the dice has a result of 6. Once you have identified the protocols you know them for the rest of the battle and do not need to roll again.

Automated Fire

Unless the identification protocols can be rediscovered, a defence network’s automated systems will attack anybody that draws near.

Emplaced weapons can only be manually fired by units that know the protocols. In addition, emplaced weapons will use automated fire in each player’s shooting phase. They will always shoot at the closest unit that does not know the protocols. If one side knows the protocols and the other does not, then the weapons only attack in the shooting phase of the side that knows the protocols. If both sides know the protocols, then the normal rules for emplaced weapons apply for the rest of the battle.

Orbital Defence Network

The defence network is linked to a set of long-dormant orbital defence batteries that lie beneath the surface of the planet. Once the security protocols have been breached, the defence network can be hacked and the batteries activated to target enemy reserves.

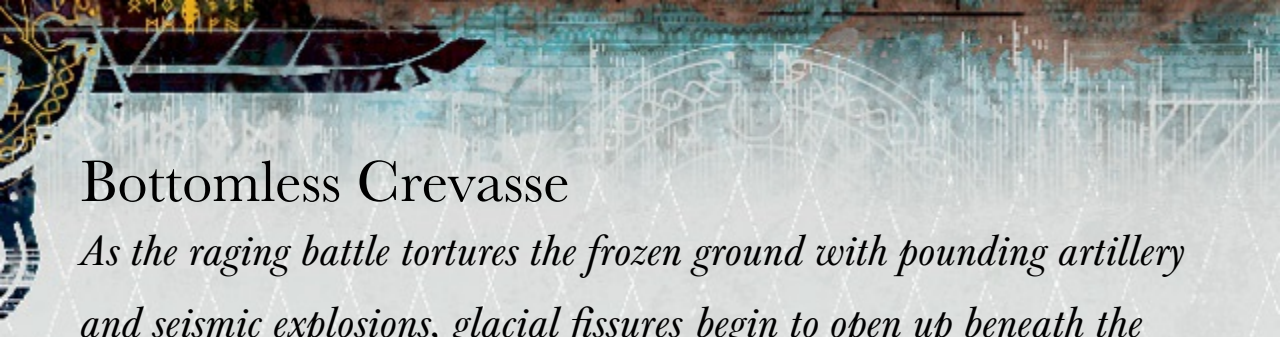
If one side knows the network's protocols and the other does not, then the side that does not know the protocols must subtract 1 from their dice rolls made to see if their units held in Reserve arrive. If neither or both sides know the network's protocols, this rule has no effect.

ICE WORLD

Either as a result of freezing temperatures or deadly storms, ice worlds will readily kill those ill-prepared for such extreme weather conditions. Even those accustomed to living amid such dangers must still treat the environment with a wary respect lest complacency leads to their demise.

When fighting a battle on an Ice World, the following rules apply for the duration of the game:





Bottomless Crevasse

As the raging battle tortures the frozen ground with pounding artillery and seismic explosions, glacial fissures begin to open up beneath the snow, swallowing unwary combatants.

Whenever a non-vehicle model at ground level (or a model moving to or from ground level) fails a Dangerous Terrain test, it does not suffer a Wound. Instead, that model must pass an Initiative test; if the test is failed, the model falls to its doom and is removed from play.

Icestorm

A seemingly harmless blizzard can escalate into a deadly icestorm within moments, flensing the skin of those exposed to its wrath. Mercifully, however, these deadly storms can dissipate just as swiftly, leaving only shredded bodies in their wake.

At the start of each game turn, both players roll a dice. If the result is a double, a fearsome tempest has swept in to scour the battlefield with razor-sharp shards of ice. For the duration of that game turn, models cannot Run, Turbo-boost or Swoop (and must therefore change flight mode).

In addition, roll a dice for each non-vehicle unit on the battlefield. On the roll of a 1, that unit immediately suffers D6 Strength 4 AP5 hits with the Shred special rule. Any Wounds are Randomly Allocated.

Whiteout

On an ice world, heavy snowstorms are a part of everyday life. To warring armies fighting for dominance, however, such challenging conditions hamper essential visibility, causing distant enemies to fade into the whiteness of the blinding snow.

Units that are more than 12" away from the attacking unit have the Stealth special rule. Units that are more than 24" away from the attacking unit have the Shrouded special rule instead. Units cannot target enemy units that are more than 36" away from them.

MINISTORUM SHRINE WORLD

During the Imperium's bloody reign as the galaxy's dominant power for the last ten millennia, countless martyrs have arisen to turn back the darkness that ever threatens to engulf the empire of Mankind.

Many of these holy men and women are buried with all due ceremony upon Ministorum worlds, the entire surface of these holy planets given over to monolithic cathedra and the hallowed crypts of the sainted.

When fighting a battle on a Ministorum Shrine World, the following rules apply for the duration of the game:



Profane Zeal

To Mankind's many enemies, a Ministorum shrine world represents the epitome of Humanity's blind devotion to a carrion god. To be surrounded by such ostentatious splendour in the name of a misguided belief is enough to enrage even the most enlightened of xenos, and they will fight all the harder to punish the Imperium's warriors for their folly.

All units with a Faction other than those belonging to the Armies of the Imperium have the Hatred (Armies of the Imperium) special rule.

Sacred Ground

To every loyal warrior and citizen of the Imperium, a shrine world is sacred ground. For an enemy to walk upon its hallowed surface is an affront to the Emperor himself, and the Imperium's soldiery will yield no ground until any heathen presence is cleansed.

All units with a Faction belonging to the Armies of the Imperium have the Stubborn special rule.



Saintly Wrath

The Ecclesiarchy claims that the spirits of martyred saints watch over their resting places, ready to strike down the enemies of Mankind.

Whether this is indeed the case, or if it is by the Emperor's divine grace that their remains are protected, none can truly say, but there are countless reports of those who threaten the sanctity of these worlds being struck down by an unseen hand.

When playing a mission with the Mysterious Objectives special rule on a Ministorum Shrine World, replace any rolls of a 2 (Nothing of Note) on the Mysterious Objectives table with the following:

Saintly Presence. At the end of the turn in which the objective was discovered, and at the end of every turn thereafter, any units within 3" of the Objective Marker with a Faction other than those belonging to the Armies of the Imperium suffer D6 Strength 5 AP4 hits with the Soul Blaze special rule.









ECHOES OF WAR: OF WOLF AND IRON

On the trail of the Wulfen's distinctive augur-trace, Egil Iron Wolf descended to the surface of Mydgal Alpha and tracked his quarry to the towering super-hive of Irkalla. Yet the Daemons had arrived there many days earlier; to reach their prize, the Ironwolves would first have some bloody work to do.

THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

One player is the Space Wolves player, and all his units must have the Space Wolves Faction. He must include at least one unit of Wulfen and the Ironwolves Formation with a Wolf Lord (representing Egil Iron Wolf) to be his army's Warlord.

His opponent is the Chaos Daemons player, and all his units must have the Chaos Daemons Faction. He must include a Daemon Prince with the Daemon of Nurgle special rule (representing Mordokh the Rotted) to be his army's Warlord.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included in this mission.

Objective Markers

After terrain has been set up, the Chaos Daemons player places 6 Objective Markers anywhere in his deployment zone so that each is more than 6" from any battlefield edge and more than 12" from another Objective Marker.

DEPLOYMENT

Players deploy using the Standard Deployment Method as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included in this mission. However, the Space Wolves player does not deploy any of his Wulfen units (see Mission Special Rules).

FIRST TURN

The player that deployed first can choose to take the first or second turn. If they decide to take the first turn, their opponent can attempt to Seize the Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, the Chaos Daemons player wins if the Wulfen were not found, or if the Wulfen were found but all of them were subsequently slain (see Mission Special Rules). Any other result is a victory to the Space Wolves player.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

Reserves.

Roiling Cloud of Smog and Ash: All units on the battlefield have the Shrouded special rule. Furthermore, due to the choking atmosphere, units wishing to make a Run move must roll two dice and pick the lowest result to see how far they move.

Wulfen Augur-trace: Only one of the Objective Markers represents the location of the Wulfen. The following rules apply:

- Each time a model belonging to the Space Wolves player ends its Movement phase within 3" of an Objective Marker, he can search it by rolling a D6. On the roll of a 1-5, remove the Objective Marker from play – this location was a false reading. On the roll of a 6, that model has found the Wulfen.
- If five Objective Markers have been searched unsuccessfully, the sixth Objective Marker

automatically becomes the location of the Wulfen, though no models are placed until the Objective Marker is searched by a model ending its Movement phase within 3".

- As soon as the Wulfen are found, all other Objective Markers are immediately removed from play. The Space Wolves player places all of his Wulfen units anywhere within 6" of the Objective Marker (or as close as possible if there is no space to place them), but more than 1" from any other units. Wulfen units that are placed in this manner cannot move further in the Movement phase of this turn, but are otherwise free to Run and charge as normal later in the turn.



Chaos Daemons Table Edge

48"

48"

*Chaos Daemons
Deployment Zone*

24"

*Space Wolves
Deployment Zone*

Space Wolves Table Edge





ECHOES OF WAR: A RIVALRY REKINDLED

The Firehowlers were closing fast upon a Wulfen pack, but they were not the only Space Marines on Tranquilitus; a strike force of Dark Angels were already on the hunt. When a host of Daemons threatened to rob them of their prize, the two Chapters had to work together to achieve their goal, despite the storied rivalry between them.

THE ARMIES

One player is the Space Marines player, and all his units must have the Space Wolves or Dark Angels Faction. His opponent is the Chaos Daemons player, and all his units must have the Chaos Daemons Faction.

Points values are not used in this mission; each player can field as many units as they have in their collection.

Designer's Note: *Given that the nature of this mission requires speed over brawn, we recommend that you focus on fielding units that can move at least 12" a turn or they will soon be left behind when the chase begins in earnest.*

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place in a narrow canyon. Set up the battlefield so that it is 24" wide and 72" long, then set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

DEPLOYMENT

The Space Marines player deploys first, setting up all of his units with the Space Wolves Faction anywhere in the Space Wolves Deployment Zone (see the map included in this mission), and all of his units with the Dark Angels Faction anywhere in the Dark Angels Deployment Zone. The Chaos Daemons player then sets up all of his units anywhere in the Chaos Daemons Deployment Zone.

FIRST TURN

The Space Marines player has the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The game ends immediately either when a player has no models left on the battlefield or when one player successfully moves one of his units off the far western end of the canyon (see Mission Special Rules).

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The first player to successfully move one of his units off the far western end of the canyon (see Mission special rules) wins.

However, if all of one player's models are completely destroyed, his opponent wins automatically.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

Haunted Planet, Reserves.

The Chase is On: The whole canyon is 168" in length, and only a 72" section of the canyon is represented on the battlefield at any one time. At the end of Turn 2, and every other game turn thereafter, remove the easternmost 24"x24" board section and add it to the western edge of the battlefield, thereby revealing a new section of the canyon. Set up any terrain on this new board section as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

Any models that are on a board section when it is removed are placed into Ongoing Reserve, and they may re-enter play from the eastern table edge in their following turn. If this causes a player to no longer have any models remaining on the battlefield, then he automatically loses the game. Vehicles that have suffered an Immobilised result and are on a board section that is being removed count as destroyed.

The far western end of the canyon will only be revealed at the end of the eighth game turn, so in order to achieve a victory in this mission each player must ensure that at least one of his units

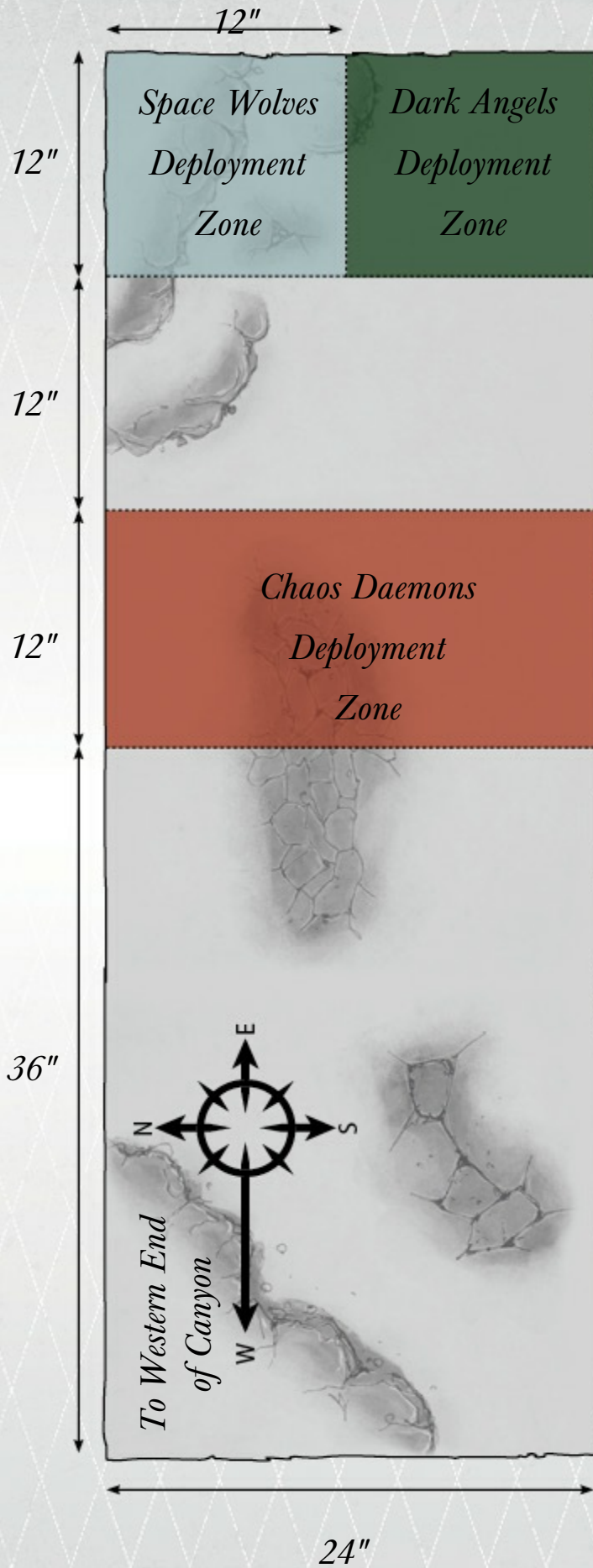
survives until the ninth turn so that he can move it off the far western end of the canyon (as described in Victory Conditions).

Fighting on the Move: At the end of the Assault phase, models are no longer locked in combat, and are free to move in their next Movement phase. In addition, models can move through enemy units, but to do so they must immediately make a Dangerous Terrain test.

No Time for Retreat: All units have the Fearless special rule.

Thrusters to Maximum: Jump Infantry that use their jump packs in the Movement phase can move up to 18".

Designer's Note: *This mission could quite feasibly be played with three players – one player controlling all of the appropriate models from each of the three Factions involved. If you decide to play the mission in this way, then the Dark Angels and Space Wolves players are also in competition to see who wins the game, despite being on the same side and operating in the same player turn. As a result, we recommend that these players do everything in their power to obstruct and thwart the other Space Marine player rather than working together as a team, so that they can claim overall victory for themselves and get one over on their rivals!*







ECHOES OF WAR: AN ARENA OF BLOOD

The Champions of Fenris forced a path through the daemoniac hordes to find their lost kin in the Dome of Penitents at the heart of Absolom. The Great Wolf knew that whilst the dread Bloodthirster commanding the Daemons lived, the Wulfen would not be safe, yet he faced competition for the kill from an unexpected quarter...

THE ARMIES

This is a mission for three players. All players must choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

One player is the Space Wolves player, and all his units must have the Space Wolves Faction. If the models are available, he must include the Champions of Fenris Formation, and Logan Grimnar to be his army's Warlord.

The second player is the Grey Knights player, and all his units must have the Grey Knights Faction. If the model is available, he must include Brother-Captain Stern to be his army's Warlord.

The third player is the Chaos Daemons player, and all his units must have the Chaos Daemons Faction. If the model is available, he must include a Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury to be his army's Warlord.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place within the huge Dome of the Penitents. Set up a square battlefield (any size), then set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

DEPLOYMENT

The Space Wolves player deploys first, setting up all of his units anywhere in the Space Wolves Deployment Zone (see the map included in this mission). The Chaos Daemons player then sets up all of his units anywhere in the Chaos Daemons Deployment Zone. All of the Grey Knights player's units must be held in Reserve or Deep Strike Reserve (though in this mission, the Grey Knights player cannot automatically lose the game for having no models on the battlefield).

FIRST TURN

The Space Wolves player has the first turn. The Chaos Daemons player goes second, followed by the Grey Knights player. Note that this means that each game turn comprises three player turns instead of two.

GAME LENGTH

The game lasts until either the Chaos Daemons Warlord has been slain, or both the Space Wolves and Grey Knights Warlords have been slain, after which the game ends immediately.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

If a Character belonging to either the Space Wolves or the Grey Knights player causes the Chaos Daemons Warlord to be removed as a casualty, that Character's controlling player wins. Any other result is a victory to the Chaos Daemons player.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

Ministorum Shrine World, Reserves.

Brothers in Arms: Despite their strained circumstantial relationships, units belonging to the Space Wolves and Grey Knights players cannot attack one another.

Daemonic Flood: Each time a unit belonging to the Chaos Daemons player (other than his Warlord) is completely destroyed, remove it from play and place it into Ongoing Reserve, where it will be available to return to the battle at the start of his next turn. These units enter play by Deep Strike. However, any units returned to play in this manner do not benefit from the special rules associated with any Formation that they were part of.

Enclosed Airspace: Each time a Flyer enters play from Reserve, Ongoing Reserve or leaves combat airspace, it must take a Dangerous Terrain test.

Fuelled by Rage: The Chaos Daemons Warlord has the It Will Not Die special rule and adds D3 to its Attacks characteristic (roll separately before making its attacks in each Fight sub-phase). In addition, it can re-roll any failed saving throws unless the Wound was inflicted by Logan Grimnar or Brother-Captain Stern.

Hungry for Glory: Logan Grimnar and Brother-Captain Stern have the Hit & Run special rule. However, if they use this special rule to leave combat, they must move as directly as they can towards the Chaos Daemons Warlord.

Irresistible Challenge: If Logan Grimnar is within 12" and line of sight of the Chaos Daemons Warlord at the start of the Chaos Daemons player's Assault phase, he can issue such a contemptuous and scathing challenge that it could only be answered in blood. If he does so, the Chaos Daemons Warlord must attempt to charge Grimnar in the Charge sub-phase.

Chaos Daemons Table Edge

*Chaos Daemons
Deployment Zone*

24"

*Space Wolves
Deployment Zone*

Space Wolves Table Edge





ECHOES OF WAR: SCATTERED DROP

Frostheim's defence network had been taken over by Alpha Legion, and the Deathwolves' strike force found itself scattered by the resulting storm of flak. Landing in small, separated groups, the isolated Space Wolves were soon under attack from all sides by Alpha Legion Chaos Space Marines supported by hordes of Chaos Cultists.

THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. Each army must include at least six units.

One player is the Space Wolves player, and all his units must have the Space Wolves Faction. His opponent is the Chaos Space Marines player, and all his units must have the Chaos Space Marines Faction.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up six 24"x24" battlefields, then set up terrain on each as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included in this mission.

DEPLOYMENT

Players alternate setting up units, starting with the Space Wolves player. The first Space Wolves unit to be deployed can be set up in any one of the six areas. All of the models in the unit must be set up wholly within 6" of the centre of the battlefield that has been chosen. The Chaos Space Marines player must then deploy a unit in the same battlefield, more than 6" from any Space Wolves units.

The second Space Wolves and Chaos Space Marines units must be set up in the same way, but on a different battlefield. Carry on like this until all six areas have one unit from each army. Players then take it in turns to set up their remaining units one at a time, but they can set them up on any battlefield, provided they are not placed within 6" of an enemy unit that has already been set up.

Both players must deploy at least one unit on each of the six battlefields. Any further units can be placed in Reserves afterwards, if desired.

FIRST TURN

Roll a dice. On an odd roll, the Chaos Space Marines player has the first turn. On an even roll, the Space Wolves player goes first.

GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the game, players score 1 Victory Point for each battlefield that only has models belonging to their army remaining. The player with the most Victory Points at the end of the game is the winner. If both players have the same number of Victory Points, then the game is a draw.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

Ice World, Reserves.

Into the Fray: Units that arrive from Reserve can enter play from any point along the edge of any battlefield of the controlling player's choice.

Retreat and Regroup: Any Chaos Space Marines units that Fall Back do so towards the nearest table edge. Any Space Wolves units that Fall Back must do so towards the centre of their battlefield.

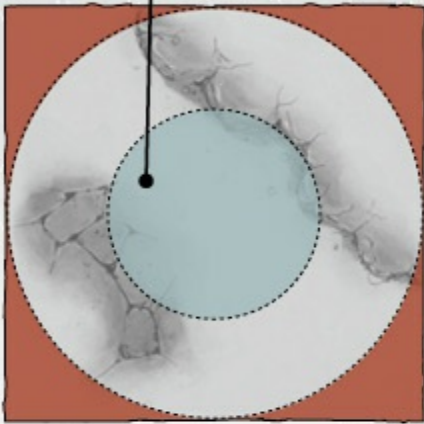
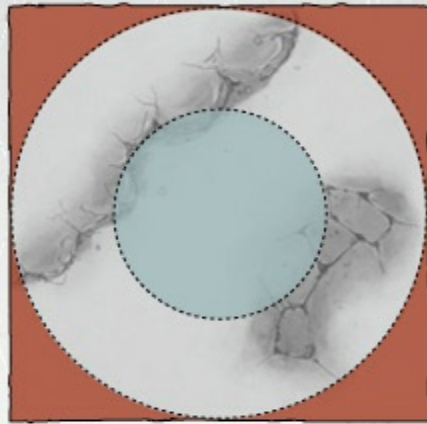
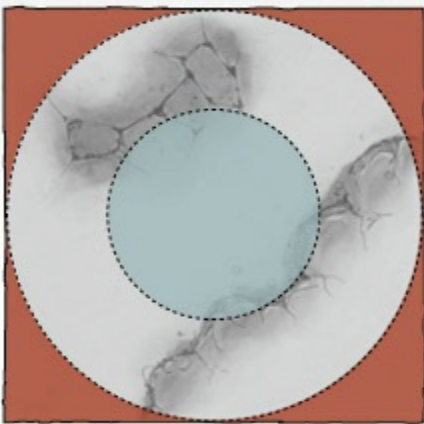
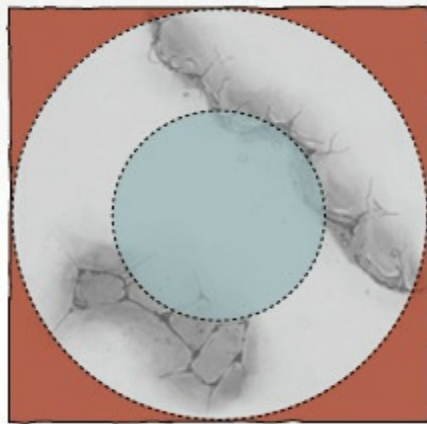
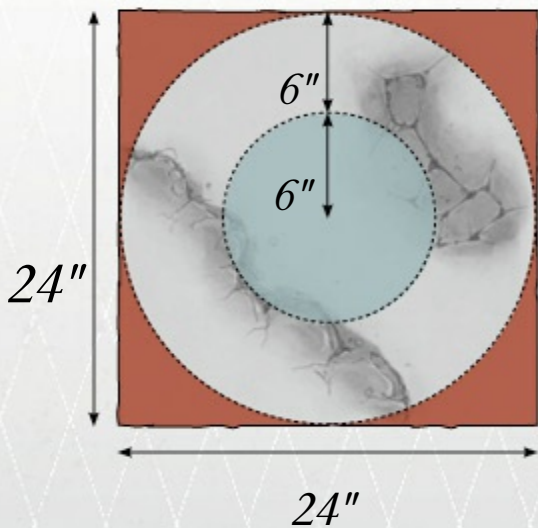
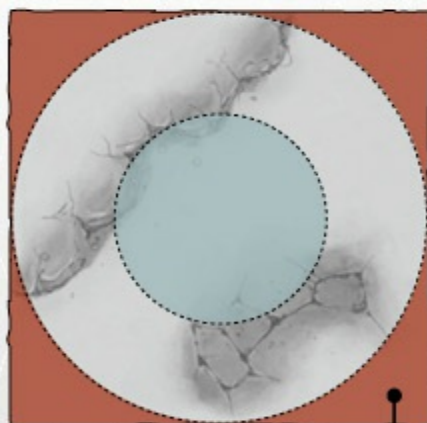
Separate Landing Zones: Each of the six battlefields is a separate landing zone. Because of this, models cannot move from one battlefield to another unless doing so as

Reinforcements (see below), and cannot attack, use psychic powers or interact in any way with models from units in other battlefields. By the same token, all models in a unit must be set up in the same battlefield – a unit cannot split its models between two different battlefields. When Reserves enter play, they can do so from any of the edges of the battlefield they will deploy in.

These changes aside, turns are carried out as normal, with each player moving and fighting with his units on all six battlefields simultaneously.

Reinforcements: Units can leave a battlefield to reinforce another, but only if all of the enemy models on the battlefield they are in have been completely destroyed. Such units can enter Ongoing Reserve instead of making a move in their movement phase, and will then enter play from any point along the edge of any other battlefield of the controlling player's choice in his next turn.

Designer's Note: *Be careful not to move all of the models out of a battlefield, as you will not score any Victory Points for it if no models are there at the end of the game (see Victory Conditions, above). You should also be careful not to leave a battlefield too lightly garrisoned in case enemy Reserves deploy in the battlefield and steal it from you!*

Space Wolves Deployment Zones*Chaos Space Marines Deployment Zones*





ECHOES OF WAR: AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

Having reclaimed Midgardia's Magma Gates from the invading Daemons, Grimnar enacted an audacious plan to simultaneously drive forth the remaining hellspawn from both above and below ground. Dividing his forces between armoured might and boots on the ground, the Great Wolf gave the signal for both armies to advance.

THE ARMIES

One player is the Space Wolves player, and all his units must have the Space Wolves Faction. His opponent is the Chaos Daemons player, and all his units must have the Chaos Daemons Faction. Each player must choose two Warlords – one to lead his army on each battlefield (see The Battlefield, below) – and generate a separate Warlord Trait for each one.

Points values are not used in this mission; each player can field as many units as they have in their collection.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle consists of two separate conflicts taking place simultaneously on different battlefields – the Surface and

the Underground. Set up two separate battlefields that are 24" wide and 72" long, then set up terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

Objective Markers

The Chaos Daemons player places a total of 4 Objective Markers on each battlefield as shown on the deployment map included with this mission.

DEPLOYMENT

The Chaos Daemons player deploys first, dividing his units as evenly as possible between the two battlefields, setting up any of these units not held in Reserve in the Chaos Daemons Deployment Zone on each battlefield (see the map included with this mission). The Space Wolves player deploys second, dividing his units between the two battlefield as follows:

- All vehicle units must be set up in the Space Wolves Deployment Zone on the Surface battlefield (or held in Reserve as normal in the case of Flyers).
- Logan Grimnar and all non-vehicle units must be set up in the Space Wolves Deployment Zone on the Underground battlefield.

Players must assign any units that they are holding in Reserve to one of the two battlefields during deployment; these units

can only move onto that battlefield when they arrive from Reserve. Units belonging to the Space Wolves player must be assigned to the appropriate battlefield according to their unit type as described above.

FIRST TURN

The Space Wolves player has the first turn.

GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. However, if all of the Space Wolves player's models on either of the two battlefields are completely destroyed, the game ends immediately.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of a turn in which the Space Wolves player simultaneously controls the easternmost Objective Marker on both battlefields, he scores 1 Victory Point. Each time this happens, remove the easternmost Objective Markers from each battlefield. Note that it is not possible to score more than 1 Victory Point in this manner each turn.

At the end of the game, count up how many Victory Points the Space Wolves player has scored and consult the table below to see the outcome of the battle:

Victory**Points****Result**

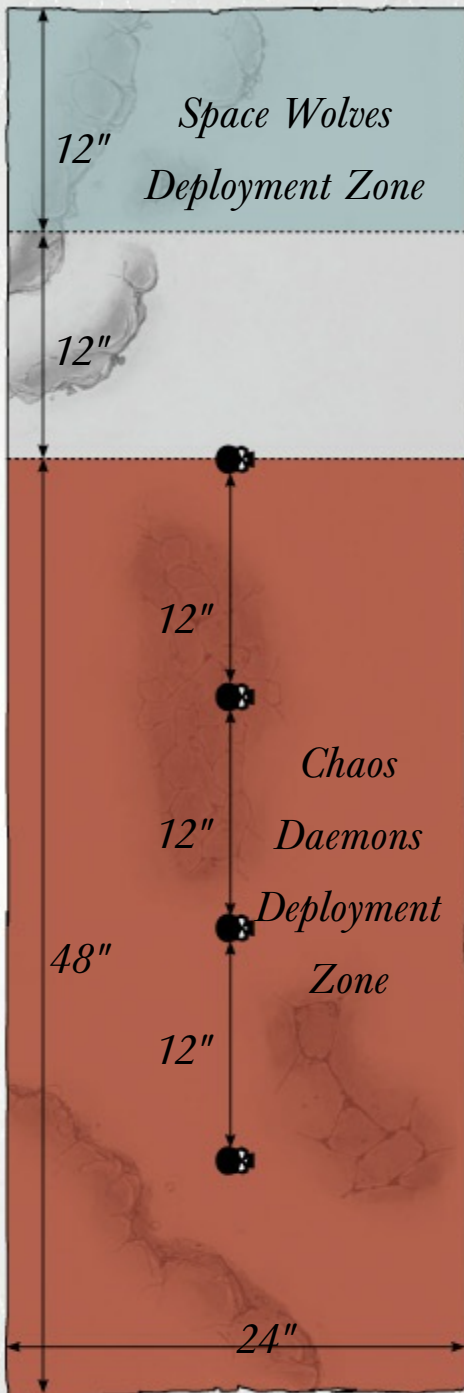
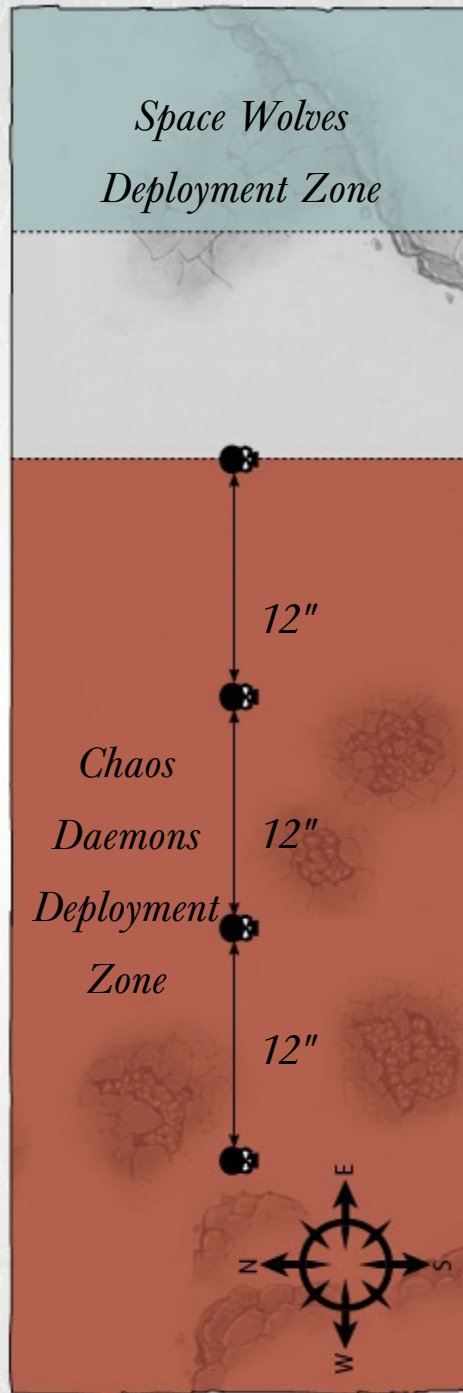
0-1	Chaos Daemons Crushing Victory
2	Chaos Daemons Victory
3	Space Wolves Victory
4	Space Wolves Crushing Victory

MISSION SPECIAL RULES**Reserves.**

Neck and Neck: Turns happen simultaneously on each battlefield, with one player moving and attacking with all of his units on both battlefields before the other player takes his turn.

Fungal Quagmire: All non-Flyer and non-Skimmer units belonging to the Space Wolves player on the Surface battlefield that wish to move must do so as follows: roll 2 dice and select the highest result – this is the maximum distance the vehicle may move at combat speed; double the highest result rolled if the vehicle is moving at cruising speed.

Rock Fall: At the start of each of your turns, roll a dice for each enemy unit on the Underground battlefield. On the roll of a 6, that unit immediately suffers D6 Strength 4 AP5 hits. Any Wounds are Randomly Allocated.

Space Wolves Table Edge*Chaos Daemons Table Edge**Objective Marker*





ECHOES OF WAR: AVERTING DISASTER

Upon the Wolf Moon, Valdrmani, a diabolical scheme was on the verge of fruition. Though the Space Wolves knew it not, their fate hung in the balance; should their enemies' plan be allowed to succeed, the repercussions would likely damn their entire Chapter. Only Krom Dragongaze's intervention could avert disaster...

THE ARMIES

Choose armies as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

One player is the Space Marines player, and all his units must have the Space Wolves or Grey Knights Faction. If the models are available, he must include Brother-Captain Stern and Krom Dragongaze, one of which must be his army's Warlord.

His opponent is the Chaos player, and all his units must have the Chaos Space Marines or Chaos Daemons Faction. If the model is available, he must include a Dark Apostle (representing Hekastis Nul) to be his army's Warlord.

THE BATTLEFIELD

At the centre of the Chaos Deployment Zone stands a Cursed Sigil that crackles with the power of the Warp. The Cursed Sigil should be represented by a suitable model from your terrain collection.

Set up the remaining terrain as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included in this mission.

DEPLOYMENT

Players deploy using the Standard Deployment Method as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, using the deployment map included in this mission.

FIRST TURN

The player that set up first can choose to take the first or second turn. If they decide to take the first turn, their opponent can attempt to Seize the Initiative as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

GAME LENGTH

The mission uses Variable Game Length as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. However, if the Cursed Sigil is destroyed (see Mission Special Rules), the game ends immediately.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Space Marines player wins if the Cursed Sigil is destroyed (see Mission Special Rules). If the game ends before this has been achieved, the Chaos player wins.

MISSION SPECIAL RULES

Reserves.

The Cursed Sigil: The Chaos player can use the power of the Cursed Sigil to summon daemoniac reinforcements to the battlefield. However, doing so risks overloading the portal at its core. At the start of his turn, the Chaos player can say that he will use the power of the Cursed Sigil. If he does so, he can perform as many of the following actions as he desires. However, for each action he performs, a dice is placed on the Cursed Sigil – all of the dice will be rolled in the Space Marines player's turn, and the more of them there are, the more likely it is that the Sigil will be destroyed!

- **Restore:** Pick a unit with the Chaos Daemons Faction. All wounds suffered by models in the unit are healed, and any models that have been removed as casualties are returned to the unit. Set up returning models within unit coherency and more than 1" away from the enemy or impassable terrain. Any returning models that cannot be placed in this manner are lost.

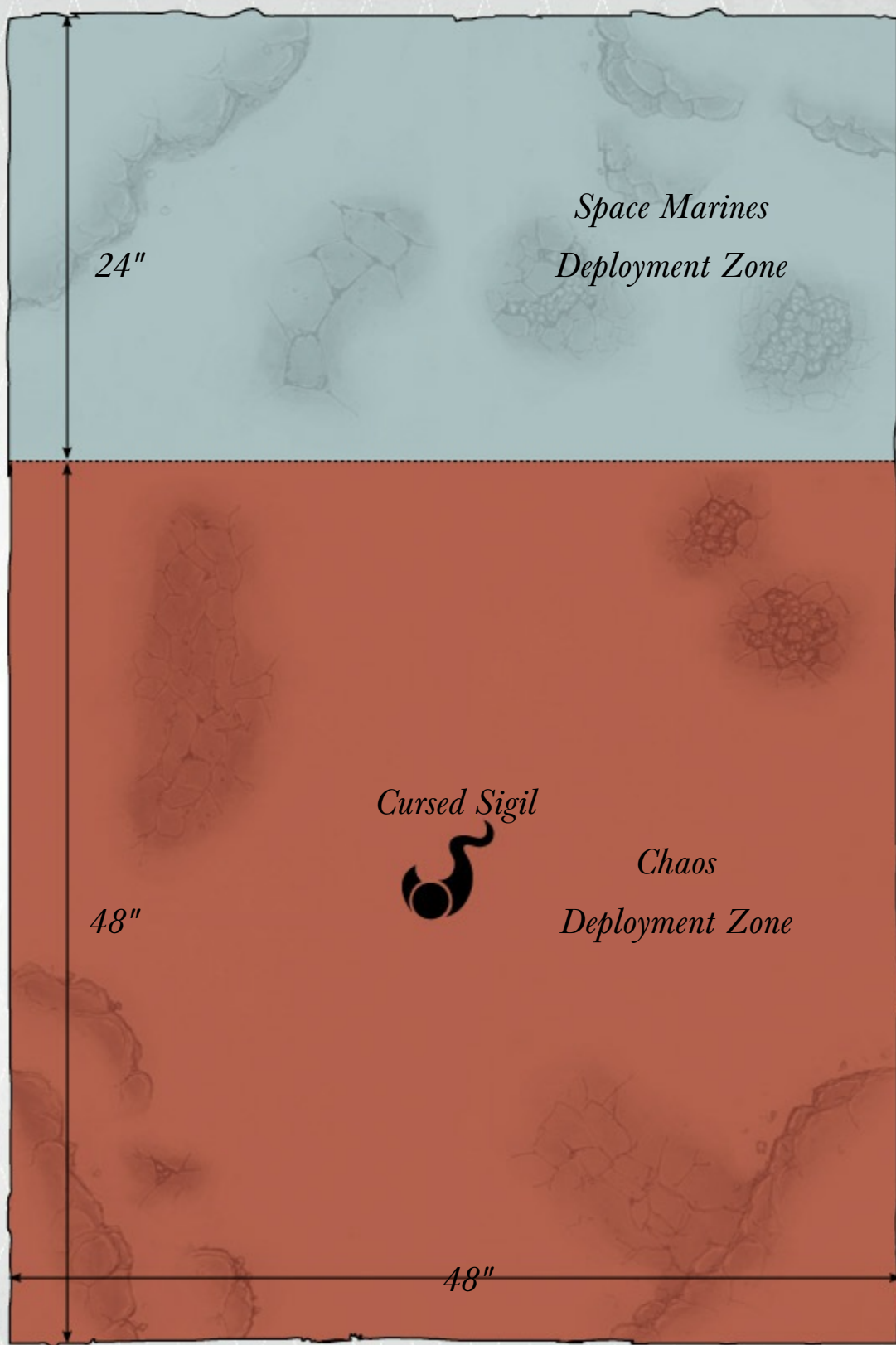
- **Summon:** Pick a unit with the Chaos Daemons Faction that has been completely destroyed. That unit is restored to its full starting strength and immediately Deep Strikes onto the battlefield.
- **Empower:** Pick a Psyker from the Chaos player's army. Add 1 to that Psyker's Mastery level until your next turn.

The Exorcism: The Space Marines player can attempt to destroy the Cursed Sigil at the start of each of his turns. To do so, take any dice that were placed on the Sigil in the Chaos player's turn (see The Cursed Sigil) then add extra dice for each of the following conditions that apply:

- **Litanies of Purity:** Add 1 dice if there are any Grey Knights anywhere on the battlefield.
- **Empyric Dominion:** Add 1 dice if there are no enemy Psykers anywhere on the battlefield.
- **Psychic Cleansing:** Add 2 dice for each friendly Psyker unit within 3" of the Cursed Sigil.

The Space Marines player rolls all of the dice he is allowed to. If two or more of the rolls are a 6, then the Cursed Sigil is destroyed. On any other roll, it continues to function, and all of the dice rolled this turn are discarded (though they will accumulate in the same way during any remaining game turns).

Space Marines Table Edge



Chaos Table Edge





CAMPAIGN CHART

The Echoes of War missions presented earlier recreate the pivotal battles that took place as the Space Wolves sought to reclaim the Wulfen and defend the Fenris System. You can play through these missions in sequence to fight a thrilling campaign. If you do so, the victor of each mission will receive a bonus in the next mission of the campaign, as detailed on these pages. If a game is a draw, neither player receives a bonus in the next mission.

1 OF WOLF AND IRON

Space Wolves Victory: In *A Rivalry Rekindled*, all Jump Infantry units with the Space Wolves Faction can Run and charge in the same turn.

Chaos Daemons Victory: In *A Rivalry Rekindled*, all Chariot units with the Chaos Daemons Faction can move Flat Out and charge in the same turn.

2 A RIVALRY REKINDLED

Space Wolves Victory: In *An Arena of Blood*, the Chaos Daemons player can only return to battle slain Troops and Elites units from his army as part of the Daemonic Flood mission special rule.

Chaos Daemons Victory: In *An Arena of Blood*, the invulnerable save of the Chaos Daemons player's Warlord is improved by 1 (in most cases, from a 5+ to a 4+).

3 AN ARENA OF BLOOD

Space Wolves Victory: When rolling to see which player has the first turn in Scattered Drop, the Space Wolves player can choose to re-roll the result.

Chaos Daemons Victory: When rolling to see which player has the first turn in Scattered Drop, the Chaos Space Marines player can choose to re-roll the result.

4 SCATTERED DROP

Space Wolves Victory: In As Above, So Below, on a randomly determined battlefield, place all of the Objective Markers 3" closer to the eastern table edge.

Chaos Space Marines Victory: In As Above, So Below, on a randomly determined battlefield, place all of the Objective Markers 3" closer to the western table edge.

5 AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

Space Wolves Victory: In Averting Disaster, the Space Marines player can choose to re-roll one dice each turn when rolling to destroy the Cursed Sigil as part of the Exorcism mission special rule.

Chaos Daemons Victory: In Averting Disaster, the Chaos player can perform one action from The Cursed Sigil mission special rule for free without having to place a dice on the Cursed Sigil.





CHAPTER 6

SPACE WOLVES



FORCES OF THE SPACE WOLVES

The following section contains full rules for fielding units of Wulfen in your games of Warhammer 40,000, as well as special rules which explain the infectious savagery they instil in other Space Wolves units in your army. Also included are a whole host of new Space Wolves Formations, new wargear, and the saga-worthy Wolf Claw Strike Force Detachment.



Since *Codex: Space Wolves* was published there have been several new miniatures released into the Space Wolves range. This chapter of the book is designed to be used in conjunction with *Codex: Space Wolves* to provide players with all the rules needed to play games of Warhammer 40,000 with the entire range of Space Wolves miniatures. The rules here – where relevant – update, replace or supplement the rules in your codex.

Foremost amongst the new rules is the introduction of the Wulfen. You can also organise your Space Wolves collection as a Wolf Claw Strike Force and enjoy the powerful Command Benefits your army gains for doing so.

The Iron Priest datasheet replaces the Iron Priest datasheet found in *Codex: Space Wolves*. Furthermore, recent Adeptus Astartes codex updates enable Vindicators, Whirlwinds and Predators to be fielded as vehicle squadrons, as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. Land Speeder squadrons also now benefit from an additional special rule. These updates are detailed here.

VINDICATOR

SPECIAL RULES:

Linebreaker Bombardment: If this unit contains three Vindicators that can all fire their demolisher cannons, the squadron can fire a single Linebreaker Bombardment instead of firing normally. To do so, nominate one model in the squadron as the firer; the firer's demolisher cannon changes its type from Large Blast to Apocalyptic Blast and gains the Ignores Cover special rule.

OPTIONS:

May include up to two additional

Vindicators *120 pts/model*

- Any Vindicator may take a siege shield *10 pts/model*
- Any Vindicator may take items from the **Space Wolves Vehicle Equipment** list.

WHIRLWIND

SPECIAL RULES:

Suppressive Bombardment: Whilst this unit includes three Whirlwinds, each model's Whirlwind multiple missile launcher has the Pinning and Shred special rules (regardless of which missile type it fires).

OPTIONS:

May include up to two additional

Whirlwinds *65 pts/model*

- Any Whirlwind may take items from the **Space Wolves Vehicle Equipment** list.

LAND SPEEDERS

SPECIAL RULES:

Anti-grav Upwash: Whilst this unit includes three Land Speeders, it can move an additional 6" when moving Flat Out.

PREDATOR

SPECIAL RULES:

Killshot: Whilst this unit includes three Predators, all Predators in the unit have the Monster Hunter and Tank Hunters special rules.

OPTIONS:

May include up to two additional

Predators *75 pts/model*

- Any Predator may replace its autocannon with a twin-linked lascannon *25 pts/model*
- Any Predator may take two side sponsons which are both armed with one of the following:
 - Heavy bolters *20 pts/model*
 - Lascannons *40 pts/model*
- Any Predator may take items from the **Space Wolves Vehicle Equipment** list.









SONS OF RUSS

This section details background and rules that describe the forces used by the Space Wolves. Used in conjunction with *Codex: Space Wolves*, it enables you to forge your collection of Space Wolves miniatures into an army ready to hunt down and tear apart the enemies of the Imperium in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

When choosing an army to play a game of Warhammer 40,000, there are two main ways of organising your collection. These are the Unbound method, which means taking whichever units you like, and the Battle-forged method, which is more rigid but has extra benefits. Both are described fully in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

If you are using the Unbound method, simply use the datasheets that correspond to the models in your collection. If you are using the Battle-forged method, you will instead need to organise the models in your collection into Detachments. This is a fun process in its own right. The most common of these are the Combined Arms and Allied Detachments. Note that you can also include any of the Formations presented in this section as part of a Battle-forged army.



The Wolf Claw Strike Force is a special type of Detachment that can be included in any Battle-forged army. Unlike the Detachments shown in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, it has a Force Organisation Chart whose slots are a combination of specific Formations and Army List Entries instead of Battlefield Roles. However, it still has compulsory and optional elements, as well as Restrictions and Command Benefits, just like any other Detachment.

Although units cannot normally belong to more than one Detachment, units from a Formation that is part of a Wolf Claw Strike Force are an exception. They count as part of both their Formation and the Detachment, and have all associated Command Benefits and special rules. If your Warlord is part of a Formation or an Army List Entry that makes up part of a Wolf Claw Strike Force, that entire Wolf Claw Strike Force is your Primary Detachment.

RESTRICTIONS:

This Detachment must include at least one Core choice and one Auxiliary choice. It may include up to five Command choices and any number of additional Core or Auxiliary choices, in any combination. Only the datasheets listed here can be included in this Detachment and all units in the Detachment must have the Space Wolves Faction.

COMMAND BENEFITS:

Counter-charge: At the end of your opponent's Charge sub-phase, you can declare a charge with any unengaged units from this Detachment, so long as each enemy unit that you attempt to charge is locked in combat with another unit from this Detachment. Any units that do so count as charging for all rules purposes.

The Howl of Wolves: If a Wolf Claw Strike Force includes two or more Greatpacks, or two or more of the same Legendary Greatpack, one including a Wolf Lord 1 and the others including a Wolf Guard Battle Leader, then together they form a Great Company. As long as a Great Company's Wolf Lord 1 is still alive, all units in that model's Great Company have the Fear and Furious Charge special rules.



Command
0-5



Auxiliary
1+



Core 1+



GREATPACK

- 1 Wolf Lord ¹ or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 0-1 unit chosen from the following list:
 - Wolf Guard
 - Wolf Guard Terminators
 - Thunderwolf Cavalry
- 1-3 units chosen from the following list:
 - Blood Claws
 - Skyclaws
 - Swiftclaws
- 0-1 Lukas the Trickster
- 3-5 units chosen from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
- 1-2 units of Long Fangs
- 0-1 unit of Wolf Scouts
- 0-2 Lone Wolves



LEGENDARY GREATPACK

- 1 Formation chosen from the following list
 - The Firehowlers
 - The Ironwolves
 - The Drakeslayers
 - The Deathwolves
 - The Blackmanes
 - The Champions of Fenris



LORD OF THE FANG

- 1 of the following:
 - Logan Grimnar
 - Wolf Priest ²
 - Njal Stormcaller
 - Bjorn the Fell-Handed
 - Arjac Rockfist
 - Canis Wolfborn



HERALDS OF THE GREAT WOLF

- 1 Wolf Priest ²
- 1 Rune Priest ³
- 1 Iron Priest



WYRDSTORM BROTHERHOOD

- 2-5 Rune Priests ³



SPEAR OF RUSS

- 1-3 Iron Priests
- 1-3 units chosen from the following list:
 - Predators
 - Whirlwinds
 - Vindicators
- 1-3 units chosen from the following list:
 - Land Raider
 - Land Raider Crusader
 - Land Raider Redeemer



FANGS OF THE TEMPEST

- 1 Stormfang Gunship or 1 Stormwolf



ANCIENTS OF THE FANG

- 1 Iron Priest
- 2-5 Dreadnoughts



THE CURSEBORN

- Murderfang



WULFEN MURDERPACK

- 2-5 units of Wulfen



WOLFKIN

- 2-5 units of Fenrisian Wolves

¹ *Logan Grimnar, Ragnar Blackmane, Harald Deathwolf or Wolf Lord Krom may be taken in place of a Wolf Lord.*

² *Ulrik the Slayer may be taken in place of a Wolf Priest.*

³ *Njal Stormcaller may be taken in place of a Rune Priest.*

WOLF CLAW STRIKE FORCE

The Wolf Claw Strike Force allows you to represent the typical structure of a Space Wolves army on the Warhammer 40,000 battlefield. Whether you wish to deploy the full might of a Great Company with support elements, or a force assembled to tackle a specific threat, the choices below offer a great way to pick your army.

For example, Kevin's Space Wolves collection consists of Ulrik the Slayer, a Wolf Lord, two Rune Priests, a Wolf Priest, an Iron Priest, a unit of Wolf Guard, two units of Blood Claws, one unit of Skyclaws, three units of Grey Hunters, a unit of Long Fangs, one unit of Wolf Scouts, two Dreadnoughts, two units of Fenrisian Wolves, a Predator and a Land Raider Crusader.

If Kevin wishes to organise his collection using the Battle-forged method – as described in Warhammer 40,000: The Rules – all of his units need to be part of a Detachment or a Formation. Kevin achieves this by choosing one Wolf Claw Strike Force Detachment and one Combined Arms Detachment from Warhammer 40,000: The Rules.



The Wolf Claw Strike Force in Kevin's army consists of one Core choice, two Command choices and two Auxiliary choices. Specifically, it consists of a Greatpack (the Wolf Lord and all of the units of Wolf Guard, Skyclaws, Grey Hunters, Long Fangs and Wolf Scouts), a Lord of the Fang (Ulrik the Slayer), a Wyrdstorm Brotherhood (both Rune Priests), an Ancients of the Fang Formation (the Iron Priest and both Dreadnoughts), and a Wolfkin Formation (all of the Fenrisian Wolves). Kevin's two units of Blood Claws (Troops), his Wolf Priest (HQ) and his Predator and Land Raider Crusader (both Heavy Support) form a Combined Arms Detachment.

As all of his units belong to a Detachment or a Formation, Kevin's army is a Battle-forged army. The units that are part of the Wolf Claw Strike Force therefore have the Counter-charge Command Benefit, whilst those that are part of the Combined Arms Detachment have the Objective Secured Command Benefit. Finally, Kevin chooses his Wolf Lord to be his Warlord – the Wolf Claw Strike Force is therefore his Primary Detachment.



WOLF LORD KROM

THE FIERCE-EYE



The Wolf Lord Krom is a roaring tyrant who smashes those who cross him into the dirt. He loves nothing more than proving the supremacy of the Space Wolves over their foes, and considers himself the most formidable of them all. Intensely competitive, Krom will take any chance he can to challenge his peers to trials of combat, though all know that it is the spilling of the foe's blood that pleases him most of all. His epithet of 'Fierce-eye' is justly deserved, for the intensity of his stare is unnerving; with a single penetrating glare, he discerns the weaknesses of the enemy and the misgivings of allies alike. It is then that Krom begins his gory work. In his quest to add to his own saga, the Fierce-eye has been known to plunge into battle at the slightest provocation, warlords and monstrous foes alike falling with every sweep of his axe. Since the disastrous events of Alaric Prime, however, the Wolf Lord's belligerence has been tempered by humility – the tale of Krom and his Drakeslayers has become one of duty and skill over glory-hunting aggression.





	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wolf Lord Krom	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	10	3+
Unit Type	Unit Composition								
Infantry (Character)	1 (Unique)								

WARGEAR:

- Bolt pistol
- Frag grenades
- Krak grenades
- Belt of Russ

WARLORD TRAIT:

- Saga of the Warrior Born

SPECIAL RULES:

- Acute Senses
- And They Shall Know No Fear
- Counter-attack
- Furious Charge
- Independent Character
- Stubborn

Duty or Death: Krom can re-roll all failed saving throws when he is within 3" of an Objective Marker.

The Fierce-eye: Krom can re-roll failed To Wound rolls in close combat.



RELIC OF THE FANG

Wurmclaw: *Krom's masterwork frost axe is a perfectly balanced weapon made doubly deadly by the skill of its heroic wielder. Its blade was dusted with bonemeal made from the ground-down talons of the great ice wyrm Witherwing, lending it a razor-sharp cutting edge that can never be dulled. In the hands of Krom Dragongaze, Wurmclaw becomes a glittering arc of destruction, its every blow perfectly placed and impossible to stay.*

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+2	2	Melee, Master-crafted, Unwieldy



ULRIK THE SLAYER

WOLF HIGH PRIEST



Ulrik the Slayer is wise beyond measure. He has fought on a hundred worlds and more, acting as mentor to a dozen Wolf Lords and smiting myriad foes. Older than any Space Wolf, barring those who live the twilight existence of the Dreadnought, the Slayer has become a living totem to the Space Wolves and figure of legend to many of the Chapter's warriors. By his word have crusades been raised and rebellions put down, armadas launched into space and xenos invasions ground to a halt. He is a formidable sight as he strides through the blizzard of battle, for the fabled Wolf Helm of Russ strikes fear into the hearts of cowards even as it inspires the brave, and he smites those in his path with a crozius arcanum so massive it takes three weapon-serfs to lift. Those privileged enough to fight at his side reap the benefit of centuries of battle ken, for the old priest's invective is as incisive as it is rousing – under the Slayer's eye, guileful assaults lay open the foe's weaknesses before Ulrik himself dives into the fray to strike the killing blow.





	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ulrik the Slayer	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	10	3+
Unit Type	Unit Composition								
Infantry (Character)	1 (Unique)								

WARGEAR:

- Plasma pistol
- Crozius arcanum
- Frag grenades
- Krak grenades
- Healing balms
- Wolf amulet

WARLORD TRAIT:

- Saga of the Beastslayer

SPECIAL RULES:

- Acute Senses
- Counter-attack
- Fear
- Fearless
- Independent Character

Slayer’s Oath: Ulrik the Slayer, and all friendly units with the Space Wolves Faction within 6" of him, have the Preferred Enemy special rule.



RELIC OF THE FANG

Wolf Helm of Russ: *Legend has it that this ancient helm was fashioned by the Emperor's own artificers and given to Leman Russ at the time of the Space Wolves' founding.*

All friendly units with the Space Wolves Faction within 12" of Ulrik the Slayer have the Stubborn special rule.



IRON PRIEST



As the alpha of the wolf pack brings his fellows together under his rule, so does the Iron Priest marshal and direct the power of the Fang's war machines. His ministrations bring wounded engines back to life, coax the maximum yield from the gun-spirits of heavy weapons, and see the titanic spaceships that roost within the Fang sent upon their endless crusades. By learning punishingly hard lessons under the forgemasters of Fenris' sweltering volcanoes and later the Tech-adepts of Mars, these priests of the machine prove their dominion over the tank, the fortress and the gunship. To glimpse these implacable souls in full battle array is not only to witness the arcane power of the artisan-crafted pistol and hammer brought to bear, but also a spectacular showcase of armoured might. For it is the tank squadrons that fight under the Iron Priest's dominion that are his true weapon – the enemy are caught amongst an eruption of earth and fire as the mechanical pack of the Iron Priest goes about its brutal work.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Iron Priest	5	4	4	4	2	4	2	9	2+

Unit Type

Infantry (Character)

Unit Composition

1 Iron Priest

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Cyberwolf	4	0	4	5	1	4	3	6	4+

Unit Type

Beast (Character)

WARGEAR:

- Runic armour
- Boltgun
- Servo-arm
- Thunder hammer
- Frag grenades
- Krak grenades

SPECIAL RULES:

- Acute Senses
- And They Shall Know No Fear
- Counter-attack
- Independent Character

Battlesmith: In each of your Shooting phases, instead of firing his weapons, an Iron Priest can choose to repair a

single friendly vehicle that he is in base contact with or embarked upon. To repair a vehicle, roll a D6 and add +1 for each Servitor with a servo-arm in his unit. If the result is a 5 or more, you may either restore a Hull Point lost earlier in the battle, or repair a Weapon Destroyed or Immobilised result suffered earlier in the battle; this is effective immediately.

SPECIAL RULES:

- May replace boltgun with one of the following:
 - Bolt pistol*free*
 - Helfrost pistol.....*20 pts*
- May replace thunder hammer with a tempest hammer.....*5 pts*
- May take up to four Cyberwolves*15 pts/model*
- May take items from the **Special Issue Wargear** list.
- May take a Thunderwolf mount*50 pts*



WULFEN



With a howl that puts ice in the blood the Wulfen bound towards their prey, fangs bared and claws outstretched. In their haste to glut their insatiable appetite for slaughter, the Wulfen lope forward at a daunting pace – their anatomies, altered by the strange curse that assails their bodies and souls alike, are perfectly adapted for the violence at hunt's end. Girded for war by Iron Priests, the Wulfen bear potent artefacts; stormfrag launchers hurl explosives into the midst of the foe, sowing panic and disorder, as these bestial creatures lash out with crackling claws, axes and hammers. Their return to the fold has caused much controversy, for the Wulfen appear on the brink of berserk rage at all times. Worse still, those who hear the bloodlust in their war cries feel their own beast within awaken...



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wulfen	4	2	5	4	2	5	3	8	4+
Unit Type	Unit Composition								
Infantry	5 Wulfen								
	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wulfen Pack Leader	4	2	5	4	2	5	4	9	4+
Unit Type									
Infantry (Character)									

WARGEAR:

- Close combat weapon

SPECIAL RULES:

- Acute Senses
- And They Shall Know No Fear
- Bulky
- Counter-attack
- Curse of the Wulfen
- Feel No Pain
- Rage

Bounding Lope: This unit can Run and charge in the same turn, and can re-roll failed charge rolls.

Death Frenzy: If a model in this unit is slain in the Fight sub-phase, it can, at the end of the current Initiative step, pile in and fight before being removed as a casualty. The model can do this even if it has already fought this phase.

SPECIAL RULES:

- May include up to
five additional Wulfen*30 pts/model*
- Any model may take
a stormfrag auto-launcher*2 pts/model*
- Any model may be equipped with one of the
following options:
 - Great frost axe*8 pts/model*
 - Two frost claws.....*12 pts/model*
 - Thunder hammer and storm shield ...*20 pts/model*
- May upgrade one Wulfen to a Wulfen Pack Leader
armed with two frost claws.....*20 pts*
- The unit can select a Stormwolf as a
Dedicated Transport.



THE FIREHOWLERS



The Firehowlers' battle tactics have all the subtlety of a mailed fist to the jaw. Covered head to toe in warrior tattoos and howling like rabid beasts, the Firehowlers hurl themselves headlong into battle as fast as they can. Jump packs and Swiftclaw bikes are much in evidence as this Great Company surge towards their enemy, engines glowing like the volcano from which the Firehowlers take their name.

The sheer momentum of the Firehowlers' charge is enough to throw their enemies' aim, all but the most disciplined panicking and firing wild at the onrushing Space Wolves. Once in the press of battle, Sven Bloodhowl's warriors are in their element; each seeks to win new lines for his saga by defeating the greatest foes, jostling for position and bellowing out challenges as he hacks down his screaming opponents.





FORMATION:

- 1 Wolf Lord or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 1 unit of Wolf Guard
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Skyclaws
 - Swiftclaws
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
 - 0-1 unit of Long Fangs
- 0-1 unit of Wolf Scouts
- 0-2 Lone Wolves

RESTRICTIONS:

This Formation's Wolf Lord, Wolf Guard Battle Leader and Wolf Guard must be equipped with jump packs or ride Space Marine Bikes.

SPECIAL RULES:

Bloodcurdling Charge: Enemy units attempting to fire Overwatch at a charging Firehowlers unit must first pass a Leadership test or be unable to fire Overwatch for the duration of that Assault phase. In addition, units from this Formation cause Fear on the turn they charge. Enemy units with the And They Shall Know No Fear or Fearless special rules are immune to the effects of Bloodcurdling Charge.

Eager for Combat: All Firehowlers units can re-roll failed charge rolls.

Rising Fury: If you roll a 10 or more when determining the charge distance of a Firehowlers unit, all models in that unit have the Furious Charge special rule that turn.



THE IRONWOLVES



The throaty roar of engines heralds the attack of the Ironwolves. More machine than man, their master Egil Iron Wolf believes in the calculated application of overwhelming force to utterly crush his enemies. His favoured way of war is the deployment of massed armoured transports, gathered into formations that grind over the enemy's flanks or smash straight through their centre. Each Rhino or Razorback bears a pack of ferocious Space Wolves into battle, shielding them from fire as they thunder into the foe's midst. Egil's ironclad warriors burst from their transports and charge into the fray, gunning their enemies down or running them through. Meanwhile, their transports combine their fire to cut apart those who flee from the Great Company's fury.



FORMATION:

- 1 Wolf Lord or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 0-1 unit of Wolf Guard or Wolf Guard Terminators
- 2-3 units of Blood Claws
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
- 1-2 units of Long Fangs
- 0-1 unit of Wolf Scouts
- 0-2 Lone Wolves

RESTRICTIONS:

You must include enough Dedicated Transports with sufficient Transport Capacity to carry all non-vehicle models from this Formation.

SPECIAL RULES:

Armoured Onslaught: All Ironwolves vehicles can move an additional 6" when moving Flat Out. In addition, when taking Morale checks caused by Tank Shock from an Ironwolves vehicle, enemy units suffer a -2 penalty to their Leadership characteristic.

Mobile Assault: Ironwolves units can disembark from their Transports even if the vehicle has moved up to 12" in the Movement phase.

Overwhelming Firepower: All weapon and wargear options taken by Ironwolves vehicles are free.



THE DRAKESLAYERS



Like a longship anchored fast in storm-tossed seas, the Drakeslayers are held resolute by the unbending will of their Wolf Lord, Krom Dragongaze. Krom is fiercely competitive and has no time for weakness, especially not from his own. This uncompromising attitude affects every level of the Drakeslayers, ensuring that – while the packmates of this Great Company would die for each other – every warrior is in competition with his peers to win glory in their lord's eyes. From the most grizzled Long Fang to the youngest Blood Claw, the Drakeslayers seek to vanquish the biggest monsters, defeat the most enemies, quaff the most ale and generally be the most Fenrisian. Though occasionally this intensity leads Krom and his warriors to overreach themselves, it makes them formidable opponents on the battlefield.





FORMATION:

- Wolf Lord Krom or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 1-2 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Wolf Guard
 - Wolf Guard Terminators
- 2-3 units of Blood Claws
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
- 1-2 units of Long Fangs
- 0-1 unit of Wolf Scouts
- 0-2 Lone Wolves

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Monster Hunter**
- **Stubborn**

Furious Determination: Whilst Wolf Lord Krom is on the battlefield, all Drakeslayer models have the Furious Charge special rule.

Glory Seekers: Characters from this Formation have the Preferred Enemy (Characters) special rule. In addition, if one friendly unit from this Formation makes a successful charge, all other Drakeslayer units can re-roll failed charge rolls for the rest of the phase.



THE DEATHWOLVES



More than any other Great Company, the Deathwolves are the masters of the hunt. It is said that they can follow a trail in a screaming blizzard, through the blazing hell of battle, or even across the cold void of space itself. Once the Deathwolves have their victims' scent, it is only a matter of time until they run them to ground. Through stealth, speed and fieldcraft do Harald Deathwolf's warriors encircle their victims, Fenrisian Wolves and stalking Wolf Scouts moving into position to ambush their prey and cut off any possible retreat. Only then do the Deathwolves strike, their warriors surging from all directions at once in a cacophony of bloodthirsty howls. The enemy can do little against this sudden onslaught, caught like hapless game-beasts before their onrushing predators, to be swiftly dragged down and torn apart.





FORMATION:

- Harald Deathwolf or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 0-1 Canis Wolfborn
- 1 unit of Thunderwolf Cavalry
- 2-3 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Blood Claws
 - Skyclaws
 - Swiftclaws
- 2-4 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
- 1-2 units of Long Fangs
- 1 unit of Wolf Scouts
- 0-2 Lone Wolves
- 0-1 unit of Fenrisian Wolves

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Outflank**

Peerless Hunters: When making Reserve Rolls, make a single roll for all Outflanking Deathwolves units, which you can choose to re-roll. On a successful Reserves Roll, all of the Outflanking Deathwolves units arrive from Reserve and have the Stealth special rule until the beginning of your following turn.

Run to Ground: When making Sweeping Advance rolls for a Deathwolves unit, roll 2 dice and pick the highest.



THE BLACKMANES



Undisputed masters of the Drop Pod assault, Ragnar Blackmane's Great Company howl with fierce joy as they plunge from the cold darkness of space into the fiery madness of battle. The Wolf Lord himself is a prodigy, by far the youngest warrior ever to hold so high a rank. His Great Company attracts a significant proportion of the Chapter's newly-minted Blood Claws. These hotheaded youths hope to win acclaim by impressing Ragnar with their heroic deeds, and are naturally drawn to his charisma and bravado. This makes for a volatile but extremely effective fighting force, the Blackmanes capitalising upon the element of surprise to tear the heart from their enemy's forces before their victims realise they are under attack.



FORMATION:

- Ragnar Blackmane or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 1 unit of Wolf Guard, Wolf Guard Terminators or Thunderwolf Cavalry
- 3-5 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Blood Claws
 - Skyclaws
 - Swiftclaws
- 0-1 Lukas the Trickster
- 4-6 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
- 1-2 units of Long Fangs
- 1 unit of Wolf Scouts
- 0-2 Lone Wolves

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

The Claws of Russ: Any Blackmanes unit that has the option to take Drop Pod as a Dedicated Transport may take one at no points cost (though they must pay for any additional upgrades and options as normal). All Drop Pods in this Formation arrive from Deep Strike Reserve at the start of the controlling player's first turn. Drop Pods in this Formation do not count towards the number of models that arrive in the first turn as part of the Drop Pod Assault special rule.

Inspirational Example: Whilst Ragnar Blackmane is on the battlefield, he and all units of Blood Claws, Skyclaws and Swiftclaws from this Formation re-roll all failed To Hit rolls in close combat.

The Joy of Battle: Blackmanes units that disembark from a Drop Pod have the Fearless and Feel No Pain (6+) special rules until the start of their next turn.



THE CHAMPIONS OF FENRIS



Charging into battle beneath the banner of the Great Wolf himself, the Champions of Fenris are a gathering of heroes like no other. They are the largest of the Great Companies, counting amongst their ranks many of the wisest and most powerful warriors in their Chapter. Of particular note is Logan Grimnar's handpicked Wolf Guard retinue, an unusually numerous band of the Chapter's finest known as the Kingsguard. An inspiration to their brothers and a terror to their foes, this host of exceptional warriors write whole new sagas with every battle they fight. The rest of the Great Company fight with just as much ferocious determination; every warrior amongst them knows that their next heroic deed may be the one that sees them elevated to the Kingsguard, and they fight all the harder for that honour.



FORMATION:

- Logan Grimnar or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 0-1 Arjac Rockfist
- 2-3 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Wolf Guard
 - Wolf Guard Terminators
 - Thunderwolf Cavalry
- 3-6 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Blood Claws
 - Skyclaws
 - Swiftclaws
- 4-8 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
- 2-3 units of Long Fangs
- 1-2 units of Wolf Scouts
- 0-3 Lone Wolves

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Fearless**

The High King: At the start of each of your turns, choose one special rule from the following list: Furious Charge, Monster Hunter, Preferred Enemy, Relentless, Tank Hunters. All Champions of Fenris units within 12" of Logan Grimnar gain that special rule until the start of your next turn.

Kingsguard: The following Champions of Fenris models have +1 WS on their profile:

- Wolf Guard
- Wolf Guard Pack Leader
- Wolf Guard Terminator
- Wolf Guard Terminator Leader
- Thunderwolf Cavalry
- Thunderwolf Cavalry Pack Leader



GREATPACK



Though the warriors of the Fang leave fields of corpses burning in the wake of their every attack, the Space Wolves are few, and their enemies beyond counting. A Wolf Lord will often divide his Great Company into smaller forces under the command of trusted members of their household. Known as Greatpacks, these autonomous forces are still mighty enough to change the face of a war with the sheer fury of their assault. It is common for the Greatpack to surround the foe before the slaughter begins, coordinating the doom they bring with vox-howls and carefully prepared ambush tactics. To command such a body of heroes is an honour indeed, and the Wolf Guard Battle Leaders that lead them to war will do everything possible to secure victory – and in the process, bring yet more glory to their Great Company.



FORMATION:

- 1 Wolf Lord ¹ or Wolf Guard Battle Leader
- 0-1 units chosen from the following list:
 - Wolf Guard
 - Wolf Guard Terminators
 - Thunderwolf Cavalry
- 1-3 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Blood Claws
 - Skyclaws
 - Swiftclaws
- 0-1 Lukas the Trickster
- 3-5 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Grey Hunters
 - Land Speeders
- 1-2 units of Long Fangs
- 0-1 units of Wolf Scouts
- 0-2 Lone Wolves

¹ Logan Grimnar, Ragnar Blackmane, Harald Deathwolf or

Wolf Lord Krom may be taken in place of a Wolf Lord.

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Cunning of the Wolf: Before deployment, roll a D6 for each unit in a Greatpack, adding 2 to the result if the unit's Battlefield Role is Troops and it has been joined by an Independent Character from this Formation (before rolling, inform your opponent which Independent Characters, if any, will start the game joined to which Troops units). On a 6+, that unit has the Outflank special rule. In addition, if a Greatpack is led by a Wolf Lord, at the start of each of your turns after the first, you may select one unit from this Formation that is in Reserves. That unit automatically passes its Reserve Roll to arrive this turn (no dice roll is necessary).

Jarl of Russ: If this Formation is your Primary Detachment, or is part of your Primary Detachment, you can re-roll the result when rolling on the Warlord Traits table in *Codex: Space Wolves*.



WULFEN MURDERPACK



The air fills with howls of bloodlust as the Wulfen Murderpack sprints into battle. No caution can be seen here – only an insatiable need to rend and tear, to hack and impale, to rip heads from necks and plunge iron-hard claws into hot flesh. When the Wulfen attack in great number, the sliver of still-noble spirit that dwells within each Wulfen’s breast recedes even further; only each pack’s leader can hope to guide the ravenous battle-hunger of his fellows with any degree of cunning. The strange curse they bear affects those Space Wolves who fight alongside them, coursing through mind and body alike to consume once-rational warriors with the red mist of the beast unchained. It is also amplified amongst the Wulfen themselves, driving them into a hyperactive killing fury that leaves devastation in its wake.





FORMATION:

- 2-5 units of Wulfen

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Infectious Ferocity: Add 1 to any rolls on the Hunt and/or Kill tables for each unit from a Wulfen Murderpack on the battlefield after the first. If this results in a total of 7 or more, consult the table below instead of the one on pg 556.

Orgy of Slaughter: Each time a model from a Wulfen Murderpack rolls a 6 To Hit in close combat, it can immediately make one additional Attack.

HUNT

D6

EFFECT

7+

Alpha Hunters: *With peerless predatory instinct, the Space Wolves dart around their prey, swiftly encircling them in readiness of the kill to come.*

Affected units can immediately make a free move as if it were the Movement phase.

KILL

D6

EFFECT

7+

Frenzied Murder-make: *With all control lost to the beast within, the fury of the Sons of Russ is incandescent in its mindless purity.*

Models in affected units add 1 to their Attacks characteristic.



SPEAR OF RUSS



The ground trembles as the Spear of Russ pushes on towards the front line, heavy weapons levelled for the kill. Spears of Russ drive home around the mightiest of their number – invariably Land Raiders, or variants thereof – and yet these adamantine goliaths are not the only alphas amongst the steel pack. In the shadows of these war machines march the Iron Priests, these battlesmiths constantly coaxing the best from their deadly charges; it is these priests that hand-pick each Spear in a lengthy pre-war autoseance. Each tank has been chosen for the tenacity and ferocity of its machine spirit; the combination of eagle-eyed hunter and battle-hungry animus is potent indeed. Like its legendary namesake, the Spear of Russ strikes with unstoppable force, each target slain before it can raise a weapon in defence.





FORMATION:

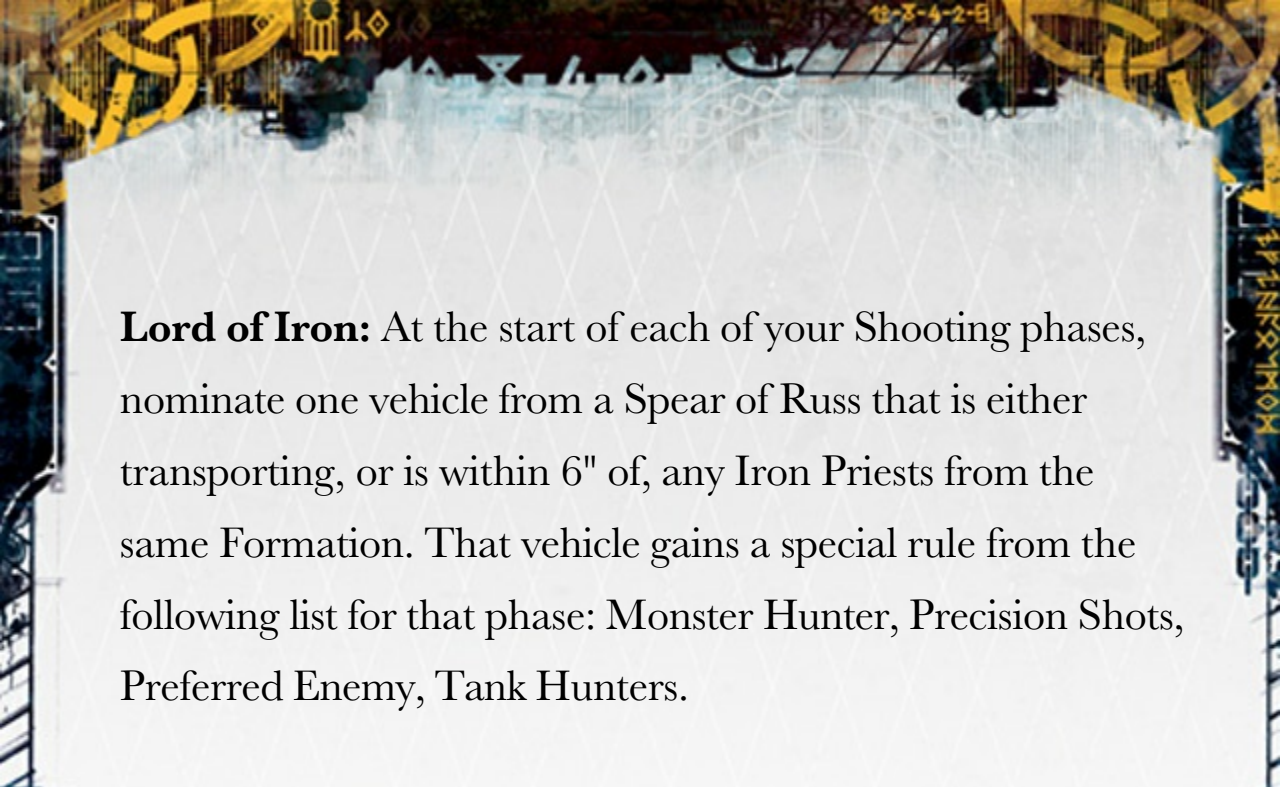
- 1-3 Iron Priests
- 1-3 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Predators
 - Whirlwinds
 - Vindicators
- 1-3 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Land Raider
 - Land Raider Crusader
 - Land Raider Redeemer

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Alpha Machine Spirits: Vehicles from a Spear of Russ have the Power of the Machine Spirit special rule whilst they are within 12" of any Land Raiders, Land Raider Crusaders or Land Raider Redeemers from the same Formation.



Lord of Iron: At the start of each of your Shooting phases, nominate one vehicle from a Spear of Russ that is either transporting, or is within 6" of, any Iron Priests from the same Formation. That vehicle gains a special rule from the following list for that phase: Monster Hunter, Precision Shots, Preferred Enemy, Tank Hunters.





WYRDSTORM BROTHERHOOD



The skies rage fiercest of all above the Wyrdstorm Brotherhood, for they are the callers of the tempest. Every Rune Priest holds power over the elements, but when they combine their eldritch abilities, the very firmament is theirs to command. Lightning smites the adversaries of these psyker shamans, turning once-proud foemen into pillars of ash. Every chant and spell-song that leaves their lips is echoed by the mind-numbing boom of thunder and the violent deluge of the hailstorm. Xenos grav-tanks are hurled aside or crumpled like eggshells, winged horrors are ripped bodily from the skies and sent spiralling into the deadly crossfires of the battlefield below. To witness the Wyrdstorm Brotherhood in battle is to see the skies darken and come alive, a fulminous doom wrought from thin air and cast upon the foe.





FORMATION:

- 2-5 Rune Priests ¹

¹ *Njal Stormcaller may be taken in place of a Rune Priest.*

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Masters of the Wyrdstorm: Models from a Wyrdstorm Brotherhood harness Warp Charge points on a result of 3+ when attempting to manifest psychic powers from the Tempestas discipline or *The Living Storm* psychic power.

The Eye of the Storm: At the start of each of your Psychic phases, select 1 model from the Wyrdstorm Brotherhood to be the Eye of the Storm. That model can attempt to manifest *The Living Storm* psychic power, below. Increase the Attacks rolled by D6 for each other Rune Priest in the Wyrdstorm Brotherhood that is on the battlefield.

The Living Storm.....Warp Charge 3

The Rune Priests combine their psychic might to call upon the unbridled fury of mother Fenris to smite their foes.

The Living Storm is a unique **witchfire** power from the **Tempestas** discipline with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	7	-	Assault 2D6, Shock

Shock: For each To Hit roll of 6 made with the Living Storm, the target suffers an additional 2 hits, unless those To Hit rolls were Snap Shots.



ANCIENTS OF THE FANG



In times of dire necessity the Iron Priests rouse the Ancients of the Fang from their slumbers. Each such Dreadnought is a warrior hero of old, laid low by grievous wounds and given form anew so they may stride to battle once more as sagas brought to life. To this end the Ancients stave off Morkai's touch for centuries or even millennia, serving the Chapter in battle until true death claims them forever. The insight and power of a single Dreadnought is an invaluable asset to a Wolf Lord, but when a whole pack of these walking tanks goes to war, fortresses fall, rebellions are routed and heretical armies are broken upon an anvil of adamantium. With power fist, wolf claw and Fenrisian great axe, the Ancients crush and scythe down the foe, their thunderous assault as inspiring as it is unstoppable.





FORMATION:

- 1 Iron Priest
- 2-5 Dreadnoughts

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

A Gathering of Ancients: All of the Dreadnoughts from the Ancients of the Fang must be fielded as a single Vehicle Squadron as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. However, whilst this Formation includes three or more Dreadnoughts, they can all re-roll failed To Hit rolls in close combat.

Blessings of the Iron Wolf: Dreadnoughts from the Ancients of the Fang have the It Will Not Die special rule whilst they are within 6" of their Iron Priest.

The Saga that Walks: Friendly units with the Space Wolves Faction within 6" of a Dreadnought from the Ancients of the Fang have the Stubborn special rule.



HERALDS OF THE GREAT WOLF



When the Old Wolf Grimnar orders it, the wise ones of his Great Company take to the field not individually, but as a pack of three. These brothers in fate act as heralds for their Chapter Master, speaking with his voice in times of counsel and acting as his blade on the battlefield. The Rune Priest, Iron Priest and Wolf Priest will usually have served under the same Great Wolf for decades, if not centuries. They combine their abilities to great effect as a pack of three, and they know the strengths and blind spots of the Sons of Russ better than any other. A company of Space Wolves under the guidance of the Heralds of the Great Wolf fights almost as if it were a single, massive pack – well-coordinated, utterly loyal and lethal in the extreme to those their leaders mark as prey.



FORMATION:

- 1 Wolf Priest ¹
- 1 Rune Priest ²
- 1 Iron Priest

¹ *Ulrik the Slayer may be taken in place of a Wolf Priest.*

² *Njal Stormcaller may be taken in place of a Rune Priest.*

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Brotherhood of Priests: The Heralds of the Great Wolf must be deployed as a single unit. In addition, all models in the Formation lose the Independent Character special rule, but gain the following special rules and benefits whilst the relevant model from this Formation is still alive:

- *Wolf Priest:* It Will Not Die.
- *Rune Priest:* Enemy units that target the Heralds of the Great Wolf in the Shooting phase must subtract 1 from their Ballistic Skill characteristic.
- *Iron Priest:* Ignore the first failed saving throw made by a Herald of the Great Wolf each phase.

Sage Counsel: An army that includes any Heralds of the Great Wolf can re-roll the dice when determining who deploys first, and adds 1 to the dice roll when attempting to Seize the Initiative.



WOLFKIN



Whenever the Great Companies wage their wars of justice, the wolves of Fenris are never far behind. Whether due to some unspoken pact between Wolf Lord and each pack's alpha male, or simply because the beasts know they will feast on the meat of the fallen when the battle is over, these wolves are a common sight in the armies of the Fang. They invariably earn their keep – when the wolves loping to battle howl their attack, the snow is soon stained red with blood. These cunning predators are possessed of daunting intelligence, and their instinctive coordination and pack mentality enables them to take down prey far larger than themselves. This asset, honed against the frost mastodons and cave bears of Fenris, proves just as effective against the xenos bio-hulks and daemonic terrors of the wider galaxy.





FORMATION:

- 2-5 units of Fenrisian Wolves

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Monster Hunter**
- **Outflank**

Alpha Pack: If you wish, all of the units in a Wolfkin can be deployed as a single unit known as an Alpha Pack. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all Fenrisian Wolf and Cyberwolf models in an Alpha Pack whilst there are 20 or more models in the unit.

Call of the Wolves: If a Wolfkin unit is within 12" of either the left or right table edges when a friendly Outflanking Space Wolves unit arrives from Reserves, you can choose for them to arrive from that table edge instead of rolling to see which table edge they arrive from.







CURSE OF THE WULFEN

The raw ferocity of the Wulfen is dangerously infectious, and has a profound effect on the psyches of any Space Wolves they fight alongside. This section contains new rules that reflect the terrifying savagery these bestial creatures provoke in nearby units of Space Wolves from your army.

All Space Wolves bear their Primarch's unique genetic legacy in the form of the Canis Helix. Though a vital part of their transformation into Sky Warriors and the source of their greatest strength, exposure to the primal ferocity of a Wulfen in battle can overwhelm their senses, turning proud warriors into little more than beasts as they launch themselves at their prey. The Chapter's youngest warriors are especially susceptible to the call of the Wulfen, for fiery aggression ever courses through their veins. Yet even though more experienced warriors have learned to control their battle fury, the potential lies within all Space Wolves to give in to the raging murderlust caged within them.

Even though a brief loss of restraint has seen the berserk ferocity of Space Wolf packs snatch victory from the jaws of defeat, the Sons of Russ must redouble their efforts to control their inner beasts lest the Wulfen's curse infect the entire Chapter and condemn them to a feral devolution.

All non-vehicle Space Wolves units within 6" of any units of Wulfen are affected by the Curse of the Wulfen. Due to their fiery nature, units of Blood Claws, Skyclaws and Swiftclaws are affected if they are within 12" of any Wulfen. Long Fangs units, however, are only affected if they are within 3" of any Wulfen. Wulfen themselves, any units of Fenrisian Wolves or Servitors, as well as units that are embarked at the start of the turn, are not affected by the Curse of the Wulfen.

At the start of your turn (after rolling for Reserves), roll one dice for all affected units and consult the relevant table below. Units that are not locked in combat are affected by the appropriate result on the Hunt table, whilst units that are locked in combat are affected by the appropriate result on the Kill table. These effects last until the start of your next turn.



HUNT

D6

EFFECT

1-3

Predatory Pounce: *As they close in for the kill, the Sons of Russ throw themselves bodily at their prey and crush them beneath their armoured bulk.*

Affected units have the Hammer of Wrath special rule and can re-roll failed charge rolls.

4-5

Bestial Swiftiness: *The Space Wolves launch themselves into the thick of the fighting, some even bounding on all fours like beasts of prey.*

Add 3" to the maximum move distances of all models in affected units when they move in the Movement phase, when they Run and when they make charge moves.

6

Reckless Ferocity: *Mouths foaming with rabid fury, the warriors of Fenris draw their blades and hurl themselves at their enemies.*

Models in affected units have the Furious Charge special rule and gain D3 bonus Attacks for charging instead of 1 (unless they already have the Rage special rule).

KILL

D6

EFFECT

1-3

Preternatural Swiftiness: *With reflexes heightened beyond even their exceptional levels, the Space Wolves lash out at their foes with blurring speed.*

Add 1 to the Initiative characteristic of models in affected units.

4-5

Wild Savagery: *The Space Wolves rake and tear at their prey with tooth, blade and claw, all thought lost to their berserk fury.*

Models in affected units can re-roll all failed To Wound rolls in close combat.

6

Unstoppable Fury: *Lost in a blood-mad frenzy, even the most heinous wounds do little to stop the murderous rampage of the sons of Fenris, and they continue to lash out until their last drop of blood is spilled.*

Models in affected units that are slain in the Fight sub-phase can, at the end of the current Initiative step, pile in and fight before being removed as casualties. Affected models can do this even if they have already fought that phase.



WARGEAR OF THE FANG

RANGED WEAPONS

HELFROST PISTOL

The helfrost pistol projects a short-ranged but devastatingly effective beam of sub-zero energy at its target. Flesh blackens with catastrophic frostbite. Armour and weapons buckle and crack. Soon enough, unless the victim can fight their way free, they are entombed forever as a withered mummy in a jagged tomb of ice.

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	8	1	Pistol, Helfrost

Helfrost: When a model suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from this weapon, it must pass a separate Strength test for each Wound suffered or be removed from play.



SPECIAL ISSUE WARGEAR

STORMFRAG AUTO-LAUNCHER

Mounted between the broad shoulders of the Wulfen, these compact grenade launchers are fed from drum units and guided by crude and belligerent targeting spirits. Their primary role is suppression, the launchers hammering out automated patterns of explosive charges as the Wulfen charge headlong into combat. The combination is a potent one; those foes not blown apart by the thumping explosion of the auto-launchers' grenades are left reeling, and are swiftly torn apart by the Wulfen themselves.

SHOOTING

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	4	5	Assault D3

ASSAULT

Models in a unit that includes one or more models equipped with stormfrag auto-launchers do not suffer the penalty to their Initiative for charging enemies through difficult terrain, but fight at their normal Initiative in the ensuing combat.

MELEE WEAPONS

GREAT FROST AXE

Ancient relics of a bygone age, these huge axes nonetheless seem to have been forged specifically for the hands of the Wulfen. Their massive blades are formed from enchanted wintersteel, sharp enough to split Terminator plate like lumber. When swung two-handed by a charging Wulfen, the great frost axe creates a whirlwind of destruction.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+3	2	Melee, Reaping Swing, Two-handed

Reaping Swing: On a turn in which a model equipped with this weapon charges, it strikes at its normal Initiative order in the ensuing combat. In any subsequent rounds of combat, the wielder strikes at the Initiative 1 step.



FROST CLAWS

The strange ice-crystal punch daggers often wielded the Wulfen are a mystery; speculation is rife as to whether the weapons form through some kind of latent psychic projection, or are fashioned by the Wulfen in some as-yet-mysterious ritual. Whatever the case they are lethally effective, able to rip through the thickest armour as though it were yielding flesh.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	2	Melee, Shred, Specialist Weapon



TEMPEST HAMMER

An aura of killing cold crawls across the head of the tempest hammer, ticking and crackling like pack ice. When the hammer is swung in anger, this energy discharges in blasts that freeze the target solid even as they smash it apart. It is a deadly combination, able to reduce the wielder's victims to shattered shards of ice in a single blow.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	x2	2	Melee, Concussive, Helfrost, Specialist Weapon, Unwieldy

Helfrost: When a model suffers one or more unsaved Wounds from this weapon, it must pass a separate Strength test for each Wound suffered or be removed from play.



CHAPTER 7

CHAOS DAEMONS

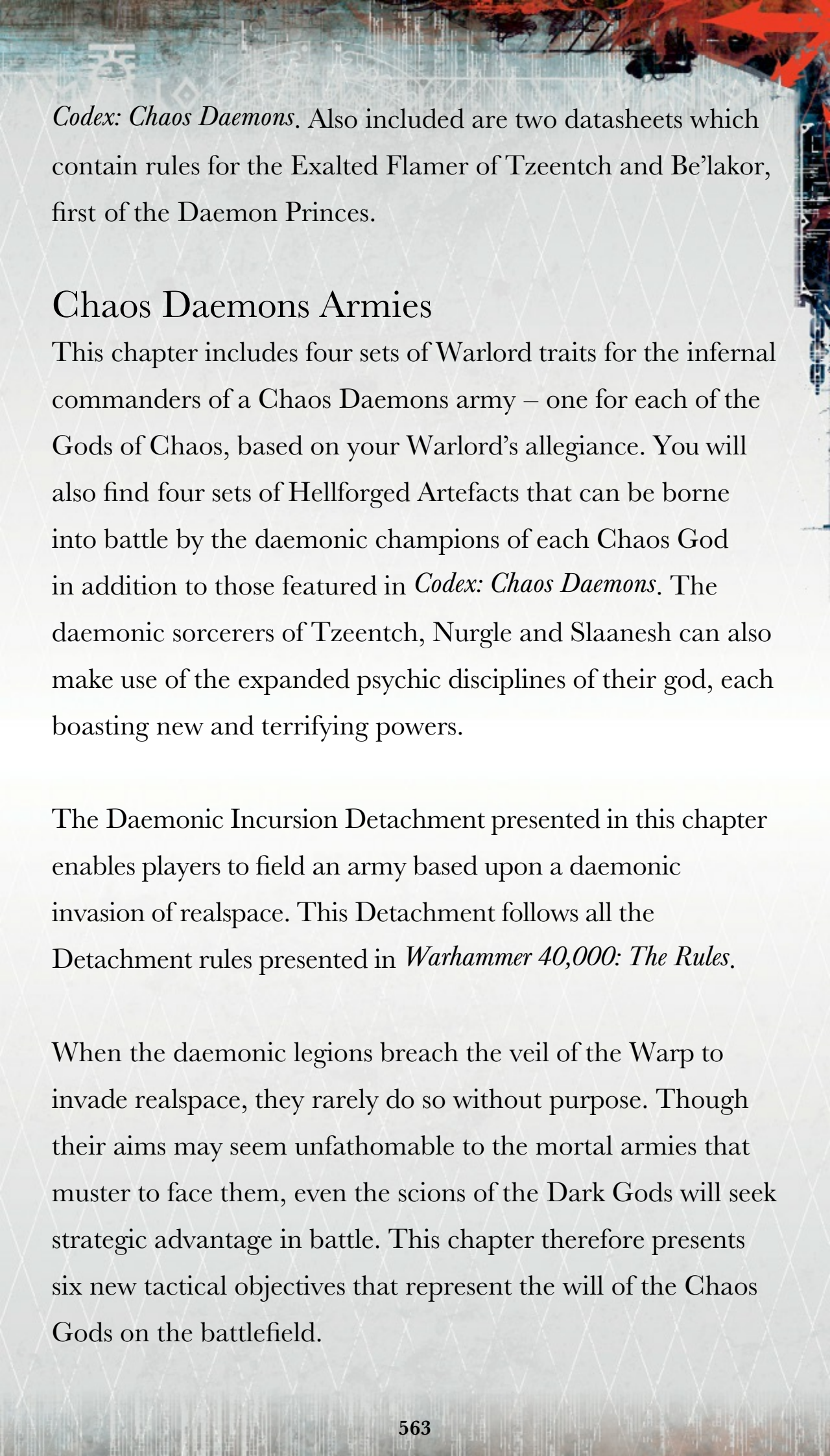


FORCES OF THE CHAOS DAEMONS

This section contains new Formations, the terrifying Daemonic Incursion Detachment and datasheets for units previously only available in White Dwarf or as Games Workshop Digital Editions. Also included are new Tactical Objectives, as well as Hellforged Artefacts, Warlord Traits and expanded psychic disciplines for each of the Ruinous Powers.

Since *Codex: Chaos Daemons* was published there have been several new miniatures released into the Chaos Daemons range. This book has been designed for use in conjunction with *Codex: Chaos Daemons* to provide players with all the rules needed to play games of Warhammer 40,000 with the entire range of Chaos Daemons miniatures. The rules here – where relevant – update, replace or supplement the rules in your codex.

The Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury, Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage and Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster datasheets replace the Bloodthirster Army List Entry found in



Codex: Chaos Daemons. Also included are two datasheets which contain rules for the Exalted Flamer of Tzeentch and Be'lakor, first of the Daemon Princes.

Chaos Daemons Armies

This chapter includes four sets of Warlord traits for the infernal commanders of a Chaos Daemons army – one for each of the Gods of Chaos, based on your Warlord's allegiance. You will also find four sets of Hellforged Artefacts that can be borne into battle by the daemoniac champions of each Chaos God in addition to those featured in *Codex: Chaos Daemons*. The daemoniac sorcerers of Tzeentch, Nurgle and Slaanesh can also make use of the expanded psychic disciplines of their god, each boasting new and terrifying powers.

The Daemoniac Incursion Detachment presented in this chapter enables players to field an army based upon a daemoniac invasion of realspace. This Detachment follows all the Detachment rules presented in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

When the daemoniac legions breach the veil of the Warp to invade realspace, they rarely do so without purpose. Though their aims may seem unfathomable to the mortal armies that muster to face them, even the scions of the Dark Gods will seek strategic advantage in battle. This chapter therefore presents six new tactical objectives that represent the will of the Chaos Gods on the battlefield.





DATASHEETS

1

3

BLOODTHIRSTER OF
INSENSATE RAGE

2

5

275
POINTS

Bloodthirsters of Insensate Rage are the most savage of their kind. The fires of Khorne's forge fill their chests, stoking their fury to such maddening heights that it renders them utterly incoherent with anger. So great is their ire-fuelled strength that these Daemons are able to heft massive brass axes – weapons as tall as the horrifying creatures that bear them. With these great axes of Khorne, Bloodthirsters of Insensate Rage are more than capable of hacking the leg from a Warhound Titan with a single swing, or splitting

- 11
- OPTIONS:
- May take up to 50 points in any combination:
 - Lesser Rewards
 - Greater Rewards
 - Exalted Rewards

The arrival of such an end of the end. The beat of the causing waves of terror to roll Bloodthirsters' night-black sulphur in their throats, and As the beast roars its endless

6

7

10

8

WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
10	10	6	6	5	9	6	9	3+

Unit Type

Flying Monstrous Creature (Character)

Unit Composition

1 Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage

SPECIAL RULES:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic Instability
- Deep Strike
- Rage
 - Exalted Rewards

30 pts each

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Great Axe of Khorne: Weapons of Khorne are etched with burning runes of slaughter, and each screams with the power of the Daemon bound inside it.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	D	2	Melee, Colossal

Colossal: A model with this weapon Piles In and fights at Initiative step 1.

225
POINTS

knuckled claws around
the meekest coward becomes
on lord's presence, as all
smothered by Skarbrand's
transformed into mindless
large into battle wielding
to kill. Disciplined armies
becomes deranged slaughter.
tattered wings trailing as
there is no joy for Skarbrand
clipses all else. Some part
nin of him with an endless
hed Daemon serves his god

Slaughter and Carnage: *Each of Skurbrand's two axes contains the essence of an enraged Greater Daemon.*

	Range	S	APType
Slaughter	-	User	2 Melee, Fleshbane
Carnage	-	User	2 Melee, Armourbane

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Skarbrand	10	10	6	6	5	10	6	9	3+

Unit Type	Unit Composition
Monstrous Creature (Character)	1 (Unique)

WARLORD TRAIT:

- **Death Incarnate**

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Daemon of Khorne**
- **Daemonic Instability**
- **Deep Strike**

Bellow of Endless Fury: *So ridden with boundless rage is Skarbrand's roar that it can burst the hearts of those nearby.*

Range	S	AP	Type
Template	5	-	Assault 1

Rage Embodied: Skarbrand and all units (friend or foe) within 12" of him have the Rage and Hatred special rules.

Each Chaos Daemons unit in this book has a datasheet. These detail either Army List Entries or Formations, providing all the rules information that you will need to use these models in your games of Warhammer 40,000.



Faction: *The unit's Faction is shown here by a symbol. All units that have this symbol, which includes all the units described on the following pages, have the Chaos Daemons Faction.*



Battlefield Role: *The unit's Battlefield Role is shown here by a symbol. Units in this book have one of the following Battlefield Roles: HQ or Elites. The symbols for these Battlefield Roles are defined in Warhammer 40,000: The Rules.*



Unit Name: *Here you will find the name of the unit.*



Unit Description: *This section provides a background description of the unit, detailing their particular strengths and weaknesses along with the tactics and methods they employ to wage war in the grim darkness of the 41st Millennium.*



Points Cost: *This is the points cost of the unit without any upgrades, used if you are choosing an army to a points value.*



Unit Profile: *This section will show the profiles of any models the unit can include.*



Unit Type: *This refers to the unit type rules in Warhammer 40,000: The Rules. For example, a unit may be classed as Infantry or Monstrous Creature, which will subject it to a number of rules regarding movement, shooting, assaults, etc.*



Unit Composition: *This section shows the number and type of models that form the basic unit, before any upgrades are taken.*



Daemonic Gifts: *This section details the weapons and equipment the models in the unit are armed with. The cost for all the unit's basic equipment is included in its points cost.*



Special Rules: *Any special rules that apply to models in the unit are listed here. Special rules that are unique to models in that unit are described in full here, whilst others are detailed in the Special Rules section of Warhammer 40,000: The Rules.*



Options: *This section lists all of the upgrades you may add to the unit if you wish to do so, alongside the associated points cost for each. Where an option states that you may exchange one weapon ‘and/or’ another, you may replace either or both, provided you pay the points cost for each. The abbreviation ‘pts’ stands for ‘points’ and ‘pts/model’ stands for ‘points per model’.*



Warlord Traits: *Sometimes a character’s datasheet will have a specific Warlord Trait, in which case it will be listed here.*



Hellforged Artefacts: *Some entries have unique items of wargear, the description and rules for which will be listed here.*



FORMATIONS

Formation datasheets are identified by this symbol. The rules for Formations can be found in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*. A Formation datasheet will list the Army List Entries which make up the Formation, any restrictions upon what it may include, and any special rules the Formation’s units gain.

ARMIES OF UNREASON

The following section details background and rules that describe the forces used by the Chaos Daemons. Used in conjunction with *Codex: Chaos Daemons*, this section will enable you to forge your collection of Chaos Daemons miniatures into an army ready to bring death and ruin to your foes in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

When choosing an army to play a game of Warhammer 40,000, there are two main ways of organising your collection. These are the Unbound method, which means taking whichever units you like, and the Battle-forged method, which is more rigid but has extra benefits. Both are described fully in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

If you are using the Unbound method, simply use the datasheets that correspond to the models in your collection. If you are using the Battle-forged method, you will instead need to organise the models in your collection into Detachments. This is a fun process in its own right. The most common of these are the Combined Arms and Allied Detachments. Note that you can also include any of the Formations presented in this section as part of a Battle-forged army.

A Daemonic Incursion is a special type of Detachment that can be included in any Battle-forged army. Unlike the Detachments shown in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*, it has a Force Organisation Chart whose slots are a combination of specific Formations and Army List Entries instead of Battlefield Roles. However, it still has compulsory and optional elements, as well as Restrictions and Command Benefits, just like any other Detachment.

Although units cannot normally belong to more than one Detachment, units from a Formation that is part of a Daemonic Incursion are an exception. They count as part of both their Formation and the Detachment, and have all associated Command Benefits and special rules. If your Warlord is part of a Formation or an Army List Entry that makes up part of a Daemonic Incursion, that entire Daemonic Incursion is your Primary Detachment.



RESTRICTIONS:

This Detachment must include at least one Core choice and one Auxiliary choice. It may include up to four Command choices and any number of additional Core or Auxiliary choices, in any combination. Only the datasheets listed here can be included in this Detachment.

COMMAND BENEFITS:

Daemonic Corruption: Objective Markers controlled by units from this Detachment count as controlled for the rest of the game, even if the controlling player has no units within 3" of them. This effect lasts until an enemy scoring unit cleanses the objective by controlling it.

Unearthly Power: When rolling on the Warp Storm table (see *Codex: Chaos Daemons*), you can choose to add or subtract 1 from the result.

The Warp Unleashed: You can choose to re-roll any Daemonic Instability tests for units from this Detachment.



Core
1+



Auxiliary
1+



Command
0-3



MURDERHORDE

- Skulltaker or 1 Herald of Khorne
- 8 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Bloodletters of Khorne
 - Flesh Hounds of Khorne
 - Bloodcrushers of Khorne



WARPFLAME HOST

- The Changeling or 1 Herald of Tzeentch
- 9 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Pink Horrors of Tzeentch
 - Flamers of Tzeentch
 - Exalted Flamer of Tzeentch



TALLYBAND

- Epidemius or
1 Herald of Nurgle
- 7 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Plaguebearers of Nurgle
 - Nurglings



FLAYERTROUPE

- The Masque of Slaanesh or
1 Herald of Slaanesh
- 6 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Daemonettes of Slaanesh
 - Fiends of Slaanesh



DAEMON LORD

- 1 of the following:
 - Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury
 - Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage
 - Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster
 - Skarbrand
 - Kairos Fateweaver
 - Ku'gath Plaguefather
 - Lord of Change
 - Great Unclean One
 - Keeper of Secrets
 - Be'lakor
 - Daemon Prince



INFERNAL TETRAD

- 4 Daemon Princes



GORETHUNDER BATTERY

- 1 Herald of Khorne
- 3 Skull Cannons of Khorne



BURNING SKYHOST

- The Blue Scribes or 1 Herald of Tzeentch
- 9 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Screammers of Tzeentch
 - Burning Chariot of Tzeentch



ROTSWARM

- 1 Herald of Nurgle
- 7 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Plague Drones of Nurgle
 - Beasts of Nurgle



GRAND CAVALCADE

- 1 Herald of Slaanesh
- 6 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Seekers of Slaanesh
 - Hellflayer of Slaanesh
 - Seeker Cavalcade



FORGEHOST

- 3 Soul Grinders of Chaos



DAEMON FLOCK

- 1 unit of Chaos Furies



THE HUNTER OF KHORNE

- Karanak

DAEMONIC INCURSION

A Daemonic Incursion allows you to represent the typical structure of a Chaos Daemons army on the Warhammer 40,000 battlefield. Whether you wish to represent a full-scale daemonic invasion or a more localised Warp breach, the choices below offer a great way to pick your army.

For example, Emma's Chaos Daemons collection consists of a Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury, a Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage, a Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster, Be'lakor, Skulltaker, Karanak, eight units of Bloodletters of Khorne, and two units each of Flesh Hounds of Khorne and Bloodcrushers of Khorne.

If Emma wishes to organise her collection using the Battleforged method – as described in Warhammer 40,000: The Rules – all of her units need to be part of a Detachment or a Formation. Emma achieves this by choosing one Daemonic Incursion Detachment and one Combined Arms Detachment from Warhammer 40,000: The Rules.

The Daemonic Incursion in Emma's army consists of one Core choice, three Command choices and one Auxiliary choice.

Specifically, it consists of a Murderhorde (Skulltaker, six units of Bloodletters and both units of Bloodcrushers), three Daemon Lords (the Bloodthirster of Unfettered Fury, the Bloodthirster of Insensate Rage and the Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster), and the Hunter of Khorne (Karanak).

Emma's remaining two units of Bloodletters (Troops), Be'lakor (HQ) and her two units of Flesh Hounds of Khorne (Fast Attack) form a Combined Arms Detachment. As all of her units belong to a Detachment or a Formation, Emma's army is a Battle-forged army. The units that are part of the Daemonic Incursion therefore have the Daemonic Corruption, Unearthly Power and Warp Unleashed Command Benefits, whilst those that are part of the Combined Arms Detachment have the Objective Secured Command Benefit. Finally, Emma chooses her Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirster to be her Warlord – the Daemonic Incursion is therefore her Primary Detachment.



BLOODTHIRSTER OF UNFETTERED FURY



Ferocious killing machines capable of hacking apart whole armies, the Bloodthirsters of Unfettered Fury are the most numerous of Khorne's Greater Daemons. In one fist, these colossal, sulphur-wreathed fiends carry a massive axe of Khorne. This daemonforged blade hungers for hot blood, and a single swing of its smouldering edge can carve a battle-tank in two or behead even the largest monster. In its other hand, the Bloodthirster wields a vicious lash of Khorne. Immense whips studded with brass spikes, these weapons slice through the air with a thunderous crack, breaking necks, entangling limbs, or ripping flesh from bone.

Clad in baroque armour and bellowing their wrath to the sky, Bloodthirsters of Unfettered Fury strike abject terror into all who witness them in battle. Too swift to outrun, too resilient to gun down, and far too strong to outfight, these godlike Daemons are the death of all who face them in battle. It is no surprise then that the servants of Khorne worship these monstrous entities as deities of war.



WS BS S T W I A Ld Sv

Bloodthirsters of Unfettered Fury 10 10 6 6 5 9 6 9 3+

Unit Type
Flying Monstrous
Creature (Character)

Unit Composition
1 Bloodthirster of
Unfettered Fury

SPECIAL RULES:

- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic Instability
- Deep Strike

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Lash of Khorne: *These long whips are tipped with barbs of fire. In the hands of a Bloodthirster they can split a man in two, and even the thickest armour offers no protection.*

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	6	2	Assault 1

Axe of Khorne: *Weapons of Khorne are etched with burning runes of slaughter, and each screams with the power of the Daemon bound inside it.*

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	2	Melee, Decapitating Blow, Specialist Weapon

Decapitating Blow: Any To Wound rolls of 6 made with this weapon have the Instant Death special rule.

OPTIONS:

May take up to 50 points of **Daemonic Rewards**, in any combination:

- **Lesser Rewards**.....*10 pts each*
- **Greater Rewards***20 pts each*
- **Exalted Rewards**.....*30 pts each*



BLOODTHIRSTER OF INSENSATE RAGE



Bloodthirsters of Insensate Rage are the most savage of their kind. The fires of Khorne's forge fill their chests, stoking their fury to such maddening heights that it renders them utterly incoherent with anger. So great is their ire-fuelled strength that these Daemons are able to heft massive brass axes – weapons as tall as the horrifying creatures that bear them. With these great axes of Khorne, Bloodthirsters of Insensate Rage are more than capable of hacking the leg from a Warhound Titan with a single swing, or splitting the greatest mortal heroes in two from head to toe.

The arrival of such an entity on the battlefield heralds the coming of the end. The beat of their wings shudders through mortal minds, causing waves of terror to roll before them. Those who fall beneath the Bloodthirsters' night-black shadow taste the sudden tang of ash and sulphur in their throats, and feel their will to live evaporate like mist. As the beast roars its endless fury, the weak-minded simply collapse dead, their hearts stilled by terror.



WS BS S T W I A Ld Sv

Bloodthirsters of
Insensate Rage 10 10 6 6 5 9 6 9 3+

Unit Type
Flying Monstrous
Creature (Character)

Unit Composition
1 Bloodthirster of
Insensate Rage

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Daemon of Khorne**
- **Daemonic Instability**
- **Deep Strike**
- **Rage**

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

Great Axe of Khorne: *Weapons of Khorne are etched with burning runes of slaughter, and each screams with the power of the Daemon bound inside it.*

Range	S	AP	Type
-	D	2	Melee, Colossal

Colossal: A model with this weapon Piles In and fights at Initiative step 1.

OPTIONS:

- May take up to 50 points of **Daemonic Rewards**, in any combination:
 - **Lesser Rewards**.....*10 pts each*
 - **Greater Rewards***20 pts each*
 - **Exalted Rewards**.....*30 pts each*



WRATH OF KHORNE BLOODTHIRSTER



Wrath of Khorne Bloodthirsters are arrogant huntsmen of the third host, charged by Khorne with a sacred duty. Each is given a quarry to track down, some braggart or hero who has earned the ire of the Blood God himself. Upon locating their prey, the Bloodthirster humbles them in battle; he slaughters those who follow them, crushes them in body and spirit, and finally drags their soul back to Khorne's realm for punishment by the Blood God himself. These Bloodthirsters have many tools to aid them in their hunt. Each is armed with a mighty axe of Khorne and a bloodflail, a weapon that combines the reach of a lash with the crushing force of a warhammer. The Wrath of Khorne wear runic crowns upon their brows that ward off sorcery, each crackling barrage of energies dissipating like smoke on the wind. These Bloodthirsters can even breathe great gouts of hellfire upon their foes at will, vomiting forth the searing heat of Khorne's own forge to melt armour and blacken flesh. Against such terrifying, otherworldly abilities, the Wrath of Khorne's prey can neither stand firm, nor flee for their lives.



WS BS S T W I A Ld Sv

Wrath of Khorne 10 10 6 6 5 9 6 9 3+
Bloodthirster

Unit Type

Flying Monstrous
Creature (Character)

Unit Composition

1 Wrath of Khorne
Bloodthirster

SPECIAL RULES:

- Adamantium Will
- Daemon of Khorne
- Daemonic Instability
- Deep Strike
- Hatred (Characters)

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

- Axe of Khorne

Hellfire: *Bloodthirsters of the third host can breathe great gouts of daemonic flame.*

Hellfire is a Flamer weapon for the purposes of any special rules that interact with Flamer weapons as described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

Range	S	AP	Type
Template	5	4	Assault 1, Soul Blaze

Bloodflail: *Bloodflails smash heroes and cowards alike into the same gory pulp.*

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	7	2	Assault D3
-	User	2	Melee, Specialist Weapon

OPTIONS:

- May take up to 50 points of **Daemonic Rewards**, in any combination:
 - **Lesser Rewards**.....*10 pts each*
 - **Greater Rewards***20 pts each*
 - **Exalted Rewards**.....*30 pts each*



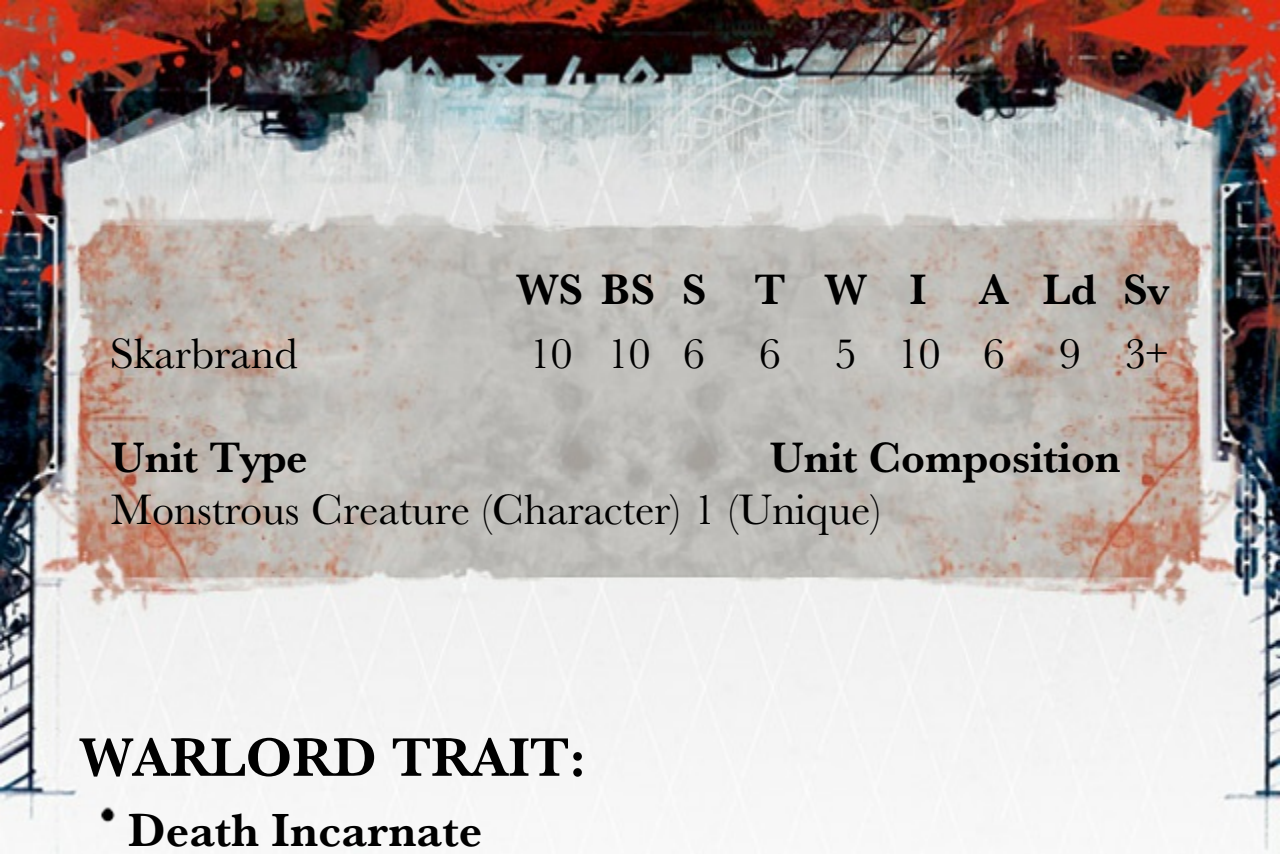
SKARBRAND

THE EXILED ONE



Skarbrand's coming is heralded by a frenzied insanity that seizes every living thing. Blood roars in the ears of friend and foe alike. Hearts pound. Hands shake, curling into white-knuckled claws around any weapon that comes to hand. Even the meekest coward becomes a homicidal maniac in the exiled Daemon lord's presence, as all thoughts of self preservation and fear are smothered by Skarbrand's malefic aura of rage. Seasoned warriors are transformed into mindless berserkers, abandoning their posts to charge into battle wielding firearms as crude clubs in their desperation to kill. Disciplined armies become blood-hungry mobs. Ordered battle becomes deranged slaughter. Through it all storms Skarbrand himself, tattered wings trailing as he hacks down everything in his path. There is no joy for Skarbrand in this slaughter – his own endless rage eclipses all else. Some part of Skarbrand hopes to erase Khorne's disdain of him with an endless tally of skulls. In the meantime, the banished Daemon serves his god more wholly than ever.





WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
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Skarbrand	10	10	6	6	5	10	6	9	3+
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Unit Type	Unit Composition
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Monstrous Creature (Character)	1 (Unique)
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WARLORD TRAIT:

- **Death Incarnate**

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Daemon of Khorne**
- **Daemonic Instability**
- **Deep Strike**

Bellow of Endless Fury: *So ridden with boundless rage is Skarbrand's roar that it can burst the hearts of those nearby.*

Range	S	AP	Type
Template	5	-	Assault 1

Rage Embodied: Skarbrand and all units (friend or foe) within 12" of him have the Rage and Hatred special rules.

HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS

Slaughter and Carnage: *Each of Skarbrand's two axes contains the essence of an enraged Greater Daemon.*

	Range	S	AP	Type
Slaughter	-	User	2	Melee, Fleshbane
Carnage	-	User	2	Melee, Armourbane



EXALTED FLAMER OF TZEENTCH



Exalted Flamers bound into battle hurling gouts of warpfire like horrific living flamethrowers. Stranger and more powerful than their smaller kin, these bizarre beings are lodestones for sorcerous energy. Every inch of an Exalted Flamer's body is infused with the infernal power of change, an unnatural reservoir of power that the Daemon can draw upon at will. So empowered, the crude and hateful entity hurls the fires of change in jetting blasts, mutating enemy warriors into living glass, dribbling tallow or shrieking heaps of multicoloured flesh. Those who seek safety within bunkers or armoured vehicles stand no better chance of survival, for the Exalted Flamer can also fling comets of raw change that obliterate the largest war engines in spectacular blasts of mutagenic flame.



WS BS S T W I A Ld Sv

Exalted Flamer
of Tzeentch 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 7 -

Unit Type
Infantry (Character)

Unit Composition
1 Exalted Flamer
of Tzeentch

SPECIAL RULES:

- Daemon of Tzeentch
- Daemonic Instability
- Deep Strike
- Independent Character
- Warpflame

DAEMONIC GIFTS:

- Blue Fire of Tzeentch
- Pink Fire of Tzeentch

TZEENTCHIAN FLAME WEAPONS

The Flames of Tzeentch are nothing less than wild magic; their effects are as unpredictable as they are spectacular.

	Range	S	AP	Type
Blue Fire of Tzeentch	18"	9	2	Heavy D3, Warpflame
Pink Fire of Tzeentch	Template	5	3	Heavy 1, Torrent, Warpflame

Warpflame: At the end of each phase, any unit that suffered one or more unsaved Wounds during the phase from an attack with this special rule (or from an attack made by a model with this special rule), must take a Toughness test. If the test is failed, the unit immediately suffers D3 Wounds with no armour or cover saves allowed. If the test is passed, all models in the unit gain the Feel No Pain (6+) special rule for the rest of the game. Any models in the unit that already have the Feel No Pain special rule instead gain +1 to all Feel No Pain rolls for the rest of the game. Chaos is Fickle!



BE'LAKOR

THE DARK MASTER



Be'lakor flickers across the battlefield like smoke and shadow given form. His is an ominous and foreboding presence, a formless terror in the minds of men that saps resolve and spawns unreasoning panic.

This terrible entity takes great pleasure in manipulating others to their eventual ruin, insinuating and manipulating from amid veils of secrecy and shadow. Only when the moment is right does Be'lakor manifest his true and terrible form, striking down his enemies with the Blade of Shadows even as he rakes claws of psychic energy through the meat of their minds. The first and greatest of all Daemon Princes, Be'lakor has ruled as a demigod over galactic empires beyond count. He is a being of infinite cunning and absolute cruelty who destroys all that he touches, and jealously covets the favour of the Ruinous Powers. All these qualities make Be'lakor a capricious being, whose only constants are the malice with which he destroys those who oppose him, and his endless jealousy towards those who successfully court the favour of the Gods of Chaos.



WS BS S T W I A Ld Sv

Be'lakor 9 5 6 5 4 8 5 10 -

Unit Type

Unit Composition

Flying Monstrous Creature 1 (Unique)
(Character)

WARLORD TRAIT:

- **Herald of Doom**

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Daemon**
- **Eternal Warrior**
- **Fearless**
- **Psyker (Mastery Level 3)**

Shadow Form: Be'lakor has a 4+ invulnerable save and the Shrouded special rule.

Lord of Torment: If any enemy unit fails a Morale check, Be'lakor generates an additional D3 Warp Charge points in his next Psychic phase.

PSYKER:

Be'lakor knows all of the powers from the **Telepathy** discipline.

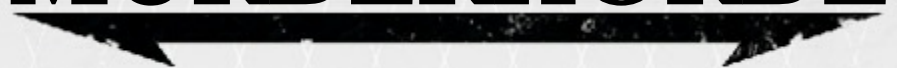
HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS

The Blade of Shadows: *Be'lakor wields a unique etherblade, its ghostly form in eternal transience between shape and shadow; solidarity and silhouette. Mastery of this weapon enables Be'lakor to scythe through armour, scale, flesh and bone without resistance, its essence changing in an instant from formless shadow to murderous edge at its master's whim.*

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	2	Melee, Armourbane, Fleshbane, Master-crafted, Specialist Weapon

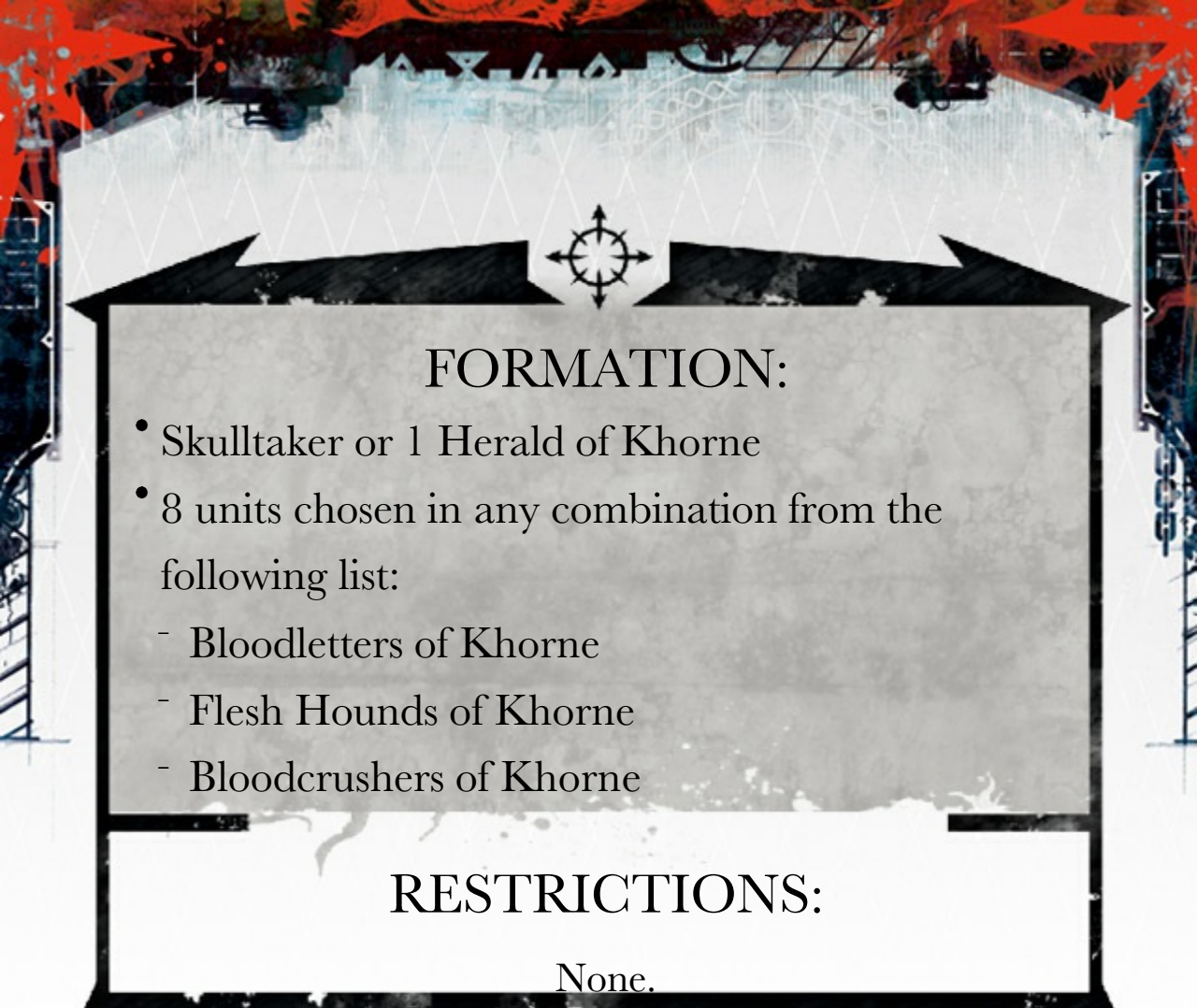


MURDERHORDE



The ravening Daemons of the Murderhorde spill into reality with frenzied howls, hungry for blood and slaughter. Gore-skinned Bloodletters fall upon their foes, hellblades whirling and hacking as they reap skulls for the Blood God. Bloodcrushers trample and smash, thundering like living battering rams through the press of battle. Wherever they go, enemy fire is turned harmlessly from their ironclad hides while victims are reduced to mangled carcasses in their wake. Leading the madness, a Herald of Khorne leaps and slashes, stabs and slays, moving like a crimson blur even as he hisses orders to his kin. Meanwhile, prowling through the fight with low, blood-wet growls, packs of Flesh Hounds savage the unwary, tearing them apart with horrifying brutality.





FORMATION:

- Skulltaker or 1 Herald of Khorne
- 8 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Bloodletters of Khorne
 - Flesh Hounds of Khorne
 - Bloodcrushers of Khorne

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Escalating Bloodlust: Units from a Murderhorde add 1 to their Attacks in close combat whilst they are within 6" of any other unit from their Formation.

Harbinger of Khorne: If the Herald of Khorne from this Formation is a Lesser Locus of Abjuration, Greater Locus of Fury or an Exalted Locus of Wrath, the special rules associated with that locus affect all units from this Formation within 12" of him. If such a unit is also affected by another locus, they will receive both benefits.



GORETHUNDER BATTERY



The air is rent by a hellish cacophony as the Gorethunder Battery opens fire. Every brimstone-belching shot fills the sky with screaming, flaming skulls that plummet down upon their targets to explode with shocking force. Even a single such barrage is enough to tear enemy soldiers apart by the score. When directed by a Herald of Khorne, the massed fire of the Daemon cannons is nothing short of apocalyptic. Staring out from atop the dais of its Blood Throne, the sharp-eyed Herald singles out those targets whose destruction will please Khorne the greatest. Victims have just enough time to scream in terror before a rain of explosive skulls hammers down upon them. Those not slaughtered by the explosion find themselves buried in gnashing skulls, their deaths truly horrific as they are gnawed to a bloody pulp.





FORMATION:

- 1 Herald of Khorne
- 3 Skull Cannons of Khorne

RESTRICTIONS:

The Herald of Khorne must take a Blood Throne of Khorne as a Dedicated Transport.

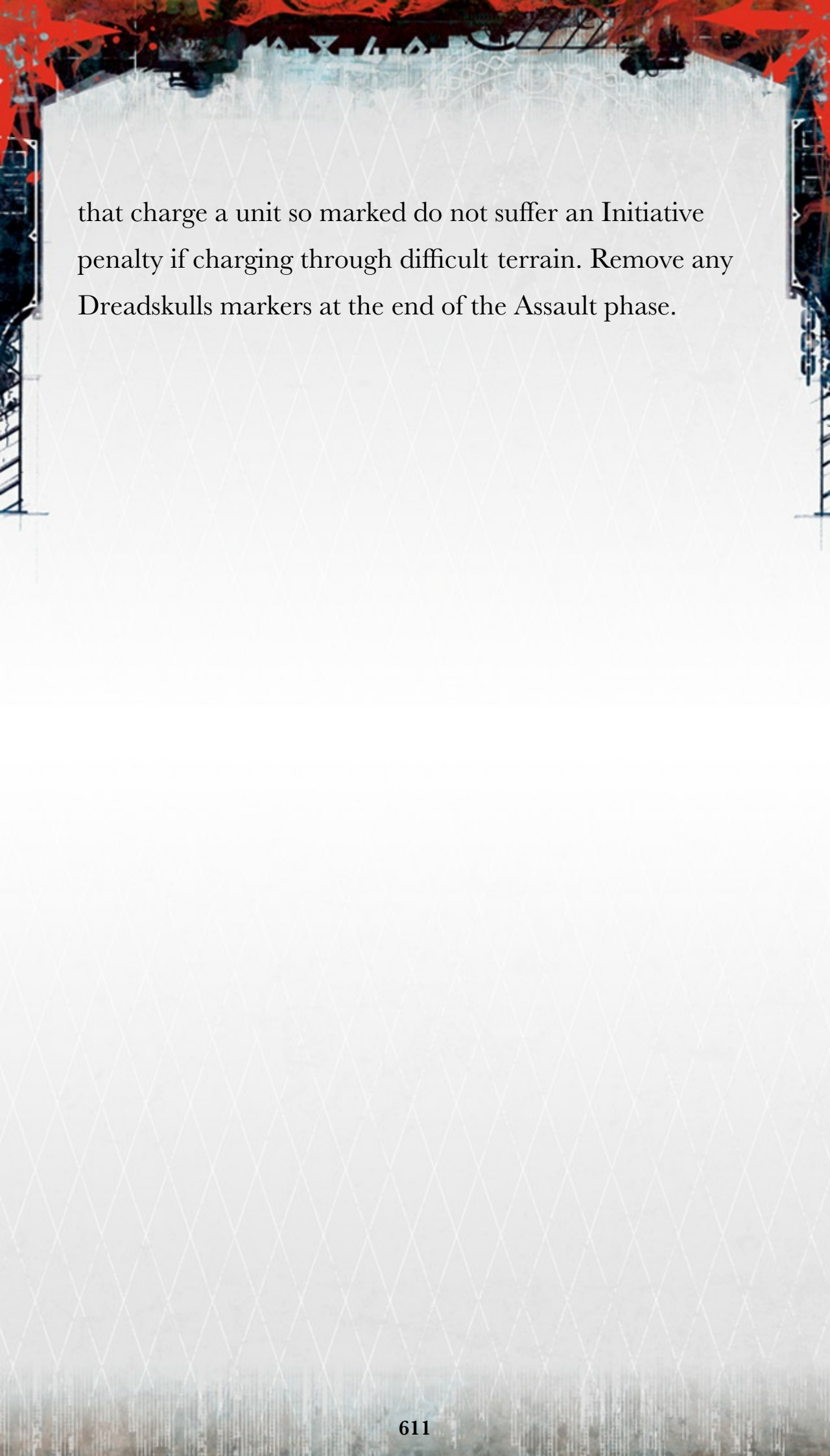
SPECIAL RULES:

- **Harbinger of Khorne**

Skullrain Salvo: All of the Skull Cannons in a Gorethunder Battery must be fielded as a single vehicle squadron. Whilst this Formation includes three Skull Cannons that can fire, the squadron can fire a single Skullrain Salvo instead of firing normally. To do so, nominate one model in the squadron as the firer and use the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
36"	8	3	Heavy 1, Dreadskulls, Ignores Cover, Apocalyptic Blast

Dreadskulls: Place a marker next to each unit that takes one or more hits from this attack. Friendly Daemon units



that charge a unit so marked do not suffer an Initiative penalty if charging through difficult terrain. Remove any Dreadskulls markers at the end of the Assault phase.



WARPFLAME HOST



Reality twists and buckles around the capering Daemons of the Warpflame Host. Horrors and Flamers surge towards the enemy in a kaleidoscopic mass, their leaping, bounding forms dazzling the foe with their lurid hues. Men are driven mad by the cacophonous babbling and shrieking of the Daemons, every gibbered riddle a strand of truth twisted into a knot of lies. All this is but a prelude to the true horror. As they draw near their victims, the Daemons of Tzeentch gather the energies of the Warp to them, glowing all the brighter as sorcerous power infuses them. Led by their Herald, the Daemons unleash a monstrous storm of daemoniac fire, a hurricane of change that mutates its victims into howling abominations of twisted flesh or else blasts them to glowing dust on the wind.





FORMATION:

- The Changeling or 1 Herald of Tzeentch
- 9 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Pink Horrors of Tzeentch
 - Flamers of Tzeentch
 - Exalted Flamer of Tzeentch

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Harbinger of Tzeentch: If the Herald of Tzeentch from this Formation is a Lesser Locus of Transmogrification, Greater Locus of Change or an Exalted Locus of Conjunction, the special rules associated with that locus affect all units from this Formation that are within 12" of him. If such a unit is also affected by another locus, they will receive both benefits.

Storm of Daemoniac Fire: Add 1 to the Strength value of any Tzeentchian Flame Weapons (see *Codex: Chaos Daemons*) or psychic powers from the **Discipline of Change** unleashed by units from a Warpflame Host.



BURNING SKYHOST



The Daemons of the Burning Skyhost descend upon their victims wreathed in the fires of change. Forming the host's core are Tzeentch's Burning Chariots, slicing through the air at incredible speeds as their daemonic passengers hurl coruscating warpflame to explode among the foe. Around these hurtling engines of destruction swoop the Screammers, arcing gracefully through the enemy's fire to lop off heads and sever limbs with their bladed bodies. Even those who survive an attack by the Burning Skyhost cannot think themselves safe, for mutating flames trail in the Daemons' wake, transmuting anything they do not butcher into flaming glass or molten lead with their terrible empyric energies.





FORMATION:

- The Blue Scribes or 1 Herald of Tzeentch
- 9 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Screammers of Tzeentch
 - Burning Chariot of Tzeentch

RESTRICTIONS:

The Herald of Tzeentch must take a Disc of Tzeentch or Burning Chariot of Tzeentch.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Warpflame**
- **Harbinger of Tzeentch**

Trail of Transmuting Flame: If a Burning Chariot of Tzeentch from a Burning Skyhost moves Flat Out, pick an unengaged enemy unit it moved over. That unit suffers D6 Strength 5 AP4 hits with the Soul Blaze and Warpflame special rules. Use the final position of the Burning Chariot for the purposes of determining Wound allocation; vehicles are always hit on their side armour.

Furthermore, Screammers from a Burning Skyhost cause D3+1 Strength 4 AP- hits when making a Slashing Attack (see *Codex: Chaos Daemons*) rather than D3 hits. These attacks also have the Soul Blaze and Warpflame special rules.



TALLYBAND



The suppurating Daemons of the Tallyband trudge into battle, surrounded by the drone of a billion flies. A squelching flood of Nurglings spills across the battlefield at the host's fore, giggling and squealing as they nip and scratch the enemy. Behind these stench-ridden hell-mites shamble rank upon rank of dour Plaguebearers, their incessant counting interspersed with fatalistic grumbles and the odd phlegmy retch. The stink of the Tallyband is a weapon in its own right, a metaphysical foulness that seeps through every barrier to leave its victims weak and nauseated. Worse are the swirling clouds of flies that swarm blizzard-thick around the Daemons, blanketing the enemy in the crawling horror of their rot-fat bodies until they can barely fight back against the muttering killers in their midst.





FORMATION:

- Epidemius or 1 Herald of Nurgle
- 7 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Plaguebearers of Nurgle
 - Nurglings

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

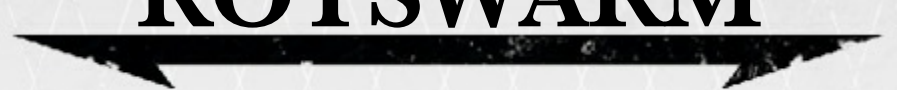
Distracting Swarm of Flies: Enemy units cannot fire Overwatch against units from a Tallyband.

Enfeebling Nausea: At the start of each Assault phase, enemy units that are locked in combat with any units from a Tallyband must pass a Leadership test or reduce their Strength and Toughness characteristics by 1 for the duration of that phase.

Harbinger of Nurgle: If the Herald of Nurgle from this Formation is a Lesser Locus of Virulence, Greater Locus of Fecundity or an Exalted Locus of Contagion, the special rules associated with that locus affect all units from this Formation that are within 12" of him. If such a unit is also affected by another locus, they will receive both benefits.



ROTSWARM



Bounding and buzzing, flopping and flapping, the bestial Daemons of Nurgle lurch awkwardly to war. They are herded by a Herald of Nurgle bearing the dubious title of Mouldsire of the Rotswarm, whose task is far from an enviable one. While they can impale a man with every proboscis stab, Plague Drones are spiteful, wilful Daemons that wish only to hurt other living things. The Beasts of Nurgle are all but impossible to herd, being lolloping simpletons whose joy at the sight of new playmates deafens them to even the most desperately bellowed commands. Despite these challenges, when the Mouldsire succeeds in herding the Rotswarm into the enemy's ranks the Daemons become a foul wall of corrosive slime and crushing bodies that swiftly reduces its victims to bubbling corpse-sludge.





FORMATION:

- 1 Herald of Nurgle
- 7 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Plague Drones of Nurgle
 - Beasts of Nurgle

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Harbinger of Nurgle**

Corrosive Slime: All units in a Rotswarm have the Hammer of Wrath special rule, and these attacks have the Poisoned (4+) special rule.

Dubious Command: At the start of each of the controlling player's Assault phases, the Herald of Nurgle from a Rotswarm can attempt to direct a single unit from his Formation that is within 12" of him. To do so, he must take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, the directed unit can re-roll failed charge rolls and all models in the unit can make 3 additional Attacks until the end of the turn; if the test is failed, the directed unit must attempt to charge the nearest enemy unit in this Charge sub-phase, but is otherwise unaffected.



FLAYERTROUPE



As the Daemons of the Flayertroupe step gracefully into battle, the air fills with the intoxicating aroma of delightful corruption. Silvered bells tinkle in the cloying, perfumed breeze, their every chime setting nerves afire and teeth on edge. The trilling cries of hideously beautiful beings drive the enemy to scream and convulse, pleasure and pain at war within their overloaded senses. Shuddering limbs can barely raise weapons to fight back as these visions of glittering revulsion dance lightly through the enemy ranks, gifting each victim in turn with the silky caress of jagged, ripping claws. Blood sprays in arcs, falling as a warm, sweet rain upon upturned daemoniac faces, and the last of their victims beg to join the slain in a final moment of agonised bliss.





FORMATION:

- The Masque of Slaanesh or 1 Herald of Slaanesh
- 6 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Daemonettes of Slaanesh
 - Fiends of Slaanesh

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Beguiling Chimes: Enemy units that are locked in combat with any units from a Flayertroupe reduce their Weapon Skill and Initiative characteristics by 1 (to a minimum of 1).

Harbinger of Slaanesh: If the Herald of Slaanesh from this Formation is a Lesser Locus of Grace, Greater Locus of Swiftiness or an Exalted Locus of Beguilement, the special rules associated with that locus affect all units from this Formation that are within 12" of her. If such a unit is also affected by another locus, they will receive both benefits.



GRAND CAVALCADE



Loosed from the Warp with squeals of glee, the Grand Cavalcade surges out to hunt. They lust after the intoxicating draught of pain and fear, wishing only to rip and squeeze every last drop of overwrought emotion from their prey. Riding sleek Steeds of Slaanesh, or perched lithely atop their thresher-bladed chariots, these cruel beings know nothing of mercy nor restraint. The Daemons hurtle to war at breakneck pace, urging each other to ever greater efforts as they close in upon their victims. They slam into the enemy lines with horrible force, blood spraying and severed limbs flying as scythes and spikes do their terrible work. The worse the bloodshed and the more terrified the foe, the more empowered the Grand Cavalcade become, until they rampage unstoppable as avatars of self-gratifying slaughter.





FORMATION:

- 1 Herald of Slaanesh
- 6 units chosen in any combination from the following list:
 - Seekers of Slaanesh
 - Hellflayer of Slaanesh
 - Seeker Cavalcade

RESTRICTIONS:

The Herald of Slaanesh must take a Steed of Slaanesh, Seeker Chariot or Exalted Seeker Chariot.

SPECIAL RULES:

- **Harbinger of Slaanesh**

Eager for the Slaughter: All Grand Cavalcade units can move an additional 6" when moving Flat Out or making Run moves.

Murderous Impact: Chariots from a Grand Cavalcade inflict an additional D6 Strength 4 Hammer of Wrath hits.



INFERNAL TETRAD



Dark power roils and surges around the Infernal Tetrad as they advance into battle. Even a single Daemon Prince is a terrifying enemy, yet four such beings fighting as one is enough to lay whole armies low. Embodying the unified will of the Ruinous Powers, each of these immortal demigods bears the favour of one of the four Chaos Gods, and is able to share that power with its fellows to create a dark blessing of supreme might. The energies of change, disease, excess and murderous rage surge through every fibre of these abominations, shielding them from harm while lending yet more monstrous power to their onslaught. Dark and long is the shadow cast across the battlefield by the Infernal Tetrad, and beneath its choking shroud nothing can survive.





FORMATION:

- 4 Daemon Princes

RESTRICTIONS:

Each Daemon Prince must be upgraded to be a Daemon of a different Chaos God.

SPECIAL RULES:

Combined Might: The Daemon Princes of an Infernal Tetrad have the following benefits depending on how many of them are on the battlefield at the same time (the bonuses are cumulative):

No. of models	Benefit(s)
4 models	+1 Toughness
3 models	+1 Strength
2 models	Re-roll failed To Hit rolls of 1
1 model	No benefit

Shared Power: If your Warlord is chosen from this Formation, all of the models in the Infernal Tetrad also have that model's Warlord Trait, even if you chose to roll on one of the Warlord Trait tables in this book and they have a different daemonic alignment to your Warlord.



FORGEHOST



The monstrous Soul Grinders of the Forgehost scuttle towards the front lines in a clatter of ironclad limbs. The ground shudders beneath their daemononic tread, even as the air is rent by the howl of their mighty guns opening fire. Streams of glowing warpsnot spit from the barrels of harvester cannons, crisscrossing the skies to swat down enemy aircraft like bothersome insects. Great blasts of hellish energy and sizzling orbs of daemonphlegm fly through the air, exploding amongst the foe to lethal effect. With terrifying rapidity, the Soul Grinders are in amongst their shell-shocked victims, hacking and smashing with frantic fury. Locked in desperate competition with their fellows, each Soul Grinder fights all the harder as it attempts to reap the most souls, and thus pay off its debt to the forge all the faster.





FORMATION:

- 3 Soul Grinders of Chaos

RESTRICTIONS:

None.

SPECIAL RULES:

Desperate Competition: Each time a Soul Grinder from a Forgehost inflicts any enemy casualties during a Shooting or Assault phase, all other models from the same Formation can re-roll all failed To Hit and To Wound rolls until the end of that phase.





DAEMONIC OVERLORDS

This section presents four new sets of Warlord Traits – one for each of the Dark Gods – that represent the dire powers wielded by their mightiest champions. If your Warlord has the Daemon of Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle or Slaanesh special rule, it can roll on the relevant table below instead of those in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules* or *Codex: Chaos Daemons*.

‘Understand, mortals, that every one of you, each of your so-called champions with their petty ploys, is just a piece in the Great Game of my master.’

- *Mith'an'driarkh, Greater Daemon of Tzeentch*



KHORNE WARLORD TRAITS TABLE

D6 WARLORD TRAIT

- 1 **Aspect of Death:** *Such is the palpable aura of dread this Daemon emanates that its enemies often die of sheer terror.*

Enemy units that fail a Fear test caused by your Warlord suffer 1 Wound for each point the test was failed by, with no saves of any kind allowed.

- 2 **Glory of Battle:** *This Daemon knows no greater pleasure than when surrounded by foes in battle.*

Your Warlord has the Rampage special rule.

- 3 **Oblivious to Pain:** *The pain of injury does nothing to slow the advance of this Daemon. The warriors of Khorne's legions are imbued with a measure of its indomitable determination, allowing nothing to keep them from the slaughter.*

Your Warlord has the Feel No Pain special rule.

In addition, all friendly units with the Daemon of Khorne special rule within 8" of your Warlord have the Feel No Pain (6+) special rule.

- 
- 4 **Immense Power:** *The Blood God has poured his molten fury into this Daemon, and its body is swollen with a measure of Khorne's unearthly might.*

Add 1 to your Warlord's Strength characteristic.

- 5 **Devastating Blow:** *Khorne has granted this Daemon the strength to fell even the greatest enemies with a single, almighty blow.*

When making close combat attacks, your Warlord can instead choose to make a single Devastating Blow attack. To do so, roll To Hit as normal, but resolve the attack at Strength D AP2.

- 6 **Rage Incarnate:** *The incandescent fury with which this Daemon hurls itself at the enemy serves as a beacon of wrath to its like-minded minions.*

Your Warlord, and all friendly units with the Daemon of Khorne special rule, gain the Rage special rule whilst they are within 8" of him.



TZEENTCH WARLORD TRAITS TABLE

D6 WARLORD TRAIT

- 1 **Born of Sorcery:** *Tapping into the infinite power of the Warp comes as easily to this Daemon as breathing air does to a mortal.*

Your Warlord harnesses Warp Charge points on the result of 3+.

- 2 **Incorporeal Form:** *This Daemon's body flickers in and out of reality, making it difficult for adversaries to land a telling blow.*

Enemy models must reduce their Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill characteristics by 1 (to a minimum of 1) when targeting your Warlord or his unit.

- 3 **Warp Tether:** *This Daemon is blessed with an iron grip on the mortal world, sustaining those in its presence with the power of the Warp.*

Add 1 to the invulnerable save of your Warlord and all friendly units with the Daemon of Tzeentch special rule within 9" of him.



- 4 **Lorekeeper of Tzeentch:** *The Changer of the Ways has gifted this Daemon with stewardship of the Hidden Library within the Impossible Fortress. Intimate knowledge of the mystical lore that lies inside is his reward for performing such a duty.*

Add 1 to your Warlord's Mastery Level.

If your Warlord is not a Psyker, he instead has the Psyker (Mastery Level 1) special rule and generates his powers from the **Discipline of Change**.

- 5 **Tyrant of the Warp:** *The invasive attentions of Warp-spawned horrors – so often fatal to mortal psykers – are as nothing to this Daemon, for they cower in fear before his psychic might.*

Your Warlord ignores the first Perils of the Warp he suffers during each Psychic phase.

- 6 **Daemonspark:** *This Daemon bears the mark of the Daemonspark, causing nearby Tzeentchian Daemons to blaze with deadly flames.*

The close combat attacks of your Warlord, and all friendly units with the Daemon of Tzeentch special rule whilst they are within 9" of him, gain the Soul Blaze special rule.



NURGLE WARLORD TRAITS TABLE

D6 WARLORD TRAIT

- 1 **Blessed with Corpulence:** *Nurgle's blessing upon this Daemon is plain to see, for his hulking frame is hideously bloated and riddled with corruption.*

Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of your Warlord.

- 2 **Acidic Ichor:** *Those that pierce this Daemon's straining flesh are sprayed with sizzling bile that swiftly sears its way through armour, flesh and bone.*

Each time your Warlord suffers a Wound in the Assault phase, the unit that dealt the blow suffers a single Strength 1 AP2 hit with the Poisoned (4+) special rule.

- 3 **Plaguefly Hive:** *This Daemon's pockmarked hide conceals a colony of Plagueflies that swarm forth to bite and bedevil those nearby.*

Enemy units within 7" of your Warlord can only fire Snap Shots when targeting your Warlord and his unit.

- 4 **Virulent Touch:** *So saturated with noxious poisons and toxins is this Daemon that should its*



concoction of diseases enter the bloodstream of a mortal, the result is as gruesome as it is deadly.

If a model suffers any unsaved Wounds from your Warlord in the Assault phase, it must pass a Toughness test at the end of the phase or suffer 1 additional Wound. Armour or cover saves cannot be taken against this Wound.

- 5 Impenetrable Hide:** *Beneath this Daemon's hide are layers of rotting blubber, a dense mass that must be dug through to reach the vitals buried beneath.*

Your Warlord has the Feel No Pain special rule. If your Warlord already has the Feel No Pain rule, he instead adds 1 to his Feel No Pain rolls.

- 6 Miasma of Pestilence:** *Those who venture too close to this Daemon's diseased presence find their injuries blackening in seconds, their flesh swiftly turning to rot.*

Enemy units within 7" of your Warlord that suffer any unsaved Wounds during the Shooting or Assault phase suffer D6 additional Strength 1 hits with the Poisoned (5+) special rule at the end of that phase. Armour or cover saves cannot be taken against Wounds suffered in this manner.



SLAANESH WARLORD TRAITS TABLE

D6 WARLORD TRAIT

- 1 **Celerity of Slaanesh:** *This Daemon is possessed of an incredible swiftness, and is able to close upon its prey with almost impossible speed.*

Your Warlord and his unit can Run and charge in the same turn.

- 2 **Quicksilver Duellist:** *This Daemon exhilarates in the joy of combat, and fights with phenomenal speed and grace when confronted by another champion.*

When fighting in a challenge, your Warlord re-rolls all failed To Hit rolls.

- 3 **The Murderdance:** *Leading its warriors in a maniacal dance of death, this Daemon hacks and cavorts its way through the enemy ranks.*

Your Warlord and all friendly units with the Daemon of Slaanesh special rule re-roll failed To Hit rolls of 1 in the Assault phase.



- 4 **Fatal Caress:** *With a swift flick of a blade or razor-sharp claw, this Daemon can inflict agonising pleasures that drive the victim instantly insane.*

Any To Wound rolls of 6 made by your Warlord in the Assault phase have the Instant Death special rule.

- 5 **Savage Hedonist:** *This Daemon is a glutton for pain and violence, always needing to strike faster and harder to maintain the thrill of combat.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of your Warlord.

- 6 **Bewitching Aura:** *Even the most disciplined or zealous warriors can succumb to this Daemon's beguilements, all sense of duty abandoned as they stand slack-jawed and defenceless in a haze of hallucinatory wonder and desire.*

At the start of each Fight sub-phase, each enemy unit that is locked in combat with your Warlord must pass a Leadership test or reduce its Weapon Skill characteristic by 5 (to a minimum of 1) until the end of the phase.



HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS OF KHORNE

Daemons of Khorne that have the option to take Daemonic Rewards can also take a Hellforged Artefact of Khorne, paying the points shown below. These don't count towards the points spent on Daemonic Rewards, but a model can't have more than one Hellforged Artefact (of any type). Only one of each of these items may be chosen per army.

A'rgath, the King of Blades ¹15 points
When a Daemon is bound within a weapon by its infernal master, it rarely submits willingly to this terrible incarceration. The same cannot be said for A'rgath. A lifetime of slaughter and zealous dedication saw this butcher granted daemonhood. Such was his devotion to Khorne that instead of accepting immortality as a Daemon Prince, he instead chose to take the form of a deadly blade so that he could spill the lifeblood of Khorne's greatest enemies. Their hand guided by A'rgath's spirit, the sword's wielder becomes nigh unstoppable. Countless are the rival champions and mortal heroes that have fallen to his power.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	3	Melee, Blade King, Specialist Weapon



Blade King: When fighting in a challenge, the bearer always hits on a 2+.

Deathdealer ² 15 points

Those slain by this baleful Axe of Khorne explode in fountains of molten gore as the weapon's terrible energies tear them apart. The searing crimson sprays shower the victim's comrades, who soon collapse as their flesh runs like melting wax and weapons fall from disintegrating hands. No bodies are left in Deathdealer's wake, only pools of steaming gore.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	2	Melee, Decapitating Blow, Searing Gore, Specialist Weapon

Decapitating Blow: Any To Wound rolls of 6 made with this weapon have the Instant Death special rule.

Searing Gore: Each time a model is removed as the result of an attack made by this weapon, its unit immediately suffers an additional D3 Strength 3 AP4 hits. Wounds caused by these hits are allocated starting with the closest target model to the bearer.



The Crimson Crown ³40 points

It is said that this crown was created from a single drop of Khorne's blood and forged by his withering gaze. A measure of the Blood God's endless wrath is bound within the crown, and its effect upon his daemoniac servants is palpable. Fuelled by the artefact's fell presence, Khorne's Daemons are driven to ever greater heights of savagery and slaughter.

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all models with the Daemon of Khorne special rule within 8" of the bearer.

Skullreaver ²30 points

Carved with evil runes of death and ruin, the edge of this ebon blade glows with barely-contained power. The Bloodthirster bound within this mighty axe channels every iota of its hate and rage into these runes until they glow with molten heat. The greater the foe the wielder faces, the hotter the runes burn with killing power as the Bloodthirster yearns to battle in the flesh.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	2	Melee, Anathema, Specialist Weapon

Anathema: To Hit rolls of a 6 are resolved at Strength D instead of the wielder's normal Strength value.



Khartoth the Bloodhunger ¹25 points

This legendary sword holds the power to sunder the very fabric of time itself. To decide who will wield this fabled blade, Khorne hosts a tournament. The Daemon who finds the Bloodhunger is named Lord of Slaughter and bears the blade until Khorne tires of him. A Flesh Hound is then sent to devour both the wielder and sword, and a new tournament is begun.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	3	Melee, Sunderer of Time

Sunderer of Time: When a model suffers any unsaved Wounds from this weapon, it is removed from play, but make a note of where the model was. At the start of each of his turns, the controlling player rolls a dice; on the roll of a 4 or more, the model re-enters play by Deep Strike, anywhere within 12" of the point from where it was removed. If the game ends before a model returns to play in this manner, it counts as destroyed.



Armour of Scorn ⁴30 points

Though this armour was forged in the Brass Citadel, it was the Blood God's contempt for the weapons and sorceries of lesser warriors that gave it life. Aeons after its creation, it is this same burning scorn which shields its wearer in battle.

The Armour of Scorn confers a 3+ Armour Save and the Adamantium Will special rule. Reduce the Strength characteristic of any attacks that target the bearer by 1 (to a minimum of 1).

¹ *Daemon Prince of Khorne or Herald of Khorne only. This item replaces the bearer's melee weapon.*

² *Bloodthirster of any type or Daemon Prince of Khorne only. This item replaces the bearer's melee weapon.*

³ *Bloodthirster of any type, Daemon Prince of Khorne or Herald of Khorne only.*

⁴ *Bloodthirster of any type or Daemon Prince of Khorne only.*



HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS OF TZEENTCH

Daemons of Tzeentch that have the option to take Daemonic Rewards can also take a Hellforged Artefact of Tzeentch, paying the points shown below. These don't count towards the points spent on Daemonic Rewards, but a model can't have more than one Hellforged Artefact (of any type). Only one of each of these items may be chosen per army.

Paradox ¹25 points

To gaze upon this staff is to be overcome by conflicting visions. The eyes may see an elegant stave of impeccable craftsmanship, its haft glowing with runes of power. In the mind's eye, it appears as a baleful ebon rod, wreathed with dark flame and steeped in magic. The staff's wielder can draw upon its contradictory nature to reverse the unstable tides of the Warp's energies into a more reliable stream, tricking the untamed power of Chaos into helping him unleash his fell sorceries.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	4	Melee, Concussive, Warp Contradiction



Warp Contradiction: Once per turn, when taking a Psychic test, the bearer can pick up and turn all of the dice he has rolled to their opposite side instead. For example, if he rolled a 5, 3 and a 1, he could turn them into a 2, 4 and a 6 respectively, thereby harnessing 2 Warp Charge points.

The Endless Grimoire ²35 points

Within the pages of this magical tome lie the secrets of every cantrip, incantation and spell ever conceived by Tzeentch.

Though the bearer of this grimoire has access to the infinite knowledge bound within, only the Changer of the Ways himself could hope to master the full scope of its power.

If your Warlord generates all his powers from the **Discipline of Change**, he knows all of its powers.

Soul Bane ³15 points

This incorporeal blade inflicts no harm upon its victim's physical body, instead carving its way through the stuff of his very soul. So ephemeral and unreal is this strange weapon that it is impossible to cross blades with Soul Bane, for its ghostly edge will pass straight through any guard – in evasion lies the only chance of survival. Those struck by Soul Bane collapse in agony, writhing and screaming as their lacerated



souls slowly bleed away into the aether from out of their unmarked flesh and undamaged armour.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	*	Melee, Incorporeal, Fleshbane

Incorporeal: This weapon has an AP value equal to the target's Initiative value. Against targets with an Initiative characteristic higher than 6, resolve Attacks from this weapon at AP-. Against vehicles, hits are resolved at AP1.

The Oracular Dais ²35 points

Though Discs of Tzeentch display an infinite variety of form and colour, they are all bound to the same purpose – bearing their master upon the tides of sorcery according to his whim. In addition to their role as steeds, some of these weird Daemons are imbued with further powers, gifts such as those of the Oracular Dais.

As soon as its master sets foot upon the Dais, his mind is all but overwhelmed by a tide of clairvoyant information. With focus, the Daemon can channel the Oracular Dais' prescient outpouring into valuable knowledge that can direct the outcome of a battle.



The Oracular Dais is a Disc of Tzeentch. At the start of each of your turns, you can choose one friendly unit with the Chaos Daemons Faction that is in Reserve to automatically pass its Reserve Roll (there is no need to roll).

The Impossible Robe ⁴25 points

The wearer of this robe exists between several realities at once. Thus can a daemoniac commander potentially control Tzeentch's interests in multiple times and places at once to further several aspects of the Great Plan. This effect makes it hard for foes to truly harm the wearer, who flickers in and out of reality in an unpredictable fashion. However, the robe is capricious, and has been known to rip its wearer out of reality altogether should he lose control of its powers.

The Impossible Robe confers a 3+ invulnerable save. However, each time the wearer suffers an unsaved Wound, he must pass a Leadership test or fade from reality and be removed from play.

The Everstave ¹20 points

This staff blazes with vibrant warpflame. As soon as its master takes up this staff, he too is wreathed in the same daemoniac fire, though no harm befalls him. From within this magenta inferno, the Everstave's daemoniac bearer can hurl searing gout of Tzeentch's

Pink Fire, turning armour to ash and immolating or irrevocably mutating the flesh beneath with coruscating empyric flames.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	4	Melee, Soul Blaze, Warpflame
Template	5	3	Heavy 1, Soul Blaze, Warpflame

¹ *Lord of Change or Herald of Tzeentch only.*

² *Herald of Tzeentch only.*

³ *Daemon Prince of Tzeentch or Herald of Tzeentch only.*

⁴ *Lord of Change, Daemon Prince of Tzeentch or Herald of Tzeentch only.*

DISCIPLINE OF CHANGE

Almost all of Tzeentch’s Daemons harness the power of the aether in some way or another to incinerate and destroy, yet their immortal commanders can unleash its full power to immolate whole swathes of their enemies or send blazing beams of mutating energy coursing through their lines.

PRIMARIS POWER

FLICKERING FIRE

OF TZEENTCH.....WARP CHARGE 1-3

The Daemon twists his hands in the air and the bodies of his enemies are suddenly consumed with coruscating flames.

Flickering Fire of Tzeentch is a **witchfire** power with the profile given below. Each time this psychic power is used, choose whether it will have a Warp Charge cost of 1, 2 or 3. *Flickering Fire of Tzeentch* fires an additional D6 shots for each point of Warp Charge after the first that it cost to manifest.

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	5	4	Assault 2D6, Soul Blaze, Warpflame

1. TZEENTCH'S FIRESTORM WARP CHARGE 1

The psyker conjures a writhing storm of pink and blue fire that mutates his foes, leaving capering Daemons that claw and bite in its wake.

Tzeentch's Firestorm is a **witchfire** power with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	D6+1	-	Assault 1, Blast, Warpflame

2. BOLT OF CHANGEWARP CHARGE 1

The Daemon's chanting unleashes a single devastating bolt of roiling Warp energy that wracks the foe with sickening and uncontrollable mutations.

Bolt of Change is a **beam** with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	D6+4	2	Assault 1, Warpflame

3. TZEENTCH'S WARPFLARE....WARP CHARGE 1

Cackling madly, the Daemon throws his arms wide in a sudden motion, the air igniting at his touch. At his command a surge of searing warpflame erupts in all directions about him.

Tzeentch's Warpflare is a **nova** power with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
9"	D6	4	Assault 2D6, Ignores Cover, Warpflame

4. BOON OF FLAMEWARP CHARGE 2-3

Spinning in wild circles, the Daemon gibbers a backwards incantation that summons a jet of warpflame into reality. From amongst the flickering flames bounds an Exalted Flamer of Tzeentch, lured to battle by the jabbered incantation.

Boon of Flame is a **conjunction** with a range of 12". If you manifest this power at Warp Charge 2, it creates 1 Exalted Flamer of Tzeentch. Alternatively, you can attempt to manifest this power at Warp Charge 3 (decide before rolling). If you do so, you can instead choose to create one of the following units: 3 Flamers of Tzeentch or 1 Burning Chariot of Tzeentch.

5. INFERNAL GATEWAY.....WARP CHARGE 2

The psyker opens a swirling portal to the Warp itself, a magical tear in the fabric of the mortal plane that sucks nearby victims into certain oblivion.

Infernal Gateway is a **witchfire** power with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
18"	D6+4	1	Assault 1, Blast, Warpflame

6. PRISMATIC GAZE.....WARP CHARGE 3

The Daemon opens his eyes and allows almighty Tzeentch to gaze through them. The link can be maintained for only the briefest of moments lest the Daemon be obliterated by the power of his patron’s scrutiny. Yet for that singular moment, kaleidoscopic beams of raw change carve through reality, roaring from the Daemon’s burning eye sockets to reduce its victims to writhing, mutated ruin.

Prismatic Gaze is a **witchfire** power with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
18"	D	1	Assault 1

Warpflame: At the end of each phase, any unit that suffered one or more unsaved Wounds during the phase from an attack with this special rule (or from an attack made by a model with this special rule), must take a Toughness test. If the test is failed, the unit immediately suffers D3 Wounds with no armour or cover saves allowed. If the test is passed, all models in the unit gain the Feel No Pain (6+) special rule for the rest of the game. Any models in the unit that already have the Feel No Pain special rule instead gain +1 to all Feel No Pain rolls for the rest of the game. Chaos is Fickle!



HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS OF NURGLE

Daemons of Nurgle that have the option to take Daemonic Rewards can also take a Hellforged Artefact of Nurgle, paying the points shown below. These don't count towards the points spent on Daemonic Rewards, but a model can't have more than one Hellforged Artefact (of any type). Only one of each of these items may be chosen per army.

Grotti the Nurgling ¹40 points

Grotti was once a mortal tribesman whose dubious personal hygiene saw him shunned even by his primitive people. After an unfortunate incident in which Grotti accidentally contaminated his tribe's stew with grox dung, leading to an epidemic of crippling gut-rot, he was finally banished from his tribe. Alone and bereft of shelter, Grotti's doom was inevitable. Yet as he slowly wasted away from starvation and fever began to take hold of his emaciated body, an otherworldly power took notice of his predicament. Nurgle gazed down upon this disgusting mortal with a sense of paternal pride and, though he chose not to save Grotti's life, spirited away his departing soul and refashioned it into a Nurgling. Ever since this unconventional apotheosis, Grotti's foetid aura has only worsened, and now has the power to wrack victims with a spectacularly messy wasting sickness.



Reduce the Toughness characteristic of all models (friend or foe) by 1 whilst they remain within 6" of a model accompanied by Grotti the Nurgling, unless they have the Daemon of Nurgle special rule.

Corruption ¹25 points

This fabled weapon is the literal manifestation of corruption in its purest form. The merest scratch from its plague-ridden edge is enough to lay low the hardest foe and can effortlessly overcome even the superhuman resilience of a Space Marine.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	*	-	Melee, Hyper-infection, Touch of Rust

Hyper-infection: Any hits inflicted by this weapon automatically cause Wounds (there is no need to roll). Use the bearer's Strength characteristic as normal for the purposes of armour penetration against vehicles or determining if a target suffers Instant Death.

Touch of Rust: Weapons with this special rule cause a glancing hit on an armour penetration roll of a 6, unless the roll would otherwise cause a penetrating hit.



Horn of Nurgle's Rot ²35 points

Those slain by a Daemon crowned with the fabled Horn of Nurgle's Rot are doomed to rise once more, their altered corpse joining the shambling ranks of Nurgle's tallymen.

After resolving the bearer's close combat attacks, add 1 model to a friendly unit of Plaguebearers of Nurgle within 12" of the bearer for each enemy model that was slain. The model must be placed within unit coherency, more than 1" from any enemy models. Any models that cannot be placed in this manner are lost.

Epidemia ³20 points

So prolific are the daemon-bacteria infesting this plague-flail that the body of any foe struck down by its filth-encrusted barbs swells into a quivering, pus-bloated blister, before bursting amongst its kin in a spray of deadly contagions. Thus can dozens of foes succumb to a single swing of Epidemia.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+1	-	Melee, Mass Contagion, Specialist Weapon



Mass Contagion: Each time a model is removed as the result of an attack made by this weapon, its unit must immediately pass a Toughness test or suffer an additional Wound with no armour or cover saves allowed.

The Doomsday Bell ⁴30 points

To hear the grim tolling of this great bell upon the winds is a death sentence, for its chime heralds the arrival of Nurgle's plague hordes. Such is its dread power that a single tolling of the Doomsday Bell reverberates for long minutes, spreading dread and despair even over the clangour of battle.

The Doomsday Bell is an Instrument of Chaos. Whilst the bearer is on the battlefield, subtract 1 from the Leadership characteristic of all enemy units.

Death's Head of Duke Olaks ⁴15 points

Duke Olaks was once a proud leader of an ancient people who foolishly ordered his scientists to formulate an elixir to make him immortal. It was with great delight that Nurgle bestowed upon him a terrible wasting sickness for his arrogance. So torturous was the incurable contagion's effect on the duke's undying body that Olaks demanded his scientists develop an antidote to the elixir so that death could finally free him from his eternal



torment. Though they dutifully succeeded in this venture, Nurgle was far from finished with his newest plaything. Duke Olaks' head now serves as a potent weapon that can be cast amongst the Lord of Decay's enemies to spread the very same plague that once afflicted its long-dead owner.

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	1	4	Assault 1, Large Blast, One Use Only, Poisoned (2+)

¹ *Great Unclean One, Daemon Prince of Nurgle or Herald of Nurgle only.*

² *Daemon Prince of Nurgle or Herald of Nurgle only.*

³ *Great Unclean One only.*

⁴ *Herald of Nurgle only.*

DISCIPLINE OF PLAGUE

The source of Nurgle’s strength has ever been the endless cycle of death, decay and eventual rebirth. As such, Nurgle’s daemonic minions use the power of the Warp to trigger and accelerate this process with virulent plagues and debilitating afflictions in order to create a foetid existence that is more pleasing to their infernal master.

PRIMARIS POWER

STREAM OF CORRUPTION..WARP CHARGE 1

The psyker’s maw distends wide before spewing forth a noxious stream of disease and filth that chokes and suffocates his victims.

Stream of Corruption is a **witchfire** power with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
Template	-	3	Assault 1, Poisoned (4+)

1. DEBILITATING DISTENTION...WARP CHARGE 1

At the Daemon’s command, the bodies of his enemies bulge with excruciatingly painful inflammation, every fibre of their being wracked by torturous swellings.

Debilitating Distention is a **malediction** that targets a single enemy unit within 24". Whilst the power is in effect, the target unit cannot Run, perform Sweeping Advances or fire Overwatch.

2. PLAGUE WINDWARP CHARGE 1

The Daemon belches forth a wind of plague that chokes and poisons his foes.

Plague Wind is a **witchfire** power with the profile below. It has no effect on vehicles.

Range	S	AP	Type
12”	1	2	Assault 1, Large Blast, Poisoned (4+)

3. MIASMA OF PESTILENCE.....WARP CHARGE 1

The daemonic followers of Nurgle use their Warp gifts to surround themselves with ghastly, vomit-inducing odours that cripple nearby foes.

Miasma of Pestilence is a **blessing** that targets the Psyker. At the start of each Fight sub-phase whilst this power is in effect, roll a D3. Until the end of the phase, all enemy units locked in close combat with the target or his unit suffer a penalty to their Weapon Skill and Initiative characteristics equal to the result.

4. RANCID VISITATIONS.....WARP CHARGE 2

The psyker reaches out a clawed hand from which drifts a vile cloud of Warp-spores. Enemies engulfed by this cloud are seized by a terribly contagious infection that blackens their flesh and rots their organs to sludge.

Rancid Visitations is a **nova** power with a range of 12".

Each target unit must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with no armour or cover saves allowed.

If a model is slain, its unit must pass another Toughness test or suffer an additional Wound with no armour or cover saves allowed. Repeat this process until a Toughness test is passed or the unit is destroyed.

5. FINAL DECOMPOSITION.....WARP CHARGE 2

The Daemon forces the energies of decay deep into his victim's body, causing internal organs to liquify and gush forth from every orifice in a revolting torrent. Only the most stalwart and resolute foe can withstand such punishing physical trauma for more than a few fleeting heartbeats.

Final Decomposition is a **focussed witchfire** power with the profile below. It has no effect on vehicles.

Range	S	AP	Type
12"	*	2	Assault 1, Ignores Cover, Instant Death, Internal Liquefaction

Internal Liquefaction: Instead of rolling To Wound normally for a model hit by this attack, its controlling player must roll a D6. If the result is higher than the number of Wounds the target has remaining, it suffers 1 Wound resolved using the profile above.

6. PUTRESCENT VITALITY ...WARP CHARGE 1-3
Beseeking Grandfather Nurgle for aid, the Daemon calls forth the blessing of the Lord of Decay to invigorate the plague-ridden bodies of his followers. Perverse vigour floods through atrophied limbs, leathery hides thicken into flabby rolls, and fresh crops of mucus-thick boils and buboes blossom.

Putrescent Vitality is a **blessing** that targets a single friendly unit with the Daemon of Nurgle special rule within 24". Each time this psychic power is used, choose whether it will have a Warp Charge cost of 1, 2 or 3. Whilst this power is in effect, add 1 to the Toughness characteristic of all models in the target unit for each point of Warp charge that it cost to manifest.



HELLFORGED ARTEFACTS OF SLAANESH

Daemons of Slaanesh that have the option to take Daemonic Rewards can also take a Hellforged Artefact of Slaanesh, paying the points shown below. These don't count towards the points spent on Daemonic Rewards, but a model can't have more than one Hellforged Artefact (of any type). Only one of each of these items may be chosen per army.

Soulstealer ¹20 points

This gluttonous blade gulps down the souls of its victims before vomiting the stolen energies back into the corporeal body of its wielder. Its vile soulgreed stems from the starving and deranged Keeper of Secrets bound within – an arrogant entity that sought to devour enough Eldar souls to challenge the preeminence of Slaanesh himself. As punishment for the Daemon's monstrous hubris, Slaanesh trapped it within Soulstealer, condemning the Keeper of Secrets to an eternity of insatiable greed and the hollow existence of a starving slave.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	3	Melee, Soulgreed



Soulgreed: Each time a model is removed as a casualty as the result of an attack made by this weapon, the bearer immediately regains a Wound he lost earlier in the battle.

Silvershard ¹.....30 points

This elegant blade is formed from a single shard of purest quicksilver hewn from Slaanesh's throne. Its wielder is empowered to a near impossible level of swiftness, the sword darting, spinning and striking with a grace born of both divine perfection and murderous intent. The blade revels in bleeding its victims slowly, raking them with dozens of lightning-fast strikes and relishing the pain they cause.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	3	Melee, Blade Blitz

Blade Blitz: Add 2 to the bearer's Attacks characteristic.

The Slothful Claw ².....10 points

Formed from the essence of a Keeper of Secrets, this claw has taken many guises and been bound to the flesh of countless of the Dark Prince's Daemons over the millennia. When the Slothful Claw strikes, the blow appears clumsy and ponderous to its victim. This is but an illusion; in truth the claw strikes like lightning while the foe reels in sluggish confusion.



When a model equipped with the Slothful Claw makes its close combat attacks, roll one of its attacks separately using the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
-	+2	2	Melee, Rending, Specialist Weapon

The Forbidden Gem ³ 15 points

This gem was once the purest diamond in the Eldar empire during the time before the Fall. It was a source of jealous pride to its keeper, a noble by the name of Ydrisyll, who spent ever more time transfixed by its beauty. One of Slaanesh's first deeds after his apocalyptic birth was to capture Ydrisyll's soul and cage it within the very gem he once so coveted. Gazing upon this corrupted diamond now has an even greater hypnotic effect than ever before, inspiring uncontrollable jealousy and leaving mortal senses hopelessly addled.

At the start of the Fight sub-phase, after any challenges have been issued and accepted but before any blows are struck, any model involved in a challenge with the bearer must roll 3D6 and subtract their Leadership characteristic from the total. That model suffers a penalty to its Weapon Skill and Initiative characteristics equal to the result (to a minimum of 1) for the rest of the phase.



Whips of Agony ⁴ 15 points

This pair of lashing whips was forged from the agonised screams of a thousand victims. Each prehensile thong is tipped with a cruel, lacerating hook and is able to deliver excruciating trauma with the slightest touch. Slaanesh grants these fiendish lashes to an Exalted Alluress whose murderous deeds have drawn his gaze. From atop her speeding chariot, this dark mistress gifts wicked torment to those unfortunate enough to know the sickening pleasure of the whips' touch.

Range	S	AP	Type
-	User	5	Melee, Agonising

Agonising: The bearer of the Whips of Agony can re-roll all failed To Wound rolls with this weapon. Any model that suffers any unsaved Wounds from this weapon cannot make attacks for the rest of the Fight sub-phase.

The Mark of Excess ⁵ 15 points

A Daemon favoured with Slaanesh's Mark of Excess faces an existence of constant, desperate addiction. Whenever the cursed recipient sheds the lifeblood of a worthy foe it is rewarded by a sensory explosion of bliss so all-consuming that the Daemon will fight harder than ever to feel such sensations again.



At the end of a Fight sub-phase in which the bearer slays an enemy Monster or Character, add 1 to its Attacks characteristic for the rest of the game.

¹ *Keeper of Secrets or Daemon Prince of Slaanesh only.*

² *Keeper of Secrets or Herald of Slaanesh only.*

³ *Herald of Slaanesh only.*

⁴ *Exalted Alluress only.*

⁵ *Keeper of Secrets, Daemon Prince of Slaanesh or Herald of Slaanesh only.*

DISCIPLINE OF EXCESS

Slaanesh draws his power from hidden pleasures and limitless excess. The androgenous Daemons of the Dark Prince therefore channel the Warp’s energies to assault the senses of their victims, overwhelming all reason and logic and replacing it with the psychotic passion and depravity of the truly insane.

PRIMARIS POWER

LASH OF SLAANESHWARP CHARGE 1

A long tongue-like whip of energy erupts from Slaanesh’s vassal and slashes into the ranks of his enemies, leaving a trail of broken and convulsing corpses in its wake.

Lash of Slaanesh is a beam with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	6	-	Assault 1, Rending

1. ACQUIESCENCEWARP CHARGE 1

With an almost lackadaisical gesture, the Daemon engulfs his enemies in a haze of broken dreams and unattainable desires, leaving them distracted and ripe for the slaughter.

Acquiescence is a **malediction** that targets a single enemy unit within 18". The target unit suffers a -5 penalty to its Initiative (to a minimum of 1) and can neither make use of the Counter-attack special rule nor fire Overwatch whilst this power is in effect.

2. PAVANE OF SLAANESH.....WARP CHARGE 1

The psyker sings out a forbidden siren song, whose lilting, invasive melody causes victims to move and jerk uncontrollably. The desperate savagery of the dance increases by the second until bones shatter, flesh tears, and blood sprays in glistening fans.

Pavane of Slaanesh is a **focussed witchfire** power with a range of 24". The target must pass a Leadership test or suffer a Wound with no armour or cover saves allowed. If the target is slain, randomly select another model in the unit. That model must also pass a Leadership test or suffer a Wound with no armour or cover saves allowed. If that model is also slain, randomly select another model in the unit and repeat the process until a model passes a Leadership test or the unit is destroyed.

3. MANIACAL FERVOURWARP CHARGE 1

The Daemon taps into the darkest parts of its allies' souls, drawing forth their most fanatical desires and amplifying them until they begin to claw at their own flesh in manic fury. When commanded to strike, they become as a living tide of wild passion and rage.

Maniacal Fervour is a **blessing** that targets a single friendly unit within 24". That unit immediately suffers D6 Strength 3 AP-hits. However, whilst the power is in effect, the target unit has the Furious Charge, Rage and Zealot special rules.

4. PHANTASMAGORIAWARP CHARGE 1

The Daemon summons a flock of illusory creatures who flit and broil across the battlefield, their dark promises of fulfilment seducing and bewildering the hapless foe, leaving all but the most disciplined warriors unable to function.

Phantasmagoria is a **malediction** that targets a single enemy unit within 18". Whilst this power is in effect, each time the unit wishes to make one of the following actions – move, manifest psychic powers, Run, shoot, charge, make attacks in the Fight sub-phase, make a Sweeping Advance, Consolidate or fire Overwatch – it must first pass a Leadership test or be unable to do so. If the test is failed, the unit can still attempt to perform an alternative action in the same phase (for example, a unit that fails to shoot can take a separate Leadership test in an attempt to Run instead).

5. SLICING SHARDSWARP CHARGE 2

The psyker hurls forth a glittering cloud of razor-sharp darts, flensing the minds, bodies and souls of his victims.

Slicing Shards is a **witchfire** power with the following profile:

Range	S	AP	Type
24"	4	4	Assault 1, Large Blast, Soul Flay

Soul Flay: After resolving this attack, any units that were fully or partially beneath the blast marker must pass a Leadership test or immediately suffer a further D6 Strength 4 AP4 hits.

6. CACOPHONIC CHOIRWARP CHARGE 2

The psyker breathes in the powers of the Warp before emitting an ear-piercing chorus of screams. A million voices spill forth from the Daemon’s maw all at once, assaulting the sanity of all within earshot even as they shatter armaglass optics, burst eardrums and turn brains to gelid soup.

Cacophonic Choir is a **nova** power with a range of 12". For each target unit, roll 2D6 and subtract their Leadership. The unit suffers a number of Wounds equal to the result, with no armour or cover saves allowed. After resolving any Wounds, each target unit must take a Pinning test.

CHAOS DAEMONS TACTICAL OBJECTIVES

***War Zone Fenris: Curse of the Wulfen* describes six Tactical Objectives to use in your games that are exclusive to Chaos Daemons players and reflect their insatiable need to corrupt and destroy during their dread incursions.**

If your Warlord has the Chaos Daemons Faction, these Tactical Objectives replace the Capture & Control Tactical Objectives (numbers 11-16) described in *Warhammer 40,000: The Rules*.

If a Warhammer 40,000 mission has the Tactical Objectives special rule, players use the normal rules for using Tactical Objectives with the following exception: when a Chaos Daemons player generates a Capture & Control objective (numbers 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 or 16), the Chaos Daemons player instead generates the corresponding Chaos Daemons Tactical Objective, as shown in the table (right). Other Tactical Objectives (numbers 21-66) are generated normally.



D66	RESULT
11	Delight in Despair
12	The Cycle of Life
13	Touched by the Warp
14	The Glory of Khorne
15	The Dominion of Chaos
16	The Great Game

11 DELIGHT IN DESPAIR

TYPE: CHAOS DAEMONS

The Daemons of Slaanesh revel in psychological torment, breaking the spirits of their prey and drinking in their fear and dismay like a heady brew.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if at least one enemy unit failed a Fear test or a Morale check in the Assault phase of that turn. If at least one such unit was locked in combat with a friendly unit with the Daemon of Slaanesh special rule, score 2 Victory Points instead.

12 THE CYCLE OF LIFE

TYPE: CHAOS DAEMONS

For decomposition and eventual rebirth – even in a corrupted form – to take place, death must first occur. So do Nurgle’s vassals dutifully perform their part in the endless cycle of life.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if at least one enemy unit was completely destroyed during your turn. If at least one such unit was completely destroyed by a friendly unit with the Daemon of Nurgle special rule, score 2 Victory Points instead.

13 TOUCHED BY THE WARP

TYPE: CHAOS DAEMONS

The gift of change is Tzeentch’s alone to give. When his daemonic sorcerers unleash their magic, their foes succumb to the mutagenic power of the aether.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if at least one friendly model successfully manifested a psychic power during your turn. If at least one such model had the Daemon of Tzeentch special rule, score 2 Victory Points instead.

14 THE GLORY OF KHORNE

TYPE: CHAOS DAEMONS

Though all daemonic champions glory in slaying their rivals in personal combat, none can deny that it is Khorne’s lieutenants that are the greatest proponents of this bloody art.

Score 1 Victory Point at the end of your turn if at least one of your Character models killed an enemy in a challenge during your turn. If at least one of your victorious Character models had the Daemon of Khorne special rule, score 2 Victory Points instead.

15 THE DOMINION OF CHAOS

TYPE: CHAOS DAEMONS

The ultimate goal of the Dark Gods has always been to achieve absolute victory over the races of realspace and ensure the domination of its people under the oppressive yoke of Chaos.

Score D3 Victory Points at the end of your turn if you control more Objective Markers than your opponent.

16 THE GREAT GAME

TYPE: CHAOS DAEMONS

The Chaos Gods rarely share a common purpose, and even on the occasions that they do, it is impossible to tell exactly what they intend to achieve beyond indiscriminate slaughter. Such is the unfathomable nature of the Great Game they play.

Roll a dice at the end of each of your turns after generating this objective. Score that number of Victory Points at the end of your turn if you control the number of Objective Markers equal to the number rolled that turn.

DESIGNER'S NOTE – TACTICAL OBJECTIVES CARD DECK

If you own a deck of Chaos Daemons Tactical Objective Cards, you can generate your Tactical Objectives by shuffling the deck and drawing the top card instead of rolling a D66. These should be kept face up, so your opponent can see which Tactical Objectives you have generated, unless the mission you are playing instructs you otherwise.



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