

The Reclaimer Crusade: A 40k Story of the Primarchs In the 42nd Millenium

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The Reclaimer Crusade: A 40k Story of the Primarchs In the 42nd Millenium

by [AlasaidarTHE001](#)

Summary

Guilliman reawakens his Sister the eleventh Primarch under the Imperial Palace. Filled with Mixed feelings The two find themselves in a uniting of the Primarchs both chaotic and Loyalist in a battle of brothers where only one group can triumph. Awakened in an Imperium that None of them Recognize and Much less understand Guilliman Must lead his siblings to Reclaim what their father left for them and hopefully not loose all sense of the plot.

It is the Fourty Second Millenium and the Primarchs return from their exiles to face each other in combat.

In this Grim Dark Present in there is only war where brother fights brother.

Also Lots of family time with the Primarchs.

Notes

Important Lore Message: I Am not a Lore Expert. All Mistakes are my own. And Yes I have a female Primarch. I know its not Technically Lore Possible but more on that as the story Goes. Much of the Fluff is convoluted and the Gathering Storm was Shit so I feel I can be a little leeway.

Also I have included some of the If the Emperor Had A text to Speech Device CHarecterizations becuase i like them better. They may not fit as well but i think an ounce of humor is well deserved.

Also Also I don't take this universe as serious as i probably should. The Absoulte Scale of the Universe and the Excessive Dark Feel are not my style so if anyone is offended by this just don't read it. Hence the Tag of Grimdark Parody.

Chapter 1

The great Cathedral that was the imperial palace loomed like Mountain among the Massive towers of holy terra. The Huge golden shape thrust upwards and looked like a monument of power to the emperor's will. A Massive city In its own right. Its upward towers stood as a massive thrust of defiance to the ruinous powers that bayed at humanities door.

Roboute Guilliman Looked at the Millions of leagues that stretched in front of him. his armored hands gripped the massive railing as he looked across the sky toward the towers of Holy terra beyond. Guilliman looked away and turned back to the massive gates before him. his fingers pushed against the wall door which swung gently away from of him. the Palace was beyond massive and these halls had not been walked since his father the god emperor of Humanity had first constructed it. The caves below were carved by the emperors pure will. Guilliman looked at a small mural of the emperor. As Imperial Regent he was the power that ruled these halls and all that was below him.

He mind moved to a mural of his brothers this one a full five hundred meters in both directions. Father Demanded their respect but he had never earned it. Heresy perhaps but the emperor had made them Twenty weapons in his war for Human dominance of all the Galaxy. Hidden behind a façade of love. Guilliman looked at the mural Showing them. Perhaps that was why his father had purged their brothers for being weak but had never denounced Horus for betraying him. Horus was doing was weapons do being wielded.

The only issue with Horus he chose to be used against his maker.

Guilliman looked at the mural of Sanguinius. His Most beloved Brother. How much we could need you now. Guilliman's hand touched the mural in momentary lapse of judgement.

The mural shattered and fell to the round below them. Guilliman looked into the darkness of the hole that once been A mural to his brothers. He stepped through the gap. He had no problem seeing the dark. He was the emperor's son after all. He looked at the winding tunnel and decided it would be fair. He was after all something that father had hidden and that was meant to be seen.

He stepped down into the darkness and walked past the cobwebs and touched the arch way. their above him was a numeral.

XI or possibly XXI. Neither was possible. He stepped into the palace room and a terminal activated in front of him.

[authentication Required]

The terminal and its Servitor skull mount scanned him. Guilliman looked at it read his face.

[Lord Commander Ruboute Guilliman]

[Authentication Accepted]

The lights came on and some kind Of coffin surrounded by wires and tubes extending into the walls. the lid was solid sealed piece of solid metal. Guilliman walked over to it. the face was engraved with a massive boss of the Logo of the XI or XXI logo. Guilliman touched the symbol and the coffin's lid gave a subtle pop. Guilliman drew his sword and looked at the cloud of steam.

The figure who was close to his height but a bit thinner stepped out and extended hand with a glowing lance appearing in her hand.

Guilliman froze and lowered his sword. "impossible."

"Roboute!" the figure leaped out and tackled the Primach rapping its arms around him. Long

Scarlet curls of hair curled into three foot long tubes extended from its head as Guilliman looked at the coffin in shock. Had his brother been down here for so long?

The figure pulled off him and looked him in the eyes.

“so tell me?” thin lips parted in a smile. “how is father?”

Guilliman pulled back. “he is well. He said you were gone Julin.”

Julin looked at him with a smile but his shock was hidden behind his purple eyes. “It seems he told a different story to both sides of the situation.”

Ser Julin Sichelgaita the Martial Lord of Honor, Lord Protector of The Princess of Hafrika, The primarch of the eleventh legion and Crusher of Shengalian empire sat back on the plinth as a part of the wall extended and the a suit of armor was displayed for them. “And here I was thinking he loved us.”

“No I don’t think he did.” Guilliman looked him up and down.

Julin wiped a single tear. “And what of my brothers?”

“We missed you always for it was no fault of your own.” Guilliman looked as the armor extended at the ready. “we could have used you.”

“well good to know that at least one of you admits to missing me.” Julin walked over to the Armor and calmly stepped inside. “It is strange to see you alone and here of all places? Wouldn’t you better be on McCragge?”

“I’m Imperial Regent currently so I have to protect the empire and that means I have to kick the high lords of terror into action.” Guilliman turned away.

“Meaning something happened to Father.” Julin flexed in his Coral colored armor. The Deep Coral Color was inlaid on the armor with a short cape and a long skirt like cloth hanging to the ground but not dragging under foot. “I would have assumed Horus or Dorn would have been chosen.”

“there is much to discuss.”

A hand touched his massive blue shoulders. “be calm Brother With or without father we can do this together. All of us.”

Guilliman looked at his Once thought dead Brother. “We maybe the only Brothers left Julin.”

“Sister actually.” Julin touched his face. “Father never told you did he.”

Guilliman walked with Julin through the palace. “it seems father never told us a lot.”

“It is surprising it took me so much time to figure out my own secret.” Julin walked with him their massive steps towering over the other attendants. “I would have thought you would have noticed as well.”

“maybe the obvious is still beyond me.”

A group of sisters of silence Stood at the ready at the broken wall of glass which was spread across the floor. The group looked up at two approaching Primarchs.

Julin looked at the sisters of Silence with a snide smile. “Brother may I have these?”

“they are needed to Guard fathers Golden Throne.” Guilliman spoke with her.

Julinha nodded. “then I need to speak with our father.”

Julin walked through the doors to the golden throne past the custodians. Guilliman watched the doors closed.

Guilliman stood outside the doors to the Golden throne when a shuffling mass of mechanical modules came over to him and displayed the face of Belisarius Cawl.

“Imperial Regent?” Cawl Minor spoke to him.

“What is it Cawl?” Guilliman spoke thinly.

“Is it now evident that we should create legions from the Purged Gene Seed? The rise of a fully functional Primarch is not proof of the viability of such Gene seed? Would it not be a boon on our?”

“No.”

“But My lord Such an advantage would be great now we now that such a thing can be functional. This time can not be overlooked in the desperate time.”

The door opened and Guilliman looked as Julin stepped out her Long Curls of scarlet Hair hanging around her.

“Father has named me Abbess of The Adepta Sororitas.” Julin smiled At Guilliman. “I asked about our brothers but he was as he always is. Negligent in the truth.”

“Lady Abbess.” Cawl spoke up. “I implore you to consider use the Geneseed of your own creation to create Primaris Marines to Aid in our war.”

“No Magos.” Julinha looked at the Hologram of Cawl. “If Father were to rise tomorrow would it not be Our Heresy. It is only due to the desperation of the time that I am allowed to walk these halls and take my place before my brothers. Now Magos Go back to your creations.”

Guilliman looked at her. “welcome Abbess Julin.”

“Abbess Julinha.” The now named Julinha smiled at him. “I will need a ship and some of my sisters to form My legion again.”

“Given I wrote a codex about the creating a chapter.” Guilliman went on to explain the Codex Astartes. Julinha listen on but smiled as she listened to her brother explain his book. It was a silly idea.

“brother have you really implemented this?” Julinha asked of him.

“I have but I fear that times may have passed for their skills.” Guilliman stood with her in one part of the Imperial palace.

“Brother?”

“Yes?”

“Are you not a skilled tactician and one of the best in the galaxy.” Julinha suggested as the looked at a mural of the Emperor.

“I can see your point but I might have been a fool.”

“no. You did what you thought was right. There is no fault.” Julinha looked at the mural.

“You figured out that if you were wounded you asked Cawl to be prepared if you went down.”

“I never told Cawl to do that. Whoever he dealt with was not me but I went along with it since It was because he was able to resurrected me.” Guilliman looked at her. “how did you know you were a woman?”

“I just figured it out after looking in a mirror.” Julinha looked at him. “and it explained why my legion was weaker and so harder to create new marines. With the fact I learned so much about myself and the future of the my legion.”

“so father locked you away.”

“I understand his reasons even if the actions weakened us overall.” Julinha put a hand on his shoulder. “But we can fix this now.”

“How?”

“we will find a way brother.” Julinha looked in his eyes. “in this darkness we will face it together as one united people. In this Grim Future we will stand strong as a blinding light in this darkness.”

The two looked upon each others face. Guilliman’s lip quivered.

“But we’re brothers.”

“I know.” Julinha tapped his face. “Your reading into this too much.”

There was a bright light in the sky a small meteorite came shooting toward the palace. The palace guns shot at the single drop pod.

“who would be crazy enough to drop pod into the palace?” Guilliman ran to grab a sword. Julinha looked around for a weapon. “brother I need a weapon.”

One of the sisters of Silence offered her a Bolter. “thank you sister.” Julinha nodded to the woman and they ran toward the crashing drop pod.

The drop pod was hit several times and blasted through the roof and crashed into one of the halls of the Imperial Palace. The drop pod smashed down and broke open with force. The massive man stepped from the Drop pod with a massive cloth wrapped bundle bound to his shoulders with iron chains held tight over his broken armor chest pieces. The man flicked the long blonde hair out of his face and climbed down the massive hall when he was beset upon the Custodians. He lifted his Axe and roared his fanged mouth.

“stop where you are!” Guilliman stepped over to him and stood to face him.

“Roboute?” the Blonde man looked at Him As Julinha came around the corner.

“Leman?” Guilliman looked shocked. Julinha touched his arm and walked toward the blonde man. The Bolter hung at her hip.

“Hello Brother.” Julinha touched his chest piece. “your home.”

Russ sniffed her. “You smell like Julin but your not quite Julin.”

“well father did Make me a woman.” Julinha looked at him with a smile. “so what did you get us?”

Russ slapped her on the shoulder and headed toward Guilliman who he hugged close to his chest. “good to see you both. I have to get to father.”

The cloth bag moved under the chains. Julinha touched it. Her hair floated and she smelled faint flowery smell.

“What did you bring for father?” Julinha asked the three Primarch’s marched to fathers door.

“a gift that maybe able to heal father.” Russ marched through the doors which closed behind him.

“Well isn’t it quite fortuitous to have our brother returned to us?” Julinha smiled at her brother.

“it is almost too good to be true.” Guilliman looked around him.

Russ returned to them. “it will take time for Father to return to us.”

“SO what did you bring father?”

“the Tree of Life.” Russ looked at them. “now a drink would do. Strong if you have it.”

The three settled down when a message came to them. Russ was deep into his tankard.

“My lords.” The dark Angel spoke to them. “My Primarch would like to meet with you.”

Guilliman looked at The man. “send him in.”

Julinha took a drink of her glass. “Oh don’t be such a prude.”

“Yeah Roboute Lighten up.” Russ slapped Julinha on the shoulder. “so I have a battle Sister now?”

“yes father didn’t seem to want a Daughter.”

“Well” Guilliman sighed. “No woman could survive a Gene-seed transplantation.”

“Bah.” Russ slammed his glass to the table. “I could find a bunch of Fenrisian Shield Maidens to Be Space Marines! I mean if our father couldn’t find a Terran to become a Woman Space Marine But if we looked into the Sisters of Battle we’d find someone.”

“Sisters of battle?” Julinha asked.

“They’re the ecclesiarchy’s woman soldiers who are about as fanatic as Astartes and have frequently shown their incredible skill and strength to challenge the Astartes in battle. They love the fire and often assist in crusades.” Guilliman explained.

“Oh those crazy battle Sisters.” Russ laughed. “Aye they will kill anything that Father things is not on his skills.”

Lionel Johnson came into the room. "Imperial Regent."

"Brother." Guilliman steps over to him.

"Oh Its Lord Sword In the Mud." Russ stood up. "so what do you want?"

"I have come to lend my skills to my fathers empire as the rightful Warmaster." Johnson looked at them.

Russ burst out laughing. "oh brother look in the room. You think you have chance in this company?"

Julinha grabbed his hair. "be nice you two."

"I see your still a heretic Sister." Johnson said.

"You knew?" Guilliman said.

"of course I knew." Johnson said.

Julinha rolled her eyes. "you are such a strange brother. DO you want a hug."

"no." Johnson gripped his sword handle.

Julinha walked over to him and hugged him. Johnson held himself very still.

Julinha released him and looked at Guilliman who was staring at the people.

"so shall we adjourn to the Meeting chamber."

The council of Primarchs sat around the massive table that was sequestered deep within the imperial palace. The table was carved from a slab of heavy stone inlaid with the sigils of the twenty Primarchs laid out on the table arrayed in numerical order. the four Primarchs were seated in there respective spots with Julinha seated near to Guilliman who was standing to address the others. Lionel Johnson was seated in his seat and Russ was having a massive mug of Ale in his seat having just crashed through the roof not too long ago.

"SO few remain." Julinha ran a finger through her long tubes of Scarlet hair.

Guilliman looked at the two other Primarchs. "Our sister has a point."

Russ picked his teeth and breathed slowly. "And top of all things we lack a way to kill our fallen brothers. Though I understand not for a lack of trying Eh Guilliman?"

"Mortarian, And Magnus." Johnson leaned on the table. "chaos reacts."

"And the Next Batch of Primaris is still the thralls of Creation."

"I wish Dorn was here." Guilliman noted.

"Well he isn't though we know what he would suggest." Russ looked around the table.

The room was Quiet. Guilliman smiled. "he would order his entire legion together and have them defend holy terra."

Julinha chuckled at the joke.

The group looked at each other.

"so what can we do." Guilliman looked around them.

"I need to work on my combat skills." Julinha smiled at them. "I've been out of practice for a long time."

"You sister need to stop smiling." Johnson looked at her. "your presence is infectious to the dire nature of our cause."

Guilliman looked Johnson. "I remember when it was the three of us against the entire force of the imperium."

"so Guilliman did you rethink your Actions?"

"all the time." Guilliman noted. "what I would give if Sanguinius were here now."

"Yes his presence would be a blessing." Johnson noted. "I wonder perhaps if Only Father fell instead of our brother."

Russ lunged at him. Johnson grabbed his sword. Gulliman was off his chair and dragged Johnson away. Julinha grabbed Russ and held his sword arm.

“Enough you two.” Guilliman lead Johnson away. “remember brothers our own Troubled history and that only together can our fathers legacy be saved from certain doom. We must present a united front.”

Russ looked at Johnson With anger. “I know heresy when I see it.”

“Brother.” Julinha held him back. “You know that father locked me away for my genetic shame.”

“Yes he even told others that I had killed you. It is that false anger that I hold as my perhaps only grudge against our father.” Russ looked away.

Julinha kissed him on the cheek. “your such a good puppy sometimes.”

Guilliman smiled in spite of himself. Johnson coughed and walked off. “I will ask for your forgiveness to my Slight against our father’s good name.”

“I will forgive you brother.” Russ grinned and extended his hand.

“then you will accept my position as Warmaster.” Johnson extended his hand.

“By the moons of Fenris I will never call you Warmaster.” Russ shook his hand. “just saying.”

“good you two can end this little squabble.” Julinha smiled at them. “We are a strong family divided, broken and fighting but a family regardless. In pain and forgiveness our bonds are made strong again.”

Guilliman looked at his sister. Father had locked away the one they had loved beyond all others. The one that had made Horus and the Khan laugh. The one that had Broken through Dorn’s hard exterior. If only father had seen how her wholesome innocent built on a life of kind raising by simple peasants and knightly Chivalry and how her strength of will in the face of sheer demise could have lead others to reconsider their choices. Instead father’s hatred of Genetic impurities had lead him to seal away his child for the crime of being not one of his so called sons. Guilliman harbored his treason in his heart and knew that the new empire they stood on was the most important one of all previous millennium. This was an empire in transition and war would be supplemented with internal Strife which would bring the empire to face the lingering corruption that had driven deep into its very heart. The Imperial worlds were dark with Corruption and it was not the darkness of Chaos which could be purged with violence and few millions casualties. This was rot that tore at humanities soul and they would need each other more than ever. Father’s most stringent dictates would need to be tempered in the cold hard reality of a war needed for victory.

“So” Julinha smiles. “so are we going to going on Crusade?”

“oh I cannot wait.” Russ grinned. “we should look for our brothers and gather up to deal with our former brothers. We will need to work together.”

“I will be fine.” Johnson walked off. “I will call if I need help.”

Julinha sighed. “come on lets go on without him.”

The three sat at the council table and looked at a holo map of the Galaxy. Russ scratched his elbow pit. “You know I can’t help imagine how much things have changed.”

“its not all a bad thing.” Julinha looked at the map.

“How so?” Guilliman said in depression and taking a seat. “All we fought for is gone replaced with a religious order where our children believe that we are the sons of a god. Is their any good we can gain from this?”

“we now have greater authority over the Imperium than ever before.” Julinha smiled. “We are the highest authority in the imperium with only father higher than us. We can command anyone in the imperium and can remove and control the imperium at all levels. The superstition of the Imperium allows us to control them with absolute loyalty. And we can teach our own Chapters as we see fit. If you wish to teach them to think logically. I would

however consider it dangerous to spread the imperial Truth since it might be pretty dangerous that can lead to a much wider spreading of Chaos than what Has already spread among the people.”

The four Primarchs sat in silence for a moment knowing that every step they took was farther from the imperium that the emperor had built. Guilliman spoke up.

“Then we do what is right for our people.” His voice and vote was final.

The lion turned and left. Russ looked after him.

“SO can you let Magnus out so I can kill him?”

“He’ll find his own way out.” Julinha smiles. “he’s clever like that.”

“He’ll find his own way out.” Julinha smiles. “he’s clever like that.”

"Aye that is he is." Russ laughed. "still he wouldn't have fallen if not for Horus Lying to me".

"and if I remember what you told me" Julinha Pointed at Guilliman. "you said Horus was turned By Lorgar who Fell to chaos after Father wouldn't let him worship Father as a god."

"yes I was there when he was rebuked." Guilliman nodded sadly.

"So this is fathers fault." Julinah suggested with a smirk.

"Nah Sister this Is Lorgar's Fault for being Such a bloody Milksop." Russ smiled as he chugged his glass. "I mean who goes out of their way to worship shit."

"much of modern Imperium." Guilliman looked at his notes.

"Hey their allowed to be weak will Milksops because there just human citizens. Lorgar was our brother and if our Sister can out tough him in a straight fight then he's not worthy to be called one of us." Russ finished his Ale. "weak willed Milksop Chaos worshipping coward."

Julinha smiled. "so we all agree that this is all Lorgars fault for being a weak willed man who clung to something to worship when he should have had more confidence?"

"Yes?." Guilliman said weakly.

"Damn right sister." Russ looked under the table. "So we gonna crusade?"

"once Everything is in order." Guilliman noted. "I just got back from crusade where I nearly got killed by Mortarion."

"is Perturabo a demon prince now?" Julinha asked.

"last time I checked." Guilliman looked at his notes.

"Good I need to get him back for insulting my Legion." Julinha leaned back in her chair.

Deep with the swirling chaos Lorgar felt a pin prick in his ass. He always got these when people talked about. He was not too pleased about it either.

"well maybe its time for a True Black Crusade" He said to the empty room. "I mean fourteen times is the charm right."

Failbaddon gets Stomped

Chapter Summary

Russ explains how he escaped The Eye of Terror
Julinha talks with her Brother about the Aldari
And Failbaddon is still a failure of Horus's Legacy.

The Primarch of the Salamanders awoke on the operating Table and looking around the brightly lit room that surrounded him. It was Xenos obviously but was small in its scale obviously not build for Space Marines.

"I see you are awake." A blue person walked over to him. Vulkan looked down at him with his Blackened Skin and deep red eyes. Vulkan sat up.

"I am. I feel that a great deal of time has passed."

"Yes we found you killing Orcs while become one of them at the same time. We defeated you and have been purging the Orc Fungus from your body." The blue man sat down with his Red armor very clean. "it was a simple process but very hard to get it right."

"I thank you." Vulkan stood up. "so tell me where am I"

"You are on My ship the last vessel of the once Farsight Enclaves." The Blue man looked his massive guest.

"and I am to assume that you are their leader." Vulkan looked at him. "so in the end I need to repay you."

"what can you tell me about These Beings." The Blue man showed him an image.

"ah Chaos marines." Vulkan stood. "do you have my armor?"

"Yes." The Blue man Asked. "How do you beat them?"

"I will explain everything I know But first I must reach my Legion." Vulkan looked at him.

"If you come with me I will show you to the library of the inquisition to help you purge these heretics."

"And if I refuse."

"I can sense you flee your own people but I can give you protection with the arms of the imperium." Vulkan looked at the small Blue man. "tell me your name and I will give you a strong offer of Allegiance to your empire."

"I am Shas'O Vior'la Shovah Kais Mont'yr, You may call me O'Shovah." The Blue man looked at him. "I was banished from the very lands I conquered by the Ehtereal council that conquered My homes and put them to the sword. I must protect my people from their retribution."

"I understand for I am a leader of my own Small empire, for my sons will have need of me as well." Vulkan finished putting on his armor. "for this I will tell you all I know about chaos."

Farsight nodded then let us talk.

In the distance a Very Large Orc ship Came closer to the Planet. At the helm a Massive mechanical Warboss ate one of the knobs.

"Da boy 'oo kills da shiny 'oo kilt da beast get ta be da next warlord? I'z gonna get 'dat shiny

boy myself I'z gonna!" the Warboss laughed. "ya may be green but Iz 'da greenest dere iz!" The Orc Warship shot toward the planet. As Farsights hship began to pick up speed on its pat toward Nocturne the Orc Ship followed him.

Julinha looked out over the railing at holy terra's immeasurable surface and labyrinthine subsurface that lead deep below the city itself into the core of the planet itself. It was a plague. A dark shadow the lived like rot under the surface of the gilded imperium. A single tear fell as she looked out at the monstrosity that was father's imperium. A festering decaying and toxic monstrosity of what her father had tried to create. Father had wanted a Galaxy that would have blessed humanity and carried it into the future with grace and strength into the Galaxy where they would be better off. But they were held down by Father itself. Their need of stability and the cruel institutions that allowed those in power to exploit humanity for its own gain. Julinha had come from a world that had so few people that those who found her had found a girl who had been raised by animals. Julinha had taught them how to live with them and to respect Father had found them.

The sound of steps came loudly over to her.

"Sister what do you watch?" Johnson asked her.

"the fall of fathers empire." Julinha looked at him. "it's a pity that we need to use the Inquisition and the Ecclesiarch."

"they are control we need to use." Johnson looked at her. "you look far different than I remember."

"I think my father had a plan for me when he had me placed in stasis." Julinha looked at the city. "father seemed to change me over the course of these long years."

Johnson looked at the city. "what do you think that he had for you decided."

"I do not know. But I am not nearly as strong or as durable as I was before. Now I fear father took my strength and Made me more Feminine." Julinha looked at the air passing through her hand. "I fear that father may have blinded by his feelings."

"And what was it perhaps that you see?"

"I was purged for being Female and the Second Legion fell through time and thus lost forever. Yet father made no attempt to purge Those who betrayed our father and chose to worship Horus against him. Yet Horus was always the favored brother so I wonder if Father chose to keep Horus as symbol as he did what he was intended to do."

"do not think that sister." Johnson touched her smooth feather inscribed armored shoulder.

"Father fell at Horus's blow like Beloved Sanguinius."

"Yes It is so." Russ came over to them. "I admit I have sadness to what had to be done."

"Yes Guilliman said it was your task to purge My legion." Julinha smiled at her. "I'm glad to say that the beloved pup took care to make sure it was done well."

"You were our greatest weapon our Strategic Genius and Master of Unconventional tactics," Russ smiled at her. "I admit it is my deepest sadness."

Julinha touched him on the cheek. "oh hush your still the best pet."

Johnson and Russ watched her walk toward the council room.

"Her scars never healed." Russ noted, Referring to her facial scars.

"yes they are still there from when she and Snaguinius threw down with no weapons. She put up one hell of a fight." Johnson walked with his brother.

Guilliman sat at the council room arguing Cawl on the screens. "what do you mean your creating them?"

"the possession of Geneseed made it necessary that we use it."

"but creating Dusk Raiders?" Guilliman looked ready to flip the huge stone table into orbit.

“it was the least worst option given the internal strife within the legion and the original legions disdain for Mortarian.” Cawl was saying. “they would be a great asset if trained to hate there once brethren.”

“ArchMagos.” Julinha came into the room. Her battle skirl hung slack. “I believe the regent gave you an order.”

“My lady.” Cawl looked at her.

“As much as your logic is true it is not what we need know. The Dusk Raiders will be useful in our quest as long they can be conditioned to fight against their own Kind. You understand of course , Arch Magos?” Julinha took Guilliman’s hand. “further deviance will involve us sending over a direct advisor to take personal command of the Mechanicum.”

Guilliman looked at her in shock.

“I understand my lady.” Cawl bowed. “with your permission.”

Guilliman looked at her. “what were you suggesting?”

“I was merely proposing a solution that need not think about.” Julinha slid over to her seat at the table. “then let us keep it calm.”

Johnson and Russ who had entered during the tail end of the conversation looked on in surprise.

“I would be honored of course but I think that such an honor might be better left as a threat rather than reality.” Vulkan took his seat. “we have things to discuss.”

“yes we do.” Guilliman took his seat and pulled up the map of the galaxy.

Many hours later Julinha spoke up. “so our brother Khan is chasing the Dark Eldar In the Webway with support of their Brethren?”

“Yes He is hoping to lead a crusade against their City Commoragh.”

“is their anyway to breech into this City directly that we possess?”

“what are you proposing sister?” Russ looked at her with interest.

“well I was thinking about using one enemy to attack this Commoragh directly. What If we were able to lure a tyrranid Hive fleet into the Web Way? would they not be able to hunt down this Commoragh and the resulting Genocide would be the destruction of one of our dangerous enemies.”

“How would one do this?”

“I think Cawl with his obsession with these Necron Artifacts would be delighted to tear open this Webway and unleash these Monsters on these Slave taking servants of Chaos.”

The room was quiet.

“That’s a horrendously stupid idea.” Russ grinned. “I love it.”

Gulliman held his hands. “this is why I wrote the Codex Astartes.”

“Because I come up with such inventive plans or because you never had me to help you write it.” Julinha smiled. “because I think the drop pod chapter was amusing in all the ways it can be beaten by simple planning.”

“That is a sore sentiment sister.” Johnson noted. “our Dark Brother was a bit of psychopath who tortured our brother near to death.”

“Konrad was always that type of person.” Julinha looked at her brothers. “I’m baffled that none of you suspected that Lorgar Kruze and Angron were going to betray us? They all hated Father for various reasons and were not quiet about it.”

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“perhaps we should Adjourn for Feasting.” Russ noted.

Guilliman stood on the balcony his combat fists gripping the far too small railing. Julinha came over to him. “I see things have changed.”

“What do you mean?”

“even with father over our shoulders we would tear each other apart for no reason.” Julinha looked out at the city before them. “We are a terrible family.”

“No.” Guilliman said. “father was to blame. We loved even our most demented brothers even if their upbringings were disastrous and we might have bickered we still loved each other.”

“No we didn’t.” Julinha looked at him coldly. “Some of us loved each other but mostly we divided into our own subfamilies to hate each other in our private groups.”

Guilliman was silent but kept his feeling to himself.

“So brother” Julinha touched his shoulder. “I heard about your resurrection and how you were assisted by one of these Anari.”

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“because I here that their leader was a Female Eldar of some Incredible Beauty.” Julinha smiled. “tell did you admire her beauty?”

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“perhaps a alliance with her would benefit the Imperium. Maybe that would allow us the technology knowledge to complete father’s Webway project.”

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Inside the Death Guard heard the hull being ripped to pieces as Russ tore into the ship and

ripped the walls inward and charged the halls. Bolter rounds tore through the ship and bodies smashed into the fleshy walls of the ship as Russ tore the Death Guard into chunks of diseased flesh that spilled splurging puss all over the walls. Russ smashed onto the bridge his Axe impaling the commander in the shoulder. Russ tore the Axe from the neck of the man and raised his sword on the Navigator who was a festering mass with wires reaching into the ship's hull. Russ rammed his sword into the navigator which pulsed with feeling and blasted the ship into the warp and violently rocked the ship to its core. Russ looked at the wounded Commander.

"they will destroy you."

Russ cleaved his head from his shoulder. "Let them come."

Abaddon the Despoiler sat at his throne calmly tapping his Claw of Horus on the arm of the throne while smiling malevolent forces before him.

"My soldiers our thirteenth black crusade was a success beyond hope. We were able to breach the first massive great gate that was Cadia and now our success has brought us closer to the conquest of terra and the death of the false emperor!"

The mob cheered. The many armored Chaos marine Slammed their weapons together revving their chain swords and stamping their feet.

"Yes yes brothers but the end is still unfulfilled. SO I call forth this crusade to begin! I call forth the fourteenth Black Crusade to begin!"

The Ship shook under the cheering of his men. it was at that point a ship breached the warp and rammed into the Ship that Abaddon was standing on shaking the ship to the core and sending him crashing to the ground.

"who dares attack My Ship!" Abaddon shouted at his horde of Chaos monstrosity. "Kill them dead."

The massive explosion tore through the ship and sent a massive shockwave of toxic sludge all over the ship poisoning many thousands of his men and driving him back. Abaddon looked in shock as the ship tipped violently and began to fall into the star they were orbiting. "damn you all. Kill them all."

A helmeted head bounced down the hall. Bolters fired the hall among screams of the Black Legion Soldiers who were torn asunder through the shadows. Bodies shattered in the darkness and Abaddon pulled out his sword and stood ready. Bodies fell and smashed as the figure stepped into the light.

Russ looked at Abaddon who shook in fear.

"I can smell your fear boy." Russ smirked.

Abaddon looked at his men around him. "kill this Monster of the False emperor!"

Twenty chaos Marines charged across the space and all swung their Massive Chain Swords in a massive joint attack. Russ's sword swung in a brutal arch of cleaving might. The Twenty men fell to the ground having been cut completely in half. Russ looked at Abaddon who in the sight of his men chopped to pieces turned and fled.

"Kill Him!" Abaddon charged toward the back of the ship screaming as he did so. "kill him in the name of true Emperor!"

Russ charged after him. Bolters fired at Russ who shrugged it off like working through the snow.

Abaddon screamed at His men. "Get those heavy weapons up and ready! Kill him where he stands!"

Russ kicked in a door and was faced by many chaos Marines with heavy bolters which let loose a heavy rain of explosive shells shooting at Russ.

"Kill Him! Kill him Dead!" Abaddon screamed as Russ dived to the side and tossed

something at the men.

The Melta Bomb landed next to the men and exploded violently tearing the decks apart and sent men smashing into the ground in charred hunks of flesh and disintegrated Armor bounced around the room. One of the Heavy bolters landed next to Russ who picked it up and fired several short bursts that crushed the men who took the precision shots. Heads and torso exploded and flew off into the depths of the ships. Abaddon screamed and bolted off into the ship. Russ chased after him the roar from his fanged mouth shaking the ship to the core. Abaddon crashed into the cathedral and looked for more men to throw at him. Abaddon panted and looked around him.

Russ kicked in the door and saw the Traitor standing in the center of a hallowed Cathedral with its massive Alter Desecrated by the taint of chaos. Russ shook her anger and raged coursing through his reins. Abaddon raised his sword.

“Die you coward!” he charged at Russ’s neck with a single desperate attempt to kill the enemy that had doomed him by his presence. Russ charged at him with his strength renewed power and the sword came lunging at his neck.

Russ’s fanged mouth came down on the blade of the sword shattering it with a single deadly bite that shattered the blade into pieces and killed its demon soul. Russ spat a broken blade from his mouth.

Abaddon looked at him in shock. “how could you? My demon Blade!”

Russ stabbed him in the shoulder with his sword. “you dare desecrate this holy site!”

Abaddon screamed in a very high-pitched voice. Russ sank his Axe into his other Shoulder.

“So I Will sacrifice you to the empire!”

Abaddon screamed in shock and pain. Russ stood tall and kicked him in the chest and Abaddon screamed at him when Russ ripped with both weapons to the sides and tearing both of Abaddon arms cleanly off his shoulders. Abaddon’s Clawed hand crashed against the wall and twitched violently. Abaddon screamed and looked at his bleeding holes pooling in a massive black bloody pool underneath him and he could do nothing but scream in the pain. Abaddon fell back and Russ lifted him up and slammed him violently into the desecrated Alter before impaling him in place with Abaddon’s shattered sword. Russ looked at the armless man and drew a bolt pistol from his belt and shot him in the jaw to silence his screaming. The first shot blew off his jaw. The second shot blew out his eye. The third blew out his tongue silencing him into a gurgling mess. Russ selected the claw off the ground and tucked it into his place. It was a worthy trophy.

Russ walked to the bridge and set the engines toward the star they were orbiting and set the engines to burn killing any Black Legion members he happened to come across. He got into a ship and headed for an imperial world. It had been a hard fight but one he had succeeded at doing. Now he need to find a way to use the bundle he had stolen from Nurgle’s Garden to fix father. He didn’t think a single thought for what had happened to Abaddon that day. If he had known his reaction might have been different.

The ship fell toward the star as the void shields struggled against the stars radiation. Abaddon felt the heat burning the ship to the core and reaching the inner engines and detonating them in a massive explosion. Abaddon gurgled in humiliation as the fire burned into the ship and burned him into pieces charring him into a piece of charred flesh. Abaddon prayed to the chaos gods.

If I live I will bring chaos to every world in the universe and will kill all that live. Abaddon was able to mental get out before he was burned to a crisp.

His prayer was answered but the chaos gods were sneaky bastards and Abaddon was discarded on board a massive starship fortress monastery. Abaddon looked up to see the great

hall decorated with the symbols of the chaos undivided with the room covered in power.

“I see we have a guest.” The Demon Primarch Lorgar looked away from his conversation with Demon Primarch Perturabo.

“not for long.” Perturabo shot Abaddon a few times with his wrist guns.

“Now dear brother why did you do that to one of our fellow brothers.” Lorgar smiled cruelly.

“he’s a pathetic excuse of a demon.” Perturabo said his tone not changing.

“true true still might as well end it.” Lorgar raised his pistol and blew Abaddon across the floor in a splattering of guts and tissue. “now where were we? Oh yes killing our dear siblings.”

Perturabo looked at him and inwardly wanted to run him through the chest.

Orkz, Armless, and the Council of primarchs

Chapter Summary

Vulkan Comes home
a Ork Causes chaos
Russ Humilaites Abaddon the Despoiler
More 40k Antics

The Primarch of the Salamanders awoke on the operating Table and looking around the brightly lit room that surrounded him. It was Xenos obviously but was small in its scale obviously not build for Space Marines.

"I see you are awake." A blue person walked over to him. Vulkan looked down at him with his Blackened Skin and deep red eyes. Vulkan sat up.

"I am. I feel that a great deal of time has passed."

"Yes we found you killing Orcs while become one of them at the same time. We defeated you and have been purging the Orc Fungus from your body." The blue man sat down with his Red armor very clean. "it was a simple process but very hard to get it right."

"I thank you." Vulkan stood up. "so tell me where am I"

"You are on My ship the last vessel of the once Farsight Enclaves." The Blue man looked his massive guest.

"and I am to assume that you are their leader." Vulkan looked at him. "so in the end I need to repay you."

"what can you tell me about These Beings." The Blue man showed him an image.

"ah Chaos marines." Vulkan stood. "do you have my armor?"

"Yes." The Blue man Asked. "How do you beat them?"

"I will explain everything I know But first I must reach my Legion." Vulkan looked at him.

"If you come with me I will show you to the library of the inquisition to help you purge these heretics."

"And if I refuse."

"I can sense you flee your own people but I can give you protection with the arms of the imperium." Vulkan looked at the small Blue man. "tell me your name and I will give you a strong offer of Allegiance to your empire."

"I am Shas'O Vior'la Shovah Kais Mont'yr, You may call me O'Shovah." The Blue man looked at him. "I was banished from the very lands I conquered by the Ehtereal council that conquered My homes and put them to the sword. I must protect my people from their retribution."

"I understand for I am a leader of my own Small empire, for my sons will have need of me as well." Vulkan finished putting on his armor. "for this I will tell you all I know about chaos." Farsight nodded then let us talk.

In the distance a Very Large Orc ship Came closer to the Planet. At the helm a Massive mechanical Warboss ate one of the knobs.

“Da boy 'oo kills da shiny 'oo kilt da beast get ta be da next warlord? I'z gonna get 'dat shiny boy myself I'z gonna!” the Warboss laughed. “ya may be green but Iz ‘da greenest dere iz!” The Orc Warship shot toward the planet. As Farsights hship began to pick up speed on its pat toward Nocturne the Orc Ship followed him.

Julinha looked out over the railing at holy terra’s immeasurable surface and labyrinthine subsurface that lead deep below the city itself into the core of the planet itself. It was a plague. A dark shadow the lived like rot under the surface of the gilded imperium. A single tear fell as she looked out at the monstrosity that was father’s imperium. A festering decaying and toxic monstrosity of what her father had tried to create. Father had wanted a Galaxy that would have blessed humanity and carried it into the future with grace and strength into the Galaxy where they would be better off. But they were held down by Father itself. Their need of stability and the cruel institutions that allowed those in power to exploit humanity for its own gain. Julinha had come from a world that had so few people that those who found her had found a girl who had been raised by animals. Julinha had taught them how to live with them and to respect Father had found them.

The sound of steps came loudly over to her.

“Sister what do you watch?” Johnson asked her.

“the fall of fathers empire.” Julinha looked at him. “it’s a pity that we need to use the Inquisition and the Ecclesiarch.”

“they are control we need to use.” Johnson looked at her. “you look far different than I remember.”

“I think my father had a plan for me when he had me placed in stasis.” Julinha looked at the city. “father seemed to change me over the course of these long years.”

Johnson looked at the city. “what do you think that he had for you decided.”

“I do not know. But I am not nearly as strong or as durable as I was before. Now I fear father took my strength and Made me more Feminine.” Julinha looked at the air passing through her hand. “I fear that father may have blinded by his feelings.”

“And what was it perhaps that you see?”

“I was purged for being Female and the Second Legion fell through time and thus lost forever. Yet father made no attempt to purge Those who betrayed our father and chose to worship Horus against him. Yet Horus was always the favored brother so I wonder if Father chose to keep Horus as symbol as he did what he was intended to do.”

“do not think that sister.” Johnson touched her smooth feather inscribed armored shoulder.

“Father fell at Horus’s blow like Beloved Sanguinius.”

“Yes It is so.” Russ came over to them. “I admit I have sadness to what had to be done.”

“Yes Guilliman said it was your task to purge My legion.” Julinha smiled at her. “I’m glad to say that the beloved pup took care to make sure it was done well.”

“You were our greatest weapon our Strategic Genius and Master of Unconventional tactics,” Russ smiled at her. “I admit it is my deepest sadness.”

Julinha touched him on the cheek. “oh hush your still the best pet.”

Johnson and Russ watched her walk toward the council room.

“Her scars never healed.” Russ noted, Referring to her facial scars.

“yes they are still there from when she and Snaguinius threw down with no weapons. She put up one hell of a fight.” Johnson walked with his brother.

Guilliman sat at the council room arguing Cawl on the screens. “what do you mean your creating them?”

“the possession of Geneseed made it necessary that we use it.”

“but creating Dusk Raiders?” Guilliman looked ready to flip the huge stone table into orbit. “it was the least worst option given the internal strife within the legion and the original legions distain for Mortarian.” Cawl was saying. “they would be a great asset if trained to hate there once brethren.”

“ArchMagos.” Julinha came into the room. Her battle skirl hung slack. “I believe the regent gave you an order.”

“My lady.” Cawl looked at her.

“As much as your logic is true it is not what we need know. The Dusk Raiders will be useful in our quest as long they can be conditioned to fight against their own Kind. You understand of course , Arch Magos?” Julinha took Guilliman’s hand. “further deviance will involve us sending over a direct advisor to take personal command of the Mechanicum.”

Guilliman looked at her in shock.

“I understand my lady.” Cawl bowed. “with your permission.”

Guilliman looked at her. “what were you suggesting?”

“I was merely proposing a solution that need not think about.” Julinha slid over to her seat at the table. “then let us keep it calm.”

Johnson and Russ who had entered during the tail end of the conversation looked on in surprise.

Johnson looked at the table. “we have things to discuss.”

“yes we do.” Guilliman took his seat and pulled up the map of the galaxy.

Many hours later Julinha spoke up. “so our brother Khan is chasing the Dark Eldar In the Webway with support of their Brethren?”

“Yes He is hoping to lead a crusade against their City Commorragh.”

“is their anyway to breech into this City directly that we possess?”

“what are you proposing sister?” Russ looked at her with interest.

“well I was thinking about using one enemy to attack this Commorragh directly. What If we were able to lure a tyrranid Hive fleet into the Web Way? Would they not be able to hunt down this Commoragh and the resulting Genocide would be the destruction of one of our dangerous enemies.”

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"Now dear brother why did you do that to one of our fellow brothers." Lorgar smiled cruelly.

"he's a pathetic excuse of a demon." Perturabo said his tone not changing.

"true true still might as well end it." Lorgar raised his pistol and blew Abaddon across the floor in a splattering of guts and tissue. "now where were we? Oh yes killing our dear siblings."

Perturabo looked at him and inwardly wanted to run him through the chest.

Julinha pulled out her combat knife. It was similar to a throwing knife and yet was made of Adamantine from a piece given to her by Konrad Curze which he had saved from digging himself out of his hell hole home world. She looked at it calmly. It was a beautiful piece of weaponry cooled in the holiest of water from her birthing pod blessed by father. It was a perfect smooth sheened piece of adamantine coated with silver and coated in a holy blessing that could banish the daemons of the warp. Strange the Conrad had given it to her of all people. She remembered kissing him on the cheek the first time they had met. Konrad had looked shocked and fearful but surprisingly relaxed at the same time. He had a good heart in his chest somewhere among all the darkness. She slid it into her belt and looked upon the massive Chain sword that her sister had given to her. It was one of their Eviscerators that her repentant sister used for their suicide charges. It was something that she needed to stomp them out of them as soon as she could. Father needed them to Live for the empire rather than repent for him but it was an excellent weapon which she wielded as a single weapon. She might need to get another one to dual wield them given her impressive side and physical strength. It was an impressive weapon an ancient weapon that had chain claws on both sides and a special compact motor that revved with incredible ease. The sisters who had presented it her had been proud of it being a relic which she was honored to hold. Julinha felt the handle. It was in beautiful condition.

Julinha looked at the emperors image in her chamber. She thought about her conversation with her father.

"so this is what has become you?" Julinha looked at her father's corpse. "you know you lied to us all. You told us that humanity was worthy of conquest of the galaxy yet they betrayed us all. You told me that Humanity was worthy because it could do anything it set its will to do. Yet you decided the only solution was to create a superior force of genetical engineered soldier who are not human. Because in the end you weren't human not by a long shot. This was never about humanity this was about you. You wanted to spread to the stars you wanted the universe to recognize your power. We were your tools all of us meant to be a sacrifice to create your empire. We were strong because we were made from you. You told us we were strong because we were the best of humanity and yet we were no way human. And It's not just me that you purged. You purged my entire legion because you thought they were defective like me. You told me you could fix me yet you killed my men. You made us to fight your enemies and when we failed your genetic purity standards you got rid of us. You let us believe you loved us and pretended that we were your children. Yet here I am because I still

believe the lies you told us. I still believe that Humanity is strong. I believe even now, where they defile our message, in a time when human life is spent needlessly, while corruption is so rampant that the only authority in this galaxy is us the Primarchs who are more loyal to our Brother Astartes than to your precious humanity. Your High lords are nothing more than corpulent puppets who look after themselves. Your planets are ruled by the Fat men who are just steps away from joining the chaos gods and yet here we are. We will defend your humanity because we believe that humanity is still worthy. We will defend your People because we care and have nothing else to do with our lives. So tell me father does it burn to know that your weapons are the successors to your empire? Does it burn that your worship is all that keeps your empire together and keeping humanity working? Does it burn that no matter what you did that human nature ruined your empire and that very same human nature was so strong that even your Astartes were weak enough to fall? So tell me father does it burn because I will spread your worship because as your daughter and child I have the power to carry out your will while you languish on this throne as a mere torch to light the way. So keep lighting our way because I will keep walking this galaxy spreading your word because you locked me up. And I will bring my brothers to walk with me to bring humanity back to the place you wanted for them because I believe the things you told us. Many of us believe it and those who didn't are dead now or chaos hand puppet. And you the master of Mankind can do nothing about it. So I'll let you burn whether you can hear me or not. I will walk with my brother into the light to protect humanity from its worse aspects. So with that father, I have one last word for you. As your daughter I must serve you but as a human I wish that you had died and Sanguinius had lived instead of you. Because he could lead this empire better than you ever could."

Perturabo was not like other Daemon primarchs and his Iron legion were not like the other Heretical Legions by any measure. Perturabo was not passionate about anything. Loyal to his cause and his mission but never passionate. His Hatred for his enemies was not as strong as his simple belief that he could crush all that came against him with maximum force. His Iron legion had been the grinding force the crushed the enemies of the imperium. Siege breakers and Fortification makers they were the mud dogs of the imperium and they were cruel and callus due to the thankless task they had been set in front of them. Their strength was in their persistent with machine like strength. Their tanks and cybernetics are strong. And they refused to worship the chaos like most other legion. Cold and calculating the legion would remove all so called gifts of mutation from their bodies. The corruption of chaos was not to be trusted only the mechanical weapons of the legion could be trusted. Doggedly marching into the enemies fire was the strength of their power. And Perturabo was the greatest example of his legion. He was one of the Most intelligent but rigid of the Primarch. He cared little for the glory of his legion. Even now he was one of the strongest Primarchs. He was a master of technology and showed a impressive skill in crushing his enemies under foot with the weight of casualties. Perturabo cared not about the deaths of his legion and his legion did not care as they fell. His attrition tactics were the weight and crushed the enemies as Pertruabo stepped over the dead of all sides. Now he was Daemon Prince and pushed forward despite this preferred His mechanical body. Like his Legion he despised the Chaos Gods and refused their gifts. He was the power behind his legion violent and strong. He stood over his legion killing and dispensing cruelty as was needed.

Perturabo stood over his room looking at the technology around him. It was all weapons that he had guarded from the loyalist and he had prepared to use for war. His greatest weapon was his bolter weapons which ignited and detonated each of his enemies. It was pleasing weapon

to use. Why use a melee or skill weapon when one of brutal efficiency will do the job just as well? Honor was for the weak and cowardly. He stepped over to his special control circuits which allowed him to control his legion. He moved over to the Necron skeleton he was stripping of its parts. His sick smile was cruel as he looked at the object.

Commander Farsight looked at the planet. "is this the place."

"Yes my sons are down there." Vulkan was examining one of the Weapons that he had taken from the Tau Arsenal. "when we make it to safety we will need to discuss the weapons you use. I feel that I have many ideas for future weapons for further innovations."

"Very well we will disembark on the....." the ship was rocked and began to fall into the atmosphere. "what hit us?"

"sir Orcs are boarding." One of the men shouted.

"Jettison your men and I will deal with the Orcs." Vulkan grabbed the Tau weapon and headed toward the ship.

"As you wish."

"Bring it down to planet side and deploy the Armored Suits." O'shovah ran to his own Armor suit.

The ship began to fall slowly in the atmosphere. Vulkan ran to the core and readied his weapon.

"such a waster he said as he readied his weapon." He aimed at the core.

The Orc warboss let loose a celebratory belch as the ship detonated. What he couldn't see were the Tau Battle suits and troop transports dropping onto the planet's surface.

"Land dis trash heap an' br'n me ma weapons. Now we kill cleva Boyz an shiny Boyz!" the Orc warboss shouted.

Vulkan work up on the ground still holding his hammer and ran toward the sounds of battle. Hopefully O'Shovah had survived. He had things for Vulkan to dismantle.

Vulkan smashed his way through the Orc hordes as he Regrouped with his Men of the Salamanders. He looked up at the sky his son bashed and burned the crazy green skins into clouds of green blobs of fungus spores. The orcs faces exploded and were torn asunder by Vulkan's hammer. Vulkan swung his hammer sending a Gretchin through the air where he smashed into the mouth of a massive orc who swallowed it.

"Damn that Big Un!" The orc warlord shot at them with large guns. "Smooosh them all?"

"Lord Vulkan lives!" the Salamander shouted in triumph.

"yes my sons." Vulkan smashes another orc in his crotch where he was launched into the air. The orc went flying where he was detonated by a plasma bolt where he was detonated like a green balloon. The Tau Battlesuits fired again as the Salamanders drove forward.

"keep the pressure up." Farsight raised his sword and charged in.

It was at this point that Drop pods began to drop from the sky. Farsight looked up to see a massive ship floating over them and dumping drop pod.

"O'Shovah." Vulkan Vox called Farsight. "You need to pull back."

"We are already on our way." Farsight looked up as the ship blasted the cannons on to the rear of the formation where the drop pods were landing behind him. "We are surrounded."

The Tau fired at the drop pods which exploded and out charged Black legion forces.

"o'shovah." Vulkan smashed a orc into bits. "move your forces to the back of cliff. We will be your front line."

The black legion troops charged forward and sliced through the Tau armor and ripped through the armor with their chain blades ripping pieces out of the Tau's chest blue blood exploding around them as they chopped into the Tau troops fought again the BattleSuits.

O'Shovah fired at them and lashed out with his sword. The Black Legion charged after them slaughtering the Tau forces. It was at that point the Ship above them was detonated by a beam. O'Shovah looked up to see a massive Battle cruiser with more Drop pods falling from the sky. The Black Legion looked up as the drop pods crashed into the ground and exploded with Dark Angels charging from the front of the ship.

Vulkan looked up to see the dark Angels tearing open the Black legion forces. O'Shovah looked up as Vulkan stepped in front of him and stood ready as the pitched battle began to get even more brutal.

"brother hold this Ground. Protect Our Allies." Vulkan noted.

O'Shovah sliced an incoming Orc in half and impaled into one of the Black Legion. The sword tore right through the enemy legion.

The dark Angel looked at him. "I will not be guarding a series of Xenos enemies for whatever your..."

It was at this point that the Orc Warboss who had torn his way past the Black legion Forces with a bunch of orcs and had rather impossibly snuck up behind the Lion of Caliban. How he managed to do this being that he was about three feet taller than the Lion which made him pretty large and yet here he was grabbing the Lion and throwing him around.

"Gotya Shiny Boy!" the Orc Warboss Ur-Thak-Dakka-Kel slammed the lion of Caliban into ground face first. "ya Gonna be ah mighty trophy!"

The lion lashed out with his sword stabbing the Orc war boss in the face. "Die you repulsive monster."

Ur-Thak flipped him into the air and leaped up to him and was piledriven into the ground with lots of Dakka blasting the Lion into the ground the many shooters that tore all over the Lion's finely polished armor.

The Lion stood and stabbed the orc into the chest. A pipe burst and shot lots of yellow liquid all over the Lion's face and torso. The Warboss laughed violently and grabbed the lion and slamming him into the ground repeatedly crushing several of the Black Legion under the Lion who was now serving as a club for a large Orc Warboss. The Orc tossed him into the air and punted the lion across the battlefield.

The Lion crashed into a massive pile of rock. The lion fell from the cliff covered in piss and very humiliated. The Lion stood up raised his sword and charged into the fray swing with deadly circles.

Ur-Thak half turned around and smashed a black legion into the ground. "Alright Ark Shiny boys come at me!"

The Lion leaped at him and swung his sword deep into the back of the huge War Boss's armor shrieked under the sound of his armor breaking.

"Ugh." Ur-Thak turned and blasted the Lion with lots of Shooters. "Oh Agan? Wanna Get Stomped agan?"

The lion was knocked around by the Orc War Boss and stumbled backward. Vulkan came over to him tearing the Orcs and Black Legionnaires apart with his hammer which spun like a whirling bludgeon mass of speedy death. Vulkan spun past him and stood over to the lion.

"brother would you mind retreating? I think you should let me handle this." Vulkan pulled his brother to his feet.

The Lion looked at him. "I think that works."

"oh look 'da big shiny boy want ta fight me alone. Ya look'n at da next big warboss ere ya shiny git!" Ur-Thak laughed and charged at Vulkan rain his Dakka at him while Vulkan came at him with a massive upper cut with his hammer which smashed the Orc in his massive metal jaw that sent the massive Warboss into the air Vulkan set him up for a massive two

handed hammer time smash. The Hammer came into the Orc's face impaling him into the ground where he slid across the ground and Vulkan pinned him to the ground smashing him with the hammer with his off hand getting a good grip of the armor while his off hand and rabid fire smashed him with his Hammer. The orc was not done yet and grabbed him with his massive battle claw and slammed Vulkan into the ground.

"yer would made a gud warboss if yer weren't so dead eh shiny boy!" Ur-Thak raised his left hand which was mounted with a massive Plasma gun that had been cobbled together with five Shooters and was now aimed at Vulkan's face.

"Any last words yer shiny git?" Ur Thak smiled down on Vulkan.

"Yes. I would like to Say a last farewell to my Sons." Vulkan cleared his throat. "I would like to start with Tu'shan my noble Chapter master who deserves...."

it was at this point that the Lion leaped at him where he was sideswiped out of the way by the Plasma Arm which lined up on him. But before it could blast the Primarch of the Dark Angels into Atomized Bits of armor and tissue O'Shovah Jumped at him and knocked the Plasma gun out of the way and tried to stab him in the face with his Sword.

"get to cover." O'Shovah shouted over his loudspeaker and aimed his Plasma Cannon right at Ur-Thak's face was shoved aside where he was battered aside by Ur-Thak's Claws which sliced into this Battlesuits arm.

"Yer blueboys aint got noth'n on us real Boyz. Ya blueboys fink yer clevea but yer jus weak!" Ur-Thak tore the arm off the battle suit. "ya got noth'n on us real Boyz!"

"Honor before death." O'shovah said as Vulkan was on his feet and with a massive swing of his hammer smashed the Orc in the side sending him rolling away into a pile of Chaos Marines but not before a single rocket flew out of one of his cannons and hit the Lion covering him in More of the nasty Yellow ammonia smelling liquid. Vulkan looked at O'shovah and the two stood tall with their weapons over their heads. The Marines cheered as the Lion touched his hair in disgust.

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