

PYRRIAH CAMPAIGN - FALL 2017

EASTERN THEATER

The Temple City

The Grey Knight Prognosticators' scrying had foreseen the scourge about to overtake Pyrriah. With the Grand Masters stretched thin across the Galaxy, it fell to Brother Captain Octavian Secundas to attempt to strike the first blow against the burgeoning Chaos powers on Pyrriah. The omens pointed to a Chaos lord from the lineage of Hedonistarii who was reaping the seeds of heresy and corruption he had planted in the Temple City of Ascalon, where he hoped strike his first blow against the embodiment of Imperial power on the planet.



That blow, however, had been foreseen as well. The Chaos Lord Comus learned much in his time following Abbadon in service to elements of the Alpha Legion. First, as concerns the followers of the dead emperor, the more devout, the more predictable they are. Second, prepare the ground before you arrive to sow the seeds of heresy. For his campaign on Pyrriah he counted on both.

Before his arrival Comus had built out a large group of cultists. But to secure his landing, Comus need more than the sacrifices of such lowly mortals. Even with Abaddon ripping open the eye of terror it took power to bring forth legions to planets outside the warp. And one group was both predictable and whose lives could easily give him that foothold. So using his sorcerers, Comus planted the seeds of a daemoniac summoning where the Grey Knights could find them. Many a life was sacrificed in order to prepare his trap, but the seeds were placed.

The knights came, their numbers not large - but enough. And so Comus struck. He had used the lives of most of Grana's cult to bring through a small force of elite noise marines, havocs trained in infiltration and two pet helbrutes. Between that and the bodies of the damned, he felt he could drown the field in blood and ecstasy giving him an anchor to bring in the full might of Hedonistarii.

His ambush opened up and the Grey Knights looked as if they had surrounded him. But Comus had thrown worthless lives to bog them down while the more powerful chaos marine forces could bring the full power of their weaponry. In the swirl of psychic power and combat, the cultist flung their bodies at the Grey Knights as their deaths would please the dark gods more than their lives. The noise marines held their ground and soon all that remained was Brother Captain Octavian staring over the dead charred corpses of his brothers – just as he had years ago witnessed the death of his friend and mentor Adrianus on the daemon-infested planet of Siotis. Charging, Octavian destroyed the last few cultists, only to be cut down by dark guided shots of plasma. Or so Comus thought. As Comus's minions collected their prizes and secured the anchor to Slaanesh with new-found sacrifices, the cultists reported that the captain's body could not be found.

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Comus knew he had kicked a nest of hornets. Killing a small group of Grey Knights meant more would come.



And the Knights came as he planned, either too slow again to realize the trap before it was sprung or too zealous in their faith to care. The vanguard of the Grey Knights melted to the music of the end times and withering plasma. A group of brave Knights exited their burning rhino only to be greeted by the power axes of the chosen of chaos. The blood drove Comus's terminators into frenzy, ripping and tearing leaving very few of the knights left. Unafraid, more Knights joined the fray, only to be cut down. When the final chaos

terminator finally fell to the overwhelming fire power of the Knights, Comus's trap was over. But the toll it reaped was great. The blood had infused many of the points of power and the connection to the warp grew. Finally, the power of Comus's dark ceremony flowed through the grounds, and the armies of chaos now owned the city. Though the Knights' own magic almost unwound the bindings, the city was lost and the Knights were forced to pull back from orgy of violence. As they retreated, the Grey Knights sent a beacon out, alerting the strong and warning the weak about the the eruption of Chaos in the once faithful Temple City of Ascalon.

The beacon was received in the transport of Inquisitor Erudan Vah. Vah knew Chaos well, having seen it long ago consume his Chapter in the carnage after the Badab War. His Chapter having turned to the Dark Gods, Vah stripped off all marks of imperial allegiance and assembled a desperate unit of those still loyal in his Chapter to extract vengeance on their former Chapter. The Inquisition found Vah and his Black Shields to be a very useful tool against the enemies of the Imperium, although the methods used have earned Vah little trust among the other loyalist space marine chapters.

So soon after escaping the ravages of the Tyranid Hive Fleet Cerebus on his ship in orbit, Vah found himself locked in another battle. This time on the broad boulevards and open plazas of the Temple City. The Grey Knights had forewarned him of Comus's plans to conduct a great ceremony to further open Pyrriah to the denizens of the warp. Gathering his Black



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Shields and hand-picked elements of the Astra Militarum that he could trust, Vah touched down in Ascalon, intent on thwarting Comus's ritual.

He sensed a trap as he ordered his top commanders to cautiously make their way to the profaned temple that was the site of a massive Chaos incursion. Comus had expected many things, but his cultists were enraptured by the excesses of their revels and were caught unaware by the appearance of this new foe. Vah unleashed his Black Shields and human forces, backed with the might of two Contemptor dreadnoughts – merciless weapons of a past age. Heretic Astartes countered their fire, focusing their assault on the human allies of Vah. The contemptors formed a shield of ceramite before the heretics, however, blunting their attack and giving time for Vah and his Black Shields to plant explosives on the slender walls of the temple. Vah and his marines brought the structure down on their chaos enemies, slaying many of Comus's minions and interrupting the dark ceremony.

No matter, Comus thought. There will always be more cultists. And there always will be more chaos.

