**Peril Interlude**

**Blades of Fate**

**Somewhere in the Webway**

**Seer Maea Teallysis**

Maea felt the threads of fate change long before there was any warning of their presence. With a curt gesture, she ordered her Ranger escort to stop where they stood. Her Farseer superiors had not mentioned allies operating close to her in this distant part of the Webway. It had been many cycles ago, of course, and the Elders of Malan'tai actions and predictions could have been altered by another threat. Or more likely, the beings waiting for them near the Gate of Yl’ra’tyren weren’t allies at all.

Taking a great inspiration and trusting her guards, the young Seer abandoned her focus on the near-invisible walls of the Webway and turned all her attention on the paths she and her fellow Asuryani had been walking. In a ritualised gesture she had perfected in sixty cycles, the runes were cast, shimmering and answering the small psychic flow she was directing in them.

Maea had expected unclear visions followed by a long and difficult period of interpretation, but it was not to be. Implacably, the rune of Rebirth soared alone, relegating the rest of her Seer possessions to the second plan. And when the vision seized her, it was clear and terrible. Before the Gate that was their fastest and easiest path to return to their home, an Asuryani force was emerging and marshalled in battle-formation. She had not the gifts of her Rangers around her to estimate the military skill of these newcomers, but she saw a majority of Dire Avengers, supported by minor squads of Fire Dragons, Howling Banshee and Striking Scorpions. In the back of the group came the most powerful assets: three Dark Reapers and as many Falcon grav tanks. And unavoidably this powerful force had an Exarch Dire Avenger and a Farseer in command. These were not Malan’tai warriors. None of these Asuryani wore the light green armour, the blue helmet or the black weapons of her beloved Craftworld. No, these Asuryani wore pure white with a green helmet, identifying beyond doubt their allegiance.

The Farseer felt immediately her rune-casting the instant she posed her eyes on him, and the moment after a ripple of power ended her attempt and forced her to open her eyes anew, stopping the thread from developing further.

Maea gasped in mild pain once the effects of the trance ended. This was not the first time she was stopped like this, but it did not make it any more pleasant.

“What have you seen, Honoured Seer?” asked Gilfarian, the oldest and most experienced Ranger she had to keep her safe.

“The warriors of Biel-tan are at the Gate of Yl’ra’tyren.” She answered with utmost certainty. Between the Rune of Rebirth shining brilliantly and the vision, she had rarely felt the path ahead of her clearer.

A few loud curses told her the revelation was not filling the soul-stones of her escort with joy.

“And the way they have taken position here...they are waiting for us,” she said as one of the two Rangers in her back swore.

“Can we avoid them?” Gilfarian demanded her.

“No, their Farseer saw me.” She didn’t say more but the Ranger having accepted to protect her during her operations understood her very-well. Against a thousand of cycles-old war-like Asuryani trapped on the Path of the Seer, her skills were those of a newborn against a God.

“By Khaine’s bloody hands...” cursed one of her guardians forming the rear-guard. Maea frowned but didn’t say anything. When she had left the Craftworld for the first time, she had truly believed the Council was right to search an alliance with the powerful Craftworld. The armies of Biel-tan were extremely strong, gained uncountable successes in their task of reclaiming the Maiden Worlds and purifying the galaxy from the vermin crawling in the ruins of their fallen Empire.

The Rangers and hundreds of the Aspect Warriors she had met in her long exploration had told her this view was utterly naive and absolutely not shared by the exploration parties of Malan’tai. Yes, the armies of Biel-tan were strong...but they were constantly recruiting and expanding, dooming their young generations on the Path of War. Yes, great successes had been won but their losses in lives were horrendous and they had suffered many defeats their emissaries weren’t keen to share. And as several Rangers had spoken, a lot of the enmity the lesser races felt towards the Asuryani lied in the fact Biel-tan warriors were arriving to slaughter them and then leaving as quickly as they had left, making the lives of several Craftworlds incredibly difficult for no good reason at all.

Maea Teallysis did not know if these whispers were the truth. She had met only four times Biel-tan emissaries in her life, and all had been at formal ceremonies where every Asuryani tried to present nothing but perfection and grace. The chance to see the Tempest of Blades waging war had always been refused to her...until this cycle.

“We can’t avoid them...we should hear their intentions.” In truth, she could feel only two threads now and it didn’t take a Seer to guess what they were. Either they were meeting the Biel-tan force on their own conditions or the Farseer would ensure they were caught up and then the confrontation would happen, but with a weakened position for Malan’tai.

Gilfarian had arrived to the same reasoning and curtly nodded. Maea could tell he was not pleased by it, half of his noble visage being covered was not sufficient to hide his displeasure.

“May the blessings of Isha protect us...I lead the way.”

Their progression to the Gate was uneventful, not that she had expected anything else. No Craftworld was highly active in these tunnels, the sections were devoid of any breach and the Drukhari had never been seen raiding here.

The Webway corridor ended and the Gate was in front of them.

The host of Biel-tan was waiting for them. The vision had left no doubt there were many Aspect Warriors waiting for them, but watching the white line of armours with her own eyes was something else. The Webway avenue before the Gate was projecting the illusion of richly decorated natural cavern and the Asuryani of Biel-tan were covering it. There had to be over a hundred warriors gathered here but Maea knew by reputation it was only a tiny detachment from this Craftworld – Malan’tai on the other hand would never have consented to send away a force like this without cycles of seer-casting and debates.

Gilfarian made a rapid series of hand-moves while he and his Rangers took position behind her. She did not manage to see the totality of the message, but in the first part the Ranger was saying the Biel-Tan force was too imbalanced. Focusing on them, it was hard not to recognise he was right. There were many Aspects represented in this small army, but the majority of the squads were Dire Avengers. The second and third most numerous Aspects, the Fire Dragons and the Striking Scorpions, were not fielding as many warriors together as the fiery Avengers and their Avenger Shuriken Catapults.

There was a moment of silence before the ranks of their fellow Asuryani pivoted like blades in the wind and took a new formation looking like a minor honour guard, revealing the tall Farseer behind them with his imposing and decorated red robes. Runes of protection were everywhere on his mask and his armour. She was still a good distance away, but already she could feel the sheer power the elder lost on the Path of the Seer was channelling.

“May the stars shine over your path, allies of Malan’tai, fellow children of Asuryan.” The words of the greeting were noble, but with Aeldari tongue the vocabulary was only part of the message. The inflexion you pronounced a sentence, the subtleties of the tongue, were as important as the words themselves if not more. And the way the Farseer was speaking...it was not a tone used to address allies. Vassals and servants, yes, but certainly not allies.

 “I am Farseer Vyrion Kaeran of the Noble House of Kaeran, Protector of the Maiden Worlds of Noloc and Eryusis, the Sunsight of Biel-tan. I request your help.”

There were so many things wrong in these words Maea almost didn’t know where to begin. The most irritant thing was the accentuation spoken for the ‘request’. There had been so much pressure nobody had missed it wasn’t a ‘request’ but truly an order. But it was a command they had no choice but to bow since she and the Rangers were six-strong and the Biel-tan warriors were...one hundred and twenty with tank support? In a fight, her escort stood absolutely no chance. The second point was the sheer arrogance behind the list of titles. It was a fierce tradition of Malan’tai that an Eldar let his victories and his honourable acts speak for himself or herself. It was your friends and your allies who gave you the titles, a humble Asuryani didn’t try to add names to the ones he owned, this was one of the very differences separating them from the corsairs of Commorragh.

And if this wasn’t enough, there was the huge pretension in the ‘Sunsight’, ‘Noble House’ and the power he channelled into his speech...

It was good the Seer mask was covering her visage, because she feared her disgust was all but too evident. It seemed that in the end, the arrogance of the Biel-tan Craftworld had a real basis in truth.

“And what does your ‘request’ entail, Noble Farseer?” Her answer was said with the ‘request’ accented in the same tone ‘hostage’ should be pronounced and the ‘Noble Farseer’ was given a derisive intonation.

The stance of Vyrion Kaeran didn’t change. The formation of his Aspect Warriors did. In a choreography reminding her leaves in the middle of a storm, the white armours of the Dire Avengers encircled them swiftly, cutting all avenues of retreat.

“For the first time in a six hundred cycles, my efforts are nearing completion. I have explored the infinity of future paths, prevented uncountable enemies from destroying us and at long last the salvation of our Craftworlds is at hand. I know now where a Sword of Vaul will be in a third of a cycle.”

The assertion caught her off-guard. At first all she felt was surprise...and then irritation. The Swords of Vaul were a hundred swords forged by the God Vaul to free Isha and Khurnous from Khaine, every child of Asuryan knew it. All but eight had been lost in the Fall or before, and the rediscovery of one would be a great moment of joy...except Maea was ready to sell her wraithbone runes if the Biel-tan Farseer had any intention to share this weapon with Malan’tai or another Craftworld.

The Swords of Vaul were an inheritance for all Aeldari, but judging by the arrogance and the way he was speaking, Vyrion Kaeran had ambitions of his own whereas the Sword was concerned.

“My predictions are formal, Malan’tai Seer: you will play a crucial role in bringing *Elsar’bryn* to the Asuryani.”

It had been a long time since she sang and listened to the tales of the War in Heaven; she took several seconds to remember whose sword’s name this haughty Farseer was referring to. *Elsar’bryn*...this was the name of the seventy-second Sword of Vaul. It was an old name, and could be imperfectly translated to ‘Song of the Nebula tearing thorough the Heavens’.

“Whose race is currently in possession of *Elsar’bryn*?” asked Gilfarian in a very disrespectful manner. Not that she was going to blame him...the attitude of the Biel-tan leader was going to create many problems with the Council and the rest of the commanders of Malan’tai no matter the outcome of this quest.

“The Mon-keigh of course, these ignorant parasites have taken what was never theirs.”

Maea didn’t like the Mon-keigh at all and the Rangers protecting her shared this point of view. But the feelings when Vyrion Kaeran told these words...it was hate. Dangerous and if a Malan’tai Asuryani had showed this much emotion in public, he or she would have received a warning. But neither the Dire Avengers nor the Exarch waiting behind the Farseer moved to tell the ‘Sunsight’ he had to keep his emotions firmly in check.

“The Bahzhakhain will kill this vermin and the Maiden World they have desecrated with their odious presence will begin its long recovery. This I have seen. This I will accomplish and *Elsar’bryn* will be returned to the Asuryani.”

At this moment, the young Seer really wanted to cast anew her Runes. The first thing she had been taught by her master on her first lesson on the Path of the Seer was to neglect no thread and never believe the skills of a Seer were infallible. The threads of future could shift at the worst moment and in the most improbable ways, and there were enemies of the Primordial Annihilator which had these capacities to oppose the Craftworlds. Isha’s tears, she really didn’t like at all where it was going. But with the ‘request’ formulated by a far more powerful Farseer and supported by deadly Aspect Warriors, she was not exactly given the choice.

“I trust there are no more questions?”

Oh, she had a million and one more to ask. But since Vyrion Sunsight Kaeran had turned around and presented her his back to watch the Webway Gate of Yl’ra’tyren, the threads of fate where she obtained her answers were evidently not favoured by Biel-tan.

It was then the mirror surface of the Gate rippled, the warning sign of an imminent activation. Gilfarian and she exchanged surprised looks. The undertone of the Biel-tan host had not told her there were more Aspect Warriors incoming for the battles to come.

It was not an army which stepped through the Gate, but merely a simple squad of Dire Avengers. Another squad of Dire Avengers, she should say. Biel-tan must have surplus of warriors from this Temple Aspect to field so many warriors under a single authority.

Kaeran seemingly didn’t react at the arrival of the newcomers, surrounded by Dire Avengers, Fire Dragons and Striking Scorpions. But the Exarch –whose name she still ignored – did not stay immobile. Straight like a freshly forged blade, the warrior lost on the Path of the Warrior walked to one of the seven Asuryani who had just emerged from a different section of the Webway.

Not a word was spoken. The Malan’tai detachment would have heard it. But the small hand-moves half-hidden by the ranks of warriors told that the Farseer may have predicted the opening of the Gate, but neither he nor the Exarch had enjoyed proven been correct. The silent conversation was in a code Maea was not aware of, but the tension in the armours of the Biel-tan Howling Banshees near and the defensive behaviour of the Fire Dragons told her this was not a polite exchange.

The sceptre of Vyrion Kaeran slamming on the crystalline surface of the Webway in a cascade of green sparkles put an end to the vigorous debate.

“The time for these disputes must end,” the irritation in the Farseer’s voice was palpable. “The Sword of Vaul *Elsar’bryn* will not stay at the location I saw for long and recovering it later would demand a larger effort from our Craftworld. We march for Osuthanil and without delay.” The sceptre hit the ground a second time and the red robes were shaken by a formidable torrent of psychic energy.

Like a single Asuryani, the Biel-tan host reorganised for a progression in the corridors of the Webway. The humble Sunsight and the Exarch were of course in the lead with the Dire Avengers and the Strike Scorpions. Gilfarian and the rest of her Rangers surrounded her for a close-quarters honour guard in the middle, as they were forced to rush away from the fastest path back to Malan’tai. The Biel-tan Aspect Warriors preceded and followed them a courteous distance, Dire Avengers before and Fire Dragons coming after them. The Reapers and the tanks were in the rear-guard. Their fellow Craftworld Asuryani did not try to speak with them, certainly on the Farseer’s orders.

Except one.

With an incredible agility, a Dire Avenger jumped to her side and it was so quick that had there been attack, Maea would not have been able to parry in time with the blade to her side. But the newcomer was not interested in murdering her, and removed her white-green helmet, revealing a feminine face with long and pale blond hairs. Orange eyes fixed her with attention and the young Seer had the impression to watch the motion of a terrible predator. It rapidly passed fortunately, and after they continued running in the tunnels, she estimated the Dire Avenger was probably younger than her.

“Maea Teallysis, Seer of Malan’tai,” she presented herself to the Dire Avenger. “May the stars shine over your path.”

“Yvraine Kaydinn, Dire Avenger of Biel-tan,” answered back the warrior who had just talked with the Exarch and showed the limits of her Craftworld’s discipline. “I hope by Khaine your blades are sharp for you are going to need them.”

**Somewhere in Ultima Segmentum**

**Redoubt of Holy Duty, Secret Inquisitorial Fortress**

**8.270.289M35**

**Knight-Errant Psamtic Mehhur**

This was his sixteenth operation in the Knights-Errant and for now, everything was working as expected. The codes of the Inquisitorial Thunderhawk they had transmitted to the approaching fortress had been accepted. No one was shooting at them.

Psamtic had a feeling this was not going to last.

There was no porthole or large bay to watch his surroundings of course; this was a machine of war, not a sightseeing tour. But after a few hours in the upper hold, you rapidly learnt the little signs preceding a landing. The tremors of the hull, the increase and decrease of the roar of the engines and the correction courses may have fooled a non-augmented human, but his Astartes brain recorded them without difficulty.

“Landing in one minute,” declared the voice of their pilot from the speaker in the rear. Since the only living beings in this hold were three Space Marines and one woman, none of them noted to be particularly talkative, the announcement only ruptured the silence for a moment.

Psamtic turned imperceptibly his helmet to watch their leader from the advanced lenses of his Astartes armour. It had been months since he had met her, and yet the woman Malcador the Sigillite had presented as ‘Contessa’ was still a mystery.

The former Thousand Sons had not expected much at the moment of his joining but whatever information the parahuman chose to give, it was little and on her own terms. Psamtic had deduced easily she was one of the survivors from this ‘Earth Bet’, but from where exactly was unknown. Friends, likes, hobbies, favourite readings...Contessa had not revealed anything. The only certainty was that she was dangerous. Should the three Astartes present in the Thunderhawk try to turn their bolters against her, he was sure she would kill them in one minute maximum.

Contessa rarely wore armours or the like, preferring her impeccable dark suit with white tie and white shirt underneath. In rare occasions –like today – she changed her clothes for a grey power armour with the ‘I’ of the Inquisition as a golden necklace but this was more because the fight in an environment without oxygen was very probable. Knowledge was power and Psamtic had studied all the same, but all he had managed to discover was that the armour was coming from Mars and this didn’t explain anything at all. Sometimes she had the ability to open gates between places separated by thousands of light-years in an Eldar fashion but she didn’t always use this capacity – the Thunderhawk they were waiting in was a proof of this statement.

So yes, Contessa was a mysterious woman and there was little chance it was going to change for the next years.

Assuming of course they survived that long. To call the missions they were chosen to dangerous was like to say the Burning of Prospero had been a minor disagreement between the Sixth and the Fifteenth Legion.

Directly facing him on the other side of the Thunderhawk’s hold was Subutai, a Legionary of the Fifth Legion. Certainly the best friend he had in the Knights Errant, not that the competition was particularly challenging. Like many Legionaries during the Heresy, Subutai had fought for no side but his own. After the Warmaster was killed and the Legions which had followed him withdrew to the Eye of Terror, the renegade Legionary had fled across the galaxy. How Contessa had managed to recruit him several thousand years later, neither the parahuman nor the Astartes had revealed it. Too bad, it must have been a fascinating story. Otherwise, Subutai and he had a semi-friendship as they talked poetry and songs when they were not on duty.

The third Astartes of their little force was unfortunately closer from Contessa in behaviour. He was a soldier of the Twentieth Legion and in fourteen missions, all Psamtic had ever heard him say were the same three words.

“I am Alpharius.”

Blast the head of a treacherous Governor?

“I am Alpharius.”

Confuse a thousand-strong cultist organisation with so many stratagems they had taken their own lives in the end?

“I am Alpharius.”

The only emblem of his former Legion was on his left pauldron, the rest of the Astartes armour was grey like them. And yet, the two other Astartes could not tell they really trusted this Knight-Errant. The Alpha Legion had always been something few outsiders knew anything about, and during the Heresy they had sided with the Warmaster then disappeared like they had never been here. The Twentieth had no official homeworld, no official end goal and no tactic they weren’t reluctant to try in the name of victory. Alpharius or not, the Legionary had created no bond with him and he had not the intention to change this situation.

They were not the only living beings alive in the Thunderhawk. Aside from the pilot – the fourth one since they had ‘borrowed’ it with Contessa’s benediction from this chapter called the Blood Ravens – they were half a dozen elite Stormtroopers in the lower hold and an Astropath in a stasis casket. Each and every one of these survivors had something to atone for. Poor decision-making, treason, defying the Emperor’s edicts...he could have listed them but this would have been the affair of days.

But Contessa was recruiting them. Low or high crimes were no barrier, though as always it appeared random and incomprehensible. He had seen her several times remove the head of men and women willing to remove a corrupt Governor and hire mercenaries of less than stellar reputation. For each of them, the oaths were spoken and a light was burning in their heart. Once it was done, they were admitted in the Knights-Errant, for the rest of their lives or until the Emperor came to judge them anew.

For the time being, the opposition they met during each mission was particularly determined and many Knights had seen their long vigil end. It was a hard job, but a worthwhile one. The monsters threatening humanity had to be defeated, and the chance to atone for his failures was more than he had hoped.

“Remember, our duty here is to rescue a parahuman,” said Contessa in this voice which as soft as it was frightening. “Kill every tainted creature and false-servant of the Emperor.”

Subutai rose first once the Thunderhawk landed heavily. Psamtic followed him, letting the Alpha Legionary take the rear. The metallic ramp opened brutally, revealing a large plaza where dozens of hooded figures were rushing to present something vaguely looking like a welcoming committee. It was too bad for them that no matter how they tried to disguise it, Astartes vision and the precision of his auto-senses could detect the minor mutations on their visages, arms and legs.

If this Inquisitorial Fortress was answering to a higher authority, it was not to the Emperor.

The three Astartes descended the ramp slowly, the Stormtroopers following them in a rigid formation and Contessa coming behind them, almost invisible. It was precisely the point of the manoeuvre, honestly.

A new cohort of deformed men rushed out when the massive golden doors at the other end of the landing area opened. Several were carrying the marks of Inquisitors, but you did not need to be a Psyker to know there was something wrong with the lot. A couple had replaced almost their entire body in augmetics and those were not parts the Mechanicus would have considered doctrinally acceptable. The one leading them was morbidly fat and wore rings, an imposing necklace coursing with blue energy. There were also numerous hooded figures in the back and the unpleasant feelings he got from them told him they were not and had never been human.

“Welcome to the Redoubt of Holy Duty, Inquisitor Ajax” croaked the man – at least Psamtic thought it was a man. There was so much fat on this body.

In answer, he and the rest of the group broke formation, revealing the presence of Contessa in their ranks. The greasy face of the Inquisitor went white in terror and a second later a large stain appeared between his legs. It was...disgusting.

Fortunately or unfortunately for these traitors, a xenos in the back was more reactive and removed his hood, revealing a beak and yellow eyes which stared at the Astartes with a loathing gaze.

“They are not Inquisitor Ajax and his troops. Kill them! Kill them all!”

But Psamtic and the other Astartes had already their bolters in their hands and the roar of the weapons began before the last word of the alien was uttered. Subutai increased the carnage instantly, drawing his power sword and slicing apart the five mutants which were closer to him.

The Stormtroopers were not saying idle either. They were not Astartes and thus had slower reflexes, but their hellguns dispensed the Emperor’s Judgement quick enough.

The men and the monsters pretending to be the Inquisitors had absolutely no chance. In mere seconds, the guns of the Knights-Errant transformed them into torn-apart corpses. Some lived long enough to attempt an escape, but were rapidly cut down.

The wave of mutants, cultists and other heretics reacted with this massacre by screams of loathing and a mindless charge. The landing pad inside the fortress had been large, and there were hundreds of these corrupted humans and xenos gathered to see the new arrival. Armed with simple laspistols, lasguns, sticks, chainswords and diverse exotic weaponry, they charged. Their eyes shone in completely wrong colours, their skins were mutated and bearing many scars and two figures in the crowd were using the power of the Warp in an uncontrollable manner. These two were the first to die, and the charge was a bloodbath...for them.

Psamtic and the other Astartes slaughtered them. Their enemies had charged like an unstoppable wave, but the tide was broken down by their three Astartes bodies and the Stormtroopers in the back were finishing with rapid shots and bayonets those who managed to avoid their blades and bolter shells.

Contessa didn’t participate in the battle. Like always when there was something necessary to guarantee a flawless victory, the parahuman was doing...whatever she did. In this case, the woman had fought her way to a flyer of unknown origin before using it to slam into the golden doors.

The shockwave and the debris from this improvised ramming attack were...significant.

The cultists and traitorous Inquisitorial servants broke somewhat when they realised the principal avenue of escape was now unavailable to them. ‘Somewhat’ because with Subutai and the rest of the force’s help, they were not that many around living and half a minute later, the toughest of the fighters were agonising and the hundreds other were lying dead.

There was not any time to celebrate, though. This particular mission was time-sensitive – to be realistic, they were not many who weren’t – and they rushed to a new door Contessa had just somewhat convinced to open from what happened to be seconds before a pristine wall and an obsolete control panel. The Tech-Priests would have been on their knees by the thousands to acclaim this as a miracle of the Omnissiah or ready to kill her for meddling with the machine spirits, he mused.

They, on the other hand, raced by the overture and climbed forty dusty stairs to emerge in front of a surprised group of enemies. The heretics were gunned down by explosives, lasers and bayonets before they had the time to react.

“The fortress is tainted beyond salvation,” Contessa calmly affirmed, drawing her Volkite Serpenta from her holster and discharging two shots in a slime-thing covering the majority of what had been years ago a damage control centre of the Inquisition. The black substance shrieked in pain as it combusted in an inferno. “Kill everyone but the parahuman we’ve come to seek.”

This had the merit of been clear and the Astartes and the Stormtroopers vigorously obeyed it in the minutes to come. Not that there was a lot of hesitation to have when something having the head of an octopus, the body of a lizard creature and the legs of a goat attacked you with blood in its eyes. Thank the Golden Throne, they had brought with them a lot of bolter ammunition to deal with...whatever these things were. As a former Thousands Son, Psamtic had compiled a lot of information on potential enemies but some xenos, tainted creatures and abominations in this war zone were a first for him.

The most deranging part wasn’t the bird-like or the tentacles-creatures however. This distinction went to the raving madmen and cultists stopping their desecrations of the corridors and the halls to attack them with ferocity and deranging smiles on their face. Some were shouting battle-cries for the ‘feathered angel’. Those were zealots and in a way their willingness to die for Chaos and the madness reigning in his place was far more frightening than a bunch of ugly xenos.

Not that he knew fear, of course. Becoming an Astartes rid yourself of this feeling, and even if it did not, it would take far more than a fallen Inquisitorial Fortress filled with traitors and mutants to make him panic. By the destroyed Legion, the Stormtroopers were able to cope with this situation and methodically eliminate their enemies. There was no reason to hesitate or pause. The enemies of humanity had to die and the sooner the better.

The resistance was extremely unequal as they advanced and killed their way through the equivalent of several companies of guards. A few platoons of mutants were armed like Imperial Guardsmen: flak armour, lasguns, vox-communications and willing to take cover when they faced bolter guns – not that it saved them from Subutai’s blade or Alpha’s lethal traps. But these were definitely the elite, supported by traitor Inquisitors armed with forbidden and xenos weaponry. The rest would have been lucky to be considered PDF-level and agitated improbable weapons in their reckless assaults.

They all died anyway.

Five hundred eighty-two beings: this was the number of beings he had terminated since the Thunderhawk gunship landed on this fortress of the damned. And he hadn’t used a single time his psychic powers per Contessa’s instructions.

“We are in time,” informed them their leader, hitting with her fist a sculpture and therefore triggering the opening of multiple doors in a seemingly abandoned passage. “Prepare yourselves, the real enemy is waiting for us.”

If this had been a Thousand Son speaking or another Astartes, Psamtic would have difficulty taking these words seriously. After all, slaughtering a cultist-mutant force of many thousands was no mean feat when your party numbered exactly ten warriors. But this was Contessa, and in every mission he had served he had never heard her lie or misdirect them in any way. If she said the enemy to come was the real master of the place, he believed her.

The parahuman woman turned to the left and they followed in dispersed formation. She exploded a second door with a plasma gun hidden behind a portrait and they entered...a library?

It appeared a very comfy place. There were a lot of cushioned chairs, large shelves carrying tens of thousands books. And it was far too large to be contained in a space fortress. From left to right, and from top to bottom, all he could see were books, shelves and the furniture to read it tranquilly. It was immense and defying the laws of gravity...and now that he knew what to watch for, he could see the faint shimmering of sorcery.

Contessa did not give any warning. The Volkite Serpenta fired four times, setting aflame each time dozens of books and beginning a large pyre.

“Was this absolutely necessary?” grunted Subutai as the fire spread. “If we burn everything, it is going to be difficult to leave this place alive...”

But Contessa didn’t answer. Instead she simply pointed at a space between the shelves where five men had just appeared. They all looked inhumanly perfect and they were all identical. Their aura was of the blackest night and entirely corrupted by Chaos. If he had to guess, Psamtic would hazard they were facing the being responsible for the fall of this place to the Ruinous Powers.

“I was waiting for you, Contessa,” exclaimed the five mouths at the same time. And in a concentration of power, flesh and bones, the five sorcerers began to coalesce in a single entity. The soul agonies of betrayed mortals echoed horribly and one Stormtrooper fell to the ground, twisting like he was tortured with invisible weapons. One of his brother-in-arms immediately shot him in the head, putting an end to his torment.

It could have lasted two seconds or two hours, the Knight-Errant had no idea. But when the transformation was over, there was nothing human in front of them. Two large iridescent wings were extending impossibly on the width of the library. Four meters tall, a large beak, and a terrible sceptre in talons no avian creature could have possessed. It had a psychic presence almost on par with the Primarch he had seen him.

The humans and Astartes who had survived the Heresy had given a name for this Demon of the Court of Sorcery and Lies: Lord of Change.

“Brave but foolish, to come here with so few warriors, Contessa,” the demon cackled in a malevolent sound. “You’re hopelessly outnumbered.”

The Lord of Change agitated his demonic focus, and obeying his order the books began to mutate to take demonic forms. Against the walls, on the shelves, under the tables...hundreds if not thousands of Neverborn abandoned their immobility to encircle them. At least it explained why the fortress had fallen so easily. Against such a force, the Inquisitors would have needed a Chapter of Astartes to have the slightest chance of victory...and they had not been that strong-willed in the first place.

“I don’t think so.”

And Contessa drew a familiar golden card, one he remembered having spent weeks excavating on Angband Quartus. The scream which came from the demon told Psamtic the demon had recognised it too and the abomination was not amused. Their leader began to recite a long list of numbers which were going to activate the null device.

“STOP HER!”

The eight Knights-Errant automatically formed a circle around Contessa as an endless army of demons came straight at them. There was no illusion to mask their presence anymore and Astartes and humans felt the sheer hate and malice of the otherworldly horde.

“FOR THE GREAT MUTATOR!”

There was only one way to answer this challenge.

“FOR THE GOD-EMPEROR!”

Despite possessing eidetic memory, the next moments were almost impossible to recall. The bolters fired desperately their last shells, and then it was a storm of blades and gruelling fight at close quarters. Large portals opened, disgorging more horrors. There were tentacles, maws, tentacles and psychic attacks everywhere. He saw two of the Stormtroopers torn apart, and hundreds of demons devour their remains. He saw the Alpha Legionary be dragged away in a whirlpool of darkness, launching his last plasma grenades to kill the maximum of enemies in death.

And then it was over. A brilliant light blinded all senses. Agony surged in his head and he felt a part of him be pierced by painful needles. From nowhere and everywhere a terrible scream resonated in failure.

“NNOOOOOO! COOOONTEEEESSSSAAAA!”

When the light stopped and his eyes were able to see again, the demons were all gone. The Lord of Change had just been banished and there was no trace of his Neverborn servants. They had won.

The triumph had been extremely heavy though. Of the six Stormtroopers they had started with, only one was still alive. There was no trace of the Alpha Legion Astartes and Subutai’s plate had been pierced several times in the chest and the arms. His own power armour was not better. Only Contessa looked uninjured – though her armour was so covered in gore and other fluids the grey colour was almost unrecognisable.

Still, they had accomplished the mission. There would be time to mourn later, he supposed. The fallen Knights-Errant souls were now protected by someone far more powerful than him.

He was about to ask where was their target when at the centre time and space seemed to distort. Psamtic tensed, inwardly preparing himself for another demonic incursion but instead a girl in green clothes and her eyes covered by a green visor which appeared nowhere.

By the looks of it, she was unconscious but her breathing and a rapid check-up told him this was nothing serious.

“This is Vista. Protect her with your life,” told him Contessa as he gently took her in his arms.

A loud shock was heard and the ground trembled. Now that they were back in a real library, the former thousand Sons could see the other end of the room...and there were a lot of purple sorcery bathing it. Something was trying to break through...and the Astartes had really no wish to meet the entity behind it.

“Run back to the Thunderhawk! Don’t stop no matter what happens!”

Psamtic Mehmur sprinted out of the destroyed library where the fires were spreading out of control, the rest of the Knights-Errant on his heels. In the privacy of his own mind, he just hoped the next mission was going to be simpler. Impossible was not supposed to be a Low Gothic word but this was just getting ridiculous...

**Segmentum Solar**

**Solar Sector**

**Solar System**

**Holy Terra**

**0.108.290M35**

**Sophia Hess**

At Brockton she had believed the world was divided into two categories: the predators and the preys. And she, Sophia Hess, was definitely a predator.

The day Scion had decided to abandon his career of selfless heroism and rampage across the world, destroying everything and everyone meeting his path, she had understood there was a third category: the monsters.

Those beings did not care how many people they killed. They did not even seem bothered that they were most likely going to die for the devastation they inflicted upon the world. They just wanted the reality to burn.

And Scion had done it. She didn’t know why the golden-skinned parahuman had begun his campaign of annihilation by throwing Ayers Rock on Beijing. No one did. They just knew it had been the prelude. It was the first act of a gigantic bloodbath, the announcement of desperate last stands, continent-sized disasters and the end of civilisation.

Sophia had known she was going to die. Scion was far too powerful for another outcome to be possible.

Maybe she had. There had been a lot of pain, a lot of light and colours impossible to describe precisely.

And then she had woken up.

It had taken her a few seconds to understand that if this was the afterlife, she had not been chosen to go to Heaven. Dirty and smelly tunnels were the first places she saw on her arrival. In minutes, large brutes which embodied the gang-members in all its stupidity had tried to kill her – unless it was eat or rape her; these minions had not been blessed with high levels of intelligence. She had been so angry at them their deaths had not been easy ones.

A few hours and she had collected enough information to know she wasn’t on Earth Bet anymore. That was the good news. The bad news was that, somehow, she had landed on the Hive World of Necromunda. It was an extremely populated place where billions of men, women and children were living in atrocious conditions. It was a world of darkness and death, because the planet had been so industrialised and exploited every drop of water outside was a poisonous slime and the air could kill every cell in your lungs in one breath.

It was a place where more people than the entire of population of Earth Bet were killed day after day by a Nazi regime calling itself the ‘Imperium of Mankind’. At first, the vigilante who had once been known as Shadow Stalker had laughed at this ridiculous invention. Honestly, Kaiser had been unable to conquer and hold Brockton Bay before Leviathan killed him. How in Hell these Nazis could rule an entire planet, never mind an Empire?

Unfortunately, it appeared to be the truth. The only saving grace was the fact that these holy and mighty rulers didn’t care about the skin colour of those who worked for them. Otherwise, they were good little Nazis. Brutality for brutality’s sake, the skull and the bones for emblem, the ‘Eternal Emperor’ had replaced the ‘Eternal Fuhrer’ and you had to pray for the Imperium was going to last tens of thousands years. It had made angry. Many of their hulky brutes in armour had learned the hard way they could do nothing when she pushed them in gaping holes the sizes of skyscrapers.

Yes, this was the harsh reality of this world. Apparently there were millions of men dying each day having learned these lies for all their life. Not that they survived long. In these gigantic slums where the lights were weak and lit a few hours per day, being a predator or a prey was not a question of lifestyle. It was just a question of survival and it was measured in weeks. If the lack of food and water, the inter-gang warfare and the punitive raids of the ‘Enforcers’ didn’t kill you, you could live as far as forty years old...maybe.

Sophia had not wanted to die in this hellhole and she had left these diseased slums they called ‘Underhive’ the moment she knew the direction to escape. Without free electricity in the abandoned quarters, her shadow abilities allowed her to go everywhere, steal in all impunity and grab enough money that when a proposition to leave the planet had presented itself, she had taken it.

Seriously, if there was someone in this Galaxy wanting to retire in the poor blocks of this miserable smog-covered planet, let him throw the first stone at her. Shadow Stalker would not die on Necromunda. She was a survivor, and she was not going to be buried among people who made the Merchants look like models of hygiene, cleverness and success. She was not going to break. Her crossbow had no more bolts, but she had been able to replace it with a sort of powerful laser gun. Her torn-apart clothes had been thrown in the compactors and she had gained new and better armour. And since it was obvious the ‘Imperium’ had no idea parahumans even existed, she had the advantage.

Where had everything turned wrong? Well, the idea of the ship recruiting for the settling of the new world had just been a big lie in the end. She should have been far more distrustful once she had seen the columns of tall and eager gang members trying to buy their exit ticket out of Necromunda. But it was not like there were hundreds of ships at her disposition. Necromunda had very big spaceports, but unlike the slums and the toxic hellholes it had electricity, heavily armed guards and serious security measures. So when she had discovered the *Emperor’s Judgement*, a starship called a ‘special-carrack’, which was leaving for better skies, she had seized the opportunity with both hands.

How could she have known the captain and his whole crew were completely crazy?

The moment she had come aboard, she had not only lost all her money, she had been thrown into a blood-soaked cage and told to fight and kill against girls her own age. That was what the first crewman to come had told her anyway once she and the first girl had been brought their first meal – a meagre piece of meat which was small for a small eater, never mind for two and a goblet of water which had a deranging odour.

“Fight. Kill. Cage,” the man had said, with a truly deranging smile and an appearance of a villain from a very bad horror movie. “Kill good. Kill gives food.”

Instead of trying to strangle the poor girl, Sophia had phased out of the cage, stolen the stun truncheon he had around his belt and then shattered his skull. She had been so angry that the kill had been over before her rage had the time to run.

Unfortunately, doing so must have set off a lot of alarms. She had not heard them, so maybe these persons had installed cameras or something similar to tell them there was something wrong with their prisoners. Before she had the time to free more than a handful of prisoners, a hundred or so guards had stormed the room and no matter how many times she had managed to evade them, it had not been enough. They had weapons able to pierce her Breaker shadow-state, and they had rapidly figured she could not remain in shadows eternally.

The beating they had given her afterwards had put her between life and death for...actually she didn’t know how many days she was unconscious. What she was aware was that someone must have healed her, because she had very little scars or sign of injuries when she had been able to stand up.

And then the nightmare had truly started. Someone had placed an electrical collar around her neck and different pieces of technology around her legs and arms. If she tried to become a shadow, she received an awful amount of pain for her trouble. She was forced to obey, to participate in the bloody games of the ship masters. No weapon of any kind were authorised and the rules were simple: kill or be killed. These guys were mad and her anger this time had no escape. There had been thousands of gangers in the gigantic hold. Thousands of cages were the scenes of thousands of fight-to-the-death and there was no mercy of treatment of favouritism. In the light or the darkness, they were forced to kill if they wanted to have food, water and one more day to live before death came for them. It was not a predator’s life; it was those of a monster caged by bigger monsters. And there was no way to stop it. Hours, days, months...it was impossible to say how much time they stayed alternating between rest and furious cage battles, bleeding and screaming. In the end, her anger had faded away fight after fight. Predator superiority was good, but there was so much blood and murder in these fights that it wasn’t leaving her satisfied.

Today was different.

Sophia had woken up in a comfortable bed with white sheets, a weird sensation when nine times out of ten she and the rest of the Necromunda fighters had slept on the ground. There was no cage fight, no violence and no insults. They were examined by doctors and nurses, or at least by medical personnel in white and red clothes. The countless scars and injuries which had slashed her skin were gone like by magic. For the first time in an eternity, Sophia felt great. Miracle of all miracle, they had the right to take a hot shower and were given clothes to their size, a black uniform devoid of decorations and black boots.

Once they were all ready, one of the doctors placed a new collar around her neck. Obviously, the starship authorities didn’t trust her enough not to escape. Shadow Stalker might have felt a bit vexed, if she had not had planned for an evasion the moment the first attempt had failed.

But without her parahuman powers, the chances of escaping the armoured figures patrolling every corridor were close to zero. Like the other survivors, she had to wait. Assuming they were all she could see, it had been a massacre with survival chances smaller than most Endbringer fights. Thousands men and women of all age had paid at Necromunda to leave the planet: there were only twenty-six survivors now and she was the only girl. The twenty-five others were all far taller and bigger than her, and now that their wounds were bad memories she knew she wouldn’t last long if her shadow transformation was unavailable.

A masked figure covered from head to toe in black came in front of them, accompanied by the captain in person. For once, the man wasn’t giving his sadistic smiles like when he came to see the cage fights and was acting like a love-sick puppy. But Sophia saw his eyes and in the green pupils there was a deep fear. For all his talks about killing, this man was just a rat.

“Twenty-sixth survivors,” said the stranger in a loud and nasal tone. “It is better than your previous travels assuredly.”

“Thank you, Honoured Adept.”

The black figure took the sort of portable computer an officer handed him and read some information on it. Despite the fact she could not see his visage, Sophia could somehow guess this newcomer was pleased.

“Yes, you have done well.” He pointed a black finger in her direction and uttered a single word.

“Callidus.”

Then the hand moved to the boy left to her. “Eversor,” the man said. He repeated it twenty-four times. Sometimes, he consulted a long time his device, often it was a short and immediate answer. “Lead them to the transports,” the order came once these short and mysterious words had been spoken.

Escorted by fifty-something guards in threatening armours, there was nothing to do but obey. Despite the ‘Callidus’ and ‘Eversor’ judgement, they were put in the same big shuttle, their hands and their feet were bound to various metallic contraptions. Surprisingly, the guards didn’t stay aboard and once they were all harnessed, they left the transport. The great hatch closed in a complete silence, a sinister sound compared to the racket of the doors aboard the *Emperor’s Judgement*.

There was no window or screen to inform them where they were. For all she knew, they were going back to Necromunda though she somewhat doubted the pigs of this starship had organised this slaughter just to go back at their departure point.

The only thing Shadow Stalker could guess was that they were entering the atmosphere of a planet. Despite having only felt it once on Necromunda, the sensation was impossible to forget. After what looked like several hours of hard accelerations and decelerations, their transport stopped moving. The hatch opened, and the weird human-cyborgs the Imperium called ‘servitors’ came into view. Soundlessly, their bounds were removed and they walked off the hold.

To her disappointment, there wasn’t any clue where they had been landed once they left the shuttle. The location looked like a bland place, with no markings or any other signs proclaiming who owned the place and which planet they had arrived. A few big screens were present, but the only message on them was to ‘follow the servitors’ in this butchered version of English they called ‘Low Gothic’.

The twenty-five brutes and she were not the only ones in this grey-brown terminal. There were many shuttles arriving and departing, disgorging hundreds, no thousands of hulky and bodybuilder-types. This was not good for her. Yes, she was athletic; between being part of the track and field team plus her time as a vigilante and then a hero she had had plenty of times to build muscles. But she was a runner, not one of those mountain of muscles which debarked by whole columns. They were also taller than her. Sophia had been one of the tallest girls at Winslow, nearly as tall as Hebert but the teenagers and men marching in neat lines alongside her were between 1m80 and 2m10. A lot were tending towards the latter, to be truthful.

At one point, the servitor in front of her turned right while the rest of the groups continued ahead. Had there been someone intelligent close, she would have had some questions but trying to talk to a servitor was a waste of time. They passed by a series of doors and lifts, before arriving to a large alley decorated by the usual skulls. There was something different however this time. The human skull was superposed with a sort of four-point cross and a sword. At the end of the avenue was a balcony. There were two large black seats, with no bindings, chains or other objects to show it was for prisoners. After two seconds of hesitation and seeing the servitor to the side was not going to provide instructions, Sophia sat in the right. Instantly, it was like the seat adapted to her body in order to provide the maximum of comfort.

After savouring the feeling when she was confident she was not going to be bitten, stabbed or destroyed, she watched the procession under eyes.

The balcony was overhanging a large and dark hall. The emblem of the skull-cross-sword was painted white and six meters-tall on the opposite wall. There were no other signs of decoration, no furniture. There was a rather large balcony to her left, although this one was far lower positioned and there was a sort of console for someone to speak.

As for the hall itself, it was filling slowly but surely. The dark space between the gloomy walls was extensive, there was enough ground here to play a professional football game, but there were more and more people entering in neat columns. The noise of footsteps and breathing was all that was to be heard. There was no whisper, grumble or low voice. Once more, the female parahuman was disquieted by how few women were in this assembly. For that matter, even the ones she could see looked more like muscular men who had somehow acquired breasts than women. Shadow Stalker counted a column and then multiplied it by the sixty-plus lines fixing in front of the main balcony. The rapid mental calculus gave her somewhere around seven thousand people. It was incredibly frightening if her own experience was any judge. Thousands had died aboard the Emperor’s Judgement only for twenty-six to leave it alive. If they had all surmounted the same massacres and cage fights, the numbers of deaths had to be absolutely insane.

A few more minutes and there were no more arrivals. The four doors which had allowed the crowd to enter were closed in a long ceremonial procession. On the main balcony, several black-hooded figures brought a sort of great metallic coffin they placed in a vertical position. Idly, the Earth bet vigilante wondered if their hosts had invited Dracula.

As the object opened and gasps echoed in the hall, she wondered if a vampire would not have been a preferable choice.

The thing in the coffin was an inhuman horror. Plunged in a shimmering blue liquid, a skulled-face was grinning at them. At first sight it seemed impossible this thing was human. The details of its body showed grotesquely inflated muscles, ones even the super-muscled athletes never managed to achieve.

What was there to describe? The creature was covered in a black cloth hiding nothing of its muscles and mutations. It was covered in weapons which were scary just by looking at them. A large claw, many guns, swords, spikes and syringes were visible and given the distance, Sophia was fairly sure there were more to see...not that she intended to get closer, oh no.

The servitors and the rest of the figures in the balcony connected several cables and devices and suddenly a powerful voice boomed out of nowhere, silencing the whispers and the little conversations which had started.

“Welcome to Holy Terra, assassins,” there was eagerness in this monstrous voice and a look directly at the coffin-lie support unit showed her bright red lights had appeared where eyes were supposed to be. “Welcome to the Officio Assassinorum.”

There were some screams and accusations uttered but the speaker ignored them all.

“Yes, we exist. Yes, we are not a rumour spread by the High Lords of Terra to keep the Governors and their corrupt families in line. Yes, we are the assassins of His Holy Majesty, charged by Him to hunt down his enemies and erase them from existence. For those that defy the Imperium, only the Emperor can judge your crimes. And only in death can you receive the Emperor’s Judgement.”

Instantly, the name of the ship which had brought her here made suddenly a lot more sense. On the other side of the transparent barrier, the thing opened its mouth in what could have been a grin if it had not been on such a monstrous corpse-like visage.

“I am NC-UT2997, Master of the Eversor Clade and if you are in my presence today, it is because you have successfully passed the preliminaries to become in time true Imperial Assassins. I would gladly leave this vat to congratulate you...but it would be the last thing you would see in your life.”

Hundreds of men shivered at this ruthless and inhuman voice. Inside, Sophia knew fear too. This was not a predator, it was just a monster.

“An Eversor Assassin is the ultimate force of the Imperium!” The voice half-shouted and the bloodlust could not be missed in these words. “We are not the impeccable marksmen of the Vindicare, the anti-psyker terrors of the Culexus or the disguise mistresses of the Callidus! An Eversor Assassin will not trick his enemies into destroying themselves, poison water tanks or convince the target to commit suicide!”

The expression on the monster skulled-face grew more deranging per the second.

“No, aspirants. An Eversor is a killing machine and our only goal is to kill everyone. Mutant, xenos, heretic, spies and traitors; if they are between an Eversor and his target, they must die and their agony screams will be heard by the God-Emperor Himself!”

There were many in the public who applauded at this announcement. Then again, there were as many who stayed silent and continued to fix emotionlessly the being floating in the blue solution. By Scion, if this thing was a human, what had they done to him? The survivors in the hall may be murderers and survivors, they were all big and threatening, but none of them looked like abominable freaks...

“But you are too numerous.” The clapping and the smiles died instantly. “Eversor masters and trainers are far from unlimited and the Clade has no intention to use sub-par material for its next generation of Assassins. We need fifty candidates.” The horrible head moved slightly and the voice became a low rumble but everyone head it nonetheless. “The worthy will win their place, the others will die.”

For an instant or two none of the Eversor ‘volunteer aspirants’ moved. Then one mountain of muscles in the second column from the right strangled the boy in front of him and everything after that was chaos. Men and women fought each other with their bare fists, teeth and sometimes small weapons they had managed to hide in their mouths or another place. People bashed the skulls of their enemies against the walls. Death by strangulation was happening a hundred times. Battles of every size and with two to a hundred participants raged. Battle-cries of a thousand planets were screamed before the fighters plunged again in the melee.

And next to her ear, Sophia heard a chuckle.

“The Eversor selection is really something, isn’t it?”

The parahuman teenage girl turned her head fast. She could have sworn seconds ago that the other seat was unoccupied, but no more. There was now a woman in a sort of back skin-tight costume watching her and she instantly recognised the posture of a predator. Her hairs were combed in a long blonde braid arriving to her lips. Like the Eversor in his coffin, there were red lenses over her eyes or something fulfilling the same function. The Assassin had quantities of weapons on her like a large gun on her back, a spiked gauntlet coursing with green energy and several explosives tightened to her belt. Between her breasts, there was a variation of the first emblem, a skull divided between black and white on a four-pointed cross.

This woman was mortally dangerous, of that there was no doubt.

“This is why they aren’t recruiting many girls.” Sophia didn’t make it a question and the absence of answer proved she had guessed right.

“The skills the Officio expects from an Eversor are not hard to find on any world of the Imperium,” perhaps it was her imagination but Shadow Stalker believed there was a hint of mockery in the woman’s voice. “Their selection methods are taking this into account.”

For several minutes, they watched the massacre unfolding. Hundreds had already fallen, but the butchery was continuing nonetheless. There was nothing subtle or predatory in the young men still crawling or running to kill more of their challengers. They were covered in gore and existed solely to kill...in their behaviour they were already barbaric Assassins. Sophia knew she should felt anger or hate at this treatment, but instead she just felt...numb. Killing and the shedding of blood was not making her heart pump harder now.

She heard a series of clicks and suddenly the electrical collar which had been a silent menace around her neck fell to the ground. Obviously, Sophia’s attention directly returned to the female Assassin.

“You have potential, Sophia Hess.” The tone employed by the woman was giving her the impression of a big feline...minus the purring. The black substance covering the skin touched her hand....it was somewhat cold and soft, but underneath she could feel the steel grip. “The captain of the *Emperor’s Judgement* was so impressed by your skills he ordered his Astropath to contact us directly...”

The former hero chose to stay mouth closed. This woman was giving her the same vibes Alexandria of the Triumvirate did before Hebert killed her with her swarm. It was the feeling your interlocutor could end you like a bug...it was not a pleasurable sensation.

In the distance, the ruckus caused by the battle was getting louder.

“I am Xanaria Lythis, Clade-Primaris of the Callidus Temple. I’m searching for an apprentice. Interested?”

**Author’s note**: this is the end of the Peril arc. Needless to say, a lot of decisions made right now will have lasting consequences for this poor galaxy. The Weaver Option will continue after the other stories have had their time, and we will see what Taylor and her growing circle of allies and subordinates have been up to in the weeks after the victory of Wuhan.

More links for support or if you want to comment on the Weaver Option:

P a treon: ww w. p a treon.c om/ Antony444

Alternate History page: https://www .alternatehistory .co m/ forum/ threads/ the-weaver-option-a-warhammer-40000-crossover.395904/

If someone wants to create a TV Trope page, fell free to do so!