

Black Crusade-Campaign

ALL SHALL KNOW...THE RULE AND MIGHT OF CHAOS.

Summoned forth from the farthest reaches of the galaxy, from the galactic rim to our home in the Eye of Terror, Abaddon sends forth a message to all who would heed the call of the Ruinous Powers. He is gathering his legions for his next Black Crusade against the Imperium of Man, and against the False Emperor on his tomb throne. Holy Terra, the seat of mankind's power has devolved into the very thing that the Emperor had fought against. The very thing that Lorgar, great prophet of Chaos, had proclaimed before his ascension to daemonhood, and punished for by Guilliman and the Emperor himself. This rotten empire of humanity worships Him as a god, with churches erected in his name. Oh the hypocrisy, the sweet irony.

Abaddon is seeking a select few who might serve both as envoys to the rest of the galaxy, but also as a force to weaken key worlds that will soon feel the wrath of the Despoiler himself, with his vast legions of daemons and traitorous astartes alike. You find yourselves aboard the Vengeful Spirit itself, the flagship of the Arch-fiend himself. A band of opposing forces, all gathered under the banner of the Black Legion. We find berserkers of the Blood God, disciples of the Grandfather, hedonists of the Prince of Pleasure, and apostles of the Changer of Ways all gathered from across the stars, some eager, some not, to hear the words of Abaddon, and to see who might be chosen as his secret retinues, who will go forth ahead of the legions of evil, as his emissaries of blood, his most unholy warband. He will speak soon, from across the Vox channels of the Vengeful Spirit.

A crackles is heard across the vox channels of the ancient Gloriana-class battleship. The rowdiness of the hundreds of heretic space marines begin to fall silent and a deep and gravely voice is heard thundering across through the multitude of corridors.

“In the grim darkness of the 41st millennia, there is only war...and rightfully so. For countless eons, the forces of the corpse emperor have fallen deeper and deeper into their dogmatic and supposedly “pure” ways. I was there. I was there when Horus took up arms against his father, against the dying and rotten Imperium of Man. From the time that he did, the true face of the Imperium truly began to shine through. When the Warmaster managed to draw 9 of the Emperors perfect sons away from his iron grip, and into the welcome embrace of the Ruinous Powers, it fractured the Emperor's grand design for a unified galaxy. When Horus gutted the perfect, winged angel aboard the Vengeful Spirit, we had almost achieved what we all wanted, but it was all for naught. The Warmaster, in his moment of weakness, let his humanity shine back through, and so he was slain, stabbed by Emperor in that very moment. Weakness. Naught but weakness and pitiful the aspirations of my pathetic father. Now I stand where my father

failed, leading this 13th Black Crusade against this dying Imperium. All shall fall to the primordial truth. All shall know the fury of Khorne. All shall feel the desires of Slaanesh. All shall embrace the entropy and inevitability of Nurgle. All shall fall to the whims of change, the domain of Tzeentch.

I have summoned you all from across the far reaches of the galaxy so that you may aid my Black Legion in our conquest of our most unholy Black Crusade. I will send forth specialized warbands across the expanse of Imperium Nihilus, so that they may begin the work of our Primordial Overlords. We shall soon see if you are worthy of my attention.

Multiple representatives of the Dark Mechanicus approach the hoards of heretic space marines, scanning each and every warp tainted superhuman, assigning them into groups. The fell tech priest approaches.

He speaks in a monotone, and vox corrupted tone: "You (pick player)." He proceeds to scan each member of the party, carefully identifying them to see if they were chosen by the Despoiler.

(Give the party a few minutes to speak to each other and know those who stand around them) Introduce their characters.

Once the party is introduced to each other, the mechanicus agent bids them to follow.

"You should feel honored, you have the chance to stand before your betters. I pray that thee beseech the Ruinous Powers that you do not fail the Warmaster."

You realize that the heretek is leading you towards the elevator, warped and twisted by the long term exposure to the warp, acting more as a portal.

The priest begins to chant in a combination of warp speech and binary. With a crackle, the elevator portal opens. "Enter", the priest bids.

The party finds themselves surrounded by The Bringers of Despair, the personal body guards of Abaddon himself. In a guttural and half mechanical voice you hear, "State thine purpose wretches, for you stand aboard the bridge of the Warmaster."

Give the party a chance to explain. The BoD are nothing if not masters of their craft and do not look upon unknowns with trust, regardless of the fact you are all traitor astartes. After a few moments, a thunderous series of footfalls echoes across the bridge.

"Stand down my loyal protectors. For I have summoned them myself." The voice booms across the corridors. (Roll a willpower saving throw everyone).

SUCCESS: NOTHING HAPPENS. YOU FEEL A MIGHTY PRESENCE FOLLOW THE BOOMING VOICE.

FAILURE: THOSE WHO DO NOT PASS THE SAVING THROW FEEL THE OVERWHELMING PRESENCE OF THE DESPOILER CRASH AGAINST THEIR VERY BEINGS. YOUR BODY MOVES ON ITS OWN ACCORD AS YOU KNEEL IN THE PRESENCE OF WARMASTER.

The bodyguards bow and form a column on both side, as Abaddon the Despoiler moves towards the degenerate bunch of heretics.

“You stand in the presence of the Chaos Gods chosen. I bid thee welcome, for I know all of you are devout servants of the four. Whether you believe it to be or not.” His gaze turns towards the Night Lord, his ember eyes burning through the soulless son of Curze. **“Despite this fact, I see the influence of the primordial truth within all of you. All of you hail from distinguished legions and warbands alike.”**

Abaddon begins to scan the room, taking in each and every facet of the four heretic astartes who are present and through the whispers of the warp, begins to see what makes each of them important to the unholy crusade.

A child of the Grandfather, who is blessed with an incredible resistance to all things. He who spreads the gifts of the Lord of Decay with each and every step that he takes towards the servants of the Corpse Emperor. Yet you belong to that pathetic wretch of a Primarch. Content to stay on his disease-ridden planet and waste the gift that the Grandfather has bestowed upon him. I can only hope you can be less of a waste than he.

You, sorcerer. You, like the Black Legion, see all four as equals. You know the importance of equality across the spectrum of power. Blessed by all, but not excelling in any. Admirable, but shortsighted. Claim the power they offer as your own, just as Huron Blackheart, leader of your infamous warband did during his defeat at Badab. His defeat brought him into the embrace of truth. Let it do the same for you.

Ha. Son of Konrad. You see yourself the same your disgraced father. You don't commit the acts that makes your legion great in the name of any of the Gods. You do them because you enjoy terror and fear. You see the galaxy as mere playthings, flesh to be flayed and worn by the degenerates that you call brothers in arms. You know your destiny is not set in stone, just as I do. Always remember this.

Hearing the words of the Warmaster echoes across the bridge, you feel the embrace of your patron Gods. Their gaze is upon you all now, thanks to Abaddon. How do you respond? Give them a few minutes to acknowledge what he has told them.

For ten thousand years, we have been the battering ram that smashes against the walls of a crumbling husk of an empire. This Black Crusade has one goal: to bring down key planets that stand as bulwarks against us.

Just as fast as the conversation had started it was over. A flash of light dances across the room, and you all find yourself back in the hanger of the Vengeful Spirit.

The heretek magos approaches once more. "With said information relayed to you all I suggest you make your way to the armory. You will be outfitted accordingly. Meet with the Warpsmith down the southeastern corridor of the hangar and you will be equipped for your most glorious task."

You may now allow for whatever the party wishes to do before they make their way to the objective. (See map layout plans).

Corridor Descriptions:

Armory: As you approach the sliding doors of the profane armory, you are greeted by a series of uncanny screams. You all know the screams of daemons all too well indeed, but not normally in the context of agony. (Have party make an intelligence check with an Easy(+30) modifier).

SUCCESS: YOU IDENTIFY THE SCREAMS OF A KHORNATE BLOODLETTER, HOWLING IN SHEER AGONY, AS YOU SEE THE WARPSMITH USING HIS FOUL ARTS TO FORCEFULLY RIP THE DAEMON FROM THE WARP AND WILL IT INSIDE THE EMPTY HELLCANNON THAT SITS VACANT BESIDES THE SMITH. AS THE PROCESS CONCLUDES, THE HELL CANNON BURST INTO FLAMES, ROARING TO LIFE AS THE HELLISH, AND RATHER TEMPERAMENTAL, NEVERBORN BATTERY WAS PLACES AGAINST ITS WILL.

FAILURE: YOU OBSERVE THE SIGHT WITH VERY LITTLE KNOWLEDGE AS TO WHAT IS GOING ON. YOU KNOW LITTLE OF WARPSMITH DUTIES, BUT YOU KNOW THEY ARE VITAL TO THE CAUSE.

The warpsmith shifts his gaze towards the party, scowling in typical Iron Warrior annoyance. "Speak wretches. You waste my time with your idle gawking. Is there a reason for your disturbance or not?" Iron Warriors are known for their incredible knowledge of siegecraft and daemon engines alike. To find a shop being run by a warpsmith brings forth the knowledge that the items he has at his disposal are well worth the time to look over.

Let the party mull over the warpsmith's aggression. After a few minutes, have the warpsmith address the party once more.

"Wait, oh I know you. You were the ones that the Warmaster mentioned. I am no servant, but even I would not dare to anger our Lord. I have some items that were set aside, unique weapons for each one of you. Not that you are remotely worthy of any of these relics. You damage any of them, you'll be right out of luck. These weapons have been around since the glorious Age of Darkness, and you won't find anyone around who has the skill to repair them, well except for me. However, I am not at your beck and call, so treat them as if the Gods themselves handed them to you."

Have each player approach the smith and bestow unto them the weapon that they described in their character sheet.

“Now that that’s done, get out. I have more important things to do, like wrestling with these damned things” gesturing towards the violently shaking skull cannon.

They now have free range of exploring the ship but be cautious. Some inhabitants of the ship might not be so keen on you visiting...

Any descriptions of alternative rooms or corridors will be referenced here.

List of NPC’s throughout the ship that the party may interact with based on locations:

Armory:

Warpsmith Krae’nok

- **Iron Warrior Warpsmith, short for a space marine standing at 7 feet tall. Armed with a corrupted Nemesis pattern Daemonhammer (ironic since it is typically used by the Ordo Malleus to dispose of the Neverborn). Adorned in battle scared Mk.3 Heresy Era power armor.**
 - o **His stock includes**
 - **2 dozen crack grenades**
 - **Astartes pattern bolters**
 - **A couple of Crozius’s, all adorned by Word Bearer glyphs**
 - **A large assortment of Las weapons ranging from human sized to heavy las cannons.**
 - **Chainswords, chain axes, power hammers**
 - **Large assortments of ammo accommodating every weapon found in the armory.**

Heretek Magos PLOR HEXTOGADON: Magos representative of Abaddon. Adorned in black and maroon robes, consisting of roughly 73 percent machine, all of which seems to be pulsating with an eerie red aura. Any and all questions that pertain to your mission will be answered by him.

Random Slaves

Corridors:

- **Servitors**
- **Serfs**
- **Random assortment of Dark Mechanicus representatives**

“The warmaster has given you a great honor of retrieving the geenseed, so you would do well to not fail him. Your failure could directly influence the outcome of his 13th Black Crusade. Your success however, would see you raised to the rank of Chaos Warlords, with direct control of your own warbands.”

Allow any of the party members to ask questions or interact with the Magos. Be prepared for bullshit.

"You've wasted enough time as it is. Report to the hanger and be prepared for orbital drop when we reach our location".

As you make your way to the hanger, you see as different war parties, much like your own, are beginning to arm themselves for their respective assignments. Plague marines, khorne berserkers, foul sorcerers of Tzeentch, Slaaneshi hedonites and Noise Marines. Somehow the Warmaster has managed to unite the different, typically warring, chaos alignments to serve under a very uneasy unification. Whatever Abaddon has planned, it has resounded thoroughly enough to make Khornites cooperative, Tzeentchians to share their secrets, Slaaneshi to stave off their unending thirst and the foul Nurgleites to welcome all to their embrace. Something sinister is at work here, and you all revel in the joy of the upcoming carnage. (Anything to add?)

Hanger Bay: Rows upon rows of drop ships line the hanger.

- **An assortment of pods**
- **Dreadclaw pods**
- **Thunderbirds**
- **Stormbirds**

Characters:

- **Therek the Scorned: Master of Slaves**
 - **Black legion veteran of the long war. Adorned in scarred black power armor.**
 - **Wielding a crozious**
 - **Not extremely talkative**
- **Magos Heretek Quin-lion Vaas**
 - **DM magos calling upon the gods to bless the series of ships that lie idle in the hanger**
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The magos begins to grow impatient, and begins to usher you towards your drop pod.

"Here you shall all enter and prepare for the descent onto the planet we will be above as soon as we exit the Immaterium. We can only stay here for a brief period of time before the Imperial dogs begin to notice. Now, enter and prepare for drop."

SFX___ Alarms blaring and creaking of metal as the Vengeful Spirit leaves the Warp

End of Session 0

