

WARHAMMER[®]

40,000

STELLAN HOPLITES



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CODEx

RULES MANUFACTORUM
&
OBSIDIAN SKY
PRESENT
STELLAN HOPLITES
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INTRODUCTION

Neither monsters of science nor ordinary men, these warriors were born of the Star and jealously do they guard its light, lest the galaxy plummet into dark.

If ever there was a force that embodied humanity's greatest strength the Hoplites are it. They are not gifted with the crushing numbers of the Imperial Guard nor are they blessed with the enhanced tenacity of the indomitable Space Marines. Rather, each one is a product of humanity focused, as light through a looking glass, by the Lady's Gift.

Why Collect a Stellan Hoplite Army?

The Stellans are an elite force designed specifically for players that take pride in every single model they put on the tabletop. No member of any unit in this codex is expendable as each carries the tools to make a difference to the outcome of the battle. Moreover the Stellans play like no other army currently out there. They are more elite and hard hitting than the Imperial Guard, faster and more versatile than the Space Marines. They are not a horde army nor are they so few as to be unforgiving. The Stellans are a midway point between the scorching firepower of the Imperial Guard and the specialization and speed of the Eldar.

What's in this Codex:

- A brief history of the Stellans detailing their origins and the nature of their clandestine engagements. The Stellans have a relatively short but illustrious history that swings between careful interventions between massive opposing forces and deep infiltration of heretic strongholds.
- Stories and comic strips to arouse your wargaming imagination. These works of art have been included to give the Stellans a 'face' so to speak. It allows the reader to envision his tabletop force with greater clarity and adds value to the narrative component of every game the Stellans are a part of.
- The rules and stats to use the Stellan Hoplites in your tabletop games. These include unit specific rules and Force Organization options and limitations. This section will apply parameters to your Stellan Hoplite force in order to ensure balanced and competitive play.

- A summary of the Stellan weapons and wargear for quick reference. If you need to look something up in a hurry use the table of contents to find the page. Each unit has all of its options and rules detailed on a single page so no flipping back and forth to find what you are looking for and there is a comprehensive list of stats the very back of the book for expediency
- A full color model showcase featuring the Hoplites in various color schemes. The Stellans are a standalone force but their missions see them fighting on a variety of battlefields each of which requires alterations to their camouflage and fatigues. Otherwise this document can also be used to represent an elite branch of the Imperial Guard or regular Storm Troopers regiments any of which will have their own unique colors.

This is a Living Document

Everything you find herein is subject to change. If there is anything you find unpalatable or if you simply want to discuss codex and rules design in general please don't hesitate to contact the author at:

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'Officialdom'

This is a non-official codex which is to say it is exactly as official as you like it to be. Be sure to ask tournament organizers and opponents before using this document as they may be opposed to its nature.

If you find your gaming group is hesitant to allow third party rules sources perhaps you'll find that using a single entry at a time in addition to your Imperial Guard or Inquisitorial army will ease the transition and build up your opponent's trust for this rules set.

You will need both Codex: Imperial Guard and Codex: Space Marines to make full use of this document.



GRACEFUL SPIRIT ASTRIDE THE SKY
FOR WHOM DOES THE DEATH'S RATTLE SIGH?

A PHANTOM MEMORY RUN AMOK
THE WARRIOR OF TIME, OF LEGEND
GONE AFORE US BUT NOT YET DEAD
DOTH NOW REACH YOU

HIS HANDS ARE FULL OF BLOOD.

THE SHIELD, THE SWORD
THE LANCE OF LIGHT
TRINKETS IN A BOX SEALED IN MAN'S
OWN HEART

NOW TO PUNISH, NOW TO PARRY
THE MUD-CAKED BOOTS
WILL NEVER CHANGE
HE REACHES FOR THE SKY, LONGING

HIS HANDS ARE FULL OF BLOOD.

HIS FINGERS MINE,
HIS MEMORY UNYIELDING
RAGING IN A QUIET SEA OF TIME
HE REACHES YOU, ACCEPT HIM

HE IS NOT DEAD
FOR HE IS ME, I ACCEPT HIM
AND HIS HANDS FULL
HIS FINGERS CLOTHED IN CRIMSON

ARE MY HANDS FULL OF BLOOD.

GRACEFUL SPIRIT ASTRIDE THE SKY
FOR WHOM DOES THE DEATH'S RATTLE SIGH?
NOT FOR THE STARS, NO NOT I
I MAY FALL
BUT I WILL NEVER DIE



Inquisitor Lord Scipio Corydon

In the 299th year of the 41st millennium the Lord Corydon's fifty year pursuit of the Chaos Lord Sekantus was drawing to a close. Following the cornering and subsequent destruction of the majority of the heretic's fleet Sekantus fled to a small red planet which appeared on Imperial charts as 'Stella IX'. There he and his men sought refuge in the massive subterranean caverns beneath the ferrous wastes.

A protectorate of the Cult of the Machine God, Stella was a place where those blessed by the Omnissiah could experiment with forbidden technologies far from the prying eyes of the Imperium. Upon his arrival the Inquisitor promptly demanded that command of the planet's defenses be transferred to him that he might meet and destroy the remainder of the arch-heretic's forces which still far outnumbered his own. The disciples of the Machine God refused. Their reasons for denial were frivolous and inconsistent and it became clear after a time that the Adeptus Mechanicus were hiding something extraordinary on Stella – something so groundbreaking it was worth risking the wrath of the Inquisition.

For more than a year the Inquisitor fought desperately for control of the planet. Dozens of Mechanicus installations were laid to waste and still no aid was given with the servants of the Machine God seeking only to preserve their secrets, destroying their own facilities lest the precious data they contained fall into the wrong hands.

In the final months of 301 M. 41 the Inquisitor's men surrounded the final stronghold left to Lord Sekantus. In a bloody assault that lasted nearly three days the fortress was taken and Sekantus slain by the Lord Inquisitor's own hand. But the victory was overshadowed by a troubling discovery. During the guerilla war that had ravaged the planet the Chaos Lord's men were able to capture prototypic technology belonging to the Adeptus Mechanicus. Now the Inquisitor knew what the Adeptus were hiding he was determined to see near total destruction of his forces repaid in full. With the full scope of their operations now revealed to the Inquisition the scions of the Machine God had no choice but to co-operate.

The Stellan Heart

The Adeptus Mechanicus presence on the planet Stella was not happenstance. Centuries before rumor

circulated regarding a rare crystal with strange psycho-biological qualities. A few priceless jewels and pendants existed owned mainly by the richest or most daring Rogue Traders – the only ones able to lay their hands on such devices. Precise information concerning these exquisite pieces proved difficult to uncover; Some said the crystal could bestow regenerative qualities while others claimed that anyone who wore the jewel for a time would meet great success and good fortune. Still others claimed the crystal granted immortality.

The truth, the Mechanicus found, was none and all of these. The crystal, when worn close to the heart, could alter the bearer's state of mind creating an indomitable sense of ability, confidence and fortitude. In extreme cases the crystal effects could become physical, reversing injury and, in several recorded instances, even death.


The origins of the crystal, dubbed the Stellan Heart, were traced to Stella IX and there the Adeptus Mechanicus immediately went to work beginning their experiments on the prospering local population. Efforts were doubled following the Inquisitor Lord's discovery. With the vast majority of Inquisitor Corydon's force in ruins there was now a very practical potential application of the crystal's unique qualities.

The Lady Enchantress

In the first months of research one of the most distinguished agents of the Machine Cult was summoned from Mars to bring the Omnissiah's divine attention to the task at hand. The objective: a weaponised form of the Stellan Heart.

Her efforts were met with immediate success. It was said by those that recorded her findings that her connection with the crystal took on exceptional quality and that she was able to manipulate the crystal's powers with unprecedented ease. Before long the first breakthroughs were made – the Stellan blades. Of these there were two major categories: the Stellan Rapier and the Stellan Claymore - the principle behind each being to hone the martial talents of their wielder using the unique qualities of the crystal embedded within the weapon to draw on the warrior's determination and aggression thus forging a power weapon far more potent than its more common counterparts.

The greatest breakthrough of all, however, saw the solitary scientist grow ever more distant from her colleagues and instigated the first speculations concerning her sanity. More and more patients being experimented on died on the operating table while



others emerged from her chambers permanently disfigured. As the death toll began to rise talk turned to terminating the project which was beginning to attract far too much attention. It was just as the preparations were made to strip the great inventor of her authority that she revealed her most rewarding accomplishment. By implanting an electronically charged portion of the crystal within the subject's heart the effects of the Stellan Heart were increased exponentially. It became clear that this was the discovery the Adeptus Mechanicus had been waiting for. The Lady Enchantress, as she came to be known thereafter, took on a near religious station following this discovery regarded by the population as ruler, savior and the purest manifestation of the God-Emperor's favor. Now, also, the followers of the Omnissiah finally had something of value to offer the Inquisitor in the hopes that they might buy his secrecy.

The Inquisitor Re-armed

With rumors of the Lady's success spreading quickly it was no surprise when hundreds of thousands of Stellans volunteered for what promised to be one of the most potent forces available to the Imperium second only to the warriors of the Adeptus Astartes and made even more fearsome by the fact that only a select few would even know they existed.

Serving with distinction wherever the Inquisition requires a decisive blow the Stellans fight with incredible efficiency and flexibility. Trained in every form of combat available to the forces of the Imperium the Stellans have created a legacy of unnumbered victories in every situation from deep insertions behind enemy lines to crucial interventions in massive land wars. When the objective is secured the much-needed Stellans are spirited away to serve Lord Corydon and the Ordos in another critical engagement.

The Ordo Hereticus

Above all else Inquisitors desire discretion and secrecy. If ever the full extent of their plans were revealed many Inquisitors would themselves be tried for heresy. None could be certain how Inquisitor Corydon's private army would be received and so an oath of secrecy was pressed, sometimes forcefully, on any that encountered the Hoplites or that knew of their connection to the Lord Inquisitor. Unbeknownst to the oath takers each word of the oath is psychically charged, designed to inflict excruciating pain if any part of the oath is about to be broken. The oath-bind is one of Lord Corydon's prime mental

constructs developed to perfection after a century of service.

Despite the risk Lord Corydon drew close to him those colleagues he had grown to trust and shared with them the secret of the Stellan Heart and the workings of its anathematic operation within the chest of every Stellan soldier. These colleagues, each an Inquisitor in their own right, formed an alliance of interests and now fight together united under the One Star banner.

The First Undertaking


The first engagement the Stellans were called upon to partake in came much sooner than anyone involved had expected. Indeed only six combat-capable Hoplites had recovered from their procedure and were combat capable. Of the Inquisitor's original force none were now left who could be sent into the gauntlet of battle so grievous were the emotional wounds they suffered during the assault on the enemy's fortress.

Amidst the ferrous wastes where the Arch-heretic had built his underground stronghold rumors still lingered of men and shapes, half-seen, terrorizing the nomadic ore merchants and their caravans. A threat still hung over the Stellan populace and it was now up to the Hoplites, the only force left to defend Stella, to investigate.

Lacking the numbers for a conventional strike the Inquisitor devised a plan by which the ghostly bandits might be caught. He and the six Hoplites were to masquerade as merchant bodyguards travelling through the heart of the ferrous wastes where the bandit raids were most common.

The weeks dragged on with the Inquisitor and his men seeing no sign of any raiders. Meanwhile across the rest of the desert merchant families were being slaughtered to the man. So aggressive were these attacks that the Inquisitor feared there would be none left to defend by the years' end.

Defeated the group turned back, heading for Casdana – the merchant capital of the wastes. Once they arrived the young Hoplites, seemingly thwarted in their first effort to prove their worth disappeared into the bars and establishments of ill-repute eager to drown their enhanced sense of failure in cheap liquor. The Inquisitor did nothing to stop them knowing that, to them, the weight of failure would be almost too great to bear.



On that first night back in the city an urgent knock woke the Inquisitor from his sleep. The hour was early, still dark, and the hotel in which the Inquisitor was staying should not have allowed anyone to approach the private lodgings of a very wealthy merchant for that is what they presumed the Inquisitor, with his rich robes, to be.

Hurriedly Inquisitor Corydon rushed to the door to find Seljak, the youngest member of the Hoplites, gasping for breath, a look of irresistible excitement in his white-gold eyes. The hotel guards were only just catching up to the young man as the Inquisitor opened the door. He motioned to the guards to desist in their pursuit before pulling the youth inside and locking the door behind him.

He did not speak aloud fearful as always that the enemy's agents were watching, even here. Instead he probed Seljak's mind prompting the young man to transmit, through his thoughts and memories, what it was that caused him to react so alarmingly. The task was a slower one than the Inquisitor would have liked. Seljak's mind was foggy with the effects of the night's depressive carousing.

Eventually the Inquisitor was able to extract what it was that he was looking for. A symbol, ancient and grotesque, tattooed on the palm of a local barkeep. Similar tattoos on the palms and necks of the bar's clientele. The serpent, cleaved in two at the head – the sign of the Arch-Heretic Sekantus.

Seljak did not fully understand the import of the tattoo. To him, it was simply the sign of the enemy – he did not yet understand Chaos and the breadth of its corruptive nature. As quickly as he could the Inquisitor withdrew his mind from Seljak's but it was too late. The young man glimpsed all that Corydon knew of Chaos and its machinations. His head was filled with the most depraved, twisted musings of entities old as time. Seljak clawed at his own face tearing bloody ribbons down his cheeks. The Inquisitor moved to end the youth's misery when a strange happening stayed his hand.

Seljak's eyes glowed white-hot and through his inner eye Inquisitor Corydon saw his soul rally. The young man fought the crushing torrent of Warp energies coursing through his mind like antibodies attacking an infection. Just as his screams slackened the door burst open and the rest of the team rushed in each trying to speak over the other. From their enthusiasm Inquisitor Corydon guessed they had all seen what had brought Seljak running to his door.

With a thought he silenced them and turned his attention back to Seljak. The young man stood there, utterly calm now with fresh blood still dripping down his chin. "My Lord," he said and the men around him stood visibly straighter. "What would you have your Hoplites do?"


The Stellans soldiers were billeted in the room directly below the Inquisitor's. In hurried motions they distributed amongst themselves the weapons they had hidden in a discreet chest. Each added a lascarbine with a folding stock to the pistols, knives, poisoned false fingernails, and garrote wire already hidden on their person. Frag and flash grenades were shoved into pockets of civilian clothing.

At the Inquisitor's orders the men vacated the hotel navigating the dark city streets quickly, every step bringing them closer to the governor's mansion. Once there they deployed quickly in pairs to cross the gardens from different directions. To their credit only one of the guards they came across was killed whilst all the rest were simply incapacitated before the alarm could be raised. The Inquisitor moved as quickly and quietly as any of them shrouding them and himself in a concealing aura.

Tobin was the first to reach the governor's chamber door kicking it open and panning his carbine over each of the room's corners. From the center of the massive space came the cries of outrage and surprise as the governor and his mistresses tumbled out of the four poster bed. While his men fanned out around him the Inquisitor strode into the room pulsing with an air of absolute authority, his rosette swinging freely from a golden chain at his neck.

In a deep sonorous voice the Inquisitor began to explain the cause for the intrusion. He spoke to the governor of how a heretic cell had spread like cancer through the heart of Casdana. In rough tones that brooked no argument he explained that the governor's authority was thereby supplanted with his own and that anything less than absolute compliance would mark the governor as a traitor to the Golden Throne – a designation punishable by summary execution.

As the Inquisitor stepped closer to the governor he sense a strange psychic ripple emanating from the corpulent man. After decades of service to the Ordo Inquisitor Corydon knew full well what it was. The intent to misdirect, to fabricate – the anxious cocktail of emotions that reeked with deception.



The governor was not surprised by the news that his city was overrun with heretics. He *knew*. As the man stammered searching for words to respond to the Inquisitor, Corydon drew his pistol from its holster and planted a bolt in the governor's head. The concubines shrieked in disgust but the Hoplites simply nodded their understanding and Seljak moved to check the body. "He bears the mark, my Lord," he said curling his lip in distaste "and he carried this." He kicked something across the floor towards the Inquisitor which rolled heavily across the rich carpeting before stopping at Lord Corydon's feet. It was a small transponder unit, a red light flashing urgently at its tip. The Inquisitor stared for a moment before shouting "Secure the entrance; we're to have company here shortly."

Within seconds the team heard footsteps and doors slamming on the floor below them. "Twenty-four, twenty-five at least, my Lord," said Huvard a cruel grin spreading across his face – it never reached his eyes. The Inquisitor's men began turning over the padded furniture taking cover behind overturned couches and lounge chairs. The concubines quailed at their ferocity cowering in the farthest corner of the room.

The Inquisitor himself felt his mind go blank – the calm before the tempest. He stood in the middle of the room, his mind's eye watching the governor's guard reach the end of the hallway stopping just short of the governor's chamber door. As the guard captain placed his ear against the door to listen the Inquisitor summoned a geyser of psychic energy. His men gasped as the temperature plummeted and the oxygen in the room grew scarce. Driving the flammable gas in front of him Lord Corydon ignited it with a mental twitch and the chamber's double door exploded outwards as a fireball roiled down the long hallway to spatter against the far wall.

Agonized screams chilled the Hoplite's blood –their first true taste of combat. They shivered at the stench sifting into the room and more than one felt himself gag in reflex. For a moment they could do nothing more than stare in horror at the Inquisitor who returned their gazes levelly.

Hesitantly at first but with more conviction as the seconds passed, the survivors in the hallway, choking on the fumes of scorched flesh, began to fire their weapons into the smoke-filled room. Autogun rounds pulverized furniture and wood paneling sending chips of wood and plaster flying in all directions. The shots curved around the Inquisitor who motioned to Thake. The man nodded and

proceeded to give gestured orders to the other Hoplites.

As one the Inquisitor's men began to saturate the hallway with a crimson latticework of deadly energies. Their carbines laid down a blistering fire pattern allowing the men at the back of the room to advance through to the doorway. Sporadic answering fire was soon silenced as the governor's men were picked off by accurate bursts. The last guard turned to flee only to be cut down before he could reach the stairway.

"Where to, my Lord?" asked Thake.

"Out," was the only reply.

"Should we not call for reinforcements?" but the Inquisitor's expression was blank as it always became when he was no longer one with his body. He turned his head as if listening to something far away. "I already have," he said stonily. Then, "We are surrounded."

"By whom, who are we fighting?" Thake asked and a couple of men muttered their assent at the question. There had been no time for the Inquisitor to explain what they were up against. To his surprise it was Seljak who answered, his voice low. "Chaos."


A nauseous twinge pulled at each of the Hoplite's stomachs but Seljak continued. "Sekantus has infiltrated this land, turned its people against the Imperium. These men stray from the Light." The air around Seljak became charged with static, his golden eyes narrowing dangerously. "Even now they are converging on this mansion eager to destroy us for unmasking them."

"But... Sekantus is dead," Thake said, confusion coloring his voice.

"His agents succeed him," answered the Inquisitor. "And they will not rest until we are dead and their secret is secured."

The group was roused from their dark thoughts by the sound of windows smashing and doors being broken in. The crazed sounds of men and women in the throes of bloodlust echoed through the mansion.

The Inquisitor ordered his men to the roof using his other sight to avoid groups of cultist, for he was certain now that is what they were, as they rampaged through the mansion in search of his



team. As they broke through to the flat roof they heard the angry screams reach a crescendo – the mob had found the governor.

The roof was a flat open space dotted with utility sheds and micro-atmosphere conditioners. Seljak walked over to edge but was immediately forced to duck as a massive BOOM sounded from below and an invisible shell whistled past. "Where did they get a tank?" He asked incredulously but any forthcoming answer was cut off as the cultist reached the rooftop.

Now that their true identity had been revealed the people of Casdana appeared differently to the eyes of the Hoplites. Their skin was plagued with vicious maladies, bruises and cuts swarmed over their exposed skin. The whites of their eyes were a sickly yellow and their teeth were as jagged as broken flagstones. They snarled and screamed incoherently as they rushed the men waiting for them on the rooftop.

Thake was the first to open fire. The entrance to the roof was narrow allowing only a couple of cultists to attack them at once. The Hoplites punished the mob as it tried to push through, first with single blasts to the head then with grenades and bursts of automatic fire. The cultists died in swathes but it seemed as if the whole city was intent on their destruction.

Huvarid chuckled quietly to himself in a lull between assaults.

"What's so funny," asked Thake and the squad craned their necks eager to hear what had amused their comrade at a time like this.

"They did it to themselves," he said by way of answering. "The merchants killed each other. They've gone mad, the whole city, and we were right in the thick of it this whole time."

That brought a dry laugh from the rest of the group before the sounds of fresh cultists drifted up from the stairway. Bits and pieces of meat that were once human littered the narrow space. In the last assault the Inquisitor had been forced to use his waning powers to keep them from being overwhelmed.

"I'm on my last mag," said Thake " what of the reinforcements my lord?"

"They're coming," said the Inquisitor though privately he wondered if there was any hope now left

to them. He had sent the psychic summons almost an hour ago. Would there be enough time?

Suddenly the entrance to the rooftop was once again crowded but no longer were they facing ordinary cultists. Dark, twisted shapes emerged from the shadow of the doorway - glistening oil running over moving piles of scrap. From lumps where heads should have been all too human eyes stared at them bloodshot and unseeing from the chemicals churning in their tainted blood.

"Stand firm," ordered the Inquisitor. "These are constructs of the Adepts of the Machine turned foul. A meld of mutants and dark technology."


Three of the monsters now stood on the rooftop with more behind them shuffling to gain access. The team snapped out of their reverie just as the constructs lifted their dead arms to expose a clutch of cannon barrels. As the deafening roar of the weapons commenced the Hoplites rolled to cover leaving the Inquisitor standing alone before the onslaught.

Gathering the invisible tendrils of the Warp to him Inquisitor Corydon cloaked himself in an impenetrable gem of diamond-hard air. Closing his eyes he yanked on the strands of fate surrounding the constructs confusing the flow of time. The metal that clad their skin grew brown and green with rust. Pieces that weighed more than a man fell to the grisly floor and shattered into dust as if they had been abandoned by the seashore for millennia. The weapons the constructs carried failed and fell to pieces.

In the brief silence that followed a roar echoed up from the city streets. Throaty and powerful it bruised the air with its intensity. The Inquisitor exhaled, weary to the point of collapsing. This unprepared use of his powers taxing him to the limit.

"Stellans, now is your chance!" he cried but the Stellans needed no prompting. Cascades of carbine fire cut into the exposed, rotting flesh of the mutant servitors and they tumbled forward gaping stupidly.

As the Inquisitor fell to his knees he saw Huvarid rush past him, eyes glowing green and a long dagger held firmly in his grip. The young Hoplite rolled under the legs of one construct before leaping on its back to stab at the nape of its neck, a murderous grin on his face. More members of the team joined him as, one by one, their ammunition was spent.



Fighting to keep his eyes open the Inquisitor saw Thake flung off the roof, screaming in rage and another Hoplite, Cosal, disemboweled by sharp claws. He thought he heard the roar again, closer this time. He turned to face the small opening to the rooftop just as it was splintered by a creature that had the look of a dragon wrapped in tank armor. The beast bellowed in inconsolable fury looking first one way then another. It paused for a moment as if considering something whilst both humans and mutant alike backed away from it slowly. Vicious plumes of searing hot steam blasted from its nostrils, its ironclad hooves pawed the ground. Then it charged.

The Inquisitor was not conscious for the remainder of the battle. When he woke he was staring into the face of a machine, red glimmering eyes gazing unblinkingly into his.

Adeptus Mechanicus Inspectors

Stella has long been a planet to which the best and brightest of the Adepts of Mars have gathered.

Before the arrival of the Inquisitor Lord these men and women of the Machine Cult passed their days producing theories and researching – yearning for a time when their careers might take a more practical form.

With the creation of the Hoplites there is finally a need for the expertise of the Machine Cult on the battlefield. From the operation of sophisticated equipment whilst under enemy fire to the handling of the insane semi-mechanical Destroyers there is no shortage of reasons to yearn to be back in the safety of the lab.

"Are you well, Inquisitor? Do you need assistance?"

The voice was metallic and monotone but the face alone was enough to mark the man as follower of the Machine God. His cold fingers probed the Inquisitor's neck.

"Your pulse is weak. Medical support teams are en route. Please be still and await assistance."

"What happened?" The Inquisitor rasped scanning his surroundings. Of the beast that had appeared in

his last moment of consciousness there was no sign. Scattered around the rooftop were the glistening lumps of mutant remains torn apart with unimaginable force. The remainder of his team were huddled nearby staring anxiously at him.

"You called for assistance, Inquisitor," said the adept almost amusedly, "and the followers of the Machine God answered."

Best of the Best

Sergeant Drade was uncomfortable. His parade uniform was over-starched and the ribbon that held the medal clasped around his neck was too short and too tight for comfort. He was very much aware of how the temperature in the room had risen in the last hour as more and more celebrities, nobles, officers and other notables had elbowed their way into the banquet hall eager to see but even more determined to *be* seen on this momentous occasion. Tonight the most esteemed Stellan families could mingle with the heroic members of the Stellan hoplites fresh from their adventures amongst the stars. A dribble of sweat worked its way down Drade's back and he struggled with the urge to scratch at it like a trooper fresh out of Schola.


Drade knew all too well he was not cut out for such functions. The opulence and easy wealth niggled at his utilitarian spirit. Here was a place where the wealthy came to flaunt their status. The ceiling was high to allow for tapestries and exquisite murals to spread across enormous surfaces and tall windows through which the commoners trudging through the streets outside might observe the high society. The furnishings were not gold painted but actually gold, wrought with care and precision around delicate velvet finishes. The floor was a soothing azure marble flecked with emerald dust. All around servitors offered refreshments from behind platinum plated masks. And here was Drade, a soldier, and utterly incapable of pointless small talk and social posturing.

A weak tug at his sleeve interrupted Drade's study of his surroundings. A small boy of about ten standard years blushed shyly and pointed at the sergeant's scabbard.

'Mister? Can I see your sword?' squeaked the youngster and Drade favored him with his most benevolent glare. The young boy started at the intense purple of the sergeant's irises. Slowly Drade unbuckled his scabbard and offered it to the young boy hilt first.

'Wow!' the boy exclaimed, 'how many people have you killed with this?'

'A few' answered the veteran noncommittally.



'Like...like a million?' the boy asked enthusiastically. Drade smiled
'No, not that many, son'
'You're one of the Hoplites aren't you? The best of the best!'
'Well I don't know about that', said Drade, his smile broadening
'Can I have a sword too?'
The smile faded from sergeant Drade's lips.
'Maybe someday.'

'What in the warp are you staring at you worthless pile of grot leavings? Do you think you're man enough to earn this saber?'

Drade immediately averted his gaze from sergeant Loticus' scabbard. What was he thinking spacing out like that? He knew better and now he was certain he was going to have to pay a heavy price in sweat and blood for his wandering eyes. He stared directly ahead and found himself fantasizing for the millionth time about the massive pulsing vein in sergeant Loticus' temple bursting giving Drade and his mates a free pass until their drill sergeant could be replaced. Then again Loticus looked a stroke might be as dangerous to him as the sudden urge to sneeze was to a normal man.

'Answer me you pitiful sack of xenos spawned witch drool! Are you man enough to wear this weapon of honor?'

An intense feeling of indignation surged within Drade. He had drilled and fought for two years on this ball of dust earning the right to petition for a position amongst the Lady Enchantress's Hoplites. He had trained with every weapon accessible to the vast Imperium and then some. He was ready for a sword. He was ready for anything.

'Sir, yes sir!' screamed Drade

'What the gor did you say you gutless mutant failure of an alien experiment?'

'Sir, YES SIR!'

'Well then what in the Emperor-damned warp are you waiting for?' the sergeant responded with surprising calm. Drade had a moment to open his mouth to say 'sir?' before his feet were kicked from under him. His classmates who had moments ago been standing at attention to either side of him had disappeared. Now five men in drill instructor uniforms stood over him pinning him to the ground with their boots. Drade's two years of training kicked in immediately and he struck out, open palm, at the side of one of the drill instructor's kneecaps. The joint made a sickening crack as it shattered. The men standing over him quickly stepped back and Drade spun on his shoulder blade leaping to his feet in an instant. They seemed unwilling to approach him again. Realizing he had likely overreacted he quit his defensive stance and approached the man he had injured. He hastily began to voice an apology

explaining that the adrenaline had caused him to lash out when a blow to the head from behind knocked him out cold.

Drade was woken by the most excruciating pain he had ever felt in his life. His eyes burned like living creatures were burrowing into his skull through his sockets. His whole body ached like never before. He felt like a cadet on his first physical training exercise. And there was a sound, a rhythm at once familiar and yet totally new. He realized it was his heartbeat, stronger by an order of magnitude than it was before. Strong enough for him to hear it's steady pace like waves crashing on an unseen shore. Unconsciously Drade placed a hand on his chest and was not at all surprised to find a fresh scar there. Despite the pain he smiled.

'It belongs to me now,' said a voice as soft as silk. Drade turned to find its source sliding gingerly off the cold stainless steel operating table he had been laid out upon. The room he was in was featureless and small with nothing but a stack of medical monitors and a window high upon one wall where the blood red clouds of Stella could be seen against the midnight blue of the sky; a distant star twinkled knowingly at him. The voice belonged to a woman, one Drade noticed, that could easily have been the most beautiful woman he had ever seen despite the fact that her diaphanous gown revealed her heavily augmented, gold plated form. Drade wished he had realized he was stark naked before he had decided to turn around. Determined not to reveal his discomfort he replied coolly.

'What does, dam?'

'Your heart.'

Drade grinned a rogue's grin, excited by the invitation in her voice.

'That it does, dam'

'Don't play the varlet, Sektor, it doesn't suit you' the woman said but her smile implied she was charmed by Drade's mannerisms. Drade smiled back, it had been a long time since he spoken with a woman. It's going pretty well, he thought to himself. He opened his mouth to ask how she knew his name but was cut off.

'What are you afraid of, Sektor?'

Just as suddenly as it arrived Drade's confidence vanished.

'Dam?'


'What is it you fear?'

Drade felt his pulse quicken and his temper rise. His eyes burned even more acutely.

'Nothing dam. That is to say I wouldn't want to see Sergeant Loticus across the mat from me but other than that we've had all the fear drilled out of us.'

'And yet there's fear there. I've seen it'

Drade was definitely angry now. Who was this woman to claim she knew him? That he was a



coward? His eyes felt like they were radiating heat and his muscles tensed, ready to be put to violent use. The woman stepped closer to him and he could see that her eyes were as bright as the gold mask that covered half of her face.

"I'm not afraid of anything. Of anything!" he said and his voice was louder than he had intended it to be. Good, he thought, she should know I'm serious. Yet another part of him wondered what it was about her words that bothered him so. He was so filled to the brim with conviction, with the burning knowledge that he could do anything, that the very notion that he could be afraid was hateful to him.

"Don't dare lie to me Sektor Drade," she said all the playfulness gone from her voice. She took another step towards him and her countenance became both menacing and enthralling at once. Drade was captivated and at the same time hurt, like a schoolboy who's had his love rejected for the first time. He found her stern words almost impossible to bear.

"I have sifted through the very ether of your soul, witnessed your consciousness from beginning to end". Drade was aware of the room growing darker, the lights dimmed by some action unnoticed to him. He realized he could see his breath and that goosebumps were forming all over his exposed skin. The woman's voice sounded twice like an echo and Drade noted that he could only hear the echo in his mind.

'The contents of your heart were made plain to me when I held it in my hands. You fear disappointment, you fear helplessness, you fear death,' the woman's eyes began to glow, discretely at first but then more noticeably until Drade could not look directly at her face. He had seen this before when Sergeant Loticus was very angry.

'And most of all Sektor, you fear failure. Failure to make your family proud, failure to protect Stella and its people from the enemies of the Imperium and, yes, failure to me.'

Drade was outraged. He felt as if he were about to burst with anger at the truth in her words. The burning in his eyes was agony and he noticed with a start that tiny motes of light hovered around him. Static discharge ran between his fingers. He was struck with a sudden realization.

'My eyes... they hurt because they're glowing?'

'The pain will ease with time, my love,' the woman's voice had lost its hard edge. In a moment it had gone from terrifying to comforting. It soothed Drade in an altogether unnatural way, like a balm for the soul.

'And you... you're the Lady Enchantress', he said falling to his knees.

'I am a servant of the Emperor, Sektor,' she said reaching down and gently lifting his face so that his eyes stared directly into hers. At such short distance

staring into her irises was like leaping into the coldest ocean, like being blasted into atoms only to be re-knit at the center of a blue-bright sun. He saw the unyielding courage of the Imperium's billion, billion souls and felt himself be placed amongst them as a star appears in the night sky to guide the lost. He shared no similarity now to the man he had been just moments ago, he was larger, greater, he was... more. In the endless void of space numberless faithless fiends and aliens scrawled challenges to him in human blood. He could feel their hatred radiating from furthest reaches of the galaxy. He would meet them with the force of a supernova and destroy them, he swore it.

'I accept your promise, Sektor', said the Lady Enchantress soothingly 'make me proud.'

'Tyco, leave that man alone.'

From deep within the crowd a woman appeared and promptly removed the sword and scabbard from the young boy's hands. She was young, Drade guessed, too young to be the boy's mother. She could perhaps be as young as he and why not? She wore her ruby studded dress with frank disdain and he could see her brown hair had been hastily arranged into something more presentable than she would have liked. Some strands near the back were still dyed purple. She was born into wealth but like most of the privileged at her age she felt it was fashionable not to show it.

'It's okay, dam. This little fellow was just telling me how he wanted to earn his own sword some day, right friend?'

'Yeah!'


'Over my dead body!', the young woman replied hotly. 'No more cousins of mine are going off to get themselves killed!'

Drade studied the woman closely. She was attractive even though she wore no rouge and her face was lined with worry. Her dress looked like it had been badly tailored or, Drade thought to himself, as if it had been purposefully loosened to hide what must be an impressive womanly figure beneath.

'It is an honor and a privileged to serve the Inquisition and the Lady Enchantress', Drade countered.

Place Holder (Image)

'Tell that to his father', she said and he could see he had stumbled upon something very sensitive. If the kid noticed the nature of their conversation he



gave no sign. Outside the banquet hall a sound like distant thunder caught the crowd's attention. Drade tensed immediately. He knew explosions when he heard them.

'Look, Ava,' said Tyco pointing to something beyond the window 'Fireworks!'

Drade followed the child's outstretched finger to the window and joined the rest of the crowd that now chattered appreciatively at the spectacle in the night sky.

'It's like Emperor's Day back in the old town, eh Drade?'

Drade ignored the new recruit. It wasn't that he disagreed with the young soldier it was simply that he had other things on his mind. Often in the transitioning moments just before combat his thoughts were overwhelmed with the memory of the Lady Enchantress. The consequences of the oath he swore to her weighed heavily on his conscience. It was not that the promise to serve her might cost him his life. What tugged at him was the fact that dying with her name on his lips bothered him not at all.

He rechecked his harness, tightening the straps while the hulking transport barreled down the narrow streets. The Land Raider took a sharp turn and Drade cursed as he hit his head on the bulkhead behind him. Outside the vehicle it sounded like the world was being torn apart. Explosions were so frequent it sounded like an infinitely long firepopper chain. Just like Emperor's Day, he thought.

Drade's vision flashed gold as his internal display activated itself and began calibrations. Bars and figures scrolled in front of his eyes detailing weapons status, power levels, the settings of his helmet's advanced targeting suite and dozens of other figures any one of which may determine whether he lived or died in the next few moments.

A monotone voice spoke inside Drade's head. "E.T.A. fifteen seconds."

The voice belonged to the Land Raider's cogitator sprite. Drade could tell that the rest of the squad had heard it too as their chatter died down to a few nervous laughs. They craned their heads as if listening to someone calling them from far away. Drade cringed internally as the thought that most of these men were still green invaded his mind once more. Who am I to judge them? he thought to himself. After all it had only been two years since he had been in their position looking to emulate the calm mannerisms of the veterans in his unit. On his first mission an autogun round had skipped off his helmet just a few minutes into the fight leaving him unconscious for the better part of an hour. When he awoke he found the grim features of Sergeant Loticus staring down at him as he lay in the infirmary. The sergeant's return to active duty was

cause for celebration in Loticus' eyes and he celebrated by drenching Drade with a bucket of blood and gore.

'Pig's guts', he explained chuckling, 'since you didn't get your share of the enemy's.' It was all Drade could do to keep himself from vomiting while the sergeant walked away laughing.

Now his face was chipped by the scars he'd earned. His days of training on the harsh Alderan Moonscape seemed a relaxing escape compared to the hardships he now endured at every turn. Lord Corydon was a driven, tireless leader and whenever there was so much as a whisper of enemy activity anywhere in the Lucifus sector the Inquisitor was known to embark within moments of hearing about it. Thus the Stellan Hoplites were always ready.

'Five seconds to ramp release.'

Everyone was standing now weapons ready in one hand, steadying themselves with the other. Sergeant Loticus took a moment to look at each of them and then the ramp was down and the world spiraled into chaos.

'I see Tyco has made a friend!'

Drade struggled against the urge to salute at attention as a Major stepped into view from behind him. The Hoplites were on standing orders not to ruin the festive atmosphere by doing anything so distasteful to the public as saluting or standing to. It was widely believed that they were a fighting force founded solely on the ideas of camaraderie and courage. Between them the Hoplites laughed at this concept but to the public the romantic view that the military could foster something other than the strictest dictatorial regime was invaluable in drawing the enamored youth.

The Major nodded to Drade. He looked tired and rather bored, thought Drade. He found himself considering how lucky he was. While as a sergeant this was his first formal banquet the Major who was an officer had to suffer these kind of events frequently. Drade wondered how the officer knew the child.

'Uncle Thadeus!' exclaimed the girl.

'It's nice to see you again, Ava', said the Major.

'And you, Uncle', she replied


'Sergeant... Drade, isn't it?', said the Major turning to Drade. 'From Epsilon Company?'

'Yes, Sir', answered Drade

'You were in that mess on Vega, weren't you Drade?'

'I was, Sir.'

'Lost a brother in that fight. At the Second Breach just outside the wall. An ugly fight if half the stories are true.' said the Major and his pale green eyes glazed over. He seemed lost in a battle that had already been won, a victory stamped in blood, almost half a year ago. Drade closed his eyes and



tried to keep a hold on the memories springing from the darkest corners of his mind.

The recruit that had spoken to Drade just moments before looked disbelievingly at the hole that had appeared in his chest. He collapsed backward onto Drade without a word and was dead. Drade pushed him aside and surveyed his surroundings. This must be hell, he thought. Everywhere he looked enemies were pouring fire onto his squad's position. Directly ahead of him about two hundred meters out a massive wall, impossibly tall, took up most of his vision. The wall seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon and was large enough to keep titan-class war machines out. He and his comrades had orders to destroy the heretics defending it and secure it.

The Land Raider, having disgorged its occupants surged forward over the rubble. The heretics immediately diverted their fire to target it giving Drade and his squad a chance to go on the offensive. Drade's earpiece crackled and Sergeant Loticus' voice boomed the order to advance.

Drade leapt up from behind the rubble he was cowering behind. His visor flooded him with information about the battlefield outlining enemy positions in sharp red lines and superimposing waypoints and possible entry points over his vision. Rising to his feet he let his targeter draw his sights to the nearest threat and squeezed the trigger repeatedly, firing short bursts at each target. He neutralized an archenemy heavy bolter nest and sprinted forward, the sound of his augmented heartbeat drowning out even the noise of the explosions cutting down men all around him. Following the jagged waypoint lines described to them by their advanced wargear Drade's squads mounted an assault on the dug-in heretics in perfect coordination working their way towards the guardhouses at the foot of the wall. Drade's visor indicated friendly fire teams to either side of him covering his squad's advance with blistering arcs of fire. Just ahead Drade's helmet spelled the name "*Chapter 7*" hovering over the dust cloud that Drade knew was being put up behind the rampaging Land Raider tearing a hole in the enemy lines with its devastating firepower.

Enemy tracers criss-crossed over Drade's head, all too often finding their mark in the body of a comrade. Drade lost track of how many kill shots he had made. His team ran up to an artificial ridge that rose just in front of the first guardhouse. Sergeant Loticus made a hand motion and the team responded by unclipping their incendiary grenades and priming them. At the sergeant's signal they tossed them over the ridge. The grenades detonated into a firestorm of white hot flames incinerating the screaming heretics that had set up an ambush position just ahead.

Drade gagged as his rebreather filter failed to scrub the smell of burning flesh from the air being vented into his helmet.

Sergeant Loticus drew his saber from its scabbard and thumbed the activation stud. The wickedly curved sword sparked to life surrounding itself in a nimbus of crackling green energy. The sergeant looked back at his squad and even through his reflective visor each of them could see the purple glow of his irises. Small points of light flickered in and out of existence around the sergeant's massive form and the squad felt an answering burn in their chests where the lady's gift thrashed angrily and their souls cried out for blood.

The slight overhang of the defensive ridge in front of them afforded the squad some cover and a chance to catch their breath but Drade was not the least bit inclined to slow down. All around him his squad was preparing for close quarters combat. The heavy flamer was brought up from the rear by a huge brute of a man that Drade didn't know. Combat specialists drew their powered blades and axes. Sergeant Loticus raised his voice above the cacophony.

'Hoplites!'

'Maximoi!' answered the squad as one in ancient Proto-Gothic

'For the Lady!' yelled the sergeant

'Doxa!'


'For the Emperor!'

'Nike! Nike! Nike!' screamed the squad; their boots stomping in time with the chant

With a sound like the world ending a massive earthquake shook the battlefield. A mile to the south Drade could see a portion of the wall as wide a hive block coming down in a kilometer high cloud of dust. The first breach in the wall had been made and the assault on the city proper had begun. Drade's squad surged forward over the ridge into the waiting enemy bayonets and trench guns. To the right *Chapter 7* exploded from within as an anti-armor mine erupted in its bowels spraying the area with bits of torn metal. Drade took a round through his left hand but hardly felt a thing as the potent mix of adrenaline and the mysterious workings of the Stellan heart took over his body and his vision blurred in time with the throbbing pain in his eyes.

The Hoplites plunged into the melee ahead of them. Drade's first swing clove a heretic trooper in two and the return stroke tore the leg off of another. On his third thrust his blade was caught in the rusted mail shirt of a traitor and he was forced to let it go. The mortally wounded soldier dived at him with his dying breath knocking Drade to the ground and making him easy prey to the heretics swarming from all directions

Drade flung the corpse from on top of him with a burst of panic-spawned strength. Looking down on him were the mutated, monstrous visages of heretic



troopers their faces split by mirthful, murderous grimaces. One of them, a swine-headed subhuman stabbed a cruelly barbed ice pick into Drade's abdomen piercing straight through the heavy ceramite plating and into Drade's stomach. Blood gushed forth uncontrollably. The creature leaned close to Drade's face to watch him die, wet ropes of putrid drool dripping through its broken teeth onto Drade's faceplate.

'I accept your promise, Sektor'

Drade's vision swam; his body felt like it was on fire.

'Make me proud.'

A wave of pain overcame Drade as the pig-thing pulled the weapon from Drade's bowels preparing to stab him again but the blow never came. Like a hurricane unleashed Sergeant Loticus was there slashing with his lightning-wreathed saber. He had lost his helmet at some point in the fighting and his eyes were too bright to look at. Glittering sparks of energy surrounding his body like the aura of a war-god from ages long forgotten. The heretics fell before him like wheat before a scythe. Almost single-handedly it seemed, Loticus was routing the enemy who were tossing down their weapons and crying out in shrill tones to their heathen gods.

Drade's blood was soaking into the soil around him and at that moment he knew he was about to die. Before his eyelids closed shut forever another earth-shattering clap of thunder sounded and a huge expanse of the barrier wall directly ahead began to crumble shrouding the battlefield in choking brown dust.

Drade opened his eyes. His body was numb with shock but death was not so easily invited into the bodies of men blessed with the Stellan Heart. Drade was only mildly surprised to find his wounds had sealed themselves. There was still a fight on and Drade's part in it was far from over he knew. He rose to his feet and began to look for his weapons. Blinded by the swirling dust he groped blindly for a few moments before he found the heretic with Drade's sword still in his chest and, having pulled it free of the corpse, sought a way to regroup with his squad that had moved ahead without him. He thought he heard Sergeant Loticus' furious war cry and moved in that direction.

It did not take long to find the path the sergeant and his men had taken. As usual Loticus was at the heart of the battle and the trail of destruction he and his squad had left behind them was easy to follow. As Drade strode purposefully toward the sounds of fighting a chill wind blew in from the west revealing the apocalyptic landscape directly ahead of him for a moment. In that instant what he saw caused Drade's modified heart to skip a beat. Before him stood a figure of legendary horror unnecessarily outlined in

bright red by Drade's helmet display. The traitor marine stood more than two and half meters tall and all 250 centimeters were covered in pink gore. The marine gripped a roaring chain-axe in each ham sized gauntlet and blood vapor spouted from the traitor's face grille in violent plumes. At the marine's feet was the rent and torn body of Sergeant Loticus.

Drade ignored the chasm of terror that seemed to swallow him whole. He grit his teeth and raised his carbine. His helmet gave a soft chime and the digital crosshairs flashed green as his sights centered on the marine's chest. The marine dug his heels into the dirt and began to charge, an unearthly scream blasting from its helmet speakers. Drade gave an answering roar, toggled the full-auto switch on his carbine, and pulled the trigger.

Drade was snapped back from his reverie by the hard smell of rich liquor. A nobleman, Drade could tell from his rich attire, swerved into view and clapped the Major hard across the back.

'Magerrr Lodigus!' the aristocrat slurred drunkenly 'I ab thrilled you could dthoin us tonide.'

'Lord Castol, always a pleasure,' said the Major catching Drade's eye apologetically.

Drade was dumbfounded.

'Major... Loticus? Sir, are you perhaps related to-'

'Anoder Hoplide! Major you must introduthe me to your heroic acquaintanth' interjected the drunken nobleman.

'Please, Sir', said Drade nearly blushing 'the term "heroic" is reserved for better men than I.'

'Strange to hear those words come from a Stellan wearing the Storm's Triumph ribbon,' said the Major smiling sadly at Drade. Drade fingered the medal clasped at his neck anxiously.

Lord Castol seemed to sober at this revelation.

'You were at the Battle of Vegas Breach!' cried the aristocrat and the entire hall was instantly quiet save for a unanimous intake of breath. The booms and claps of fireworks seemed inappropriately loud.

'I was made to understand all the men decorated with that honor were dead,' said a woman just behind Drade.

'The best warriors can breach any stronghold and return to receive their medals', said a voice as soft as silk. 'The bastion wall twixt life and death is no different.'

The crowd parted and the gold-plated form of the Lady Enchantress was revealed moving directly towards Drade and the Major. As one, the crowd knelt before the demigoddess awestruck in her presence.

'And the Hoplites, my Storm Troopers, are the "Best of the Best."'



I know you warrior. More intimately than any lover, any mother or friend. I peered into the contents of your heart when I held it in my hands...



... it whispered to me your fears and doubts, your faults and insecurities...



...and your unfettered, unyielding courage.

Now your heart roars its hatred for the enemies of Man...



...Now your soul is born anew into the ranks of the Mephites.



Now you are mine...



STELLAN HOPLITES

"As a star is placed in the night sky to guide the lost..."

The Hoplites are a cadre of heavily armed and heavily armored mobile infantry. Their connection to both the Adeptus Mechanicus and the Inquisition means they represent the pinnacle of the Imperium's war technology. Only the Adeptus Astartes can boast similarly advanced equipment and even they cannot claim to have the same spectrum of weapons available as a fully supported phalanx of Stellan Cataphracts.

The Hoplites are a discreet force available only to those agents of the Holy Inquisition that are not afraid to resort to less conventional methods to thwart the Archenemy's plan. When deployed amidst dozens of other regiments from other worlds the Stellans are often presumed to a detachment of Storm Troopers on some clandestine assignment – but this is only half true.

The Lady's Gift is what sets the Stellans apart from their more common counterparts. They are, each one, connected to the Lady Enchantress. Within each Hoplite the Stellan Heart blossoms into a corona of energy when needed allowing them to use their bodies to their full potential. They can overcome exhaustion, weakness, wounds and even death as their mind and soul are taxed to the extreme limits of their capabilities.

To the people of Stella IX the Hoplites are timeless heroes - Lord Inquisitor Corydon's sword and shield. To everyone else the Stellans are myths. Ghosts that appear and disappear at a whim and always to the enemy's cost. Whenever the foe is seemingly delayed, sabotaged or deflected altogether without a fight it is always rumors of the Hoplites that rise to the surface when speculations are exchanged.



"The Heretic does not fear our weapons. Not the cannons; not the starship or the worldkillers, not the sword or the shield. None of these are more than tools to be used in desperate times. Man's real advantage lies within. Passion, determination, altruism, courage. These are the weapons the enemy does not dare provoke into use, for against these, there can be no victory."

-Inquisitor Lord Scipio Corydon

Place Holder: Symbols of the Stellan Martial Orders

STELLAN CATAPHRACTS

100 PTS

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Cataphract	4	4	3	3	1	3	2	8	4+
Ouragos	5	4	3	3	2	3	3	8	4+
Inspector	4	5	3	3	1	3	1	8	3+

Unit Composition:

- 8 Cataphracts

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Special Rules:

- All
 - Stellan Heart
 - Forlorn Hope
- Ouragos
 - 'Once More into the Breach...'

Options:

Up to three Cataphracts may replace their Lascarbines with:

- A flamer..... + 5 points
- A Grenade Launcher with Hades gas canisters..... + 10 points
- A Plasmagun..... + 10 points
- A Meltagun..... + 15 points

One Cataphract may replace his Lascarbine with a Heavy Flamer..... + 20 points

One Cataphract may take

- A Stellan Blade + 15 points
- A power weapon + 10 points
- A Breaching Hammer..... + 15 points

One Cataphract may be upgraded to an AM Inspector + 25 points

- An Inspector may take a demolition charge + 10 points
- An Inspector may take a signum at + 5 points

Up to two Cataphracts may be armed with Incendiary Grenades+10 points each

Wargear:

- Carapace Armor
- Laspistol
- Lascarbine
- Internal Cogitator Sprite
- Frag and Krak Grenades
- Targeting Beam (*Inspector Only*)
- Power Armor (*Inspector Only*)

Every member of the squad may be armed with Flash Grenades + 10 points

Every Cataphract in the squad may be armed with a kopis at + 20 points

Every member of the squad may be upgraded to an inductee of one of the following martial Orders + 25 points

- **Order of the Solar Storm** – the squad gains the *Fleet* and 'Hit and Run' Special Rules
- **Order of Andromeda** – the squad gains the *Stealth* and *Infiltrate* Universal Special Rules
- **Order of the Aphelion Crest** – the squad's shooting attacks are twin-linked and gain the *Pinning* special rule.
- **Order of the Mercury Moon** – the squad gains the *Preferred Enemy* and *Furious Charge* Special Rules

One member of the squad may be upgraded to an Ouragos..... + 15 points

- The Ouragos may exchange his Lascarbine for
 - a Close Combat weapon free
 - a power weapon or Lightning Claw + 10 points
 - a Stellan Blade + 15 points
 - a pair of Lightning Claws(replaces laspistol as well)..... + 15 points
 - a power fist..... + 20 points
- The Ouragos may exchange his laspistol for
 - a Bolt Pistol + 2 points
 - a Plasma pistol + 5 points
 - Storm Bolter..... + 5 points
 - a Storm shield + 15 points

Stellan Heart: Units with this Special Rule may attempt an extra saving throw similar to that of the Feel No Pain Special Rule but modified in that it is only successful on a d6 roll of 6.

Forlorn Hope: Units with this Special Rule are Stubborn.

'Once More into the Breach...': If an Ouragos is taken the unit may attempt to regroup even if below half-strength as long as the Ouragos is alive.

DOLOPHON

60 PTS

You may take one Dolophon for every three squads of Cataphracts in your army.

"The Wandering Comet, The Falconer, Advanced Recon"

Before any operation can be given clearance the full extent of the Enemy's deployment must be known. Not everyone is suited to these high-risk reconnaissance missions that often involve months of fieldwork without seeing a friendly face. To some, however, the chance to be alone is a rare gift.

Though it is not advertised there those to whom the Lady's Gift is a curse in almost equal measure. These men, taciturn even before their metamorphosis, become distant, reproachful and hateful of their fellows after the Stellan Heart is implanted. They want nothing more than to test their mettle against the enemy alone and, Emperor willing, terminate their loathsome, empty existence in an honorable fashion.

It is said that if you were unlucky enough to press your ear to the chest of a Dolophon you would hear nothing for their heart has quit its love of life. Hating everyone, themselves most of all, they see themselves as the far end of the spectrum. Where the Enchantress praises humanity and all its virility the Dolophon worships only The End and the quiet oblivion that awaits us all.

As the knife disappeared to the hilt amidst the soft underarmor between the heretic's gorget and facemask Eliazar breathed in deeply. His nostrils quivered as they sucked the reek of death from the air and his heart raced in delight as the frantic scrambling of the dying man he held rose to a frenzy, filth encrusted fingernails drawing blood across the skin of his forearms. He saw his glowing eyes reflected in the traitor's visor, smelled the dry grass beneath his feet burn to cinders as the deadly energies coursing through his veins took their toll on anything he touched. Death billowed around him like a cloak.

Eliazar drank it all in... and smiled.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Dolophon	5	5	3	3	2	5	5	9	5+

Unit Composition: 1 Dolophon

Unit Type: Infantry

Wargear:

- Bolt Pistol
- Combat Knife
- Meltabombs
- Frag Grenades

Special Rules:

- Fearless
- Always Go For the Throat
- Advanced Recon
- Saboteur

Options:

- The Dolophon may take a Hunting Falcon+25 points

Always Go for the Throat: *Many of the Dolophon's long hours of solitude have been spent honing his skills with a blade. Coupled with the darker side of the Lady's gift he is a murderer fixed on making the killing blow.*

On any player turn in which the Dolophon assaults any rolls to wound of a '6' ignore armor saves and cause Instant Death. Note that this does not apply against Monstrous Creatures or models with Toughness 6 and above.

Advanced Recon: *The Dolophon has been shadowing the enemy for days, weeks or even months.*

The Dolophon always begins the game in reserve. When entering play the Dolophon is placed anywhere on the table provided it is 1 inch away or more from an enemy model. He may move, shoot and assault as normal.

Saboteur: *It is not the intensity of the force but the accuracy of its application.*

For every Dolophon in play choose one enemy unit kept in reserve to Deep Strike. When it enters play it will suffer a mishap on a roll of 5+. This rule does not apply to Daemons or units using equipment that disallows them from scattering during their Deep Strike.

DEADSTAR

150 PTS

You may include one Deadstar squad for every three squads of Cataphracts in your army.

The sergeant's roar was deafening. His eyes glowed a blinding white-gold and shimmering corposant clung to his body like an unearthly aura. His torso was split open yet he stood erect, defiant and in utter contempt of the foes that surrounded him. His feet planted, he had his arms around the neck of the Archenemy Marshal choking the heretic officer with the straps of his satchel charge. This was the last I saw of him before the room exploded into light like the dying breath of an ancient star."

The battlefields of the 41st Millennium are a bleak vista. Humanity fights a war that it cannot hope to win and, as the enemy closes in from all directions there are ever fewer heroes willing to do what is necessary to prevent their advance.

The Deadstar are such heroes. Anonymous, invisible their identity shifts from place to place, mission to mission. Always they are the Deadstar though sometimes they are five men and sometimes they are twelve. Rumors claim them to have staved off a renegade fleet in one system whilst delivering their continent busting payload in another. Whilst they spent months behind enemy lines, harassing the foe on Skylla VII they assassinated the Duke Callous in the Bravius system two thousand light-years away.

Always their mission is impossible and never have they been expected to succeed or even return. Yet always they are present to shift the very foundations of a war-torn world when the need is greatest.

Their true origins remain a mystery to most of the Stellans and those that do know would have it no other way. The Deadstar are not men, for men could never accomplish half of what they have done. They are not mortal for no mortal returns from assignments that lead into the darkest crevices of the Lucifus sector where none dare explore.

The Deadstar are hope in a galaxy that smothers the hopeful before their dreams can even take form. They are the spark of humanity that burns strongest when there is no way to escape, no way to persevere. Never again could such heroes be found and yet always they return.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Deadstar	4	4	3	3	1	3	2	8	4+

Unit Composition: 6 Deadstar

Unit Type: Infantry

Wargear:

- Carapace Armor
- Plasmagun
- Laspistol
- Meltabombs

Special Rules:

- Feel No Pain
- 'Thus I Refute Thee'
- Fearless
- Deep Strike
- Infiltrate

Options:

- The squad may take a single Objective +30 points
- Up to three members of the squad may take a Demolition Charge + 20 points each

Deadstar continued...

Thus I Refute Thee: Any member of the squad equipped with a Demolition Charge may choose to trigger it while in close combat instead of attacking normally. Place the Large Blast template so that the hole is at least partially over the model's base. All models, friend or foe, under the template take a Strength 8 hit with no armor saves allowed.

"Such are the vagaries of conquest. Such is the price of valor."

- Master Seam-Citar

Objectives:

- **Assassins:** The squad may always target Independent Characters regardless of restrictions.
- **Maximum Damage:** The squad's plasma guns are twin-linked.
- **Scorched Earth:** Should the Deadstar squad be in a position to claim an objective at any point during the game they may choose destroy it removing the objective marker entirely. This can only be done there are no enemy models within 3 inches and must be done in the shooting phase instead of firing their weapons.

ADRASTUS SUN

160 PTS

One Cataphract squad in your army may replace one Hoplite for Adrastus Sun. His cost is halved for every three Cataphract squads taken to a minimum of 20 points.

"The Starslayer, the Count, the Wrath of Light"

Adrastus Sun is the bearer of the Banner of Nameless heroes and is largely regarded as the guardian of the Hoplite's entire heritage.

As a symbol of merit, when the time of battle draws close, the Lady Enchantress bestows upon her favored champion the Protos Laurel. Though beautifully crafted from paper thin titanium and platinum the Protos Laurel is more than just ornamentation. It's psychically charged petals hold the memories of every warrior that has carried the Stellans' great banner.

Thus the Stellan Protos carries with him the skills, talents and experiences of all those that have passed before him under the tattered flag of Nameless Heroes. Each time the Protos Laurel is worn the wielder is more cunning, more capable, more powerful than ever before.

Nike! Nike! Nike!: *The storm unleashed, cannot be contained.*

A unit with this special rule may roll 3 dice and pick the highest for consolidation and may consolidate into base contact with enemy units. Next turn resolve the combat as if the squad had assaulted in that assault phase.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Adrastus Sun	4(6)	4	3	3	2	3	3	10	4+

Unit Composition: 1 (Unique)

Unit Type: Infantry

Wargear:

- Refractor Field
- Stellan Blade
- Banner of Nameless Heroes
- Power fist

Special Rules:

- Nike! Nike! Nike!
- Eternal Warrior
- Stellan Heart
- Forlorn Hope

DINO-SERVITOR DESTROYER 50 PTS

A Cataphract unit that includes an Adeptus Mechanicus Inspector may replace two members with one Dino-servitor destroyer. It is part of the unit and takes up three spaces in any transport.

"The Gladiator, the Berserker, the Stellan Lion"

On the vast open plains of Stella IX's largest continent the majestic skeletons of monstrous animals lie scattered, bleaching under the naked eye of the planet's harsh sun.

Of the species that left these magnificent remains there are none now left. These giant herbivores, each one possessed of brutal strength and no small amount of animal cunning, have been eradicated.

It took the adepts of Mars some time to find what had caused this holocaust. For years it was believed that some disease or natural disaster had pushed these gargantuan brutes into extinction but careful probing of the planet's remaining biosphere produced a different theory.

There existed a quadruped, all but extinct itself; so lethally had it evolved that it had scoured the continent of any animal that might be fit to prey on.

Only one was found alive, half starved. The final member of the species and the largest ever recorded, it killed every handler in the expedition that discovered it, save one. The surviving xenobiologist limped back to his Mechanicus masters with a single tooth that he had pried from the corpse of a lifelong friend – it was more than enough.

Now hundreds of the vicious beasts, each a replica of that fierce progenitor, are held in stasis until they are required. While they slumber the adepts go to work on their hulking forms adding and subtracting to bring the beasts closer to the machine's perfection.

A priceless gift and a token of allegiance from the Adepts of Mars the Dino-Servitors are terrible to behold. Once-living tissue encased in glistening ceramite and plastered with fluttering vellum heavy with the inky blessings of the Machine God. The beast that once preyed on the native herbivores of Stella, though already lethally powerful in life, now serves the Inquisition in death with its immeasurable machine-augmented might.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Dino-Servitor	4	4	6	5	3	3	4	4	3+

Unit Type: Infantry

Wargear:

- Ceramite Plating

Special Rules:

- Death Machine
- Predator
- Berserk

Death Machine: The Dino-servitor's attacks ignore armor saves.

Predator: If the Dino-servitor is alone it gains the *Fleet*, *Move through Cover*, and *Rage* special rule.

Berserk: If the Dino-servitor should take a wound from shooting while it is still part of the squad it must immediately take a leadership check. If failed the Dino-servitor goes berserk. It immediately detaches from the group and flees D6" towards the nearest visible enemy unit. The Cataphract unit takes D3 wounds with no armor saves allowed. Once alone the Dino-servitor counts as a separate kill point and is not considered scoring.

AGENTS OF THE INQUISITION

"Wrapped in every innocent's man's heart is a morsel of guilt. A kernel of self-reproach that no veil can hide. Through our own depravities do we come to recognize the evils in others but never place yourself above scrutiny for we are, all of us, sinners in the Emperor's eyes."

The Hoplite officer class is a stalwart group of men, determined and loyal, but there are secrets the galaxy keeps that ordinary men would beg to never know. This clandestine information can be trusted to just a precious few.

The agents of the Ordo Hereticus are not often open to new ideas. Many remain mired in their doctrines and dogma. But there are those who are willing to explore new options for combating an enemy that, by its very nature, is always evolving to exploit humanity's weaknesses as they emerge.

The search for counters to Mankind's growing number of troubles is one that has led many less capable agents down the path to heresy and ruin. There are those, however, that thrive in their dealings with the unknown, understanding that the most lynchpin solutions are not within the pious Imperial citizen's comfort zone.

These radical men and women Lord Corydon has sought out and assembled. Each is a formidable force in their own right, armed as they are with the knowledge that would bring the galaxy to its knees. However, combined with the martial prowess of the Stellans and each other they possess an irresistible power far greater than any could hope to achieve alone.

It is not common but, should circumstances demand, it Lord Corydon himself will lead a group of his most battle-worthy colleagues into the fray. This front-line work is not committed to lightly and each excursion is the product of an emergency council involving all the Inquisitors under Lord Corydon's command. An edict is drafted enumerating the circumstances and binding each signee to a challenge the failure of which is too horrible an outcome to consider.

Such decrees mark grave moments in the Hoplite's history but though many council members have been lost, the Imperium's continued ignorance of the Stellans' secret struggle is credit enough of the council's rate of success.



Scipio Corydon

Even as an infant it was clear that Scipio Corydon was a rare psychic talent. His dreams would shake the foundations of the Corydon family estate and his tantrums would bring ravaging tempests that could last for days at a time.

As a child growing up on the decks of one the many Black Ships he grew to know the fragility of the human mind. He watched other captives wither around him, their abilities eroding their sanity even before the ships had reached their destination. Corydon does not hate the heretics he has dedicated his life to pursuing; rather he fears their weakness and their inability to control the psychic gifts they possess. One flaw in a single link of humanity's defensive chain and the entire Imperium could vanish like a half-remembered dream.

LORD INQUISITOR CORYDON 180 PTS

COUNCIL MEMBERS

35 PTS.P.M.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Lord Corydon	5	5	3	3	3	4	3	10	3+

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Council Member	5	4	3	3	2	4	2	9	4+

Unit Composition: 1 (Unique)

Unit Type: Infantry

Wargear:

- Power Armor
- Storm Shield
- Starlight (pg XX)
- Frag Grenades
- Psychic Hood

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Psyker
- Unyielding
- Emergency Council

Psychic Power:

- Mind Over Matter

Unyielding: *Inquisitor Lord Corydon is not easily removed from his goals. His determination has always served to heighten his abilities spurring him to ever greater achievements.*

The Inquisitor and any unit he is attached to may choose to pass or fail any Morale or Pinning Checks

Emergency Council: *The Lords and Ladies of the Council are stern and ill-tempered even in peaceful times. It is said that war brings out the worst in them...*

Any time Lord Corydon is deployed he may take a team of up to eight council members. He must be joined to them during the game and may not leave the unit treating it for all intents and purposes as his retinue.

Mind over Matter: *The air grows misty, hiding the squad's passage and enemy rounds ricochet off of bare skin.*

At the beginning of the owning player's turn the Inquisitor must pass a Psychic test. If successful the Inquisitor and any unit attached to him may only be wounded on a roll of 5+ regardless of the strength of the attack. Weapons that automatically wound (e.g. poison weapons) are likewise affected by this power.

Unit Type: Badasses Infantry

Wargear:

- Stellan Blade
- Bolt Pistol
- Refractor Field

Special Rules:

- Unyielding
- Psyker
- Psychic Choir

Psychic Powers:

- Tempest of Time
- Ruination

Options:

Any Council Member may be equipped with

- Power armor + 10 points
- Rosarius + 10 points

Any Council Member may take an augmentation to increase a single stat figure ('S', 'T' or 'I') by 1 + 10 points each*

*These upgrades count as the same wargear for the purposes of wound allocation.

Tempest of Time: A psychic shooting attack. If the psychic test is passed one enemy unit within 18" must take a number of Toughness tests equal to the number Council Members. Each failed test results in a wound with no saves of any kind.

Ruination: This power is used at beginning of the owning player's movement phase. If successful the player may place two markers anywhere within 18" of a Council member. These markers may be as many inches apart as there are council members in the unit. No model may pass through or over the imaginary line between the markers until the owning player's next turn.

Note: If an Inquisitorial Council should suffer a Perils of the Warp one model is chosen to make a save on behalf of the group. If the requisite saves are failed only the model that took the save is lost.

The Elegant Solution, the Diplomat, Agent 00326 - 7

Found by Lord Corydon in the blasted hulk of an Eldar Craftworld Vespore was raised under the strict tutelage of Ordo Weaponsmiths and Mentats. It was not long before his hyper-human abilities exceeded those of his teachers making Vespore a truly feared and respected member of Imperium's Assassin's Temples.

For all his combat prowess Vespore is more than a tool of understated violence, he is a bridge between races and harbinger of change.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Agent Vespore	9	5	3	3	2	6	5	10	4+(I)

Unit Composition: 1 (Unique)

Unit Type: Infantry

Wargear:

- Shadowsphere (see pg XX)
- Diplomacy (see pg XX)
- Shuriken Throwing Blades
- Frag Grenades
- Locator Beacon

Special Rules:

- "Agent calling Redemption: The Veil is Lifted"
- Assassin
- Fleet
- Hit and Run
- Move Through Cover
- Psyker
- Infiltrate*

"The Veil is Lifted": An army fielding Vespore may choose to bring *all* reserved units in from the owning player's long table edge on turn 1.

Assassin: Vespore ignores all targeting restrictions. The owning player may allocate all wounds inflicted by Vespore in Shooting and Combat.

Infiltrate: Agent Vespore must be deployed on the table at the beginning of the game, even in scenarios where this might normally be prohibited



The former-Governor Saleem Gel'tar laughed depravedly as he slammed the bolt home on his saferoom door. The muffled thumps and screams of his doomed kin trapped on the far side made him giggle with delight. The Inquisitor's men would take hours to break through and by then...

A soft cough made him turn around so abruptly he nearly toppled over.

"Who's there?" he wailed, insanity making his once commanding tone into a screech. His eyes scanned the corners of the ornately appointed room but found no one. His voice echoed back at him mockingly.

"Who's... there?" he rasped, this time speaking to the glittering blade now sprouting from his chest but the cruel voices in his head hissed that his assailant had left before the door had even closed.

AESIR ASSAULT CARRIER

155 PTS

Any Stellan Cataphract or Inquisitorial Council squad may take an Aesir as a Dedicated Transport.

"The HellFerry, Haros' Tub, the Thunder and the Lightning..."

A heavily-armed version of the ubiquitous Valkyrie, the Aesir was commissioned by Lord Corydon using a significant portion of his enormous family treasury. Designed to complement the independent actions of the Hoplites behind enemy lines with minimal support it sports superior weapons and defensive technology to the original vehicle. Sacrificing carrying capacity for more weapons the Aesir packs a heavy punch and can be fitted for a variety of fire missions. It is a unique tool available only to the Stellans who utilize its ruthless firepower to overwhelm foes many times their number.

Despite its many strengths the Aesir is not designed for protracted combat. If the initial strike does find its mark and break the enemy defense the mission may be stalled or halted in its tracks often at a huge cost in lives.

	BS	FA	SA	RA
Aesir Assault Carrier	4	12	12	11

Unit Composition: 1 Aesir

Unit Type: Vehicle (Skimmer, Fast)

Transport Capacity: 9

Wargear:

- Extra Armor
- Forward Mounted Sensor Suite
- 8 Hellstrike Missiles

Special Rules:

- Airborne Assault
- Deep Strike
- Scout
- Stealth

Airborne Assault: Any unit with this special rule may re-roll Reserve rolls and rolls that determine which side they Outflank from.



Options:

May replace 4 Hellstrike Missiles with

- 2 twin-linked Heavy Bolters free
- 2 Multiple Rocket Pods free
- 2 twin-linked Autocannon +10 points
- 6 Hunter Killer Missiles +20 points
- 2 twin-linked Lascannons +25 points

May replace another 4 Hellstrike Missiles with

- 2 twin-linked Heavy Bolters free
- 2 Multiple Rocket Pods free
- 2 twin-linked Autocannon +20 points

May take a nose mounted punisher cannon
..... + 50 points

May take the Withdraw tactic + 10 points

Withdraw: A vehicle with this upgrade may be taken off the table during the movement phase and placed in Reserve. It may re-enter from the owning player's table edge from the next turn and onwards on a roll of 4+. If the vehicle has not returned by the end of the game it is considered destroyed.

STYMPHALIAN PLATFORM

200 PTS

Your army may be supported by one Stymphalian Platform with an additional Stymphalian Platform available for every 1000 points. (i.e. 1 at up to 1000 point games, 2 at 1000 – 2000 and 3 at 2000 – 3000 etc.)

His Will; Her Hand, the Cyclops, the Avenger

Many Heretics, when questioned by their overlords, have claimed that the stars themselves rose in anger to aid the Stellan advance. They give account of an unquenchable pillar of light slamming through the clouds to lay waste to any that oppose the Hoplites; of armored columns and whole battalions lost to a withering downpour of devastating energy.

The Stymphalian platform is a mechanical predator linked to the self-aware network that binds nearly all Stellan equipment. It is a god-like entity, 99% machine but 1% unknown – even to those that created it. It sings to the sky and the very earth beneath seems to heave in response.

A mechanical wonder the Stymphalian Platform floats down from ships in high orbit and assumes its own orbit just within the atmosphere. From there it watches and waits to be summoned to war.

The God Machine Speaks: The Stymphalian Platform always begins the game in Reserve and must “arrive” from Reserve before it can be used. Once the construct’s orbit has brought it overhead and the Stymphalian becomes available any model equipped with a targeting beam that remains stationary in the movement phase may designate a target for the Stymphalian to attack.

In order to resolve the attack the owning player selects a point on any model and then rolls for scatter as with any blast weapon (using the spotter’s BS). Place a marker where the shot and lands and then roll for scatter again treating the ‘Hit’ marker as an arrow. Place another marker at this new location.

Draw a wire-thin line between the two points – any model covered by the line receives a Strength 10 AP 1 hit with no cover saves allowed. Vehicles are hit on their side armor.

Enemy non-vehicle units that take casualties from this attack must take a Pinning check with a -1 modifier to their Leadership.

THUNDERBOLT DIVE BOMBER 150 PTS

Your army may be supported by one Thunderbolt with an additional Thunderbolt available for every 1000 points.

The Lovely Lady, the Siren, the Guardian Angel

The Thunderbolt dive-bomber is an invaluable asset to the Hoplites whose quick pace often puts them ahead of supporting elements with no option to wait for their flanks to be secured. If help cannot come from either side, it must come from above and for the Stellans nothing short of immediate intervention can help them accomplish their brazen maneuvers.

The pilots drafted to the Inquisitor’s private squadrons are all stone-hearted aces – the elite of their station. Most have claimed kill markings that climb into the hundreds and a few even boast of having a couple of titan-class kills painted on their nose-cones. Some Hoplites might have been more inclined to argue with such nonsense if not for the fact that every one of the pilots is female.

Death From Above: The Thunderbolt always begins the game in reserve. When it becomes available place it anywhere on the table within 30” of a table edge. The straight line between the model’s center and the table edge is its flight path. Any enemy unit within the flight path may be chosen by the owning player as a target. After all enemy units have fired place the Large Blast over the target and roll for scatter. Any models at least partially under the template’s final location receive a Strength 8 AP 3 hit. Vehicles are hit on their side armor.

In the opposing player’s shooting phase any model the Thunderbolt passed over may fire at it. Any shots of Str. 4 and above that roll a ‘6’ to hit count towards the total number of hits on the Thunderbolt.

At the end of the opponent’s shooting phase the Thunderbolt is removed and placed back in reserve. It enters play again automatically next turn unless it has been hit. If hit once the roll required to bring it back from reserves is a 2+. The roll required increases by one for every additional hit after the first as increased damage makes it less likely for the pilot to return. If the roll required exceeds a 6+ the Thunderbolt is destroyed.

WARGEAR

"And when the spears and swords and armor have rusted and withered to dust, then shall the dawn rise red and the very stars lend their light as lances to arm the righteous."

Lascarbine

Need blistering firepower? Look no further.

Range 18" Str. 3 AP – Assault 2

Internal Cogitator Sprite

Each piece of Stellan equipment holds a shard of the Watcher. A timely whisper between two or more machines can make the difference between a glancing hit and a lethal headshot.

Models with this equipment add the Rending special rule to their Lascarbines.

Targeting Beam

An invisible beam of energy used to designate targets for Stymphalian platforms in low orbit.

Grenade Launcher with Hades Gas Canisters

"Trust me trooper, if your eyes are boiling and your marrow is liquefying it's not an allergic reaction."

Range 18" Str. X AP 6 Assault 1, Blast, Poison 2+

Stellan Blade

Some weapons become a simple extension of the warrior, others become a focus for the unending rage within.

Stellan Blades confer +1 WS and +1 Strength to the bearer.

Breaching Hammer

This weapon is poor choice for those who wish to identify the foe after the fight.

The Breaching Hammer acts as a Chainfist in all respects.

Incendiary Grenades

If stars fell to the earth from the sky they might burst as these orbs do – in gushes of white-hot liquid fire.

Range 12" Str 4 AP 5 Assault 1, Blast, No Cover

Flash Grenades

You never look directly into the sun if you can help it and you'll wish you had your eyes closed when the Flash comes.

Any non-vehicle models assaulted by a unit with Flash grenades must pass an Initiative test or have their Weapon Skill reduced to 1 for the remainder of the turn.

Kopis

Entire academies have been dedicated to the underhanded cuts and thrusts that might leave an enemy short of their full limb compliment or estranged from their genitals.

The Kopis may be used as a simple close combat weapon or to grant the user's close combat attacks the Rending special rule.

"How many' is not our concern; the only question worth taking the time to ask is 'where are they?'"

Hunting Falcon

"The enemy approaches. Their leader suffers from a receding hairline."

For each Hunting Falcon in your army choose one enemy unit with the scout special rule. On a 4+ that unit loses the Scout special rule before the game begins.

Banner of Nameless Heroes

The voices of the dead call for courage, shout for honor, scream for vengeance.

Units with the Stellan Heart special rule within 18" of the banner receive +1 Attack.

Starlight

The first Stellan Blade is not a blade at all. A gleaming hammerhead atop a stout golden haft the gilded recesses stained with the blood of countless heretics.

Starlight is a power weapon that always wounds on a 2+ and rolls an additional D6 when rolling for armor penetration.

Shadowsphere

A boy bends down to pluck a golden sphere from the bloodied fingers of his father, alien eyes contorted in fury before a portal slams open and men in crimson fatigues lunge into the wraithbone-walled room.

Vespor may use the Shadowsphere to melt time like wax and move 12" in the movement phase and 12" again in the assault phase regardless of whether or not an assault is declared.

Diplomacy

Some politicians may use words but peace answers much faster to the call of a blade.

Diplomacy is a wrist mounted dagger that counts as a master-crafted lightning claw.

Shuriken Throwing Blades

Delivered by rifle or by iron-hard, dexterous fingers shuriken makes an unpleasant product where it meets yielding flesh.

Range 6" Str 3 AP 6 Assault 6, Rending

Forward Mounted Sensor Suite

"It had better work – it cost me enough"

The Forward Mounted Sensor suite confers + 1 BS to the vehicle (already included in its profile) and the Night Vision special rule.

Place Holder: (I'll think of something)