

Dramatis Personae Aska Kjelu Russ WH40K OC

The Daughter of Leman Russ, Primarch of the Space Wolves

Von Garnet-Nihilia

Prolog: Salvation

Salvation....

in these grim times a luxury seldom found. Not every world can hope for salvation and once Chaos has gained foothold the light in the eyes of the people diminish. Sherox Prime and its people hoped someone would come to save their pathetic lives. As fate would have it hope came out of nowhere....

One was seen.

He was firing rocket projectiles as big as a human fist into the masses of the renegades. He was seen as he made the enemies of the Imperium of man explode from within. Their bodies surrendered any hope of keeping a human form. He was unmasked as bringer of hope and herald of the imperial truth. As an executioner and he was the messenger of Death himself.

He was a warrior of the Emperor and the people in the main hive of Sherox Prime saw how he put traitors to death in mere seconds with his cruel firearm. They weren't deceived. He was completely different than anything they had expected. They all had heard the stories in their youth, stories of the warriors of the Emperor and their gleaming form.

Stories of their disciplined appearance. Of their combat prowess. Their expectations of his combat strength had this Titan of war more than surpassed. Runes decorated his armor where the eye could see and he was adorned by a huge pelt. His grey armor showed notches and smaller bullet craters and everywhere odd bone carvings and charms made of the teeth of humongous beasts were draped. His head was bare any protection and his long grey hair still showing strands of a long gone blonde had a coppery shimmer of the blood of his enemies. Fangs not unlike those of a wild beast were seen as his war cry made the marrow in one's bones shiver and his rough, grim face was ornamented with a black-red tattoo.

No holy warrior stood before them that day...

Battle beast or avatar of death would have been a more appropriate title. It was a Space Marine of a first founding chapter.

An Astartes. A son of Russ....

A Space Wolf.

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+Hostor here! My Blood Claws are in position, Jarl. If you want we can strike before

the enemy can even draw his next breath+

...he didn't get an answer but the Jarl had earlier made him swear to act fast.

+Jarl?+

His Lord, the leader of his company or "Captain" in other Space Marine chapters, could not be reached. The Vox seemed to have failed over long distances and now the decision was his as a pack leader. His inner beast growled and roared with thirst for battle but a well-thought-out decision had to be made.

+Spears! Take attack formation! We storm the bui...+

His sentence was cut off involuntarily and the decision made for him. Ragnar Blackmane himself had tuned himself in every active Vox connection!

+Brothers! We have a problem here! Lay down any finesse if not necessary! Crush the enemy...NOW!!!+

When the Jarl had his will made clear the result would drench the ground in heretic blood. A whole great company instantly would rely on the enemy not having enough firepower to penetrate their armors ceramite. The hive was secured in few hours; secured meaning it was a slaughterhouse in the open. The renegades that had the misfortune of meeting the Space Wolves had never seen a warrior of the Emperor themselves. Those that had a clear sight of Hostor were themselves excellent fighters or dead before they could realize what was happening. Hostor was a very strict, wild and grim but most of all a very proficient fighter.

A ten man squad of former soldiers were efficiently neutralized with his combat knife. It sliced right through their throats, decapitating them, their bleeding out bodies falling lifeless to the ground. The enemies only saw a grey-white silhouette before the darkness of their self-conjured Hel swallowed them. Then the roaring and murdering started anew as Hostors Blood Claws hacked themselves a path to their target. They weren't slowed by finesse but killed efficiently and viciously with steel, bolter and the concentrated fury of a true Son of Russ.

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Sven went to his Jarl. The ground crunched audibly under the weight of his armor. Still, the movement of Ragnar's Wolf Guard was fluid and light. Like the others he was merged with his armor, they were one, one unit and for him and all of his brothers it was a second skin.

"My Lord? We lost contact with the Spears and the Thunderfists. I doubt they fell. Your orders?"

His voice was rough and dark, almost like it had a low growling but still full of respect for his Lord. Jarl, Wolf lord Ragnar Blackmane looked insistently to the leader of his Wolf Guard, showing his still young fangs in a slight grin.

"We have to end this battle as fast as possible. The Great Wolf gave me some information. There are rumors of the appearance of.....well, an artifact..."

He said this hesitantly like he himself wasn't exactly sure how to call it or how to explain this information.

"....a relic of the old days. But it's pretty evidently that this is the Thousand Sons' doing. One of their ships was scanned, purely by chance in a neighboring system. We could be there in a few days and are to scout the area."

Astonishment and confusion could be sensed for a moment in Sven's scent. He raised his eyebrows skeptically as he raised his dark voice again, "Relic? It's an object worthy of sacrificing a whole planet? Jarl, I can hardly believe that".

Ragnar looked over to his Wolf Guard and familiar in all earnestness. "This object is, if it turns out to be true, more important than my whole company and this system,

Sven!"

Surprised the massive Wolf Guard took a step back as he saw the strange and non-typical reaction of his Jarl and his answer fully sank in. His own bewilderment and pensiveness could not only be smelled but tasted on the tongue.

"As you command, my Jarl!"

With that the young King and Jarl of Fenris turned away and made his warriors hurry. Only minutes later a Thunderhawk blasted off to search the area for the two missing troops.

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+Hostor here!!! Can you hear me? Somebody?+It seemed they could receive some messages but not send any. Admittedly, this worried him a bit but they had already pulled through worse situations and played with much worse cards.

+Nothing, brothers. The mission is to protect the people here but there's no enemy to be seen! We'll go back to the landing zone, even if the march will take hours, we don't have another option! Let's hope we find some heretics. Don't want it to get boring!

+The pack leader wanted to give another order when a bolter round hit him in the shoulder and sent him tumbling.

+Get down!+

Instantly his pack ducked behind cover and was on lookout for the enemy. For a mere mortal their formation would have looked chaotic but a trained eye saw a perfect defensive formation. The gunners were quickly spotted and Hostor gripped his spear tighter. A Chainglaive, which gave the squad its name. Like a roaring storm they charged directly into the enemy lines. Five of them crashed into armored warriors with head trims in the form of different scarabs. Even as the wolves returned fire the wicked warriors stood eerily still as if dead since eons past.

The heretics did not have to worry about their actual death, the armors only filled by dust and ashes instead of an actual carnal body with human blood. Hostor was the first in the enemies' lines and actually happy about their march back to the landing zone not being as boring as he had feared. As he made contact two of the traitors instantly fell and his pack offered the miserable rest. However Fjolnir, one of the newer brothers, fell in the charge. He was dropped by a combined, precise attack and did not survive. Hostor was notified the same moment his brother perished, however got another message shortly after.

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+Stormwolves, Thunderfists, here...Jarl? Guard? Anyone?+

Eryk, the pack leader of a Sky Claws storming pack had found himself in the same troublesome position as his brother Hostor, however neither knew of the other. They were the only squads who had lost contact to the company and their battle brothers.

"Nothing! Damned nothing! Like we have no Vox. Not even interference. It's like it's been turned off!", he roared, smashing his fist against a crumbling wall which in turn lost even more of its massive form. The Thunderfists had delved deep into enemy territory and couldn't simply turn back, like Hostor and his pack could. Still, having no other option they had to try and they would take every single enemy on their way down, eradicating his wretched existence from this world. His warriors then took cover again and found it behind another battered wall. Hailing gunfire drummed their position, interrupted by sounds not unlike a dog's barking. Every child on Fenris recognized from a ten thousand meter distance what interrupted the firing of the enemy. Bolter fire, Phobos pattern. Weapons dating back to the days of the Heresy. The pack launched into the air and at once made out the position of the enemy. With

elaborate precision they hit them and left their mark in the ground and in the leftover hulls of their enemies. The seemingly disembodied Astartes in red and gold with the emblem of Magnus fired halfhearted and then fell victim to the weapons of the Asgeir.+The Jarl has to know of this....!!!

Back to the landing zone!

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+Hostors spears passed countless habitat blocks and Manufactori. The bodies sometimes even still lay at their work places and sometimes piled up to three meters.They could see that these poor souls had worked to their death and not died of violence. Their death came of exhaustion and not by bullets of renegades or the witchfire of heretics. Hostor spat on the ground He loathed the system of the Imperium, since it was mendacious and it was not the way of Fenris to approve of such a death.He spat again and turned up his nose before he shook off those thoughts and concentrated back on the task at hand. Negligence was the death of many warriors and Hostor didn't plan to die because of his lack of attention.Immediately he heard Boltgun and Bolt pistol fire. His whole pack had heard it and they carefully advanced through the area to its source. The Thunderfists had been tangled in a gunfight and it seemed they couldn't escape without help.

Hostors pack surrounded the area without him having to raise his voice. Like well-maintained clockwork they knew what to do and executed it in a way that made their movement blur. With every warrior in position, Hostor gave made the sign for the hunt. The forever damned Thousand Sons were shredded and riddled with gunfire. Shortly after, every last Rubric Marine had fallen. Hostor and Eryk Thunderfist met in the middle of the battleground and joined their forearms in a greeting of warriors.

"Hostor! Brother! Your spears arrived just in time! We were stuck in combat"The leader of the Blood Claws nodded briefly. It wasn't the nature of the wolves to talk away or waste hours with senseless babble, however it seemed necessary given the circumstances. He gripped his spear tighter, a growl escaping his throat "We have to go back to the landing zone and to the Jarl fast. I'm confused; I saw troop transports taking off, brother Eryk.

"The young leader of the Sky Claws nodded in agreement and vented his anger and impatience "Meaning the battle is over, yet I see no sign that the enemy is beaten. Magnus' Sons are here, you are right the Jarl has to know of this, although I'm sure he already knows. Still, this has me confused, too, Brother Hostor.

"His hand on his chin the pack leader thought for a moment about this. The behavior of their Lord and the withdrawal of the company were more than unusual.

"I don't get it either", he finally stated with his dark voice, a growl escaping his throat which started to feel dry from all the dust in the air.

"There has to be a valid reason why Lord Blackmane abandons all positions to go for the stars. Our young King is usually always in for a good fight and first to enter battle and last to leave. Well, we'll learn the reason soon enough, let's make sure we are fast on our way back to our brothers.

"Hostor wanted to answer Eryk, he was however interrupted by the roaring of a Thunderhawk above. Routinely both squads took position to secure a landing zone. The packs were lucky, if you will.

Shortly after entering the belly of the Thunderhawk they saw Sherox Prime from several hundreds of meters above and for now left this world behind....

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In the middle of the central Hololith meeting room all of his pack leaders were

present, along with his Wolf Guard and the old Wolf Priest Sigurd.

All eyes resting on the Jarl they waited for an explanation of their early departure. By now it was clear that the Imperial Guard would take over the job of bringing peace to the planet and that the wolves had every right to go over to the neighboring system.

A world named Tavia. A name many of them had already heard, old Sagas and memories surfacing to their consciousness and kept them wondering.

Ragnar Blackmane stood before them, arms crossed behind his back. It was silent, the breathing and heartbeat of everyone present could be heard as well as the humming of the machines surrounding them. His look was that of a beast on the verge of obtaining a long-coveted prey.

He radiated absolute authority as he paced several times before his warriors, looking every one of his warriors in the eyes. Suddenly his face broadened in an unusually large grin showing his still growing fangs in full splendor.

For a moment even joy could be heard in the voice of the young Jarl, being heard in this moment...

"Tell me, my men.....what do you know about our sister....?"

Tell me....

what do you know about the Saga of the daughter of Russ?!"