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Forged in blood and violence are the Flesh Tearers, the battle-hungry warriors of Cretacia. Their bloodline cursed and their actions condemned almost beyond redemption, they stand on the brink of censure and extermination. Only through constant battle can their lust for war be sated. Yet sometimes, even that is not enough ...

FLESH TEARERS

SONS OF BLOOD

By Andy Smillie and Tom Horth

The Flesh Tearers are violence made manifest. Of all the damned sons of Sanguinius, they carry the burden of their sire's thirst and the shadow of his passing most heavily.

A Blood Angels successor Chapter, forged in the Second Founding, the genetic flaw in the Flesh Tearers has rendered them savage beyond compare. They fight as mad butchers, ripping apart their foes in a vain effort to quiet the fury in their blood. In battle, the whir of their chain weapons is lost beneath guttural snarls of hate and the pain of the red thirst and black rage that is the truth of their tattered souls.

The Flesh Tearers' reputation for brutality precedes the approach of their battle-scarred warships. On more than one occasion, the enemy body count has not been enough to sate their bloodlust, and many are the Imperial Commanders who have thought themselves saved only to watch in horror as the warrior angels sent to liberate them succumb to their curse. Lost in the throes of slaughter, the Flesh Tearers often fail to recognise a battle's end, turning their weapons on their allies and even the humans who thought them angelic saviours. They kill until nothing remains but bloodied ground,



churned viscera, and the fading thrum of their hearts. This is their truth, the core of their beings – not the imagined half-divinity believed by the masses, but the red truth of angels of death lost in a dream of suffering and slaughter.

The Chapter has laboured to limit and contain such incidents. When possible, they fight alone, standing unaided against innumerable odds rather than risk the lives of those they have pledged to protect. At other times, they have employed more extreme measures to keep their secret, annihilating planets, systems, and star clusters in a hail of cyclonic warheads. If it's such measures that have kept the Flesh Tearers within the tolerance of the High Lords of Terra, or the fact that the Imperium has need of every blade to defend it, none can say for certain. They teeter on the abyss of denouncement and persecution as traitors. To some members of the Inquisition, there is no doubt that the Flesh Tearers are abominations. These Inquisitors see these broken sons of blood as proof positive that the entire line of Sanguinius is tainted. Were it not for the influence and efforts of the Blood Angels themselves, and the fact that the Imperium sorely needs the sons of Sanguinius to hold back the press of Chaos, who can say how swiftly judgement would be done?

Those within the blood and ash ranks of the Flesh Tearers are themselves divided. Some dare to cradle hope that their Chapter Master, Gabriel Seth, will lead them to salvation. They stand proud that they have the strength to fight on the side of the righteous despite the madness in their blood. Others welcome a swift, blood-fuelled end, asking nothing more than the chance to wreak terrible destruction upon their enemies before the thirst claims them. Which angel of their hearts will rule their fate – murder or mercy – only time shall tell. But the sands of those times run swift as the Dark Millennium closes, and even the most optimistic Sanguinary Priests within the Chapter know that extinction may take them before damnation or salvation arrives.

DIVIDED BY BLOOD

The Flesh Tearers' relationship with the other Blood Angels Successor Chapters is strained at best. The sons of Cretacia have fallen far from the artisan angel that spawned them, and they stand as a dark mirror of what all sons of Sanguinius might one day become. It is not a reflection other scions of Sanguinius can look upon without fearful shame. Worse still is the attention that the Flesh Tearers have drawn from the wider Imperium. Continued animosity between the Flesh Tearers and members of the Inquisition have drawn the

Below: Chapter Master Gabriel Seth leads the Flesh Tearers to war against the Alpha Legion. The tragic, and increasingly pronounced, flaw in their gene seed has led to a drastic reduction in the number of Flesh Tearers that are able to be deployed. But will an influx of Primaris Marines save the Chapter of damn it?



THE DEATH'S COWL

Commanded by Chaplain Zuphias, the *Death's Cowl* is a specially adapted Strike Cruiser that is home to the bulk of the Flesh Tearers Death Company. Its innards have been ripped out to make room for extra assault launchers, Drop Pods, and boarding torpedoes. It is a terrifying vessel, a living morgue inhabited by the dead who have not yet found their release, a dark herald of the fate that might wait for all of the Flesh Tearers. It stands as a grim reminder of glories lost and the strength needed to protect what is left.

eye of judgement to the descendants of the Angel and the flaw in their blood. Indeed, it was only through the intervention of Astorath at the trial of the Carmine Court, when Seth stood before Dante and every other Chapter Master of the successors, that prevented the Flesh Tearers from being cast out and destroyed. Whatever the Redeemer knows or has seen of the future, whatever plans he has for Seth and his army of slaughterers, they are a mystery to even Lord Dante himself.

ON BLOODIED SOIL

The Flesh Tearers' home world of Cretacia is a death world. It is a land of gargantuan beasts, magma geysers, and volatile electrical storms. Volcanic eruptions and sharp tectonic shifts threaten to rip apart its continents and swallow those arrogant enough to inhabit its surface.

Until Chapter Master Amit found the planet in the wake of the Horus Heresy, the Flesh Tearers had been a crusading force, moving from war zone to war zone without respite. At the time, Amit and his Flesh Tearers were still reeling from the death of their Primarch and the dissolution of the Legions that resulted in the Flesh Tearers being carved from the Blood Angels. Anger and resentment ruled, and Amit became obsessed with Cretacia, believing its barbaric conditions a manifestation of the Flesh Tearers' own nature, hoping that if he could tame its peaks, he could temper the edges of his own fury.

The indigenous Cretacians are resourceful, tribal people, bred to fight and survive the harsh dangers of their home world. Those who survive the trials and their stint as Flesh Tearer aspirants are ruthless, hardened survivors – the perfect stock from which to forge new Flesh Tearers.

There is an irony, perhaps, in the journey of these individuals: to survive hell and its beasts only to become beasts themselves and descend into a life far worse than any mortal hell.

ALL IS ASH

The Black Rage. The First Death. Every son of Sanguinius fears succumbing to the waking memory of their Primarch's death at the hands of Horus. Those visions of an Angel broken, of future glories choked by betrayal, overtake Sanguinius' descendants and leave them with nothing but rage. The nobility of angels becomes the fury of beasts, purity of vision becomes a world drowned in blood. For the Flesh Tearers, such a fate is almost a certainty, and the only escape is to die before that fate overtakes them. It is a matter of when, not if. For those that the kind edge of death does not take, the black armour and the sacraments of the Death Company await.

Where the Blood Angels and their successor Chapters succumb to the Black Rage during the pre-battle ceremony of moripatris, a Flesh Tearer



can be claimed at any moment. Many are those who fall to the curse of their blood before they can pass into the Death Company. And the Death Company is well named, as its warriors will die as surely as they bring death. Clad in black and crossed with crimson, they know no limit to slaughter, nor pain of wounds.

The Blood Angels and most of their successors give swift mercy to the few members of the Death Company who survive an engagement; a bolt round to the head or a powered blade to the neck grants them swift oblivion. No such mercy exists amongst the Flesh Tearers. Under the watch of High Chaplain Appollus, the Flesh Tearers Death Company live on from battle to battle, bound to their torment until enemies do what their brothers will not. To Appollus, the black-armoured madmen represent the purest state of a Flesh Tearer; they are as close as a warrior can be to Sanguinius. Whether Seth agrees with Appollus' dogma, or whether he sees hope in a Death Company's fury that no others can, he keeps his own counsel. Whatever his reasons, the Chapter Master has stood against Astorath the Grim, the great reaper himself, to prevent the Flesh Tearers Death Company from facing execution, and their numbers grow unchecked save by the blades of their enemies. So, while the Flesh Tearers stand at barely two-thirds of full Chapter strength, none save Appollus know how many black-armoured warriors wait in torment to be unleashed.

BROTHER SEVRAEL, PRIMARIS BATTLE-BROTHER



Brother Sevrail, 5th Company, 2nd Squad (battleline)



The serrated blade and blood drop is the symbol of the Flesh Tearers Chapter, and it represents the customised chainfists that the first Chapter Master once carried into battle.

The Flesh Tearers use the same company markings as the Blood Angels, featuring a coloured blood drop on their right pauldron alongside their squad insignia. Of particular note is the fact that brother Sevrail is from the 5th Company, which was newly reformed following an influx of Primaris battle-brothers to the Chapter during the Indomitus Crusade.

Below: When the Space Marine Legions were reorganised following the events of the Horus Heresy, several Successor Chapters were created from the ranks of the Blood Angels. The Flesh Tearers were among them. Nassir Amit, shown below, became the first Chapter Master. His cognomen – the Flesh Tearer – was adopted as the Chapter name.



MASTER OF THE RAGE

While the names of most Chapter Masters of the Space Marines are synonymous with glory and honour, Gabriel Seth's reign is one marked by tragedy, loss, and the dimming light of redemption.

Seth rose through the ranks of the Flesh Tearers to take command of a Chapter on the brink of extinction. The crucible of battle and the ravages of the black rage, a genetic flaw in the bloodline of Sanguinius, had reduced the Flesh Tearers to less than three full companies. Worse, they had butchered their way to the very edge of what their allies could tolerate, and the Flesh Tearers were but one misstep from being a Chapter alone, cast from the Imperium they had bled to protect and forgotten by those they had once called brothers. Seth took on the mantle of Chapter Master with the knowledge of the full horror that awaited him and his brothers.

The Chapter's Sanguinary Priests presented Seth with evidence that the flaw in the blood of his brothers, already far more aggressive than in the other Blood Angels Successor Chapters, would continue. Combined with the attrition rate of a Chapter ever-locked in combat, the Flesh Tearers' ability to replace their losses could not keep up with the number who met their final death. What had been a slow descent to bloodlust and oblivion was an ever-quickenning fall into inevitable extinction or damnation. Yet Seth was resolved. He would not accept such truths as fate. There could be victory in defeat. He would carry his brothers' burden. He would shield his charges from the full truth of their nature. If glory was beyond the Flesh Tearers, Seth would seek survival. If forgiveness was impossible, they would earn their future through penance. If, at the dark of the hour, the beast in their

BLOOD REAVER

As a butcher wields a cleaver, so does Seth wield Blood Reaver. Rarely has a weapon been so suited to its charge as this massive, two-handed chainsword. Blood Reaver is every bit as unsubtle and savage as the Chapter Master. Forged with teeth taken from the chainfists once worn by Chapter Master Amit, Blood Reaver serves as both armament and banner, its guttural roar a rally cry to the enduring nature of the Flesh Tearers and the violence they will inflict on those before them.

blood claimed them all, Seth would see them die with honour. At worst, the Flesh Tearers would be remembered as brutal angels, not beasts.

In battle, Seth is a force of raw fury. Destroyer. Berserker. Slaughterer. The Flesh Tearers Chapter Master has earned honorifics that mark him as terrible a foe as any monster in the universe. The truth is he is those things and more. He fights at the vanguard of the Flesh Tearers forces, cutting, hacking, bludgeoning until there is nothing to kill. He has crushed skulls beneath his boot, snapped necks with vengeful hands, and smashed armour plate and bone with thunderous headbutts. Yet for all his rage, Seth has ever managed to maintain some semblance of control. Those that underestimate him as a mindless killer find themselves surprised, outmatched by a savage cunning that knows no mercy.

When all is done, when the cacophony of battle fades to whisper and the blood of the dead soaks the earth, it is Seth alone who holds the Flesh Tearers together. Should he fall in battle, the bloody ramifications will be felt far beyond the Chapter. Where the Imperium once sheltered behind the violence of Seth and his butchers, it might well find itself with monsters in its midst.



'I am His vengeance as He is my shield. I will deliver death to His enemies as He brings deliverance to my soul.'

— Brother Maion



BLOOD FORGED

'You stand as insult to everything we have suffered.' Gabriel Seth's voice was churned gravel. He addressed the Primaris Space Marine before him in the reclusiam, the deep crimson and black of his armour newly painted, unmarked by war. 'You do not deserve the symbol you now bear on your pauldron.' Seth stepped to within striking distance of the other Space Marine. 'The ash and blood of my brothers has no place on your armour, Captain.'

Anger twisted the Captain's face as he struggled to make sense of Seth's tirade. 'I am Brother-Captain Toivo, and I stand before you as Lord Guilliman—'

'Guilliman,' Seth snarled. 'His name will buy you no brotherhood here.'

'Then what of Dante? He wills this, also. He is by blood and honour your—'

'Dante can choke on the blood of Baal. This is my house. These are my warriors.' Seth gestured around him. 'It is their blood, their lives you would have me entrust to you.'

Toivo made to speak and faltered, caught off guard by the hatred Seth demonstrated for the Primarch and the lord of the Blood Angels.

'You believe Guilliman's slight has gone unnoticed? That there are none learned enough here among my butchers?' Seth grinned. 'Toivo. Old Terran. From the northern continents meaning 'hope'. Guilliman has sent you and your blood here to heal us.' Seth closed, his head just below Toivo's jaw. 'Yet your blood weakens us.'

Toivo clenched his fists. 'I am no happier about this than you. I would have gladly remained one of the unnumbered, a son of Sanguinius clad in Angel red.'

'Then leave here.' Seth dug his forehead into Toivo's chest and drove him back with a sharp headbutt.

'Would that I could.' Toivo sucked in a breath and felt the rising beat of his blood lessen. 'With respect, Chapter Master, test me no further.'

Seth shook his head. 'You are here to be tested.'

Confusion creased Toivo's brow.

'If you are to stand with us. You will fight with me.'

'You would have me fight you?'

Seth nodded. 'As the blood wills it.'

'This is madness. I will not.'

'Then you will die a coward.'

As Seth spoke, Chaplain Appollus emerged from one of the alcoves bordering the chamber and levelled a plasma pistol at Toivo.

'Heresy!' Toivo shot a glance over his shoulder to the doors.

'They will not open,' said Seth.

'Lord Dante and Lord Guilliman will have your head.'

'They are not here, imposter. I am. And I will kill you.'

'Damn you!' Toivo bared his teeth.

'You think that anger, Space Marine? You think this betrayal?' For the briefest of moments the ire faded from Seth's features. 'We are damned by our own genes. The very blood in our veins will rob us of all that we are, as quick as a blade in the darkness.'

Toivo looked to Appollus. The Chaplain's intent was unreadable under the cold slab of his skull helm.

'Only the dead and the damned find refuge with the Chaplain. Which shall we number you among?'

'Very well.' Toivo widened his stance and edged to Seth's left. 'Your reputation precedes you, Chapter Master. I have heard tales of the unstoppable butcher, driven by rage and fury. A broken angel whose fists can crush ceramite. But here, now, you look small.' Toivo kept moving, sizing up Seth. 'We Primaris were made to be better. Better than you. There is no arrogance in that. By the will of the Emperor and the labours of Lord Guilliman, I am simply stronger than you.'

Seth locked eyes with Toivo, eyes that had seen untold acts of violence and bloodletting, and grinned. 'Are you?' Seth saw it then. A momentary flash on Toivo's face. Weakness. Doubt.

Seth roared. He shot forward, smashing a fist into Toivo's nose. Bone broke. He struck him again, a hammer blow across the base of his jaw. Toivo tried for space, but Seth grabbed his pauldron, fixing him in place as he delivered a second and third hammer blow with his fist. Toivo threw an uppercut into Seth's ribs.

'Is that it?' Seth maintained his hold. 'Is that it?' He continued to hammer him.

Seth kept on punching until his blows robbed Toivo of consciousness.

Seth felt his opponent go limp. He hit him once more and then dropped him to the ground. Toivo went down hard, his head bouncing off the flagstones.

'Strength and theory are not enough. Intent is everything.' Seth snarled and brought his knee up.

'Gabriel!' Appollus shouted. 'Enough.'

Seth stamped down, cracking the flagstones a breath from Toivo's head. Toivo groaned, consciousness slowly returning.

'To fight as one of us is to strike first and keep on striking until only blood remains.' Seth glared down at Toivo. The Primaris Space Marine's face was a lumpen mess, his features barely recognisable.

Seth growled through gritted teeth and knelt, calmer, next to Toivo. He lowered his voice to a whisper. 'Did it ever occur to you that if you are stronger, if indeed you are one of us and more, that perhaps when the darkness comes for you, it will come for us all? That the curse will be stronger, too? In the dark of your soul, how long before the beast calls and your veins and armour turn to black?'

'I ...' Toivo made to speak, his eyes glazed with a mix of rage and sorrow, but he could force no words through the ruin of his jaw.

Seth smiled. 'Now you look like one of us, brother.' The Chapter Master stood and made for the exit. 'Appollus, help our new Captain to his feet.'

It is laughing.

'Pathetic,' it answers. Part hound, part humanoid, the thing lopes towards me. 'Threats you have no strength to see done.' It raises its blade in a two-handed grip, a single length of dark obsidian as long as I am tall. 'I will use your skull as a pommel.'

It strikes, a scything blow meant to cleave me shoulder to hip. I bring my chainsword up and across in defence. Its teeth grind and shatter against the daemon's unholy steel. The reverse stroke comes fast. I put both hands behind my blade. The impact knocks me to one knee. Blood bursts from my mouth. The daemon kicks out, its clawed foot shattering my breastplate. I drop to my back. It is all I can do to remain conscious.

Fulgurant arcs of fire cut through clouds of rolling blood. Baal, the world of the Angel reduced to a ravaged hell-sphere. The combined might of Sanguinius' sons, a legion of Angels, and we were losing. Perhaps it was well that Sanguinius had not lived to see this day.

'Weak.' The daemon stares down at me, eyes like darkest embers, and reverses its grip on its blade.

Anger tightens my chest and sends more blood across my lips. I feel the deep stab of helpless frustration. I would have seen the daemon dead before I bled to darkness. 'The Blood keep me.' I brace for a blow that never comes.

The daemon shudders, staggered by impacts. I recognise the familiar sound of bolt rounds detonating. It turns to face its attacker, a snarl of hate warping its face before a second salvo demolishes its skull.

I saw him then, blood dripping from the eye sockets of his skull helm, a thick patina of gore staining the exposed metal of his battered armour.

'The rage, Brother Machiel.' Chaplain Appollus stooped to one knee, still firing at some unseen foe. 'It will stitch together and drive forward what no apothecary can. And before peace it will lead you to vengeance.'

I wince as the Chaplain digs his fingers into my wound.

'Blood Angel, Flesh Tearer, Angels Encarmine, whatever symbol we carry, we, all of the sons of Sanguinius are bound by this saltire.' Appollus drew his bloodied fingers across my pauldron. 'In blood and in rage we are still legion.' He stands. 'Give in, brother. Your fight is over. Hear the blood in your veins. Remember our father and the horror of his death. Think on all the blood and pain that brought us to this point –

I lose him then, his voice drowned out by the hammering of my hearts. Then even they are drowned out by the last thing I will ever hear: a snarl. Great and terrible it seems to swallow the world.



OF RAGE AND BLOOD

Blood dripped from the creature's skin. My brothers' blood. Nine Flesh Tearers in all lay dead around me, eviscerated, butchered and torn to viscera. My own blood runs from a slash in my abdomen that will not close.

'You will kill no more, daemon.' Bracing my wound with one hand, I heft my chainsword in the other. 'I will end you here,' I growl, my voice as raw as the snarls tearing from its throat.

ECHOES OF WAR

PURGE THE INTRUDER

A small enemy force has breached an Imperial world's defences and attacked the facility that houses the planet's orbital defence network. If it can shut down the orbital guns, the invader's reinforcements will have a clear path to the surface. In their desperation, the Imperial defenders have called upon the Flesh Tearers for support. The bloodthirsty warriors of Cretacia must recapture the facility and purge the invader from the defence network before enemy reinforcements arrive in force. The Space Marines plan to assault the facility under the cover of darkness and eliminate them before they can bring their heavy weapons to bear. By the time they strike, however, the invaders will be well dug in. Any Flesh Tearers victory will be, as ever, earned in blood.

THE ARMIES

Both players must muster an army from their collection of miniatures. The Attacker commands the Flesh Tearers. The Defender commands the invading army. Players can use any models they wish, but if their army is Battle-forged, they will also be able to use the appropriate Stratagems included with this mission.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Create the battlefield using the deployment map below, then set up terrain. The Defender's deployment zones should be heavily fortified, with less in the way of terrain features towards the Attacker's deployment zone. Having already captured the Imperial facility, the Defender can make use of the discarded defences. The Defender may deploy one Aegis Defence Line. This Aegis Defence Line and any Gun Emplacement it has does not count towards the total points or Power Level of the Defender's army. The objective marker should be placed in the location shown on the battlefield map below.

DEPLOYMENT

After terrain has been set up, the Defender first sets up their units wholly within their two deployment

zones. At least one unit must be deployed in each of the Defender's deployment zones at the start of the battle. The units set up in each of the Defender's deployment zones cannot have a combined Power Rating greater than one third of the army's Power Level. The remaining units in the Defender's army are set up in Reserve (see the Narrative Play Mission Rules in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook). The Attacker then sets up all of their units wholly within their deployment zone.

FIRST TURN

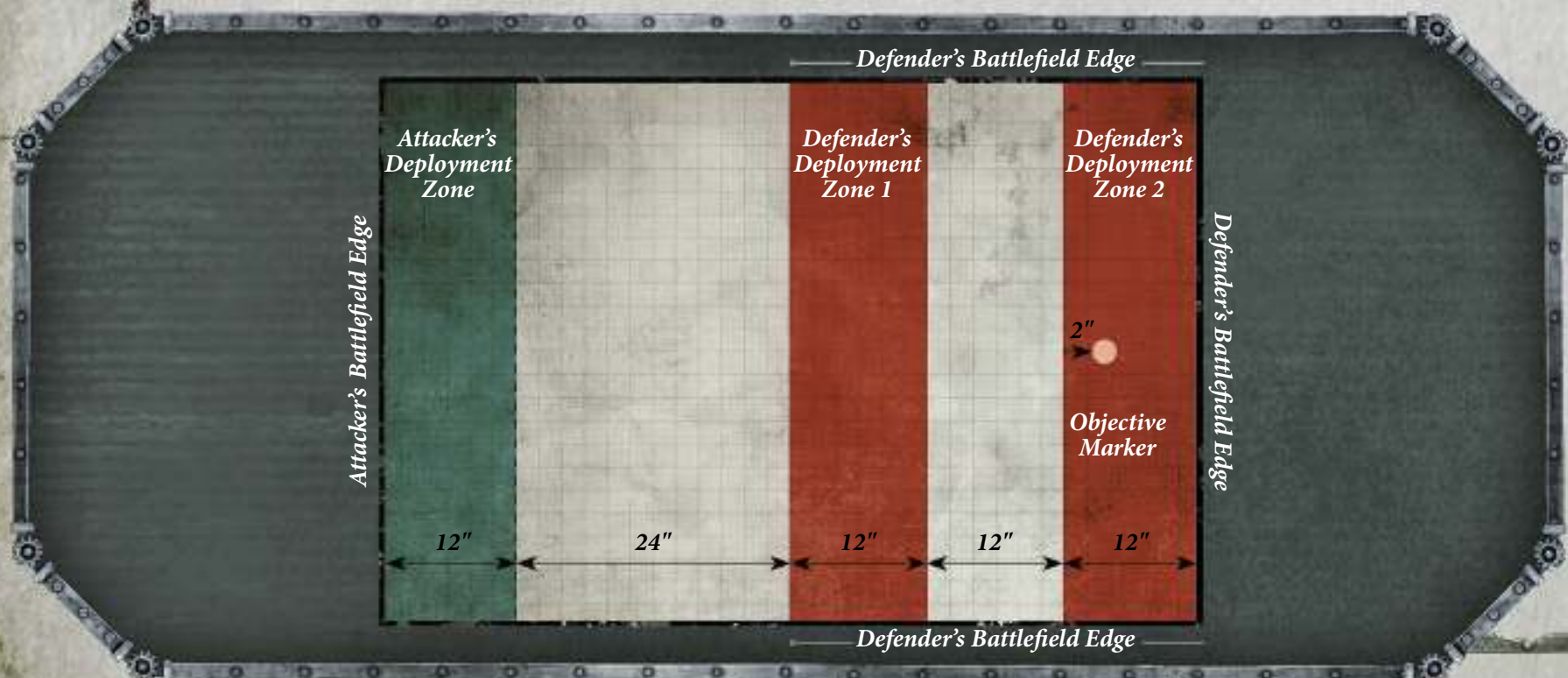
The Attacker has the first turn.

DAWN RAID

This mission uses the Dawn Raid rules (pg 194, *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook).

DEFENDER'S REINFORCEMENTS

Any of the Defender's units that begin the game in Reserve are available as reinforcements and enter the battlefield using the rules for Reserves.



STRATAGEMS

In this mission, the players can use Command Points (CPs) to use the following bonus Stratagems:

1CP

MASTERS OF CARNAGE

Attacker Stratagem

The Flesh Tearers take to close combat with barely controlled aggression, slaughtering all who stand in their way.

Use this Stratagem when you select one of your FLESH TEARERS units to attack in the Fight phase. You can reroll 1s for wound rolls made for that unit's attacks until the end of the phase.

1CP

SLAVES TO CARNAGE

Defender Stratagem

The Flesh Tearers fight with unchecked abandon and bloodlust, surrendering their martial discipline to slake their appetite for violence.

Use this Stratagem at the start of your opponent's turn. Select an enemy FLESH TEARERS INFANTRY unit. Until the start of your opponent's next turn, models in that unit cannot make attacks with ranged weapons.

1CP

STORM OF STEEL

Attacker Stratagem

The Flesh Tearers prefer simple, brutal weapons, viciously hacking at their enemies with impunity.

Use this Stratagem when you select one of your FLESH TEARERS units to attack in the Fight phase. Any models in that unit that are equipped with chain weapons or combat blades may make an additional attack.

1CP

REMOTE MINES

Defender Stratagem

The defenders are well dug in and have prepared a series of remotely activated mines and booby traps with which to slow the attacking force.

Use this Stratagem in your opponent's Charge phase, when a unit in your opponent's army without the CHARACTER keyword is chosen to charge. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. You can only use this Stratagem once per battle.

1CP

CRETACIAN CACOPHONY

Attacker Stratagem

As they launch themselves into the thick of battle, the Flesh Tearers emit a frenzied battle cry that overwhelms the senses of their enemies.

Use this Stratagem when you select a FLESH TEARERS unit to charge in the Charge phase. If the charge is successful, all models in the unit(s) targeted by the charge suffer a -1 penalty to hit in the subsequent Fight phase.

2CP

TARGETING ARRAY

Defender Stratagem

The techno-savant has accessed the planet's satellite network and repurposed this technology to briefly enhance their allies' targeting systems.

Use this Stratagem when you select a unit to attack in your Shooting phase. Add 1 to hit rolls for that unit's attacks until the end of the phase.

The Defender is allowed to bring on any Reserve units that they wish to at the end of the Movement phase. When a unit arrives from Reserve, it must be set up within 6" of any of their battlefield edges, and more than 9" from any enemy units.

SCRAMBLER FIELD

The Defender is prepared for an attack, and their positions are protected by a scrambler field that blocks any attempt to teleport onto the battlefield. The Attacker's units that are set up on the battlefield as reinforcements cannot be set up within 9" of the Defender's deployment zone 2.

PURGE THE NETWORK

An enemy techno-savant is plugged directly into the defence network and has hacked into the orbital weapons array. The

enemy technician is represented by an objective marker.

At the end of any battle round, if the Attacker controls the objective marker, the technician is slain and removed from the network, and the battle ends immediately (see Victory Conditions, below).

BATTLE LENGTH

This mission uses the Random Battle Length rules (pg 194, *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook) to determine how long the battle lasts.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

If, at the end of the battle, the Technician is destroyed, the Attacker wins a major victory. Any other result is a major victory for the Defender.

THE SONS OF BLOOD

By now you know an Index article is often followed by a gallery of beautifully painted models. Well, this issue is no exception, as we've got two Flesh Tearers kill teams to show off - one by games designer James Gallagher, the other by Warhammer TV painter Nick Bayton.

KILL TEAM ANTRAEON

James: My Flesh Tearers kill team was actually featured in *White Dwarf* just over a year ago, along with the Primaris Chaplain Corphal Antraeon shown below. However, last time the Chaplain was featured, he had a bare head and a power axe. What you wouldn't have known then was that his head and weapon arm were magnetised so that I could equip him with different weapons. Now, he can also carry a second absolver bolt pistol like a futuristic gunslinger.

The rest of my kill team is converted from Reivers and Intercessors. Most of them carry chainswords for close-combat butchery, while the leader carries an eviscerator taken from the Assault Marines kit. I also gave them bare heads that are shouting, snarling, or hidden behind skull masks to help show off their aggressive personalities. I used Sector Mechanicus bases to represent the urban environments in which they usually fight.



While Reivers and Intercessors don't normally have chainswords, James decided that a regular knife wasn't quite brutal enough for these savage warriors.

GABRIEL SETH'S HONOUR GUARD

Nick: I was actually challenged to create this Kill Team by Andy Smillie, who wrote a lot of the *Flesh Tearers* novels for Black Library. I based my models on his audio drama *Hunger*, which features Gabriel Seth leading a kill team into the depths of a Space Hulk. Because there's such a wonderful range of Primaris Space Marines available now, I was eager to reimagine the characters using those kits, including Seth, Chaplain Appollus, and Librarian Balthiel.

All the models are painted using Khorne Red as a basecoat for the red armour, followed by a wash of Abaddon Black and Lahmian Medium in the recesses. I then highlighted the armour with Wazdakka Red, Squig Orange, and finally Fire Dragon Bright. For the black armour, I used Abaddon Black highlighted with progressively finer highlights of Incubi Darkness, Thunderhawk Blue, and Fenrisian Grey.



'I used the Primaris Captain as the basis of my Seth conversion,' says Nick. 'I used the original model's backpack, shoulder pads, and chainsword, and an Intercessor's head. I stood him on a Genestealer head in reference to the audio drama.'



'Chaplain Appollus is built pretty much straight from the box, but I added a Blood Angels icon to the top of his crozier arcanum. Because his armour is already black, I painted his robes in a similar red to the armour worn by his battle-brothers.'



'Librarian Balthiel is made from a Primaris Librarian with a power axe taken from the Vanguard Veterans kit. Like all the models in my kill team, I used the industrial-looking Necromunda bases to represent the deck plating of a Space Hulk.'



The kill team assembled and ready for battle. Note that like James, Nick's Intercessors also have chainswords! On the far right of the picture is Company Champion Harahel.

PAINTING FLESH TEARERS

Excited by the prospect of fielding an army of Flesh Tearers? Then you need a painting guide to help you get your models on the tabletop. As luck would have it, studio painter James Perry has created two - one in the classic style, the other using Contrast paints.

CLASSIC STYLE

James: For my first Flesh Tearer, I painted it using what most of us would call the classic style of basecoats and washes. After spraying the model Chaos Black, I applied each of the basecoat colours, working from the largest areas of the model (the armour) down to the smallest (the

face and purity seals). At this point, you will get a good feel for the overall spread of colours on the model, enabling you to make a more informed choice for the spot colour. For this Reiver, I chose green as the spot colour - you can see it on the purity seal.

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, James was able to get this Flesh Tearer to a standard that most people would be happy to play games with.



RED POWER ARMOUR



BLACK ARMOUR



LEATHER POUCHES



METAL



PARADE READY

With a couple of extra highlights to each area of the model, James took the battle ready Reiver and made him Parade Ready.



With the basecoats applied, you can start applying your washes. Nuln Oil is used on several parts of the model at the same time – namely the red armour, black armour, leather pouches, and metalwork – so you can apply it to all of these areas at once. When you’re done with the basecoats and washes, your Flesh Tearer is pretty much ready for battle.

TOP TIP

When applying the highlights to take your model up to a Parade Ready standard, make sure your first highlight is wider than the second one. Otherwise, you won’t see it when you apply your second highlight. My advice is to test out both highlights on one area of the model first, just to get a feel for how big you need each of them to be so that they show up. Remember, though, the highlights you apply to the armour are almost certainly going to be larger than the ones you apply to the leather or faceplate.

LARGER STUFF

The painting guide shown below works brilliantly on power-armoured infantry, but it is perfect for tanks and war machines, too. Flesh Tearers vehicles are traditionally painted more black than red, but you can still use the colours shown below. Alternatively, if you want red vehicles to match your infantry (like the Dreadnought below), why not try airbrushing them with Khorne Red Air?



GOLD	BONE FACEPLATE	PURITY SEALS	PARCHMENT	SKIN	HAIR
1 Basecoat: Retributor Armour S Base	1 Basecoat: Morghest Bone S Base	1 Basecoat: Caliban Green S Base	1 Basecoat: Rakarth Flesh S Base	1 Basecoat: Cadian Fleshtone S Base	1 Basecoat: Zandri Dust S Base
2 Wash: Reikland Fleshshade M Shade	2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade M Shade	2 Wash: Nuln Oil M Shade	2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade M Shade	2 Wash: Reikland Fleshshade M Shade	2 Wash: Seraphim Sepia M Shade
3 Layer: Stormhost Silver XS Artificer Layer	3 Layer: Ushabti Bone S Layer	3 Layer: Warpstone Glow S Layer	3 Layer: Rakarth Flesh S Layer	3 Layer: Kislev Flesh S Layer	3 Layer: Ushabti Bone S Layer
4 Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Moot Green XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Rakarth Flesh XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Kislev Flesh XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Screaming Skull XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Screaming Skull XS Artificer Layer

CONTRAST STYLE

James: The second Flesh Tearer I painted was with Contrast paints. I undercoated the model with Grey Seer and then started applying the Contrast paints, beginning with the largest areas first and getting gradually smaller, just like the model on the previous page.

For the red and black armour, I actually applied two coats of paint to build up each colour. I applied the paint liberally but carefully, ensuring I didn't get too much on adjacent areas. While one thick coat will usually do the job with Contrast paints, I find that two thin coats are often better when painting large, flat areas – it gives you more control of the paint and prevents it from pooling. Areas such as the pouches and purity seal required just one coat, as they are smaller areas with more texture for the paint to sit in.

TOP TIP
Before you apply a Contrast paint, check the area to make sure you haven't got any of the previous colour on it. If you have, repaint it with your basecoat colour, and then apply the Contrast paint. Some colours like Black Templar will go over a splodge of Flesh Tearers Red really easily, but others like Wyldwood may be translucent enough for the other colour to show through, which will look messy.

ANOTHER TOP TIP
Contrasts paints over a light undercoat are generally much brighter than classic paints over a black undercoat, so you can progress to lighter highlights on your model much quicker. This is most obvious on the leather pouches, which I highlighted with Baneblade Brown rather than the Gorthor Brown I used on the previous page.

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, James was able to get this Flesh Tearer to a standard that most people would be happy to play games with.

RED POWER ARMOUR	BLACK ARMOUR	LEATHER POUCHES	METAL
1 Undercoat: Grey Seer Citadel Spray Paint	1 Undercoat: Grey Seer Citadel Spray Paint	1 Undercoat: Grey Seer Citadel Spray Paint	1 Basecoat: Leadbelcher M Base
2 Basecoat: Flesh Tearers Red M Base	2 Basecoat: Black Templar M Base	2 Basecoat: Wyldwood S Base	2 Wash: Nuln Oil M Shade

PARADE READY

After applying the Contrast paints, James added just one or two highlights to each area of the Reiver to get it Parade Ready.

3 Layer: Wazdakka Red M Layer	3 Layer: Mechanicus Standard Grey S Layer	3 Layer: Baneblade Brown XS Artificer Layer	3 Layer: Stormhost Silver S Layer
4 Layer: Squig Orange S Layer	4 Layer: Administratum Grey XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Screaming Skull XS Artificer Layer	

BASES

The bases in both guides were painted using the colours shown to the right. The Battle Ready stage is just a layer of Stirland Mud – nice and simple. To take the model's base to a Parade Ready standard, two drybrushes were applied: one of Balor Brown and a second of Screaming Skull. Steel Legion Drab was used for the base rim, while the tuft of grass comes from the Middenland Tufts set.



Basecoat: Stirland Mud

Drybrush: Screaming Skull

Drybrush: Balor Brown

Layer: Steel Legion Drab

FINISHING TOUCHES: THE CHAPTER SYMBOL

The Flesh Tearers Chapter icon is a serrated circular saw blade with a red blood drop in the centre. It may look a little daunting to paint, but fortunately, Warhammer TV painter Duncan Rhodes has already come up with a quick and easy solution. Head over to the Warhammer TV YouTube page and search for 'How to Paint: Flesh Tearers Chapter Symbol'. It's a lot easier than you think it will be!

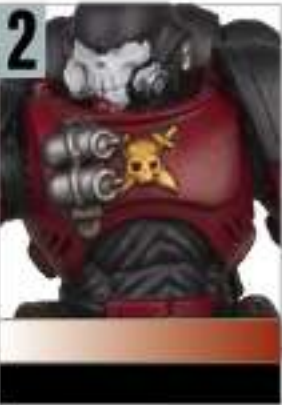


GOLD



Basecoat: Retributor Armour

M Base



BONE FACEPLATE



Undercoat: Grey Seer

Citadel Spray Paint



Basecoat: Skeleton Horde

S Base

LENSES



Basecoat: Wraithbone

S Layer



Basecoat: Warp Lightning

XS Artificer Layer

PURITY SEAL



Basecoat: Warp Lightning

S Base



PARCHMENT



Basecoat: Wraithbone

S Base



Basecoat: Aggaros Dunes

S Base



Layer: Stormhost Silver

XS Artificer Layer



Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

XS Artificer Layer



Layer: Yriel Yellow

XS Artificer Layer



Layer: Moot Green

XS Artificer Layer



Layer: Ushabti Bone

S Layer



Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

XS Artificer Layer

WARHAMMER TV PAINTING GUIDES

Before starting any new painting project, it's worth checking out Warhammer TV on YouTube. The channel includes a painting guide for Flesh Tearers power armour, alongside dozens of other useful painting and modelling guides.

