

WARHAMMER
40,000

KILL TEAM™



DEVOTED SONS

NEOPHYTE HYBRIDS KILL TEAM

INTRODUCTION

Welcome, faithful one. Within this holy primer, you will learn of the Devoted Sons. A merciless band of veteran killers, these Neophyte warriors are amongst the greatest servants of the Genestealer Cults on the planet Vigilus. They have killed many in the Patriarch's name. Now they will kill for you...

The Genestealer Cults rise up from the dark underbelly of Imperial society to strike at any who would endanger their hidden broods. They are guerrillas, zealous freedom fighters driven by the gene-deep belief that their faithful service will earn them immortality upon the arrival of the Star Children. Their warriors are drawn from amongst massed labourers, miners and planetary militiamen, armed and armoured with whatever industrial and military hardware they can acquire. As such, Genestealer Cults forces often rely on kill teams drawn from amongst the finest warriors in each brood cycle to complete covert assassinations, sabotage missions, raids and whatever other clandestine deeds will see the cult's rise to prominence assured.

Within this booklet, you will find the history and details of one such kill team, the Devoted Sons. This band of underhanded saboteurs can be constructed from the Genestealer Cults Neophyte models found in this box. You will see the team in action during a short piece of fiction, drawing upon their cunning, courage and xenos-given strength to battle the warriors of the Adeptus Mechanicus amongst the ruins of a city they seek to claim. Following this story, you will discover

how the Devoted Sons were drawn together, a tale that builds upon names and background that were generated by rolling on the tables presented in the Kill Team Core Manual. This section also includes a page-long timeline that delves into the individual backstories of some of the kill team's brood-brothers, and the pivotal battles they have taken part in.

Within this booklet you will also find a showcase demonstrating how the Neophyte models in this box can be built and painted to represent the Devoted Sons on the tabletop. Complete with the holy colours and sigils of the cult known as the Pauper Princes, this invaluable visual guide is an excellent reference when assembling your own kill team.

Whether you choose to build, paint and play with the Devoted Sons, or simply use the information found here as inspiration for the creation of your own Genestealer Cults kill team – complete with an exciting backstory of your own invention – you will find this booklet to be a valuable resource as you prepare to take to the battlefields of the 41st Millennium in the Patriarch's name...



FAITH AND FURY

Yorl Krauss could hear gunfire, echoing down the transit shaft. It carried even over the steady grind of the lift's old gears. So did the screams.

'Can't this damned thing move faster,' he snarled, imagining the Skitarii advancing with every wasted moment. None of the Devoted Sons answered. He knew they all felt his frustration as their own. The brood was at risk, the Primus in harm's way; their nerves sang with the need to fight in his defence.

At last, the lift reached its receiving cage. Watery daylight filtered through the gaps in its external shutters, but they remained resolutely shut.

Krauss' facial muscles twitched like worms writhing beneath his skin, the only external sign of his displeasure.

'Brother Xyben,' said Krauss, gesturing with his augmented miner's pick. At his shoulder, Xyben nodded and hefted his seismic cannon. As he pulled the trigger, a deep, thrumming note filled the confined space and a pulse of energy blasted the shutters from their housings. The mangled slabs of metal cartwheeled across the alleyway beyond and slammed into the opposite wall.

Yorl Krauss led his team out into the confined space between looming hab-stacks. Rubble was scattered along the alley's length, and flames billowed from the buildings' ravaged upper floors. The sounds of gunfire and screaming were louder here, seeming to echo from everywhere at once. Projectiles sailed overhead, trailing crackling plasmic energy. Their impacts were obscured from Krauss' vision by the towering buildings to either side, but the explosions sounded ferociously loud.

'Seven Stacks has become a war zone,' said Neophyte Thrace. 'This is a dangerous place, brother Krauss.'

'Only for the Mechanicus oppressors, brother Thrace,' replied Krauss. 'We'll make sure of it.'

'We need information,' snarled Neophyte Seifer. 'Where is the Primus? Where are the enemy? What holy forces remain to oppose them?'

'The gods tell me that the enemy are corewards,' said Thrace, his yellow eyes closed. Krauss nodded; he had long ago learned to trust his brother's hunches where danger was concerned, and the Star Children were generous in their blessings.

'Then we go that way, for now,' he said. 'Brother Onderghast – eyes behind.'

The brood moved out at a jog, following Krauss along the alley. Neophyte Onderghast watched the rear with his heavy stubber raised and ready.

The alleyway emptied out into a primary roadway

that ran between miners' hab-stacks and light manufactorum plants. Gentries and tangles of pipes criss-crossed between the buildings above street level. Adeptus Mechanicus devotional pennants lay where they had been torn down, replaced by the hand-stitched wyrm-form banners of the cult.

The street was aflame in places, buildings slumping half demolished. Ruins stood skeletal amidst drifting smoke. Groundcars and fuel silos blazed. Krauss saw a ragged band of figures emerging through the fumes, bent double and moving at a run.

'Faithful,' he shouted, recognising fellow Neophytes. 'What news?'

The other Neophytes stopped before the Devoted Sons. They were bloodied and battered, their ragtag armour scorched and their robes blackened. One, taller and with more ridge-blessings, spoke.

'Brothers, we are retreating,' he croaked, his throat raw from the smoke. 'The Mechanicus oppressors brought up artillery. They care nothing for the collateral damage or casualties. They bombarded the fortified blocks until our defences were broken in two. Now the Skitarii are pushing up through the breach they blasted, and we who remain are too few to stop them. They are moments behind us at most!'

'The Primus?' asked Krauss. 'Where is Primus Desh?'

The scorched Neophyte paused, eyes widening.

'You're the Devoted Sons,' he exclaimed. 'You're Yorl Krauss! My sire was in the western workings, faithful one! Thank you, you saved him!'

'If you want to show gratitude, be quick and answer my questions,' said Krauss. The Neophyte recovered himself and nodded.

'Of course, brother Krauss. Primus Desh established his command post in the Aqua Terra filtration plant, one block east. Faithful Isiyah took a squad to guard him when the attack began, but they were driven off. The building is surrounded by Skitarii with wailing swords.'

'Do you have vox?' asked Krauss. The Neophyte shook his head.

'The Mechanicus oppressors have shrouded the entire region,' he said. 'No messages can get through.'

'Brother Seifer,' said Krauss. 'Think you can slow the Skitarii advance?'

Seifer glanced along the street. Crunching mechanical footsteps and the rattle of gunfire could be heard that way, drawing closer through the smoke. He sized up the ruined buildings that loomed over the street, and patted the mining charges at his belt.

'Furnish me with cover, brother Krauss, and I'll stop them dead.'

'Do it, in the Patriarch's name,' said Krauss.

'The rest of you, find cover and watch over your brother. Cavorla, Kheiser, go low and surprise them. Onderghast, get some height. You faithful, go, spread the word and rally all you can. We stop the heathens here, no matter the cost.'

The handful of battered Neophytes nodded eagerly, running on in search of cult forces to rally. The Devoted Sons moved like clockwork, obeying their leader's commands as though they had already known his will. Krauss himself ducked behind a fallen statue of a feted Tech-Priest, sighting through the smoke with his bolt pistol. He watched as Seifer ran to the base of the nearest hab-stack and busied himself with charges and detonators.

Meanwhile, the sounds of the Skitarii advance drew closer by the moment. A Hybrid Acolyte ran out of the smoke, his body blazing. A crack of gunfire sounded and his dome-skull exploded, spraying blessed matter across the street. Krauss snarled in anger as glowing eye lenses appeared amidst the smoke, and the Skitarii marched into view.

'Fire!' he roared, and the Devoted Sons obeyed. From above came the clattering roar of Onderghast's heavy stubber as it sent a stream of high-calibre rounds stitching along the Skitarii lines. Closer, autoguns and shotguns roared, while Xyben's seismic cannon gave its basso hum.

Skitarii were blasted from their feet. Explosions tore them limb from limb, and sent their mangled bodies crashing to the roadway. Yet more kept coming, shots sparking from their augmetic forms while wounds that would have killed a normal human did little but slow them and make them bleed.

One of the cyborg warriors turned towards Seifer and raised a glowing carbine. Krauss put a bolt through the side of the Skitarii's head, swatting him from his feet and detonating his cranium. Another of the oppressors put a shot through brother Rezzekh's leg and sent him screaming to the ground.

'Thrace,' barked Krauss, firing again and again, ignoring the rounds that whined around him. Hunched low, Thrace dashed across the street and slid into position next to Rezzekh, hauling him unceremoniously behind a heap of rubble. Thrace pulled his med-kit from his belt and began to bind his wound, holding an ampoule of stimms ready between his teeth.

Seifer rose and waved at Krauss, breaking off to hurl a blasting charge into a knot of Skitarii advancing on his position. There came the dull roar of an explosion, and three of the augmented warriors were flung through the air aflame.

'Devoted Sons, covering fire!' roared Krauss, and a hail of bullets rained down upon the Skitarii as brother Seifer dashed back along the street.

Shots kissed the air around him, and he staggered as one clipped his shoulder, but the Neophyte kept

running, hurling himself behind a groundcar with his remote detonator clutched tight.

Three Skitarii were almost upon Seifer. Cavorla and Kheiser rose from concealment in a drainage channel and let fly. Cavorla's grenade launcher blasted two of the cyborgs from their feet, while a hail of autogun fire from Kheiser put paid to the third.

All of the Devoted Sons were clear, but the street was swarming with Skitarii. It was now or never. Krauss nodded at Seifer, who grinned with predatory glee and pumped his detonator.

The explosion was colossal, the furious roar of falling masonry even more so. By the time the thunderous landslide stopped, and Krauss rose, coughing, from his barricade, nothing remained of the enemy but a twenty-foot high wall of rubble amidst billowing clouds of dust.

'Faithful,' he shouted hoarsely. 'You have fought well, but the Patriarch demands more. Rally to me. We go now to the Primus.'



THE DEVOTED SONS

The Pauper Princes have spread their tendrils through the worker populations of Vigilus for centuries. Generations of faithful have been indoctrinated, swelling the cult's ranks. Yet amongst them, certain groups of warriors have proved of greater worth. The Devoted Sons are one such brotherhood.

By the time the Orks descended upon the planet of Vigilus, and the Great Rift erupted across the galaxy, the Pauper Princes had already established a deep-rooted presence on the world. From the initial contamination point beneath Hive Ankhart Tertius, the reach of the Patriarch known as Grandsire Wurm had spread far and wide.

Many of the mining clans that dwelt in the underhabs and work-shanties of the Adeptus Mechanicus bore-hives had been infiltrated. Entire regiments of the planetary defence militia had also been riddled with cult elements, as had menial labour forces, echelons of minor adepts and the like all across the planet.

The cult had come to view Vigilus as theirs, the rightful dominion of the Star Children. When alien invaders poured down from the void, Grandsire Wurm sent out a mental imperative to his scions. The Imperial heathens could not be relied upon to defend the planet alone, for they were ruled by indolent nobles, mired in tides of frantic refugees, their morale wavering and their forces beset by the omnipresent threat of Chaos. No, if this world was to remain sacrosanct, it would fall to the cult to protect their own.

The day of ascension could be delayed no longer. The uprising had begun!

The scions of the Pauper Princes made their first moves with subtlety and care. Cult-infiltrated miners' militias and platoons of Astra Militarum soldiery marched into battle against the Ork threat, where they fought every bit as hard as – often harder than – their uninitiated counterparts. They occupied and safeguarded key centres of communication, power distribution, military logistical support and more. Only when the danger passed and these heroic defenders retained their hold upon those sites did it become apparent that they had not just protected them, but captured them wholesale.

At the same time, more-overt cult uprisings began in the lowest and poorest of the underhabs and mine complexes of Megaborealis. Some went wholly unchallenged, for the Tech-Priests' eyes were turned outward, towards external threats. Yet as the uprising gathered pace, Skitarii maniples marched down into the depths to engage what they still believed to be localised worker unrest.

Savage clashes and rattling gunfire rang through the depths as cultists fought their first engagements against the hated oppressors. Casualties amongst those Neophytes on the front lines were catastrophic, but victories were won and hard-bitten survivors emerged, many of whom banded together in veteran kill teams, the better to lead, support and inspire the next waves of uprisings.

Beneath Hive Magnar Tertius, one such band dubbed themselves the Devoted Sons, rallying around the now-famed Neophyte Leader Yorl Krauss. Though a succession of horrific fights had left Krauss with strange muscle tics and twitches, he was well known as both the saviour of mining shift Theta during the collapse of the western workings, and the leader of the raid on Silo XV. During the latter engagement, Krauss' life had been saved by Basc Thrace – a former medicae and born survivor – whose uncanny instinct for danger Krauss recognised and valued.

Joining the cult folk hero and his wily comrade was Rauss Seifer, an indoctrinated mine worker who had demonstrated an aptitude for deploying explosives and flamer weaponry against the Skitarii in a string of lethal ambushes. Krauss hand-picked Seifer to join the Devoted Sons, for the senior Neophyte planned to forge a band capable of the most effective guerrilla raids.

For the same reason he recruited the fiercely zealous marksman Judh Onderghast. Despite his habit of stopping to carve wyrm-forms into fallen foes, this former militiaman was a deadly shot with his heavy stubber, which he had named 'Liberator'. Onderghast proved a ferociously effective support operative, his military training and bloodthirsty nature combining to render him amongst the most dangerous of the Devoted Sons. It was Onderghast who mowed down an entire team of Adeptus Arbites during the raid on Heirolk's Tower, who destroyed the servitor assassin sent to kill Krauss, and who covered the team's retreat from a vicious trap on the undervault bridgeways.

Two more ex-Guardsmen, Jacobia Xyben and Yorhick Cavorla, provided further firepower from a seismic cannon and grenade launcher, while the remainder of the team comprised proven survivors from Silo XV, the cross-tunnel raid, the attack on Hydro-plant Delta and the assassination of Overseer Khauphren.





Yorl Krauss, Neophyte
Leader Kill Team Leader



Davon Kheiser,
Neophyte Hybrid
with autogun



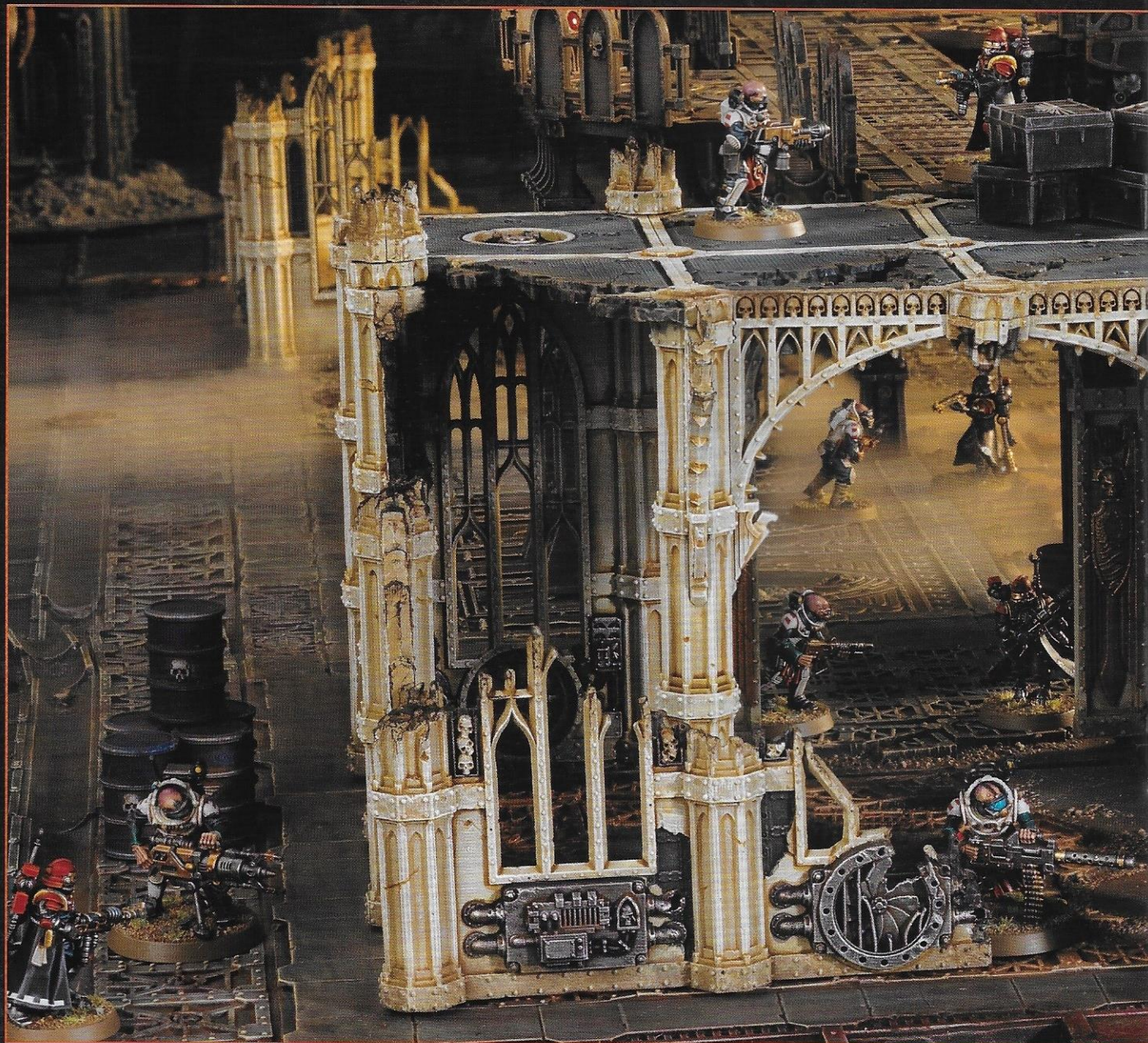
Yohrick Cavorla,
Neophyte Gunner with
grenade launcher



Xandus Rezzekh,
Neophyte Hybrid
with shotgun



Judh Onderghast,
Neophyte Gunner Heavy
Specialist



Amidst the bombed-out ruins of the Seven Stacks district, the Devoted Sons draw their Skitarii enemies into a deadly ambush.



Basc Thrace,
Medic Specialist
with autogun



Rauss Seifer,
Demolitions Specialist
with flamer



Jacobiaj Xyben, Neophyte
Gunner with seismic
cannon



Foyle Carleon,
Neophyte Hybrid
with autogun



Seimon Helm,
Neophyte Hybrid
with shotgun



FOR THE GRANDSIRE

Even before the day of ascension came, the warriors that would eventually form the Devoted Sons showed promise and courage for the cause. Their exploits have become local folklore in the tunnels and underhabs of bore-hive Magnius Delta, while their continued efforts bedevil their Skitarii foes at every turn.

M41 THE GREAT DAY APPROACHES

A Hero is Made

When supervising Adeptus Mechanicus magi demand a seventeen per cent increase in yield from Mineworks West 23, powerful tectonic activity combines with unsafe blasting and drilling to cause a deadly cave-in. Pit bosses abandon the work crews to their fate, but Yorl Krauss risks his life to ensure almost all of shift Theta escape the disaster alive. His name begins to circulate as a hero of the labouring class, especially when it becomes known that 'a vision from a divine being' guided him in his efforts.

Raid on Blockhouse Sec-12

Rauss Seifer is amongst a small brood of Neophytes ordered to steal munitions for the cult stockpiles. The band launches a covert raid upon a far-flung Skitarii blockhouse amidst the Outer Helical Workings, but matters swiftly go awry. Facing the danger of detection and exposure, Seifer triggers his charges early and annihilates his comrades and the Skitarii guards at a stroke. He returns to the cult with several satchels of stolen weaponry, and is hailed as a maker of martyrs.

The Ommissiah's Secrets

The cult successfully arranges for one of their indoctrinated PDF squads to escort Magos-Tertius Azmadiyah Loc through the badlands outside Thunder Sump. Trooper Onderghast is instrumental in the subsequent capture and interrogation of Magos Loc, whose disappearance is made to look like a tragic accident that claimed the lives of him and his bodyguards both.

The Coming of the Beast

The Orks of the Speedwaaagh! descend upon Vigilus. This invasion is a perversion of the prophesied coming of the Star Children, and the anger of the cult is great. Grandsire Wurm commands his progeny to defend their home world, and his scions rise up to do his bidding even as the Great Rift yawns wide.

M41 THE SONS GATHER

Silo XV

Yorl Krauss leads several broods of Neophytes and Acolytes in a raid against the Skitarii garrison of Fuel Silo XV. By using a series of diversionary strikes and sending teams through the abandoned ventilation ducts above the silo, Krauss accomplishes victory with little loss of life. He is one of the few casualties after selflessly assaulting three Skitarii about to open fire on his followers. Krauss' life is saved by the efforts of Basc Thrace, and the two form a bond of brotherhood.

Assault on Heiroke's Tower

After a greenskin orbital bombardment cuts power to the southern blocks of the Pistonfall hab-zone, the cult moves to secure it while darkness reigns. The main obstacle to this quiet invasion is Heiroke's Tower, the local precinct fortress of the Magnius-Delta Arbites. Rauss Seifer, Judh Onderghast and Yorhick Cavorla lead the team that infiltrates the data-catacombs below the precinct, while Krauss heads a diversionary 'riot' to keep the Arbites occupied. Though the source of the detonation in the precinct armoury is never traced, the blast is enough to devastate the fortress and allow the

cult to sweep to victory over the shell-shocked defenders. It is in the wake of this highly successful attack that the Devoted Sons truly form.

Protecting the Masters

After hostilities escalate between Skitarii and cult forces throughout the so-called 'foothill' districts of Magnius Delta, a substantial Adeptus Mechanicus force is sent to quell the uprising. Acting on intelligence gathered by shrouded servo-skulls, an entire maniple of Skitarii descends on the Seven Stacks district, aiming to kill or capture the cult's Primus, Hollun Desh. Moving quickly, the Devoted Sons first lace their advancing foe's path with explosive booby traps. Then, while lesser cult forces engage the main thrust of the Skitarii assault, Krauss and his brood brothers fight their way through elite Ruststalker murder squads to reach Desh. The Devoted Sons cover their Primus' retreat, before breaking through the closing Skitarii lines in a Goliath truck and transporting Desh to safety.

Securing the Sprawl

Marked out by the cult Magus as having been touched by the tendrils of the Star Children themselves, the Devoted Sons are selected to join the conquest of the Unguent Sprawl. This region has been earmarked as one of three beachhead zones – abandoned, defensible and located close to the surface – through which the cult intends to launch its push upwards into the industrial levels of the hive. Overseen psychically by the Magus himself, the Sons aid the campaign of ambush warfare and fanatical violence intended to secure it.



Heroes of the Genestealer Cult uprising, unwitting pawns of the divine Star Children, the Devoted Sons will fight to the last for their xenos gods.

The Genestealer Cults rise up from within the dark underbelly of Imperial society – zealous guerrilla warbands who offer their worship to enigmatic gods from beyond the stars. Tainted by xenos influence, these fanatics utilise every weapon at their disposal in a deluded search for enlightenment, unaware that only annihilation awaits them. In this booklet you will find details of the Devoted Sons, a kill team drawn from the Cult of the Pauper Princes. You will see them in battle against their hated Adeptus Mechanicus oppressors, and examine in depth the warriors, history and underhanded tactics that have made these Neophyte Hybrids into veritable folk heroes amongst their clandestine cult.

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