

WARHAMMER
40,000

KILL TEAM™



DROP FORCE IMPERATOR

TEMPESTUS SCIONS KILL TEAM

INTRODUCTION

Greetings, noble officer of the Schola Progenium. You hold in your hands the highly classified briefing materials required to orient yourself with Drop Force Imperator of the 46th Zetic Tygers. This band of xeno-hunters has done great things for the Imperium. Ensure that they continue to do so on Vigilus...

The Tempestus Scions are amongst the most elite human soldiery to fight for the Imperium. Drawn from the young orphans of slain Imperial officers, they are raised to serve without question. They receive the best training available to non-augmented soldiery, enduring testing so rigorous that many do not live to see the battlefield. Those that survive emerge as hypno-indoctrinated killers whose skill and stamina are second to none, whose marksmanship and zealotry are without compare, and to whom can be entrusted the most crucial missions undertaken by the Astra Militarum.

Used to working in comparatively small teams, often on extended operations behind enemy lines, Tempestus Scions form exceptional kill teams. Drop Force Imperator are typical of these formations. Though few in number, the kill team's warriors are disciplined and skilled, bearing firearms whose ferocious punch makes best use of their exceptional marksmanship and allows them to annihilate numerically superior enemies with terrifying efficiency.

Within this booklet you will learn more about the background of this kill team, which can be built from

the models in this box. After an exciting short story that shows the team in action, you will learn more about the individual warriors that make up Drop Force Imperator, and even find a timeline detailing some of their more deadly exploits.

Further to this wealth of background information, you will find a showcase of expertly painted Citadel Miniatures, showing how the models contained in this box can be built and painted to represent Drop Force Imperator.

There is no right or wrong way to collect your own Astra Militarum kill team, of course. You may wish to assemble and paint your miniatures exactly as shown in this booklet, in order to lead Drop Force Imperator to war in your own tabletop war zone. Alternatively, you may simply wish to use the material presented here as a starting point, a well of inspiration that you can draw upon to create your own kill team complete with backstories, names and weapon loadouts of your choosing. Whatever you decide to do, you will end up with an exciting collection of Citadel Miniatures ready to forge your own narrative in your games of Kill Team.



RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE

A Valkyrie swept low over the Hyperian Hivespawl. Its hull was painted in the proud heraldry of the 46th Zetic Tygers, and thick with kill markings. Aboard, five Tempestus Scions stood in the gunship's troop bay, holding onto restraint straps as they watched the dense cityscape sweep below them.

Tempestor Ekhter glanced over the tangled roofs and smoke-billowing stack towers. Beyond, the opulently appointed palatial districts lit up the night. He looked away westward, to where the skeletal silhouettes of the dust-docks marked the boundary of civilisation. Ekhter could see the hivespawl's force field flickering fitfully in that direction, a dim haze there-and-gone against the horizon.

'Macro-yard seven-four-two coming up,' voxed the Valkyrie's pilot. 'Approach vector confirmed, drop in thirty seconds.'

'Drop Force Imperator, final observances,' ordered Ekhter, his voice rendered harsh and flat by his gorget's vox amplifier.

Scion Tennenbaum muttered prayers over his meltagun, his killer's eyes hard beneath the brim of his beret. Scion Kyser ran through vox frequencies, fine-tuning his helm's broadcast settings and muttering appeasements to its machine spirit. Scion Lukas triple-checked the contents of his medical field kit and made minute tweaks to the sights of his hot-shot lasgun, while Scion Eli prayed vehemently over his plasma gun, beseeching it to reserve its wrath for the foe alone.

'Mission is reconnaissance and threat recognition,' said Ekhter. They all knew, had all inhaled the briefing hypnos.

He ran them through it anyway.

Ekhter was thorough.

'Suspected xenofom threat, nature unknown. Servitor crews have been found torn apart, labour gangs have vanished, and the PDF sent to investigate have not returned. The Munitorum macro-yards supply fifteen regiments of Vigilus PDF, and whatever this enemy is, it has dropped their materiel output by nine per cent to date. This is unacceptable. Ergo, we will discover the nature of the threat, eliminate it if possible, and alert Sector Command if not. Comprehension?'

'Absolute,' they all barked.

'Status?' he shouted.

'Ready, capable, bellicose,' they chorused.

'Acceptable,' said Ekhter, seeing mountains of container units and barrels and crates now hurtling by beneath their craft. 'Drop commences in five. Lines. Deploy. Cover.'

As one, Drop Force Imperator mag-clipped their rappelling lines to their armour harnesses and

stepped up to the bay's edge. The Valkyrie hove in above a crossroads in the maze of walkways that stretched between the container stacks. A miserly smattering of lumen poles were dotted along each walkway, but the gunship's stablights easily outstripped their faded glow.

'Drop,' ordered Ekhter, and he and his warriors stepped free of their craft. Servo-winch howled as plasteel cable unspooled and the five Tempestus Scions dropped towards the ground. They came down in a controlled plunge, weapons levelled, helm optics sweeping the darkness for threats.

The moment his boots crunched down on the ferrocrete walkway, Ekhter punched his mag-clip and sent his rappelling line snaking back up into the Valkyrie. For an instant, the ghosts of a hundred bloody combat drops crowded in on him, making him pause as his soldiers dispersed and took up cover positions. Ekhter shook it off and sent three vox-pips to the Valkyrie pilot. They were answered in kind and, with a scream of engines, the gunship climbed swiftly clear of the drop zone. It arced away into the darkness. Its pilots would take up a holding pattern, he knew, waiting until the Scions requested extraction or support.

With the retreat of the Valkyrie, an uneasy quiet settled across the drop zone. Even the industrial clamour and endless human roar of the hivespawl was rendered muted by distance, deflected into echoes by the towering flanks of the container stacks.

'Command, Command, Drop Force Imperator reporting clean drop,' voxed Scion Kyser. 'Boots on ground at location of last reported contact by PDF squad Lesker. Commencing sweep in the Emperor's name.'

Ekhter glanced at the auspex in his forearm cuff, then led his squad into the easternmost branch of the crossroads.

Darkness closed around the Scions as high-stacked cargo containers the size of battle tanks rose to either side of them, enfolding them in an echoing metal canyon. As one, they activated the stablights on their guns and packs, driving the shadows back.

'Remains here,' said Scion Eli, jogging forward with his plasma gun cradled in one arm. His stablight picked out the shredded corpses of several PDF troopers, sprawled untidily across the walkway. Old blood splashed the container walls. Guns lay where they had been dropped by nerveless hands.

'Their skulls have been cracked open and their brain pans emptied,' noted Scion Lukas. 'Unusual.'

'Mags are empty, or near it,' said Tennenbaum after a cursory check. 'Barrels are scorched, and

there's impacts all up the walls. Panic fire...'

'No sign of enemy slain,' noted Scion Kyser.

'Call in the brain-theft and move on,' ordered Ekhter. He kept his manner brusque to banish the ghosts that the dead men threatened to raise in his mind. 'Nothing more to learn here. Dispersal pattern Castigus Tertiary.'

The Scions advanced again, Tennenbaum now taking point with his meltagun while Kyser quietly voxed updates on the command relay channel. The darkness seemed to part unwillingly before their lights, withdrawing into cracks and crevices like some predatory thing. It oozed back in like oil as they passed.

'Movement ahead,' said Ekhter as his auspex chimed, and runes scrolled across it.

Ahead, weak lamp-light illuminated a junction between the containers. Even as the squad raised their guns, a fast-moving shape burst from the left-hand fork of the junction, sprinting across their field of vision. Ekhter had a fleeting impression of a glistening body, lithe limbs, a domed cranium and an alarming array of talons and claws.

Drop Force Emperor let fly as one and filled the intersection with fire.

Searing plasma tore through a container wall, fusing plasteel and setting light to whatever the container held. Hot-shot rounds punched glowing craters in metal and ferrocrete. Tennenbaum's melta blast sheared the lumen pole in half, sending its lamp end crashing down in a shower of sparks.

'Negative contact,' said Tennenbaum, already recharging his hissing weapon.

'We wounded it,' said Lukas. 'Ichor spray on the container wall.'

'Good. Follow it,' ordered Ekhter. 'We score a clean kill if possible. We determine infestation level if possible. But extreme caution is expected, Scions. You saw what that was.'

'Command, Command, contact with hostile xeniform,' voxed Kyser as they stalked through the ruined intersection. 'Confirmed Genestealer presence, numbers currently unknown.'

Ahead, Ekhter saw that the canyon walls broke down, fragmenting into smaller stacks of containers, barrels and crates like islands rising amidst winding ferrocrete channels. Some way ahead, the skeletal frame of a half-built warehouse loomed.

'More movement,' said Ekhter as they advanced. 'Multiple runes, closing on all fronts. Identify targets, fire at will, watch the flanks.'

From all around came a rushing and scrabbling, the shriek of claws on metal and the rasp of chitin on flesh. Angry hissing filled the air.

'Contact right,' called Lukas, spinning and unloading his hot-shot lasgun. A Genestealer had bounded up a nearby stack of containers and launched itself into a dive, jaws gaping, four clawed

arms outstretched. Lukas' shots punched through the chitin encasing its torso and sprayed ichor into the air. He stepped aside as the alien hit the ground, putting two more rounds through its bulbous cranium for good measure.

Ekhter saw two more xenos dash between the barrels ahead, moving with incredible speed. He fired his plasma pistol, its searing blast clipping one creature and tumbling it from its feet. The other evaded his shots and lunged. Lightning-fast it brought one of its long talons scything around to slice through his breastplate. Ekhter saw his blood jet, an instant before he felt the white heat of the wound in his chest.

With a roar of anger he struck out, smashing his crackling power fist into the alien's face. Flesh and bone disintegrated in an explosive spray and the Genestealer was hurled away from him.

Gasping for breath, Ekhter took in the fight. Two more Genestealers were down, one little more than blackened slurry after catching a blast from Tennenbaum's meltagun. However, Lukas was leant against a container, swiftly binding a savage claw wound in his thigh, while Kyser's gun had been ripped in half by xenos claws.

'More movement all around,' called Eli, his plasma gun giving an ear-splitting shriek as he fired it at a racing shadow.

'Extraction,' barked Ekhter. 'We've gauged the infestation. Kyser, signal the Valkyrie. We're falling back to the extraction point, effective immediately.'

Guns up and firing at the aliens that sprinted and lurked and leapt all around them, Drop Force Emperor began the gruelling retreat to the crossroads. One hand clutched to his ruined chest, Ekhter limped along with them, praying silently to the Emperor that his warriors would make it out of this nest of xenos alive...



DROP IN 3... 2... 1...

Few amongst the Tempestus Scions can match the exploits of the exemplary Zetic Tygers. Several regiments of these decorated killers have gone to war on the world of Vigilus, forming kill teams like Drop Force Imperator to respond rapidly to the many threats the Imperium faces there.

When the greenskin menace first swept down from the stars, the Astropaths of Vigilus called out for aid. Their cries for help were detected by a flotilla of several Imperial warships that were en route for the collapsing Cadian war zone. With their Navigators warning of catastrophic warp storm activity rolling in, and a clear Imperial distress call echoing from such a prominent nearby world, the senior officers of the Imperial fleet opted to change their heading and come to Vigilus' aid.

Amongst the warships of that fleet was the *Hammer Angelis*, a heavy cruiser transporting three full regiments of the Zetic Tygers. As soon as this craft entered the orbital envelope of Vigilus, the warriors on board fell under the purview of the planet's Aquilarian Council. Though often divided and quarrelsome, this body of high-stationed nobles and leaders wasted no time in deploying such powerful assets to turn back the Ork attackers at key battlefields across the planet.

In the months that followed, the Zetic Tyger regiments proved their worth time and again. Screaming in through dust-storms and raging tempests aboard their Valkyrie gunships, they deployed swiftly by rappelling lines and grav-chutes to cut down one Ork warband after another. With each battle they bought the Imperium another victory, yet each conflict also brought fresh casualties. Attrition ate away at the Zetic Tygers, leaving many squads fighting understrength and over-extended, which in turn led to still greater losses.

Then came the Great Rift.

MISSION CRITICAL

The Noctis Aeterna brought madness and death to Vigilus. Genestealer Cults rose up beneath the hivespawls. Drukhari raiding parties fell upon the planet's more isolated outposts, murdering and enslaving at will. Dark entities clawed their way through from the beyond to devour souls and minds, while warbands of deranged traitors poured from the depths of the empyrean to attack.

The Imperial defenders of Vigilus fought back with everything they had, and the Tempestus Scions were at the forefront of many of these desperate counter-offensives. Through bloodshed and sacrifice were the watch-fires kept burning and the darkness driven back,

yet by the time the worst of the storm passed, each of the Zetic Tyger regiments had been reduced to but a ghost of their former strength.

Determined not to fail the Aquilarian Council, the Tempestor Primes redeployed their surviving warriors into kill teams and assigned one Valkyrie gunship to each of these small but powerful squads to ensure they could move swiftly between high-priority combat zones and drop directly into battle. Though few in number, those Scions that remained were veterans of a hundred battles apiece, and their military value could not be overstated.

Drop Force Imperator was one such team. Assembled from the last survivors of the 46th's entire 2nd Platoon, they had all fought time and again against Orks, Drukhari and Genestealer Hybrids. Their leader, Tempestor Ekhter, was decorated as the hero of Morlak's Sound, the slayer of Warboss Ozgrog, and the defender of Saint Meritoc's Shrine. Though the loss of dozens of his fellow warriors had left the Tempestor haunted and withdrawn, his vast experience in anti-xenos operations was simply too valuable to waste, and so he took command of Drop Force Imperator with cold and selfless determination.

Ekhter's second in command was Scion Tennenbaum, a steely-eyed killer described by his superiors as 'graven from adamantium and left hollow inside'. Tennenbaum was a deadly-accurate shot with his meltagun – a weapon that could vaporise almost any target with a single blast – and also kept a clinical eye on his commanding officer. As long as Ekhter held his ghosts at bay, Tennenbaum would be his most ironclad supporter. Should the Tempestor's composure ever waver, the Scion had orders to take command – through lethal force if necessary.

Scion Kyser was the team's communications specialist. Carrying the squad's code-hardened vox, he acted as a hub for strategic coordination both within the kill team and with distant command assets behind the lines. The remaining two Scions within the squad each brought their own valuable skills and weaponry. Scion Lukas was an exceptional marksman and also the team's field medic, using his knowledge of anatomy to place his shots with especially lethal accuracy. Meanwhile, Scion Eli carried the team's plasma gun, providing blazing covering fire for his comrades' advance.





Scion Eli, Scion Gunner
with plasma gun



Scion Lukas,
Medic Specialist with
hot-shot lasgun



Scion Tennenbaum,
Scion Gunner and Veteran
Specialist with meltagun



Scion Kyser,
Comms Specialist
with hot-shot lasgun



Tempestor Ekhter, Kill Team
Leader with plasma pistol and
power fist



Amidst the defence lines of the Hyperian Hivespawl, Drop Force Imperators become the hunted, yet they take not a step back.



The Scions of Drop Force Imperator take the fight to the Necrons, their high-powered weapons blasting the metal-bodied xenos apart.



VICTORY'S COST

Drop Force Imperator were hand-picked by their commanding Tempestor Prime for their exceptional skills and proven combat record in xenocidal operations. Each soldier had a reputation for excellence, yet none of them had earned their accolades without suffering and loss...

M41 Early Operations

The Hero of Morlak's Sound

A platoon of the 46th Zetic Tygers deploys to the industrial world of Morlak's Sound. There they engage the pernicious Chaos cult that has taken over the planet's genetic refineries. The operation is hideously bloody, and looks to be doomed after Tempestor Prime Ullus is fed into a macro-splicer. Only the heroic intervention of Scion Ekhter – who kills the cult's Grand Genetomancer and drowns a thousand cultists in boiling enzymophagic run-off – sees victory secured. Ekhter earns his promotion to Tempestor that day.

Operation Gravedigger

Behind a veil of Crimson-level secrecy, the Zetic Tygers execute a punitive assault against the renegade colony world of Hesprios. It is a brutal action, during which Scions Tennenbaum and Lukas lead the merciless assault upon the rebel governor's sanctum. The massacre that follows sees them both decorated, but leaves Lukas – and several other Scions – wary of Tennenbaum's sheer cruelty.

Wings of the Emperor

Scion Kyser is one of just eight Zetic Tygers to survive the ill-fated Paradorica Drop. Cut off amidst the cursed factoryplexes of Paradorica Secundus, it is only Kyser's skill as a vox operator that saves the lives of these last survivors. He successfully hacks through the scrapcode jamming psalms of the Dark Mechanicum and calls in a series of Aeronautica Imperialis air strikes that annihilate the enemy forces massing on his position. In the wake of the Scions' extraction,

Kyser is awarded the Order Heraldic 1st Class for his actions, along with an official censure for borderline tech-heresy.

Cadia Calls

Desperate distress calls echo from the Cadian Gate as dark portents gather throughout the Imperium. The warships of Battle Group Mortis set out to reinforce war zone Cadia, bearing multiple regiments of Zetic Tygers along with numerous other Astra Militarum assets. Fate – or the tides of the immaterium – has other plans.

M41 War Zone Vigilus

Operation Butcher

Shortly after making planetfall on the world of Vigilus, the 46th Zetic Tygers are despatched in their entirety against the infamous Ork Warboss Ozgrog. Operation Butcher sees the Tempestus Scions lure Ozgrog's Kult of Speed into a deep dust-plains canyon before collapsing both ends of the ravine with hellstrike missiles. Tempestor Ekhter leads the drop assault that finally sees the raging Warboss gunned down, claiming victory at the cost of the lives of every squad member under his command. Such is the appalling savagery of the engagement that the Tempestor is left visibly shaken, but a prescriptive course of hypno-indoctrin correction sees him return to the front lines in a matter of days.

Refuge

Scion Kyser is amongst three squads of Tempestus Scions that successfully escort the Padrillus Pan'te fuel column north across the Radium Dustbowl to the safety of Fort Kaphinus.

Sanctity and Sacrifice

With a huge Ork warband bearing down upon Saint Meritoc's Shrine – and the vast numbers of Administratum and Ministorum non-combatants within – the entirety of the 46th Zetic Tygers regiment deploys to halt the Ork attack. It is a desperate action, fought upon the edge of a howling dust storm that hurls Valkyries from the air to explode upon the plains below. Wave after wave of Orks batters the Tempestus Scions, yet in the face of mounting casualties they do not yield. When the storm finally subsides and the last of the Orks flee, the 46th Zetic Tygers have been all but annihilated, yet the shrine remains untouched.

Trial by Ice

Formed in the wake of the battle at Saint Meritoc's Shrine, Drop Force Imperator deploy against Drukhari riders on the frozen continent of Kaelac's Bane. They successfully drive off the xenos attackers and protect a precious water-ice extractor rig, though the horrors the sadistic Drukhari slavers have wrought upon the rig's PDF defenders are nerve-shredding to behold.

Remote Demolitions

On the continent of Mortwald, Drop Force Imperator stop a Genestealer Cult insurrection by using vox signals to prematurely trigger the guerrillas' explosive booby traps.

Into the Macro-yard

Drop Force Imperator are amongst several Militarum Tempestus units deployed to Hyperian Hivespawl. They hunt a mysterious and deadly xenos threat that will test their abilities to the very limit...



PRODUCED BY GAMES WORKSHOP IN NOTTINGHAM

With thanks to the Mournival and the Infinity Circuit for their additional playtesting services

Drop Force Imperator: Astra Militarum Starter Set © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2018. Drop Force Imperator: Astra Militarum Starter Set, Warhammer 40,000: Kill Team, GW, Games Workshop, Space Marine, 40K, Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, the 'Aquila' Double-headed Eagle logo, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world. All Rights Reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.
British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

Certain Citadel products may be dangerous if used incorrectly and Games Workshop does not recommend them for use by children under the age of 16 without adult supervision. Whatever your age, be careful when using glues, bladed equipment and sprays and make sure that you read and follow the instructions on the packaging.

Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS

games-workshop.com



The Astra Militarum are the Emperor's hammer, an unstoppable blunt instrument used to crush his foes wherever they are found...

The Tempestus Scions are amongst the most highly trained and thoroughly indoctrinated soldiers that the Imperium can call upon. They are armed and armoured to an exceptional standard, and are expected to complete the most punishing assignments without mercy or fear. In this booklet, you will find operational details of Drop Force Imperator, a kill team drawn from the ranks of these elite killers. You will see them in action against a Genestealer infestation upon the covert battlefields of Vigilus, and examine in detail the warriors, history and uncompromising battlefield tactics that have made this squad of Tempestus Scions into one of the Imperium's most valuable military assets.

WARHAMMER 40,000 KILL TEAM



**GAMES
WORKSHOP**
NG7 2WS, UK

games-workshop.com

Printed by Hickling & Squires, in the UK



Made in
the UK