

WARHAMMER  
40,000

# KILL TEAM™



## KILL TEAM MORDELA

DEATHWATCH KILL TEAM







# INTRODUCTION

Welcome, noble Watch Master, to this dataslate of highly classified lore. Herein you will find a full inload of strategic data regarding the newly forged Kill Team Mordelai, and their mission in the vital Vigilus System to interdict and seize for study foul xenos raiders...

It is from the Deathwatch that the kill team designation originates. Their entire martial structure is built around deploying hand-picked squads of elite Space Marine battle-brothers with the perfect weaponry and skills to crush the enemy at hand. Their kill teams are therefore amongst the most expertly tailored and dangerous of any seen upon the battlefields of the 41st Millennium, their targeted might more than making up for their comparative lack of numbers. Built around squad templates developed over countless years of experience fighting specific types of foes, each kill team combines ranged firepower, punishing close-quarters combatants, and a range of battle-brothers drawn from different Chapters whose areas of specialisation perfectly complement one another on the field of battle.

Within this booklet you will find an account of one such Deathwatch kill team, Kill Team Mordelai, that can be built using the models supplied in this box. An exciting piece of short fiction depicts these warriors upon the battlefield, engaged in counter-xenos operations on the planet Falsehood. This is followed by a detailed breakdown of the operatives that make up Kill Team Mordelai – generated using the background tables found

in the Kill Team Core Manual – and a timeline of the kill team's critical mission in the Vigilus System. You will see how each battle-brother proved their worth and earned their place in this lethal warrior band.

Accompanying this array of detailed background information you will find a showcase of beautifully painted Citadel Miniatures showing how the models in this box can be built and painted to represent the warriors of Kill Team Mordelai. Complete with the characterful names and roles of these alien-hunting Space Marines, this is an excellent guide when assembling and painting your own kill team.

Whether you choose to assemble and paint your Deathwatch miniatures exactly as presented in this booklet, or whether you use the contents of the following pages as inspiration for your own band of black-armoured alien hunters, there is no wrong way to enjoy your hobby. In either case, grab your bolter, gather your battle-brothers, and read on to discover the classified history of Kill Team Mordelai. Presented with the most deadly xenos quarry, they must succeed in their mission or face death in the attempt...





# XENOPURGE!

The jungle rang with the crack of gunfire. Shotgun blasts echoed through creaking boughs and shivering venomgorse thickets, sending clouds of needleflies flittering nervously skywards. From afar, the fight sounded like distant thunder. Up close, it was all fury and blood.

'Bring that damned beast down!' Watch Sergeant Mordelai barked the order, voice tight with tension. Bleeding from countless wounds, but still very much alive, the hulking carnivosaur lumbered from the mouth of the ravine and snapped exoskeletal jaws at the Deathwatch brothers tormenting it.

Brother Ordaris fired his bolter, the weapon spitting its shell into one of the beast's primary eyes. Blood sprayed and the carnivosaur reared back, venting a shuddering roar of pain. As it swung its head back down, Battle-brother Markov lunged in, shoving his shotgun's muzzle directly beneath the monster's jaw and squeezing the trigger.

The gun boomed. Flesh and bone fountained skywards amidst a welter of gore. The enormous xenobeast convulsed, all but decapitated, then crashed down on its side, legs kicking.

'Down,' said Markov, racking his shotgun's slide. 'Next?'

Brother K'vane, the Tauran, shook his helmeted head.

'Praying for rain in a thunderstorm, brother?' he asked. 'This world has foes enough without calling for more.'

'I doubt prayer is required,' said Brother Castivar. The Blood Angel deactivated his power sword, cleaning its blade on a fronded plant. 'That fight made too much noise, and Drukhari senses are sharp.'

'That is my concern,' said Sergeant Mordelai. 'The omens all point towards danger approaching. Reload on the move, brothers. We have an ambush site to reach.'

'Too late,' said Brother Ordaris. The Raven Guard tilted his head and narrowed his eyes, listening intently. Mordelai heard it a moment later – the high whine of powerful grav-engines drawing rapidly closer.

Brother Markov swept his gaze across the jungle surrounding them, bionic eye whirring as it flicked through spectral filters.

'Single contact, south, two thousand yards and closing. Extreme speed. They'll be on us in moments.'

'Dispersal, brothers,' ordered Mordelai. He snapped his boltgun's clip from its slot, switching it out for a fresh load. 'Defensive formation portentus-four-one.'

Vox pips flashed back to him, his brothers acknowledging his orders and moving swiftly to obey.

Mordelai saw the enemy craft, a Venom-class grav-skimmer streaking between the trees at suicidal speed. Whooping Drukhari Wyches clung to the vehicle, blades and pistols at the ready, predatory leers painted across their blood-spattered faces. Sergeant Mordelai noted thin streamers of smoke trailing from the machine's fuselage, and a slight shudder to its flight path.

'Battle-damaged,' he voxed.

'Superficial,' replied Ordaris as he ducked into cover amidst an outcropping of stonevines.

'Doesn't seem to have dampened the xenos' battle-lust,' commented K'vane. 'Blood-mad filth.'

'Here they come,' said Markov.

'Sanguinius, lend me your might,' snarled Castivar, reigniting his power sword.

The Venom banked suddenly, its pilot threading the needle between a tangle of thorn-trees. As it burst through the foliage, its passengers leapt acrobatically from its flanks and hit the ground running. They let fly, a hail of needles and splinters ripping through the undergrowth around the Deathwatch battle-brothers.

At the same time, the Venom's cannons chattered to life, tearing twin trails of devastation through the jungle. Brother K'vane was too slow, and Mordelai saw the Tauran punched from his feet by the sawing lines of fire. K'vane was swallowed by the underbrush without a sound, but his brothers howled in anger as the Venom screamed overhead.

'Xenos scum!' roared Castivar, legs pistoning as he threw himself into a headlong charge.

'Castivar, hold!' shouted Sergeant Mordelai, but the order fell on deaf ears.

Ordaris ducked back as a blast of ravaging energies tore through the stonevines he hid behind, then leant out and snapped off a shot that blew a Wych off her feet.

'Sir?' he asked, calmly reloading.

'Support his charge,' said Mordelai, striding through the undergrowth in Castivar's wake. He fired his boltgun one-handed, sending hellfire shells whipping towards the foe. The nimble xenos wove around his fire, loosing more shots as they sprinted closer. Splinters of jagged crystal rattled from his armour, one shot crazing his right eye-lens. Mordelai snarled in anger.

At the forefront of the xenos charge came a lithe Hekatrix, envenomed whip cracking in one fist, razor-edged blade in the other. Her alien features were set in an arrogant sneer as she ran to meet Castivar head-on. The Blood Angel swung his power sword in a decapitating arc but the Drukhari slid easily beneath it, flowing up onto her feet behind him and cracking her lash across his back. Paint



and armour flayed away, but the Blood Angel turned undaunted and stabbed at his attacker again.

Mordelai heard the telltale scream of engines approaching once more, this time from the ravine to their rear.

He snapped off a shot, forcing a Wych to weave back into cover.

'The skimmer is coming in for another pass,' he voxed.

'Mine,' replied Ordaris, stepping out and raising his bolter.

The xenos attack craft streaked into sight, the pilot's murderous grin visible through its crystalline windscreen. Splinter cannons hissed, chewing up the undergrowth around the Raven Guard battle-brother. Ordaris ignored them, exhaling slowly and squeezing his trigger.

His bolter barked, and a fist-sized hole appeared dead-centre in the Venom's windscreen. The pilot's leer vanished in a welter of blood as his head erupted, and the grav-craft gave a sudden lurch. Its wing tip clipped a tree trunk and then it was tumbling end-over-end through the underbrush, shredding apart in flaming shards of wreckage as it went.

Ordaris dropped smoothly to one knee, allowing the hurtling wreck to spin over his head, then came up reloading, already seeking another target.

Mordelai had no time to commend his brother on his exceptional marksmanship, as a Wych was already sprinting towards him, pistol blazing.

To his right, he saw another of the xenos weave through a stand of venomgorse and hurl herself at Brother Markov. Bladed gauntlets whistled through the air, the Crimson Fist just managing to interpose his shotgun between the weapons and his faceplate. Sparks flew and Markov was driven back, blocking and punching as fast as he could as his enemy rained down blow after blow.

Mordelai's own enemy was almost on him, curved blade glinting and eyes wild with murderlust. The Silver Skull fired a burst of shells, but the Wych flipped neatly over them, barely slowing her charge. Mordelai fired again, cursing as the xenos dodged left and right, giving a high, cruel laugh as she did so.

Her return fire struck his gauntleted fist, stabbing needles of agony through his fingers and causing him to drop his boltgun. Mordelai swung his power sword up, blade crackling and ready, but his foe was nightmarishly fast. She sprang high, spinning balletically in the air and bringing her own blade around in a devastating arc to claim his head.

At the last second, the crash of a shotgun bellowed in Mordelai's ear, loud enough to momentarily baffle his auto-senses. The Drukhari was snatched sideways with phenomenal force, her inky blood spraying Mordelai's faceplate, her sundered corpse rebounding from a tree trunk and sprawling on the jungle floor.

Mordelai glanced sideways and saw Brother K'vane, back on his feet, shotgun smoking.

'Damn xenos,' said the Tauran gruffly. 'I think they dented my armour, sir.'

Mordelai's reply was cut off as Castivar's pained roar rang through the vox. The Drukhari leader had wrapped her lash around the Blood Angel's neck and dragged him off balance, driving her envenomed dagger in under his right armpit. She had disarmed him, his blade nowhere to be seen.

Mordelai snatched up his bolter, but the two combatants were too closely entwined, the Drukhari moving too fast. He drew breath to order a shot from Ordaris, but before he could, Castivar's hand snapped up and grabbed the Hekatrix's whip. Bellowing oaths to Sanguinius, ignoring the poisons eating their way through his gauntlet, Castivar wrenched upon the whip with all his might. The Drukhari was hauled off balance, but her shriek of surprised indignation was cut off as the Blood Angel's helmeted forehead slammed into her face. Flesh, bone and blood sprayed, and the Hekatrix toppled limply backwards into the spined undergrowth.

At the same moment, the roar of a shotgun signalled an end to Brother Markov's duel. His attacker fell, all but bisected by the point-blank shot, leaving the Crimson Fist bloodied in a dozen places, but still standing.

Castivar had not fared so well, the Blood Angel staggering then dropping to one knee.

'Poison,' he gasped over the vox. 'I just... need a moment...'

'Brother-Sergeant,' voxed Ordaris, exloading a targeting rune to Mordelai's auto-senses. It highlighted the last of the xenos, sprinting away as fast as his legs would carry him through the undergrowth. The rune settled on a spot slightly left of centre between the alien's shoulder blades.

'Through and through, temporarily non-lethal,' said Ordaris. Mordelai vox-pipped acknowledgement and flicked his shot selector to kraken rounds. He raised his bolter and, intoning an oath of detestation for the alien, took his shot.

The bolt-round roared away, chasing down the fleeing Drukhari in a split second. Intended for piercing heavily armoured foes, the round punched clean through armour, flesh, bone, and armour once again before detonating a foot in front of the fleeing alien.

Nerve clusters torn, organs punctured, the Wych was blown backwards off his feet and left sprawled, semi-conscious and groaning. Ordaris was on him in moments, pinning the wounded xenos beneath his boot even as K'vane hastened to see to Castivar's and Markov's wounds.

Sergeant Mordelai sheathed his blade and strode towards the fallen xenos, hate simmering in his chest.

'Let's see what it knows,' he said...



# KILL TEAM MORDELAİ

Deathwatch kill teams are made up of veteran battle-brothers drawn from the ranks of numerous Space Marine Chapters. Each brings his own strengths and specialist skills, forging a whole greater than the sum of the kill team's parts. Kill Team Mordelai is a perfect example of the benefits of this approach.

The Deathwatch are the Imperium's most elite and accomplished alien-hunting force. Their watch fortresses dot the darkness of space, spread thin across the void from the heart of the Segmentum Solar to the far reaches of the Eastern Fringe and the haunted depths of the Ghoul Stars. There is the endless vigil, for they must hold back the tide of xenos foes that threatens to overwhelm the Imperium on every side.

The Deathwatch are not a numerous force, and their task is a ferociously difficult and dangerous one that will never be complete. Yet what the Deathwatch lack in quantity, they more than make up for in quality. Their recruits, though few, are drawn from amongst the finest warriors of those Chapters that have pledged to send battle-brothers to join the endless war against the alien. These fighters are assembled into kill teams based upon ability and need, before being despatched as elite forces to complete specific – and invariably deadly – missions in the Emperor's name.

Kill Team Mordelai were just such a squad, despatched as part of an entire Watch Company from the storied Keep Extremis to respond to distress calls from Vigilus. Some Deathwatch kill teams have the advantage of fighting together for decades, if not centuries, learning in the process how best to meld their skills and abilities into a single, lethal war machine. Kill Team Mordelai had not yet enjoyed this luxury, however.

The Keep Extremis had found itself on the wrong side of the Great Rift, dangerously close to a cascade of overlapping warp storms. Though its complement of battle-brothers had successfully driven off repeated traitor attacks against their stronghold, casualties had been substantial. When fractured distress calls from Vigilus' astropaths were detected, Kill Team Mordelai was drawn together from survivors of the most badly mauled teams.

For all their bloody origins, or perhaps because of them, the kill team swiftly forged a shared bond. All had lost comrades during the battles to protect the Keep Extremis, and all shared a steely-eyed desire to extract vengeance for their fallen. Within the hold of the Strike Cruiser *Remorseless*, Kill Team Mordelai drilled for days on end as they travelled through the empyrean towards Vigilus. Though at first the temperaments of the kill team's warriors caused clashes and heated strategic

debates, within a matter of weeks the team had begun to forge bonds of brotherhood that allowed them to fight effectively as one. By the time the *Remorseless* burst from the clutches of the warp into the local space above Vigilus, Kill Team Mordelai were prepared to deploy alongside their brother squads. Yet they would be sent to a different world close by, for another, terrible foe had reared its head amidst the mayhem...

## BROTHERS IN BLACK

Watch Sergeant Mordelai led the kill team that bore his name. He was a long-serving warrior hailing from the Silver Skulls Chapter, amongst whose ranks Mordelai had been taught to read the tides of battle with an expert eye and seek out omens and signs that he could follow to certain victory. During the hideous battles to defend the Keep Extremis, Mordelai had lost many good battle-brothers in defiance of the omens. It was a defeat that cut doubly deep, as it shook not only his reputation as a commander but also his belief in the warrior cult he had been indoctrinated into for over a century. Mordelai responded to this dilemma in the only way a true Space Marine should – he laid the blame for his sorrows upon the xenos hordes that beset his beloved Imperium, and stoked the fires of his hatred for them anew, that it might lend him strength.

The battle-brothers that Sergeant Mordelai led to war were each skilful and specialist warriors who shared his hatred for the foe. Lydus Markov of the Crimson Fists was the most zealous of them all, a warrior whose utter contempt for the galaxy's xenos races found expression in the wholesale slaughter he wrought amongst them. Vykus Ordaris of the Raven Guard, meanwhile, was the team's finest marksman, a warrior of infinite patience and few words who possessed an intimate knowledge of alien anatomy and put it to good use when aiming the shots from his stalker pattern boltgun wherever they could do the most harm.

Raelyn Castivar of the Blood Angels was the team's combat specialist, a murderous warrior of short temper and near-psychotic focus, whose power sword had claimed countless xenos heads. He in turn was close comrades with Ordus K'vane of the Taurans, a bellicose battle-brother who found targets enough by following the Blood Angel through the melee, gunning down any who threatened his flanks or rear.









Veteran Vykus Ordaris, Raven Guard, Sniper Specialist with stalker pattern boltgun



Veteran Lydus Markov, Crimson Fists, Zealot Specialist with Deathwatch shotgun



Veteran Ordus K'vane, Taurans, with Deathwatch shotgun



Watch Sergeant Titus Mordelai, Silver Skulls, Kill Team Leader with boltgun and power sword



Veteran Raelyn Castivar, Blood Angels, Combat Specialist with boltgun and power sword



Amidst the deepest reaches of the jungles of the planet Falsehood, the Deathwatch Space Marines of Kill Team Mordelai storm into battle.





Kill Team Mordelai meet Genestealer Cultists head-on in a savage battle at the heart of an industrial hivescape.





# RAISING THE SHIELD

The battle-brothers of Kill Team Mordelai were already proven heroes by the time they were brought together as a single squad. Yet from the moment they made landfall in the besieged Vigilus System, that heroism was sorely tested.

## 001 MISSION START

### 001 – 006

The *Remorseless* successfully exits the warp in the Vigilus System. It has sustained severe damage during empyric transit, but there is no time to regroup. Distress calls are issuing from Vigilus itself, from the nearby death world of Falsehood, and – under the seal of Ordo Xenos Inquisitor Astromar – from the moon of Neovellum also. [Strategic cogitations commence]

### 007 – 010

Watch Captain Tannister issues updated deployment orders. Mounting their Corvus Blackstar drop-craft, the Deathwatch kill teams disperse to answer the various cries for help across the system. Kill Team Mordelai are amongst several teams despatched to aid the settlement of Vain Hope on Falsehood. Drukhari pirate raids have been reported upon this world, with xenos activity escalating rapidly. Orders are to cull the xenos numbers and secure the perimeter of Vain Hope while repair and fortification operations are completed within the settlement.

### 011 – 018

[Mission transit aboard Corvus Blackstar *Alien's Bane*] [Orbital dispersal] [Atmospheric entry]

### 019 – 020

Kill Team Mordelai effect a combat drop into a zone of exceptionally dense jungle known locally as the Daemon's Gullet. Intelligence suggests Drukhari raiders move regularly through this area. The kill team are charged with the interdiction of any xenos forces encountered, with emphasis upon

ensuring a heavily favourable casualty ratio.

### 021 – 027

The kill team push up through the Daemon's Gullet, seeking to reach pre-sighted ambush positions at a narrow, high-sided ravine part way along the valley. Progress is slowed by a hostile. [mega-fauna sub/ref: carnivosaur] The team sustain superficial wounds.

### 028 – 031

Xenos raiders returning from the perimeter of Vain Hope are attracted to Kill Team Mordelai's position by the sounds of their engagement with a hostile. [mega-fauna sub/ref: carnivosaur] Dismounting from their damaged transport, the xenos initiate a brief and extremely fierce firefight. Their arrogance betrays them as Kill Team Mordelai absorb the aggression of their initial charge and strike back with vengeful fury. Brother Castivar is wounded and poisoned in a duel with the xenos leader, but slays her in return. Meanwhile, Brother Ordaris picks off the pilot of the xenos transport, causing it to crash amidst the dense terrain. Markov and K'vane gun down several xenos between them, before Sergeant Mordelai cuts down the last foe, carefully leaving the Aeldari wounded but capable of communication.

### 032 – 034

Brief but highly efficacious period of interrogation. [Techniques classified Omega Crimson]

### 035 – 041

Acting on intelligence from xenos captive [deceased], Kill Team Mordelai exercise operational agency and expand their remit.

Pushing up the ridge-line of the Daemon's Gullet, they locate and booby-trap a xenotech stealth-field generator. [3 thermoplastic detonators deployed]

### 042 – 045

Aggressive scouting operations locate perimeter of temporary raider encampment served by stealth field. [4 sentries eliminated by Brother Ordaris] Kill Team Mordelai move into optimal ambush positions. Brother Castivar rendered non-combatant at this juncture. [sub/ref: Drukhari nerve-toxins]

### 046 – 049

Kill Team Mordelai launch combat operations against xenos raiding encampment. While Sergeant Mordelai and Brothers Ordaris and Markov stage diversionary attack, Brother K'vane sabotages xenos transports.

### 050 – 051

Brother Markov rendered non-combatant [mobility nil, still insists on firing upon foes while being hauled back by battle-brothers] by sustained fire from several xenos.

### 052 – 054

Kill Team Mordelai forced onto defensive by arrival of xenos reinforcements. Current casualty ratio 16:2. Sergeant Mordelai remotely triggers thermoplastic explosives, collapses enemy stealth field. Calls in supporting air strike upon exposed xenos by *Alien's Bane*.

### 055 – 057

Surviving xenos forces withdraw with heavy casualties. Kill Team Mordelai commence extraction for rearm and redeployment. [Mission success]





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The Imperium of Mankind is beset upon all sides by alien enemies of every stripe. Against them, mighty and immovable, stand the Deathwatch...

The Deathwatch are veteran Space Marines, provided with specialised weaponry and additional training. Formed into elite kill teams, their sole purpose is to hunt down and eliminate xenos threats.

In this booklet you will find the details of Kill Team Mordelai, a newly formed kill team deployed to war zone Vigilus. You will see them in battle against the pernicious xenos threat, and examine in detail the battle-brothers that make up this accomplished band of alien-hunting warriors.

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