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KILL TEAM™



THE EXALTED SCYTHER

NECRONS KILL TEAM

INTRODUCTION

Honoured Overlord, the finest warriors of the tomb worlds await your command. The Exalted Scythe have roamed the stars in search of worthy prey since before the primitive races crawled from their stinking caves. They exist only to serve your immortal will, master. What would you have of them?

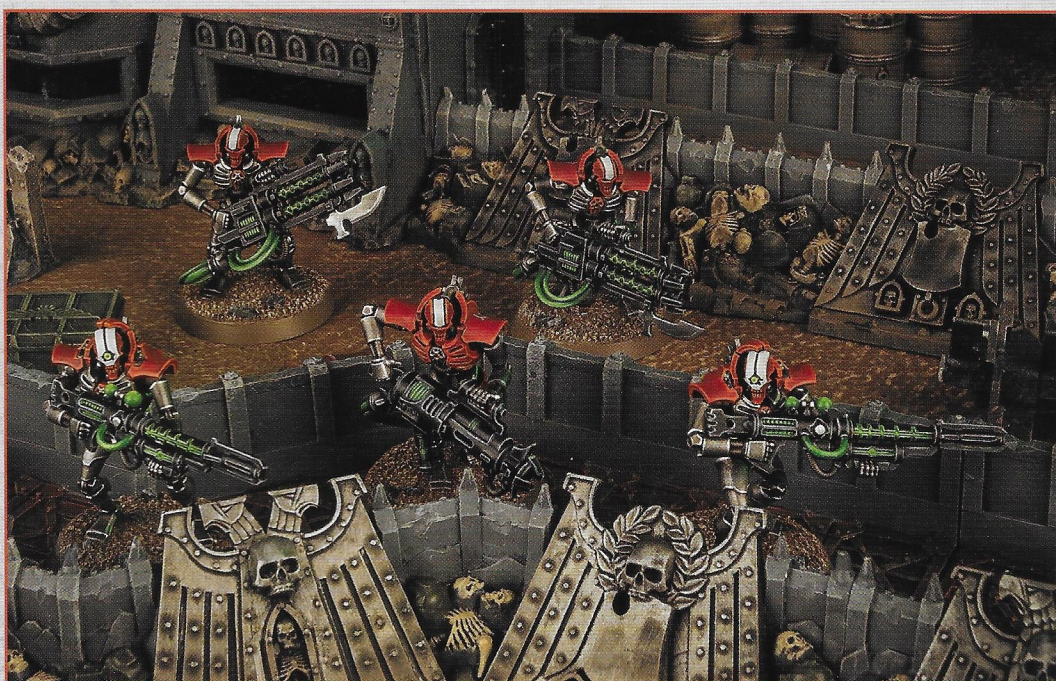
Necrons are soulless creatures of living metal who ruled the stars in aeons past. Now, as the galaxy tears itself apart once more, these ancient beings awaken from their stasis-crypts, rising up to reclaim their rightful empire. They are ruled by the Necron Overlords, prideful and glorious conquerors who command numberless legions of lambent-eyed killers and deadly war machines. Yet sometimes, there is need for a more subtle instrument to impose one's will. Hand-picked from the most capable and favoured of his champions, an Overlord's kill team will travel across the galaxy if he so desires, completing any mission they are given with merciless efficiency.

Within this book you will be introduced to the Exalted Scythe, the personal assassination retinue of a Novokh Dynasty Overlord. These passionless killers can be assembled from the miniatures provided in this box. The name, backstory and uniquely terrifying demeanour of each individual member was generated using the rules provided in the Kill Team Core Manual. An exciting piece of short fiction shows the Exalted Scythe in action, carrying out the will of their master as they stalk T'au Fire Warriors amongst the mountain valleys of the mining world Omis-Prion.

You will also find a timeline detailing the many exceptional deeds of the Exalted Scythe. This includes a litany of successful elimination missions, as well as other acts of terror and infamy committed by its members in their long and violent history.

Alongside this in-depth background, the following pages also contain a showcase displaying how the Necron models in this box can be built, equipped and painted to represent the Exalted Scythe on the tabletop. This features the striking colour scheme unique to the warlike Novokh, the Necron dynasty from which the members of this kill team hail, as well as their names and roles.

Should you wish to assemble and paint your miniatures to represent the Exalted Scythe, you will find all the background and visual information you need to do so within this booklet. Alternatively, you can use the following information as inspiration to create your own, unique kill team, with their own detailed backstory, talents and personal quirks. Whatever you decide, this booklet is your guide for assembling an elite band of metal-bodied killers, ready to fight and slay for the glory of the Necron Empire!



THE NEMESOR'S PRIZE

The rain fell in lashing sheets, hammering across the corrugated iron of the trench, pooling in the muddy ground to form a sucking quagmire. Xeoptar the Great, Immortal of the Novokh Dynasty, cared nothing for the miserable conditions. He strode through the mire, the downpour running in rivulets down his carapace. Rusted ammunition tins and leaking fuel barrels littered the trench, along with months-old carcasses long ago picked of flesh.

A sequence of glyphs flashed across Xeoptar's vision. A coded message from the Deathmark Imonekh, ranging ahead.

Enemy sighted, it read. Forward command camp, lightly defended. Target acquired.

Soon the Exalted Scythe would begin the killing, and Xeoptar would feel the splash of blood across his armour, and hear the screams of his enemies begging for mercy they would not receive. He felt a shiver of static rush through his metal body. The Immortal was not a being of passion, but even he had his vices.

'Our quarry is close,' he growled in a harsh monotone, addressing the rest of the Scythe. 'We take the alien leader alive. Slaughter the rest.'

Amhut transmitted a blurt of grating laughter. Xeoptar's photoreceptors flared in confusion and irritation at the strange sound, unable to interpret what it might signify. He despised Deathmarks, those honourless wretches. They cared nothing for tradition or honour, for the ancient blood rituals of the Novokh Dynasty.

'Silence,' he hissed.

'This shall be a glorious battle, my friend,' said Tahar the Gatekeeper, a fellow Immortal. 'Soon we shall obliterate these wretched traitors, and return to the halls of the Phaeron's palace for the victory feast!'

If Xeoptar was capable of pity, he might have felt it for his fellow Immortal. The unfortunate being was hopelessly deranged, believing himself to be fighting an ancient war from the Novokh's glorious past.

To the Necrons' left the ground fell away in a sharp decline of rough, black shale. Beyond that was a stretch of bubbling marshland, lit green by the tortured sky. The horizon flashed and pulsed with emerald lightning, the arcing trails of tesla destructors. The Doom Scythes were hunting tonight, preying upon retreating T'au columns.

'The alien vermin will soon be scoured from this world,' said Immortal Kythok. 'They flee like cowards before Nemesor Ankra's legions.'

These weak creatures of flesh and blood were no true threat to the might of the Novokh Dynasty, thought Xeoptar. Soon, the killing would be done, and the process of recovering lost Cryptek weaponry from beneath the earth would begin. In all likelihood

the Exalted Scythe would be pulled from the front lines to guard excavation sites and underground expeditions, or to guard their Nemesor as he oversaw the process. The thought was not a pleasant one.

Still, at least there was this night's work.

'They sense our presence, Great Xeoptar,'

Imonekh transmitted.

'Commence extermination,' he replied, and the scream-whine of a synaptic disintegrator split the air, followed by a chorus of panicked shouts in a guttural alien tongue.

Ahead, through the lashing rain, Xeoptar's photoreceptors made out a junction in the trench. The Exalted Scythe turned right, and emerged in a wide, roofed section, a destroyed command centre littered with overturned tables and burned-out communication arrays.

The white-armoured soldiers of the primitive race that called itself T'au were kneeling, weapons raised and aimed at the advancing Necrons. They formed a shield of flesh and armour around a short, robed figure, wearing a wide-brimmed hat from which rain poured in tiny waterfalls. This one wore no armour and carried no weapon, and its eyes were wide with fear.

Their target. One of the aliens' envoys, a weak little thing of flesh and bone. Xeoptar's contempt was total. This creature was the very embodiment of the pathetic weakness inherent in all organics.

The enemy opened fire, loosing blasts of white fire that lit the night. The Exalted Scythe responded in kind, and the strobing green of gauss beams spat back at the foe.

'Betrayers!' bellowed Tahar, striding through the fusillade without concern, the spattering energy rounds deflecting from his blood-red carapace. The Immortal's gauss blaster spat a stream of pulsing green, and a T'au warrior went down, its chest fizzing and smoking as the energy devoured flesh and armour alike.

Tahar was struck by a volley of shots and sagged to the ground, firing even as the lights of his photoreceptors flickered and died. Another T'au charged, its weapon spitting bolts of plasmic energy at the fallen Necron. Xeoptar stepped in and slammed the claw-like barrel of his tesla carbine into the frail creature's chest. Bone cracked as the T'au writhed and gasped, coughing blood. The hot fluid splattered across the Immortal's crimson carapace.

As the gore splashed his skeletal form, Xeoptar felt a rush of stimulants flood through his circuits, a bio-mechanical charge that sharpened his senses to a razor point. He saw flashing images that sparked a fragment of memory deep within his combat auto-

routines: rows and rows of Necrontyr warriors, hands and faces daubed in fresh blood, chanting ritual hymns under a burning sky. His olfactory senses registered the sweet metallic scent of freshly spilled blood, and the intoxicating spice of unguents and blessed oils.

He strode forward, desperate to kill again, desperate to maintain his grasp upon these elusive echoes of the past.

The T'au were retreating in good order, firing as they went. Imonekh was down, a smoking hole burnt through the plating of his lower leg. Down, but not dead. Even as he lay, the Deathmark sighted and fired a bolt of crackling energy that sent a T'au tumbling limply to the trench floor.

'We cannot fail the Nemesor,' Kythok growled. 'Our target must not flee.'

'He will not,' answered Xeohtar, barrelling into the midst of the T'au. His weapon swept left and right, battering the fragile organics to the floor. Their ward tried to escape, splashing on its knees through the stinking mire of mud and rainwater. Xeohtar reached out and grasped the pitiful being by the neck. He almost squeezed his metal fingers, desperate to hear the satisfying crunch of bone, but at the last moment auto-priority-routines kicked in to override his killing urge, locking his vice-like grip in place around his quarry's neck.

With a static hiss of frustrated rage, Xeohtar lifted the robed alien and hurled it through the air, back down the trench line to where his comrades were located. The T'au landed with a splash, rolling and coming to a stop before the prone form of Imonekh, who stretched out a hand to press the stricken alien into the mud, pinning it in place.

Overwhelmed and outgunned, the four remaining T'au retreated down the trench, firing as they went. Xeohtar longed to give chase, but once again his programming forbade it. The evocative visions began to disappear, and the stimulant rush became nothing more than a faint, distracting ache in his joints.

He stalked towards the prone alien, which cowered beneath his unblinking gaze.

'The Nemesor will be pleased,' said Xeohtar. He studied the T'au's shivering form. 'Perhaps he will reward me by allowing me to carry out the excruciation of this pitiful creature.'

Xeohtar had a talent for prolonging the agony of organic beings. It was a skill that Nemesor Ankra had found useful on many occasions.

The alien began to kick and struggle, screaming at the top of its lungs.

'Apply the mindshackle scarabs,' growled Xeohtar. 'Its mewling disgusts me.'

Imonekh reached back to retrieve a casket clamped to the back of his carapace. He pressed a glyph upon the rim of the black metal canister, and there was a hiss as the miniaturised cryo-cell

deactivated. What looked like a swarm of black flies erupted from the casket with a high-pitched hum. Each scarab was no larger than a grain of sand, and as the unfortunate prisoner bucked and screamed they poured into his eyes, mouth and nose, seeping into the alien's neural pathways and clamping down upon his synapses with delicate precision.

The T'au kicked and twitched, its eyes rolled back into its skull and a trail of drool seeping from its slack mouth. Then, the alien's entire body relaxed.

'Stand,' said Xeohtar the Great, and his prisoner did so, the mindshackle scarabs sending a series of electrical charges that overrode the creature's will and forced it to obey the Immortal's command. Blood streamed from the T'au's eyes, but otherwise it was unharmed.

The T'au envoy would be a most useful asset for the Nemesor, who would drain every last scrap of information from the luckless alien's mind before the mindshackle scarabs burned out its neurons. Xeohtar only hoped his master would be pleased enough to let the Exalted Scythe hunt again, and soon.



THE EXALTED SCYTHER

Nemesor Ankra of the Novokh Dynasty never forgives a slight. Over the aeons the Necron Overlord has ordered the deaths of countless foes who have dared to insult him or stand in the path of his conquering armies. It falls to the feared executioners known as the Exalted Scythe to carry out the Nemesor's will.

The Exalted Scythe is granted autonomy to serve their Nemesor as they see fit, arming themselves with their choice of killing tools from Novokh's weapon-vaults and acting outside of the otherwise strictly regimented Necron legions. They slip into enemy-controlled lands like ghosts, tracking and eviscerating their targets, or dragging them back to the Nemesor's court for excruciation. This autonomy has caused the warriors of the Scythe to develop an air of superiority and arrogance befitting their status. They are particularly scornful of the primitive races, and take great pleasure in assassinating alien warlords and leaders in as violent and painful a manner as possible. Though they specialise in murder, Ankra occasionally calls upon the Exalted Scythe to perform other tasks. Its warriors have raided the treasure chambers of rival Necron Lords, field tested reality-warping weapons from the laboratory catacombs of Novokh Crypteks, and formed a personal guard for their undying master as he leads his armies in the extermination of the lesser races.

The leader of the Scythe is the Necron Immortal Xeoptar the Great. Before the Great Sleep Xeoptar was known as a cruel warrior who delighted in maiming and tormenting his defeated foes, and this grim reputation has not changed in the years since his awakening. When not engaged upon a mission from Nemesor Ankra, Xeoptar acts as his master's chief torturer, a calling that awakens a spark of passion within his soulless body.

During the Great Sleep, the Immortal Tahar the Gatekeeper was driven to madness by glitches in the hibernation auto-routines of his stasis-cell. He believes that he is a warrior of flesh and blood, fighting against the enemies of Novokh in some ancient civil war. This does not make him any less formidable in battle, as he fires his gauss blaster with unnerving accuracy.

The Scythe's silent killers are the Deathmarks Amhut and Imonekh. The former is an expert sharpshooter whose bursts of grating, mechanical laughter are often the very last thing his targets hear. The latter acts as the unit's eyes and ears, prowling silently ahead of his companions and relaying enemy positions.

Most recently, the Exalted Scythe has been deployed to the far-flung world of Omis-Prion, far beyond the boundaries of the Novokh's domain. Aeons ago, this unremarkable world was the site of extensive weapons

testing by three Cryptek master-artificers known as the Triumvirate of the Crimson Sceptre. So potentially dangerous and destructive were the weapons designed by the Triumvirate that the Triarch – the ruling hand of the Necron Empire – outlawed their studies. This was more to do with preventing the warlike Novokh from gaining the upper hand in any internecine conflict than true concern regarding their research. Regardless, the Triumvirate could not resume their studies in plain view without risking repercussions.

The Overlords of the Novokh – keen to make use of the Crypteks' deadly inventions – crafted a series of secretive weapon-vaults beneath the mountainous planet of Omis-Prion, far from the heartlands of the empire and any prying eyes. Here, the Triumvirate could continue their studies in solitude, travelling the untold distance back to the lands of the Novokh via a concealed dolmen gate. On Omis-Prion they crafted weapons of astonishing destructive power: logicite force-staves, phase-locked duotrillion lances, and vortex bombs that had the power to cause entire worlds to collapse in on themselves.

Then came the hideous slaughter of the War in Heaven, when the Necrons turned upon their gods and the galaxy was consumed by war. Their lands ravaged by this devastating conflict, the Necron Overlords and their soulless armies retreated to vast stasis-crypts, where they slept the aeons away until they were once more ready to dominate the galaxy. When they finally awoke, the galaxy was unrecognisable. Primitive species that had been little more than crude organisms when the Great Sleep began now commanded vast stellar empires.

Once occupied by the Imperium of Mankind, Omis-Prion had recently been invaded by the T'au Empire, an infant power whose armies prowled the eastern reaches of the galaxy. It fell to Nemesor Ankra to drive these insolent intruders from Omis-Prion, and recover the deadly bounty of the planet's weapon-vaults. These devices of destruction would be invaluable in the Novokh Dynasty's attempts to reclaim its stolen domains. Ankra led his legions through Omis-Prion's dolmen gate and fell upon the unprepared T'au, wetting his armour with their blood and driving them from the mountain ranges which housed the laboratories of the Triumvirate of the Crimson Sceptre. As always, the Exalted Scythe marched at their master's side.





Amhut, Deathmark
Sniper Specialist



Tahar the Gatekeeper,
Immortal Veteran Specialist



Kythok the Lifetaker,
Immortal with
gauss blaster



Imonekh, Deathmark
Scout Specialist



Xeoptar the Great,
Immortal Kill Team
Leader with tesla carbine



The abandoned trenches of Omis-Prion are illuminated with strobing beams of pulse and gauss energy as Necron and T'au kill teams face off.



The Exalted Scythe hunt Drukhari raiders through the venomgorse thickets of Kaliria, an overgrown Necron fringe world.



ANNALS OF INFAMY

The Exalted Scythe have stalked the stars for thousands of years, slaying the foes of the Novokh Dynasty with merciless efficiency and leaving havoc and terror in their wake. Here are but a few of their most infamous deeds, recorded for posterity in the annals of their master, Nemesor Ankra.

M41 AWAKENING

The Scythe Awakens

Nemesor Ankra is torn from his millennia-long slumber by a series of thunderous, seismic events that rock the Novokh coreworld of Galonar. Agents of the Adeptus Mechanicus have come to the remote world in search of xeno-archaeological artefacts. While Ankra leads his awakening legions in the destruction of the Tech-Priests' Skitarii escorts, he tasks the newly resurrected Exalted Scythe with bringing him the leader of the Mechanicus expedition, one Magos Eygon Raspech. Mere days later, Xeoptar the Great presents the Tech-Priest's severed head to his master, who has it encased in obsidian and placed within his chambers.

Blood Duel on Dhagra VII

After the destruction of Immortal Zhakari during the Vellarian Purges, Nemesor Ankra seeks a new warrior to join the Exalted Scythe. In accordance with the Novokh's ancient martial customs, he holds a gladiatorial contest between several of his most favoured killers to determine who is worthy of serving as his hand. The final Blood Duel is fought before the Nemesor's court, each combatant armed with ritual scythes. It is the Immortal Kythok the Lifetaker who emerges triumphant, cutting the head from his foe and presenting it to Ankra.

Underground Extermination

Nemesor Ankra leads his legions in the re-conquest of Galonar's neighbouring worlds. After butchering the human defenders of the hive world Tarporia, he discovers that a repulsive alien cult has spread rife throughout the

world's undercities. The Exalted Scythe is despatched to seek out the cultist leader, a blind prophet known as the Eyeless One. After weeks of stalking vermin-infested warrens and sewer channels, they find their prey, and Amhut liquidises the Eyeless One's brain with a shot from his synaptic disintegrator.

In Search of Secrets

Aeldari of Saim-Hann launch a surprise assault upon the Novokh amidst the crystal-forests of Liptis, knifing from the webway in multiple locations to encircle and obliterate Nemesor Ankra's forces. Furious, the Nemesor tasks the Exalted Scythe with retrieving one of the alien's leaders for excruciation and interrogation. The Scythe ambushes a war party of the Wild Host as the Aeldari attempt to raid a Necron column. The Warlock leading the Saim-Hann force attempts to blast his way to freedom with thunderwaves of aetheric power, but Xeoptar and his warriors cut through the Aeldari's bodyguards and lay him low. They apply mindshackle scarabs to render their prisoner comatose, and return him to Nemesor Ankra's court, where he is scoured for intelligence.

Visions of Glory

The Exalted Scythe are in action on the Ork-infested world of Shollgra when Tahar the Gatekeeper is overcome by visions of the past. Believing himself to be embroiled in an ancient conflict from the Wars of Secession, the Immortal abandons his fellow warriors and marches out into the rad-wastes alone, obliterating Orks with pinpoint shots from his gauss blaster. The Immortal is thought lost, but remarkably he strides from

the smog-clouds over a half-cycle later, his skeletal body caked in dried blood.

Silencing the Guns

Several regiments of Mordian Iron Guard are dispatched to the Caspergian System, where Nemesor Ankra's legions are in the process of reclaiming the Novokh coreworld of Sentilla. The Mordians' artillery batteries wreak terrible losses upon the Necron legions, hammering their massed formations with incendiary shells. It is the Exalted Scythe who lead the Novokh counter-attack, breaching the humans' lines and silencing several guns with tesla charges that melt them into wreckage.

M41 BY THE NEMESOR'S COMMAND

Ambush on Omis-Prion

Nemesor Ankra and his legions travel through a dolmen gate to the T'au-controlled world of Omis-Prion. The Necron Overlord intends to recover Cryptek doomsday weapons hidden in vaults below the planet's surface. The Exalted Scythe are once more invaluable, as their assassination missions and advance strikes wreak havoc upon the T'au's command structure.

Marked for Death

A cadre of Vior'la T'au holds Kardona Pass against waves of Necron attacks. Despite withering fire and overwhelming odds, the T'au hold resolute, inspired to greatness by the presence of an Ethereal. Their resolve is broken when the Deathmark Imonekh slays the alien leader with a well-placed shot. Not a single T'au survives the resulting massacre.



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

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An ancient evil has risen to haunt the galaxy once more. The Necron legions march forth from their tomb worlds to reclaim their ancient empire.

The Necrons are a race of soulless metal-bodied conquerors wielding techno-arcane weapons of terrifying power. They know nothing of fear or mercy, and will not cease until the galaxy's organic races lie broken and humbled at their feet.

This booklet reveals the many bloody deeds of the Exalted Scythe, a band of Necron killers who have stalked the stars for thousands of years. As well as individual records highlighting the members of this murderous Kill Team, you will find an account of their most infamous actions and prestigious assassinations.

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