
The war for Maelstrom

Out of nowhere...

The dust had barely had the time to settle down after the last skirmish between both imperial forces. The morning air, fresh and crisp from the cold nights, still smelled of the gunpowder. Captain Cassius of the Stone fists wasn't really proud of the outcome of that last battle. At least the enemy hadn't won any ground, but losses were too heavy. They hadn't the resources needed to replace all their destroyed equipment. They would have to be more careful in the future. He inspected the remaining functional machinery: a pair of rhinos, a lone predator and a dreadnaught. Not much if they had to fight those damn heretics again before returning to the main force at the landing site.

- Sir, we've got strange reading on short range scanners. Energy fluctuations of some kind. Nothing I've ever seem before.

- Could be some daemonic scheme from the heretics. Tell the terminators to regroup on my position, get those men inside the rhinos, prepare for battle.

If a daemon was coming into this plane, at this place, they wouldn't fail the emperor. It would be blasted straight back into the warp it came from. Then it happened. A blinding flash of green light. Not the expected daemon, but humanoid machines. They came out of nowhere, one minute the field was empty, the next it was filled with those skeletons of metal, Eight hovering skimmer on their flank.

- Get those skimmers down. Secure the area, we need to drive them away.

And the battle had begone. The dreadnaught passed the little hill, the two autocannons pouring bullets toward the skimmers, but to no avails. The predator came in sight on the other side of the hill, shooting with both lascannons, taking out two of the three heavy destroyers, boring a hole straight through them. The devastator's squad taking out the third.

The necron lord gathered his veil of darkness, enveloping the immortal squad with him, and disappeared from his position. Seconds later, he reappeared just behind the devastator squad, right on target, opening fire at once and taking out two space marines and their sergeant. The destroyers opened fire on the dreadnaught, crippling its actuators, immobilising it. It wouldn't be a threat anymore.

The predator turned around, aiming to disable the immortals, as did the devastator squad. Lascannons flared from all sides, taking out two of them in the process, a lot less than hoped for, but still... The first tactical squad emerged from the rhino, taking position on the sides of the rhino, hopping to get a clear view of the destroyers. While the troops were taking position, the rhino employed it's storm bolters to good use and took out one of the five destroyers, and crippling a second. But the crippled just stripped parts from the destroyed one and repaired itself faster than humanly possible. Together, the four destroyers speeded over the low hill, taking position right behind the predator. It's rear being exposed, it's destruction was an easy task for the squad. As the

gauss cannons penetrated the weak armour of the tank, touching almost simultaneously both the gaz tank and the storm bolter ammo. The tank exploded, flipping over it's side. The blast so strong that it took out another destroyer in the explosion.

The necron lord used the distraction of the blazing tank to dispatch the remaining marines of the devastator squad, while the immortals moved on to take on an tactical squad. At the other end of the field, necron warriors were ready for the marines. They were entrenched in small ruins, their Gauss weapons at the ready.

Blinded by rage by the destruction of the predator, they whirled, dismissing the warriors as a lesser threat, and smashed at a run into the floating destroyers. Their powerfist tearing and rending the living metal as if it were mere paper. It would not repair the predator, but it was a satisfaction nevertheless. The second tactical squad, now alone against the warriors, continued their advance. The rhino offering them cover from most of the enemy fire. But they didn't expect the necron's foot soldier's weapon efficiency against armoured vehicles. The rhino went up in flames almost as soon as it entered the range of the necrons. But what confused them the most is when the necron lord and the remaining immortals that were last reported in close combat with the other tactical squad, at the opposite corner of the field, started to shot at their back. They were caught in a crossfire, with no rhino to get them out. They did the only sensible thing to do, they charged the warrior. In close combat they would have the advantage. But each time they struck down a enemy, it kept getting up. They needed to secure the area, but it was no use, it would take to long. The losses were near to none on each side, but time was running out, they had to evac soon.

When the evacuation craft arrived, they were still fighting, the zone was not secured, but neither was it properly occupied by necrons. They had to disengage, the evacuation shuttle couldn't wait long for them. Suddenly, as they came they left, the necrons disappeared in thin air. Not having secure the territory on time, they had to leave their casualties, predator included, behind. They had to go NOW. They would return another day to reclaim their fallen brothers.