



APOCRYPHA NECROMUNDA



BLOOD IN THE SPIRE



The wilds, wastes and badzones of Necromunda are filled with legends and myths of every colour and kind imaginable. Some of them are even true. Wander into any drinking hole in Hive Primus and crack open a bottle of Wild Snake (or Second Best if you're a little light on creds) and within moments some crusty-faced local will be bending your ear with a tale or two. Maybe their little corner of the underhive was once the site of a showdown between the notorious Carrion Queens and the equally nefarious Irontree Reavers, or perhaps the legendary bounty hunter Kal Jericho drank at the very bar you're sitting at now and they got close enough to touch the hem of his duster. Whatever the yarn, you'd do well to listen carefully, for hidden in every story is at least a grain of truth, and maybe even a lesson or two that might keep you alive when you're next out wandering the badzones looking for trouble...

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BLOOD IN THE SPIRE

Lady Haera Astaria Vorterra Helmawr lounged at the head of the long dining table waiting for her guests to arrive. Upwards of 20 metres, the polished marble table dominated the equally magnificent dining chamber of her spire suites. She fondly remembered the day the servants had installed the massive piece of furniture, and she had reclined nearby telling them endlessly to move it slightly to the left or right. Disappointingly, only three of them had died of exhaustion in the end.

As she waited, she considered the events that had brought her family to this point. Father mortally wounded by an assassin, her brother Agriote declaring himself the new Lord Helmawr... before getting himself killed in a foolish alliance with House Goliath. Now the surviving children of Gerontius Helmawr bickered amongst themselves while their world burned.

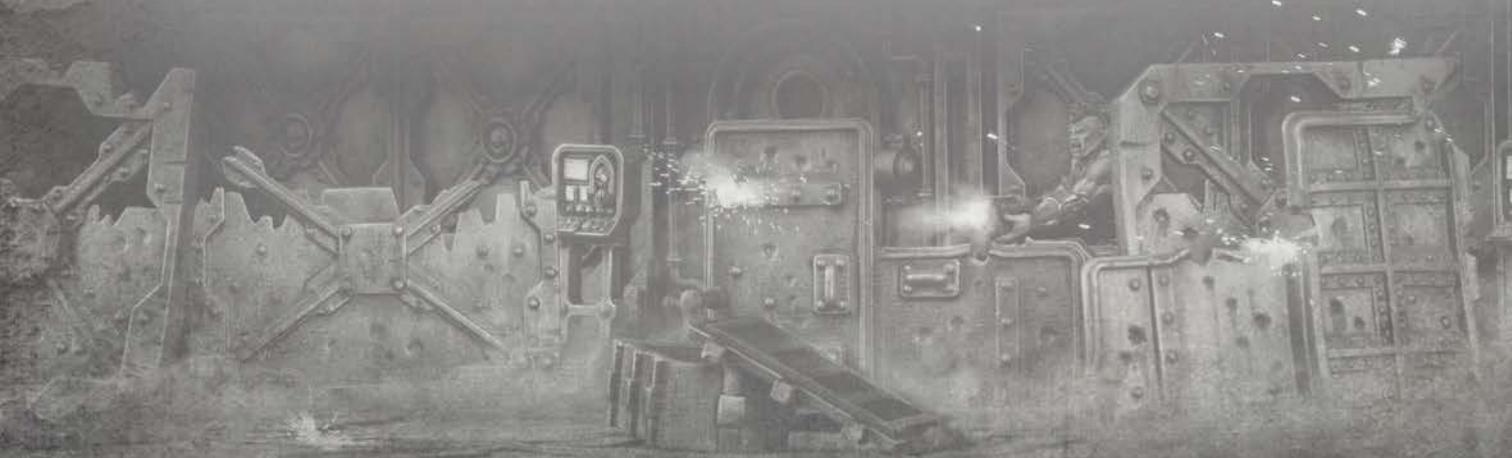
Well, that would all change today.

Haera's first guest arrived, casting furtive glances at the heavily armed and armoured guards spaced around the chamber. Gilbarn, 17th Trueborn Son of Gerontius Helmawr edged his way into the room, before giving up any pretence of caution, plonking down in a chair and pouring himself a cup of crimson coloured wine.

The two exchanged formal greetings, as befitted Trueborn heirs, but all the while Haera considered Gerontius' youngest Trueborn son as he slurped down a glass of wine worth more than most outland settlements. Gilbarn was a skinny, pale boy really... and none too bright if he had accepted her invitation.

She briefly considered ordering one of the guards to shoot him... wondering what a member of the personal bodyguard of House Helmawr would do if one Trueborn ordered them to kill another. Probably nothing, though surely it had come up before.

In any case, she would not be denied the pleasure of doing the job herself.



One by one the rest of the Trueborn of House Helmawr arrived.

First came Kyree Helmawr, 5th Trueborn Daughter of Gerontius, who glided into the chamber in a gown almost as large as the dining room entrance. A shameless narcissist and vicious socialite, more than one noble family had been brought down by Kyree's sharp tongue and casual boredom. Haera noted she looked breathtaking as always, and even the knowledge that Kyree's perfume contained psychofamile pheromones didn't take away from the stirring of adulation she felt for the woman.

On Kyree's heels three more of Haera's siblings entered the room and moved to take their places around the massive table.

There was Horlun the 'Obese', the 11th Trueborn Son of Gerontius and a reflection of their father's healthy girth. A shameless glutton, Horlun, while looking the most like their father, was perhaps the least ambitious of the group, more interested in feeding his appetites than scrabbling for power.

Then came Kartar, 7th Trueborn Son, a lean fighter with scars proudly displayed on his arms and face from when he had spent time as a Spyre Hunter. A warrior born, Kartar enjoyed killing just a little too much to be an effective ruler. Haera, herself fond of the thrill of the fight and the satisfaction of a good murder, could still not understand Kartar's need to risk his own life so frequently in the pursuit of combat.

Behind them the aged Yvetta, 2nd Daughter of Gerontius and eldest of the siblings entered, her hatchet-like face and permanent scowl warning away anyone who came too close. Perhaps the most logical choice for the next Lord Helmawr, Yvetta was a veteran of the political savagery of the spire and had, for many years, stood at their father's side helping him execute the will of the Imperial House upon Necromunda.

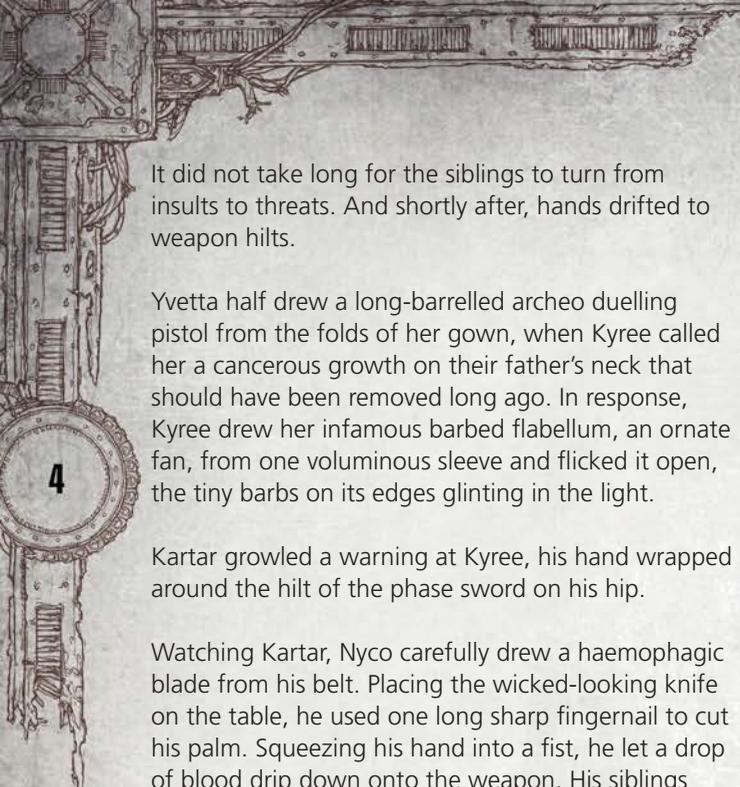
Finally, the last of Haera's guests arrived. Nyco, 13th Trueborn Son of Gerontius Helmawr and in many ways Haera's dark twin. Haera and Nyco were far too alike to ever be anything approaching friends and whenever the two were in the same room it was like watching a pair of Khimerix sharing a cage. Without breaking eye contact with Haera, Nyco took his seat at the table.

The seven siblings considered each other for a moment around the table, the tension palpable.

They all knew their brother Agriote was dead and whatever hope there might have been for a relatively peaceful transition of power had died with him. Gilbarn, Horlun and Kartar, none of whom had any ambitions to rule of their own supported Yvetta's seniority, though the 2nd Daughter refused to consider herself, claiming they should await their father's recovery.

That might well have been that, had not Kyree had her own designs on the title of Lord Helmawr, or Nyco had not enjoyed stirring up the rivalry between his siblings simply to witness them at each other's throats.

Haera watched her brothers and sisters squabble and argue amongst themselves, a cold smile on her lips, marvelling at how bearing the name of Helmawr gave them a false sense of invulnerability. Something she would have to disabuse them of.



It did not take long for the siblings to turn from insults to threats. And shortly after, hands drifted to weapon hilts.

Yvetta half drew a long-barrelled archeo duelling pistol from the folds of her gown, when Kyree called her a cancerous growth on their father's neck that should have been removed long ago. In response, Kyree drew her infamous barbed flabellum, an ornate fan, from one voluminous sleeve and flicked it open, the tiny barbs on its edges glinting in the light.

Kartar growled a warning at Kyree, his hand wrapped around the hilt of the phase sword on his hip.

Watching Kartar, Nyco carefully drew a haemophagic blade from his belt. Placing the wicked-looking knife on the table, he used one long sharp fingernail to cut his palm. Squeezing his hand into a fist, he let a drop of blood drip down onto the weapon. His siblings watched as the blade absorbed the ruby droplet, its mnemonic steel registering his Helmawr genetic code and secreting a neurotoxin lethal to all who shared it.

Yvetta, Nyco, Kartar and Kyree all traded hateful stares, Horlun inched lower in his seat like he wanted to disappear under the table and Gilbarn looked like he would rather be anywhere else. Only Haera seemed unconcerned, as she waited for the fight to turn bloody.

After a few moments, when it seemed things might cool down, Haera took matters into her own hands and flung a boning fork with unerring precision into Kyree's cheek.

Yvetta swung her gun around and fired at Haera, though the 13th Daughter was no longer in her seat, and the bullet instead blasted a hole in the back of her ornate chair.

Horlun dived under the table, while Gilbarn hastily fumbled open a bottle of camoelean elixir, before downing the bitter tasting concoction in one swig. Nyco and Kartar both jumped onto the table, blades at the ready, looking for their sister. Spitting blood, Kyree pulled the tiny fork from her ruined cheek and spun around in a swirl of skirts, her fan at the ready.

Haera emerged from the darkness at the far end of the dinner table to where she had been sitting and yelled a challenge to her siblings, her phase sword in one hand and power spear in the other.

They turned and charged toward Haera, weapons at the ready. Yvetta's pistol spoke again, though the shot went wide, taking out a guard – who fell to his knees coughing blood, but otherwise dying as unobtrusively as possible.

Kartar broke into the lead, Nyco letting him pass, but not before nicking him with his haemophagic blade.



Kartar cursed as he was cut, turning and slashing with his phase sword at his brother. The blade carved through Nyco's segmented armoured cloak though merely sparked off his sub-dermal scales, each one imbued with energised refractor coatings. Nyco then dodged past Kartar, vaulting away from the table. Kartar went to go after him, but started swaying on his feet as the poison took hold.

A couple of metres from Haera, Kyree screamed and swept her fan toward her sister's face, releasing a rain of tiny toxic darts.

To Kyree's frustration the darts merely clattered off the reflection from Haera's mirror aegis – the image wavering and distorting a moment before a shot from Yvetta's pistol forced it to flicker and vanish.

Down the other end of the table Gilbarn had been crawling toward the exit, his skin blending in with the floor, making him look not unlike some creature of living tiles and rugs trying to make an escape. Haera, in the flesh this time, loomed over Helmawr's 17th Trueborn Son. Gilbarn rolled over, yanking a gold-plated holdout stub gun from his coat. Before he could bring the weapon to bear, Haera's blade bisected his skull, a wash of gore spilling out to cover the floor.

Nyco yelled a challenge as he lunged from the shadows at Haera, the poisoned knife aimed at her throat.

Haera spun around, catching the deadly blade in the folds of her dress.

She noted Nyco's draconic scale armour. Rare and impossibly expensive, there were few weapons that could penetrate such protection, not even the esoteric phase sword Haera held. But there were other ways. Spinning around and around Nyco as he struggled to stab her, Haera bound him up in her flowing skirts. *A fly in a spider's web* – she thought wryly.

Drawing a long cord of wire from her corset, she then wrapped it around Nyco's neck and twisted.

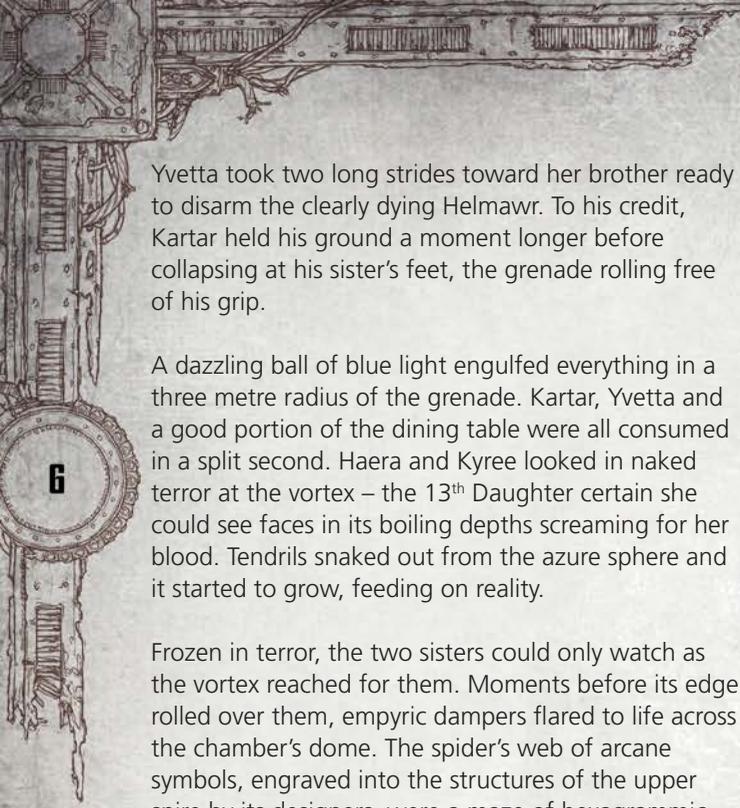
It took Nyco a while to die, Yvetta and Kyree having reached the far end of the table in time to see their brother's last pitiable struggles. Haera was careful to use Nyco as a shield against Yvetta's pistol and Kyree's fan, though she could not help making eye contact with her sisters as she squeezed the last dregs of life from their brother.

Yvetta and Kyree spat curses at Haera, naked hatred in their eyes.

Before the two could get a clear shot at their sister, a slurred cry drew their attention. The three sisters looked around to see Kartar, staggering drunkenly toward them, his face drenched in sweat as he tried to remain upright. Somewhere along the way Kartar had lost his sword, but in its place, held high, he had a primed vortex grenade.

Even Haera flinched at the sight of the hugely destructive weapon, and she was sure she saw more than one of the guards shuffle nervously.





Yvetta took two long strides toward her brother ready to disarm the clearly dying Helmawr. To his credit, Kartar held his ground a moment longer before collapsing at his sister's feet, the grenade rolling free of his grip.

A dazzling ball of blue light engulfed everything in a three metre radius of the grenade. Kartar, Yvetta and a good portion of the dining table were all consumed in a split second. Haera and Kyree looked in naked terror at the vortex – the 13th Daughter certain she could see faces in its boiling depths screaming for her blood. Tendrils snaked out from the azure sphere and it started to grow, feeding on reality.

Frozen in terror, the two sisters could only watch as the vortex reached for them. Moments before its edge rolled over them, empyric dampers flared to life across the chamber's dome. The spider's web of arcane symbols, engraved into the structures of the upper spire by its designers, were a maze of hexagrammic wards and anathema to the energies of the Warp. Under its protection the vortex flickered and then suddenly died, leaving a smell like dried blood and old bones in the air.

Haera and Kyree took a moment to catch their breath as they waited for their collective fear to subside. It did not last long.

Kyree lunged at her sister, her fan weaving in a deadly figure eight. Darts shot out, some catching in the folds of Haera's dress, others plinking off her armour. A few found flesh, and Haera cursed as the poison burned through her, though injectors filled with counter-agents swiftly whirred into action, flushing their effects from her blood. More troublesome than the poison was the psychofamile perfume Kyree wore. Haera knew she wanted to kill her sister, but every time she looked at her or got close she felt a wave of affection and doubted herself. Kyree had no such compunctions and inch by inch was wearing the 13th Daughter down.

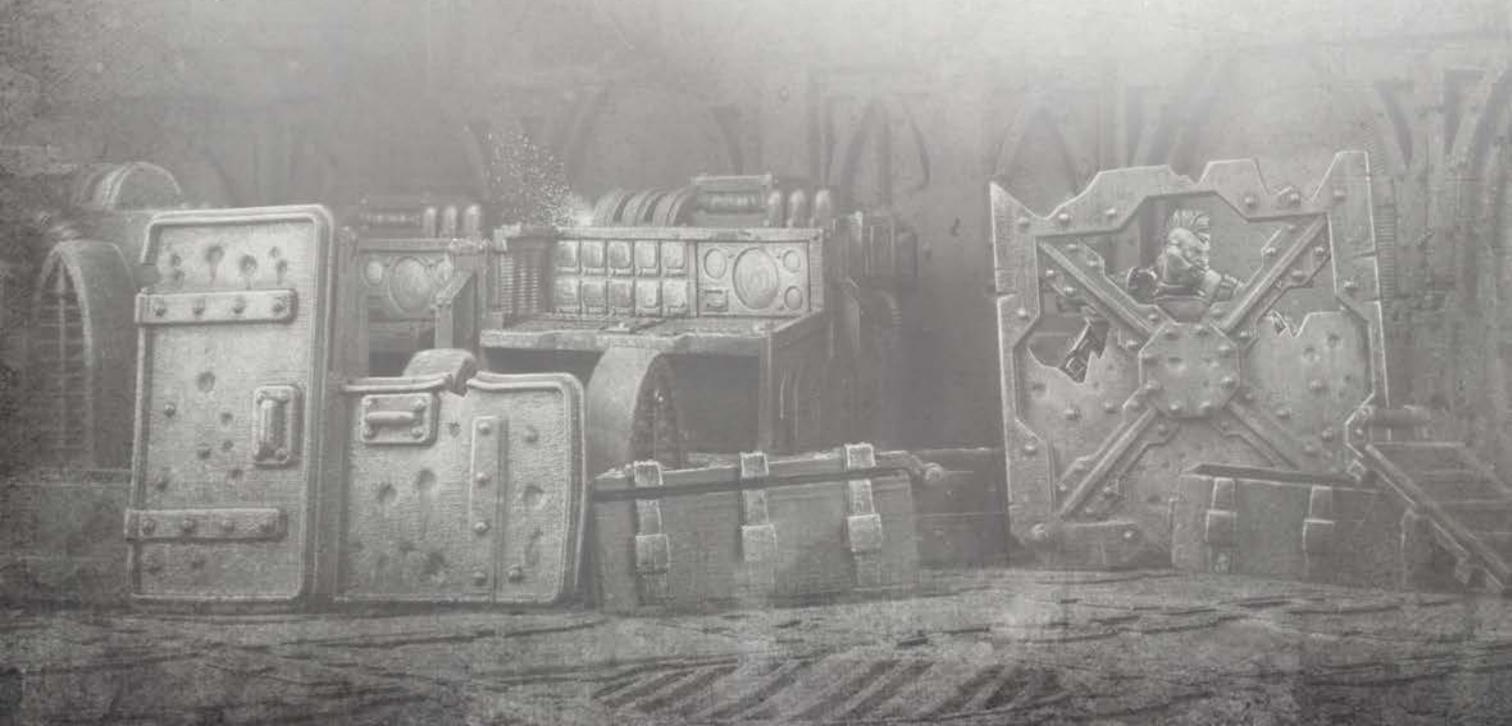
Kyree suddenly stiffened and the smell of burning meat assaulted Haera's nostrils. Like a marionette with its strings cut, Kyree collapsed into a pile of skirts and flowing dresses. As she fell, Horlun was revealed standing behind her, a look of horror on his round face and the digi-laser still extended from his hand.

It was clear from Horlun's expression that he had intended to shoot Haera.

Haera smiled, hefting her spear.

Stumbling over his feet, Horlun turned and ran toward the door. Haera gave him a good head start, waiting until he was almost at the threshold before hurling the spear. It took him square in the back, and he staggered on for a few more steps before pitching forward to lie still on the ground.

Walking back to her seat at the head of the table, she sat down, taking in the carnage around her and enjoying the peace and quiet.



DESIGNER'S COMMENTARY: NEW BLACK MARKET ITEMS

Presented below are the rules for additional items available on the Black Market that will allow you to recreate the events described in Blood in the Spire. If the Arbitrator wishes, these items may be available from the Black Market during a campaign.

SPIRE BLACK MARKET

The staggering wealth of the spire means its noble residents can afford almost anything their hearts desire. On a world as cruel and dangerous as Necromunda this often means custom crafted blades, esoteric off-world weaponry and cunning defensive wargear – all intended to protect the wearer from assassination. These artefacts were never intended to leave the spire, though sometimes the impossible happens, and a genuine article falls into the hands of an underhive gang leader.

SPIRE BLACK MARKET

ITEM	PRICE	LEGALITY/RARITY
Archeo duelling pistol	120	Rare (13)
Barbed flabellum	80	Illegal (12)
Camoelean elixir	75	Illegal (10)
Digi-multi lasers	100	Rarity (11)
Draconic scales	250	Illegal (14)
Haemophagic blade	150	Illegal (13)
Mirror Aegis	125	Illegal (12)
Psychofamile pheromone	150	Illegal (12)
Vortex grenade	500	Illegal (16)

ARCHEO DUELLING PISTOL

A relic of a lost age, archeo duelling pistols look more like ancient black powder weapons than anything that could pose a serious threat to one's enemies – though they have the power to put down an Ambot with a single shot.

An archeo duelling pistol is a Pistol with the following profile:

Weapon	Rng		Acc		Str	Ap	D	Am	Traits
	S	L	S	L					
Archeo duelling pistol	6"	16"	+2	-	5	-2	2	4+	Pulverise, Rending, Sidearm

BARBED FLABELLUM

Fans are a common sight in the spire and an affectation of many highborn ladies. The barbed flabellum is a colourful collection of exotic xenos feathers and rare fabrics, dazzling to look upon but also filled with deadly toxic darts.

A barbed flabellum is a Close Combat weapon with the following profile:

Weapon	Rng		Acc		Str	Ap	D	Am	Traits
	S	L	S	L					
Barbed flabellum	E	4"	+2	+1	-	-2	-	-	Melee, Toxin, Versatile



CAMOELEAN ELIXIR

Crafted by the best Escher chymists, the camoelean elixir combines with the drinker's epidermal layers to create an almost perfect camouflage, especially if the user remains perfectly still or is not encumbered by heavy weapons or armour.

A fighter equipped with camoelean elixir may drink it at the start of any of their activations. For the remainder of the battle all ranged hit rolls against the fighter suffer a -2 modifier, while close combat hit rolls suffer a -1 modifier. Additionally, if the fighter is not carrying a weapon with the Unwieldy trait and has a 5+ or worse armour save (not counting field armour), or if they did not move during their previous activation, they may only be targeted by a ranged attack if they are within 6" of the attacker.

DIGI-MULTI LASERS

A variant of the more 'mundane' digi-laser, the digi-multi laser combines the potency of plasma, melta and las energy into a single devastating beam. It might only have one shot, but one shot is usually all the wearer needs.

A digi-multi laser is a Pistol and has the following profile:

Weapon	Rng		Acc		Str	Ap	D	Am	Traits
	S	L	S	L					
Digi-multi laser	E	4"	+2	-	8	-4	3	-	Digi, Melta, Single Shot, Versatile

DRAGONIC SCALES

A rare example of conversion field technology, draconic scales incorporate dozens of tiny energy fields layered within a dermal body suit. Often worn under armour, it is proof against most weapons, negating their penetrative powers.

A fighter equipped with draconic scales cannot have their armour save modified or negated by any rule or trait.

HAEMOPHAGIC BLADE

One of the more horrific weapons to come out of Lord Helmawr's armouries, the haemophagic blade is triggered by the blood of its intended target, creating a potent and utterly deadly neurotoxin keyed specifically for them.

A haemophagic blade is a Close Combat weapon and has the following profile:

Weapon	Rng		Acc		Str	Ap	D	Am	Traits
	S	L	S	L					
Haemophagic blade	-	E	-	+1	-	-2	-	-	Haemophagic, Melee, Toxin

MIRROR AEGIS

A mirror aegis is typical of the noble trickery common to the spire. The field projects an image of the wearer to a nearby location, drawing away enemies or getting them to turn their backs before the wearer strikes.

The first time a fighter equipped with a mirror aegis is hit by an attack (before wound rolls or armour saves are made) roll a D6. On a 1 resolve the attack as normal, then roll again the next time the fighter is hit by an attack. On a 2+ the attack is negated and the fighter may be placed anywhere within 6" of its current location and the mirror aegis cannot be used again this battle.

PSYCHOFAMILE PHEROMONE

Perfumes, incense and aromas fill the gilded halls of the spire, many crafted to sway the emotions or minds of those who smell them. Psychofamile pheromones work to make those close to the wearer see them as a loved one – usually just before the wearer drives a knife into their chest.

When a model attempts to target a fighter equipped with psychofamile pheromones with a ranged or close combat attack whilst they are within 3" of them (including attacks made as part of a Charge (Double) action) they must first make a Willpower test. If the test is passed, the attack is resolved as normal. If the test is failed, no attack is made and the action is wasted.

VORTEX GRENADE

An ancient and terrible weapon, the vortex grenade literally rips a hole in reality. Once the breach has been made there is no telling what might happen next – sometimes the breach collapses, sometimes it grows, and sometimes it takes on a sentience of its own.

A vortex grenade is Wargear and has the following profile:

Weapon	Rng		Acc		Str	Ap	D	Am	Traits
	S	L	S	L					
Vortex grenade	-	Sx3	-	-	-	-	-	-	Blast (3"), Limited, Single Shot, Vortex

NEW WEAPON TRAITS

HAEMOPHAGIC

When resolving a Toxin attack with this weapon, apply a +1 modifier if this weapon has previously hit the target.

VORTEX

A fighter who is hit by a weapon with the Vortex trait must make an Initiative test. If successful, move them the shortest distance to avoid the Blast marker. Otherwise, they immediately go Out of Action. Any obstacles touched by a Vortex Blast marker are also removed from the battlefield. If a vehicle is hit by a weapon with the Vortex trait, they are immediately Wrecked and removed from the battlefield.

After working out the effects of an attack with a weapon with the Vortex trait, leave the blast marker on the battlefield. At the start of each End phase, roll on the Vortex Stability table for each Vortex Blast marker:

VORTEX STABILITY TABLE

D6	RESULT
1-2	The vortex vanishes with no further effect. Remove the Blast marker.
3-4	The vortex remains unchanged. Any models coming into contact with the Vortex Blast marker in the subsequent round count as being hit by it.
5-6	Move the Vortex Blast marker D6+2" in a random direction (as determined by the Scatter dice). Any models or terrain in its path or under the Blast marker when it stops count as being hit by it.

NECROMUNDAN DOUBLE-CROSS

"No doubt you're all wondering why I called you here..."

Haera Helmawr, 13th Daughter of Gerontius Helmawr, House Helmawr

In this scenario, a group of gang leaders and champions are set up and betrayed by one of their rivals.

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ATTACKER AND DEFENDER

In this scenario, one gang is the attacker and all other gangs are the defenders. In a campaign, the player who chose this scenario is the attacker. In a skirmish, players roll off and the winner decides which gang will be the attacker.

BATTLE TYPE

This scenario is a Zone Mortalis battle. Vehicles and Wargear that grant the Mounted condition may not be included in any gang's crew.

BATTLEFIELD

Set up the battlefield as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Rulebook*. This scenario is designed to be played on a 2'x2' battlefield.

CREWS

This scenario uses the standard rules for choosing a crew, as described in the Battlefield Set-up & Scenarios section of the *Necromunda Rulebook*. Each gang uses the Custom Selection (2) method to determine their crew. Their crew must include both their Leader and a Champion, or their most expensive fighter if they lack any Champions.

DEPLOYMENT

Starting with the fighter with the highest credit cost, the defending gangs deploy their fighters within 12" of the centre of the battlefield, at least 3" away from any already deployed fighter. The attacker then places their fighters anywhere on the battlefield, at least 6" away from any enemy fighters.

GANG TACTICS

Each player may choose two gang tactics from those available to their gang.

ENDING THE BATTLE

If, at the end of any round, only one gang has fighters remaining on the battlefield, the battle ends.

VICTORY

The gang who took the most enemy Leaders Out of Action is the winner. If two or more gangs took the same number of Leaders Out of Action then the battle is a draw.

REWARDS

CREDITS

The winning gang adds 2D6x10 credits to their Stash.

EXPERIENCE

Each fighter who took part in the battle earns 1 XP.

Any Leader that survives earns an additional 1 XP.

If a fighter takes an enemy Leader Out of Action then they earn an additional D3 XP.

REPUTATION

The winning gang gains D3 Reputation.

RISING TENSION

The Leaders and their Champions have met on neutral ground, under a banner of truce. This means that weapons are limited, and neither side is willing to be the first to start the shooting. Until the Double-cross is triggered (see page 11), when a fighter is activated they must make a Cool check. If the check is failed, the fighter can only take one action this round instead of two.

Additionally, until the Double-cross is triggered, only weapons with the Melee trait may be used to make attacks.

THE DOUBLE-CROSS

The attacking gang knows this is a set-up and can choose their moment to spring the Double-cross. At the start of any round, the attacker can trigger the Double-cross. As soon as they do, the Rising Tension rule ceases to be in effect. If any fighter is taken Out of Action, the Double-cross is automatically triggered.

OLD ENMITIES

If this scenario is being played with three to six players, each player rolls on the Old Enmities table to see what scores their Leader has to settle. Players take turns rolling, starting with the gang with the lowest gang rating. If a Leader rolls a result already rolled by another Leader, re-roll the result.

In addition, such is the burning hatred the gangs have for each other they do not need to make Bottle tests in this scenario.

OLD ENMITIES

D6	ENMITY
1	Pure Loathing: Randomly select an enemy fighter. Your Leader may re-roll close combat attacks against that fighter.
2	Gnawing Fear: For the duration of the battle, your Leader counts their Initiative as 2+ when making the Retreat (Basic) action. In addition, enemy fighters may not make Reaction attacks against them when they make the Retreat (Basic) action.
3	Haughty Disdain: Once during the battle your Leader may activate first in a round, regardless of who has priority.
4	Healthy Paranoia: Randomly select an enemy fighter. Your Leader gains a 5+ field armour save against attacks from that fighter.
5	Homicidal Urges: Once during the battle, when your Leader activates, they may move D6" and perform a Coup de Grace (Simple) action without using an Action.
6	Overdue Payback: Randomly select an enemy Leader. If your Leader takes the selected Leader Out of Action then they gain an additional D6 XP.

HAERA'S BLOODY BANQUET

If players wish, they may use this scenario to represent the battle between Haera and her siblings for control of House Helmawr. In order to do this, make the following changes:

- The defending gangs should be represented by Underhive Outcasts Leaders and Underhive Outcasts Champions (see *Necromunda: Book of the Outcast*), each with a single suit of armour and a single weapon with the Melee trait.
- Starting with the player with the lowest gang rating, each player may then choose an item from the Spire Black Market for their leader. No two Leaders may be equipped with the same item from this list.
- The attacking gang is represented by Lady Haera Helmawr (rules for Lady Haera can be found on page 54 of *Necromunda: The Aranthian Succession – Cinderak Burning*).
- Once during the battle, when Haera is Seriously Injured or taken Out of Action, place her to one side. At the start of the End phase of the current round, place her anywhere on the battlefield at least 3" from any other fighter, restored to her full complement of wounds.

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