

WARHAMMER
40,000

KILL TEAM™



FANGS OF ULFRICH

REIVERS KILL TEAM

INTRODUCTION

Welcome, noble warrior. Within this primer you will learn the saga of the Fangs of Ulfrich, a kill team of Space Wolves who prowl the hivesprawls of Vigilus in search of xenos prey. Their past glories are many and storied, and now it is time for you to add to their legacy of battle.

The Space Marines who are formed into Adeptus Astartes kill teams have honed their skills in manifold war zones across the galaxy. Each battle-brother is a genetically augmented super-soldier who is steeped in the warrior culture of their Chapter, and they are well accustomed to fighting in compact, elite strike forces. Whether they have been ordered to eliminate a powerful enemy leader, recover a sacred relic or secure a strategic location, Adeptus Astartes kill teams go to battle equipped with some of the finest wargear in the Imperium, and are endowed with unparalleled physical and mental conditioning.

Within this booklet you will find the background of one such kill team from the Space Wolves Chapter of Adeptus Astartes – the Fangs of Ulfrich. These warriors can be built using the Reiver miniatures contained in this box, and an exciting short story shows them in action, stalking through the tangled hivesprawls of Vigilus in search of Ork invaders. After this account, you will find information on each of the Reivers in this elite squad, including their names and their personalities, which were rolled up using the tables found in the Kill Team Core Manual. Following on from this you will

find a brief timeline highlighting some of the exploits of these mighty warriors, showing their individual feats of heroism, how they came to fight alongside one another, and the dangers they have faced together since becoming a kill team.

Accompanying this in-depth background, this booklet also contains a showcase demonstrating how the Reivers in this box can be built, equipped and painted to represent the Fangs of Ulfrich on the tabletop. These pictures detail the colour scheme of the Space Wolves, as well as listing the characterful names and roles of the team's individual members.

Should you wish to field the models in this box as the Fangs of Ulfrich, this booklet provides you with all of the storyline and visual information you need. Alternatively, you may wish to use this booklet as inspiration when creating your own unique kill team. By rolling up the background and personalities of your warriors, and perhaps even writing your own timeline and narrative stories, you can help give character to the elite force of Space Marine Reivers you will field on the tabletop.



THE LAIR OF THE BEAST

Ulfrich Wyrmslayer paced along the gantry, taking in more of the industrial sprawl's multitudinous scents with every breath. The rich, ferric smell of rust-covered metal filled the air, from the nascent corrosion on the recently constructed upper levels to the ancient patina of the deepest infrastructure. Cutting through this, Ulfrich could detect the unmistakable odour of spent casings, burning promethium and fresh blood. His quarry had come through here, and recently.

The Reiver Pack Leader reached the end of the gantry and pressed his back up against the side of a chimney stack. The smoke pouring out of the top of the chimney billowed down past him, obscuring his form from any prying eyes that may be watching. He inhaled, and beneath the acrid stench of smoke was the palpable smell of Orks. Ulfrich listened for the telltale sounds of greenskins barrelling past tangles of pipes and trudging over metal platforms. Despite the clangorous din of machinery all around, the Space Wolf's genetically augmented senses would have allowed him to hear the greenskins' heavy movements and grunted breathing long before they came within shooting distance – but he heard nothing of his prey. They were still further ahead.

As he moved out from beneath the veil of smoke and pressed forwards, Ulfrich opened a vox channel to the battle-brothers in his kill team. He gave a short, barely audible growl that pitched from low, to high, to low – signalling that they should continue their advance.

The Fangs of Ulfrich were dotted amongst the infrastructure behind their leader, out of sight, yet as poised to kill as he was. Each was clad in ultra-durable Mk X Phobos armour, the servos of which were fitted with sound dampeners that allowed the robust Primaris Marines to stalk in absolute silence. They moved in a broadly spread-out formation, every hunter knowing their place without instruction or line of sight to their packmates, with Ulfrich himself taking the lead. Only Leif Thunderhowl, the kill team's aggressive forward scout, was ahead of Ulfrich's own position. The Reiver Pack Leader had ordered Leif to sweep an arc in front of the rest of the Fangs and to relay the positions of any enemies he located.

A few moments later, the call came from Leif – a short series of staccato growls that would have been unintelligible to an untrained ear, and even to other Space Wolves. But through these sounds the Fangs of Ulfrich were given numbers and locations for a mob of Orks that the scout had found. The greenskins were close, and they seemed completely unaware that the Reivers were approaching.

Ulfrich steeled himself for battle, intoning in his mind a quick prayer to the Allfather and loosening ever so slightly the reins that kept his inner beast in check. There was no need for the Reiver Pack Leader to give orders to his battle-brothers – they were well versed in killing Orks and knew exactly what they each had to do. He took out his grapnel launcher and fired it into a tangle of pipes overhead before depressing the winch-trigger, hoisting himself up into the air. A split second later he released the grapnel clasps and let the momentum send him arcing up onto a high gantry. He landed on the metal grating, barely making a sound, then advanced forwards with his bolt carbine levelled.

As Ulfrich stalked through the dense clouds of steam and smoke, the first greenskin came into view below him, and the Reiver Pack Leader let out a blood-chilling war cry.

On the lower levels, Olaf Icefang had just moved into a flanking position when the sound of his leader's vox-amplified howl resounded. He charged from the shadows around the perimeter of a ferratonic furnace and saw his targets for the first time – three Orks armed with burnas, clustered together on a broad expanse of rusted plating, their eyes scrunched closed in a vain attempt to block out Ulfrich's mind-piercing shout.

Olaf readied a shock grenade, but even before he had it in his hand one of the greenskins was struck in the chest by a bolt fired from on high by Ulfrich. The mass-reactive core of the bolt detonated, its blast creating a visceral fissure through the Ork's torso. With a snap of his wrist Olaf followed up on the shot, sending his shock grenade hurtling towards the two remaining enemies. It exploded, further frying their overloaded senses and giving the Reiver the opening he needed to close on them.

Olaf's combat knife was drawn, and with a flurry of stabs and slashes he reduced one of the greenskins to streamers of flesh. But the last Ork came charging at him in a blind fury, wielding its burna like a massive club. Olaf rounded on the brute and raised his pistol, but a mighty swipe from the greenskin swatted his weapon aside. The Reiver raised his blade to parry the follow-up swipe, then ducked under a third blow. In an instant he drove his knife up into the Ork's gut, plunging it to the hilt through layers of sagging flab and muscle. But as he tried to pull back to deliver a finishing cut, his opponent grabbed him by the wrist with its huge clawed hand, squeezing the Reiver's arm and keeping his blade lodged in place. Olaf looked up and saw the Ork's monstrous face splitting into a wild grin, then the brute raised its

burna in its other hand and aimed the nozzle directly at Olaf.

There was a thud followed by a meaty squelch as Ulfrich dropped down behind the Ork and plunged his combat knife through the back of its skull. Its limp hand dropped from Olaf's wrist, allowing the Reiver to pull his own blade from the greenskin's slumping body. He looked round and saw that his leader had not even stopped moving, and was pressing on towards the towering row of stacks ahead. As he fell in step behind Ulfrich, Olaf allowed himself a small smile beneath his skull visor before opening a vox channel to the leader of the Fangs.

'My thanks.'

On the far side of the stacks a group of four Burna Boyz reeled as bolts whizzed at them from left and right. At the voxed signal from their scout, the Reivers had moved double-time to encircle their prey, and had opened fire the second they heard their leader's howl echoing through the industrial maze.

A bolt struck one of the Orks in its shoulder, and in reply the injured brute launched a jet of flame from his burna in the direction of the hidden firer. The rest of the Orks took this pyromaniacal display as a signal for action, and as one they charged towards the knot of pipework from which the shot had come, bellowing their guttural battle cry as one.

'Waaagh!'

From behind the cover of a thick metallic panel, Erik Trollbane raised his head and saw the trio of greenskins charging directly away from him, towards his battle-brother Gunnar Greymane on the opposite flank. He lined up his bolt carbine to try and take one of the running Orks down, but the injured Burna Boy was still firing his burna, and spun suddenly to face the Reiver. Erik launched himself backwards as a wave of flame came rushing towards him, barely managing to clear the railing behind him without being incinerated. He dropped down onto the top of a feeder duct below the gantry, taking quick stock of the plunging abysses on either side of where he had landed, then ran along the duct in the direction of the Burna Boy. He had to fight to suppress the animal rage that was boiling up in his blood – the flaw in his Canis Helix that could take him over at any moment. Rage towards the enemy. Rage towards xenos scum. The inner beast needed to be kept in check, lest it cloud his executioner's judgement.

As Erik raced beneath the field of battle, Leif Thunderhowl surveyed the scene from atop a tall promethium reservoir and saw the three Orks surging towards the node of pipes where Gunnar Greymane was taking cover.

Leif jumped from his perch and dropped down through the smog. The scout extended his grav-chute fins, angling them as he plummeted so that his trajectory would take him into the path of the

charging greenskins. He saw the leftmost Ork stumble as it was clipped by a shot from Gunnar. Leif whipped out his heavy bolt pistol and tagged the hulking xenos again, this time bringing it down for good. He retracted his fins, dropping the last few feet to land in front of the two remaining greenskins, and was charging towards them as soon as his feet touched metal.

Closing on his two burly opponents, Leif could see the injured Burna Boy behind them, still spitting flames in every direction. A crack of thunder sounded, and a shot from somewhere below ripped up through the grating, catching the xenos arsonist in the jaw and almost taking its head clean off – the deadly work of Erik Trollbane.

With that threat removed, the scout shifted his focus back to the two Orks who were almost upon him. The rightmost Ork swung its choppa low to the ground, trying to lop off Leif's legs with a single brutal hack. But the Reiver vaulted over the incoming blow, kicking out sideways as he bounded past his enemy. His kick struck home, hitting the brute that had swung at him in the side of the skull and knocking it into its ally. Leif landed, and with a deft pirouette brought his combat blade slashing across the chest of his quarry. The bloodied Ork bellowed in anger, while the ally it had collided with brought its burna round to point at Leif, heedless of the fact that its fellow greenskin was in its line of fire.

Before the Ork had time to pour out its burning torrent, a hail of bolts flew in from all directions, blasting great chunks of green flesh from the two remaining enemies. Gunnar emerged from his firing spot behind the pipes, Erik clambered up from beneath the grating, and Olaf and Ulfrich closed in from the gap in the row of stacks. The Reiver Pack Leader quickly scanned the battlefield, then opened up a vox channel to his Fangs.

'All clear.'



FANGS OF ULFRICH

Amongst the Chapters of Adeptus Astartes, the Space Wolves are renowned for their ferocity in battle and their unwavering loyalty. The Fangs of Ulfrich exemplify these warrior ideals, though they fight their wars far from the front lines against those enemies who would hide in the shadows.

Like many others from the Blackmanes Great Company, the Fangs of Ulfrich had taken part in the Stygius Crusade deep within the Imperium Nihilus. There they battled against the Space Wolves' ancient enemies – the Thousand Sons, led by the Daemon Primarch Magnus the Red – to save the sector from being overrun by the forces of Chaos. Each of the warriors of the Fangs of Ulfrich had been hand-picked by the Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane for their ruthless tenacity, and they were deployed as terror troops behind enemy lines where their practiced savagery would be most effective.

Though the Space Wolves fought with the fury of Fenris, they were faced with hordes of empyric entities summoned from within the warp, and their sorcerous foes wrought insanity-inducing spells and tore psychic rents in reality to divide the forces of the Blackmanes. Through trickery and illusion, the Thousand Sons gained the upper hand, wrong-footing the Space Wolves as they tried to hunt down and slay the Tzeentch-cursed Legion. Various Blackmanes strike forces attempted to regroup in orbit, but their transports were caught up in roiling warp storms and whisked away on the anarchic currents of the empyrean.

The Fangs of Ulfrich were aboard one of these transports – the *Wind of Fimnir* – along with the strike force of the Battle Leader Haldor Icepelt. Their ship was cast adrift in the immaterium, flung light years away from the Stygius Sector in a series of uncontrolled warp jumps. Each time they emerged into realspace, they witnessed more of the horrors befalling the worlds of the Imperium Nihilus. Whole planets burned with daemoniac fires, their inhabitants devoured by the ravenous creatures of Chaos, and stars that once shone bright now emitted a deathly glow that infested the minds of all who looked upon them with utter madness. At every turn more servants of the Chaos Gods appeared, seeking out fresh souls with which to slake their rapacious bloodlust.

When the *Wind of Fimnir* appeared near the world of Vigilus, the Blackmanes aboard at last saw a battleground upon which they could make a stand. Vigilus lay in the mouth of the Nachmund Gauntlet – a passage through the Great Rift that could be used to bring reinforcements into the Imperium Nihilus. Though the world had not yet fallen to the corruptions of Chaos, it was beset by multiple threats. Hordes of Orks rampaged across the wastelands between

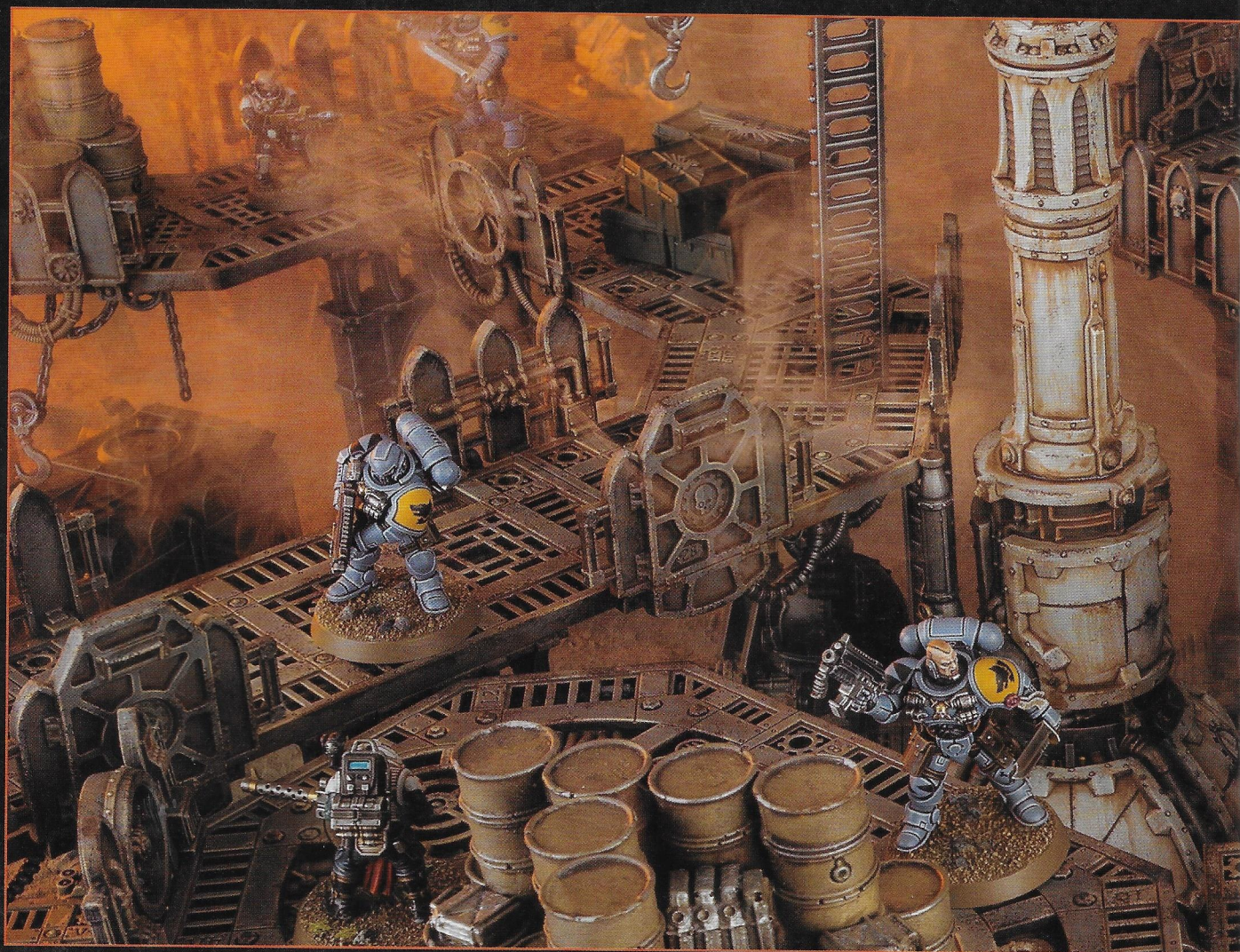
the continental hivesprawns on the planet's surface, Drukhari raiding parties slaughtered the floods of refugees trying desperately reach the relatively safety of this haven world, and from within Vigilus' own populace arose the mutated throngs of a Genestealer Cult. If the planet fell to any of these enemies, the Imperium would lose its key foothold in the Imperium Nihilus. Vigilus had to stand, and the Blackmanes would fight to the last to ensure that it did.

While the main strike force of Blackmanes advanced upon territories held by the Genestealer Cultists, the Fangs of Ulfrich proceeded with the mandate given to them by their Wolf Lord in Stygius. They broke from the pack and headed deep into the Ork-infested continent of Megaborealis. There they began hunting in the shadows of the towering Adeptus Mechanicus bore-hives, stalking mobs of greenskins through the twisted scrap dunes, slaughtering them in bombed-out manufacturums and in the depths of yawning strip mines.

Since starting their guerilla war, the Fangs of Ulfrich have eradicated scores of Ork mobs. The true account of their victories is known only to them, for on the rare occasion that they cross paths with another Imperial force they maintain an ominous silence. Only when launching an attack do they allow their inner beasts to be given voice, shouting blood-chilling cries that echo across the battlefield, announcing to their foes that death has come for them.

The kill team takes its name from Ulfrich Wyrmslayer, who was selected by Ragnar Blackmane to be its leader. Though grizzled in his countenance, this Reiver Pack Leader embodies the noble warrior culture of Fenris through his unflagging selflessness and dedication to those he leads. He has personally saved each member of his kill team more than once, and adamantly refuses to abandon any battle-brother, no matter the circumstances. In terms of demeanour, the charismatic Olaf Icefang is the polar opposite of Ulfrich, and is notable amongst Reivers for the fact that he has been known – on occasion – to smile as he charges his opponents. Leif Thunderhowl is typically the first battle-brother into the fray, prowling ahead of the kill team and signalling when he sights an enemy, whereas Erik Trollbane is the last to leave a combat zone, hanging back to ensure that every last crevice and ruin is cleansed of lurking xenos.





Amidst choking clouds of smog, the Reivers exchange fire with a kill team of Genestealer Cultists that has crawled up from the shadows below.



Whilst stalking their greenskin foes, the Fangs of Ulfrich come across a Drukhari raiding party that has come to torture the defenders of Vigilus.



THE HUNTERS GATHER

Even before arriving on Vigilus, the Fangs of Ulfrich had distinguished themselves as an elite terror squad specializing in shock-and-awe warfare. Each of the battle-brothers in the kill team has a long and storied saga, and they draw upon their unique skills and experiences to better eradicate their enemies.

M41 THE STYGIUS CRUSADE

Tasked with Terror

The Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane selects from amongst the Reiver packs in his Great Company the most savage and stubborn battle-brothers, forming them into kill teams. One such kill team, the Fangs of Ulfrich, are deployed as part of Operation Prismata, and are sent deep into enemy territory to disrupt the sorcerous machinations of the Thousand Sons.

Mark of Mutation

On the death world of Chroma, the Fangs of Ulfrich track enormous processions of Tzaangors, butchering any of the Tzeentchian mutants that stray from their flock. The kill team soon discovers that the creatures are migrating towards a series of flux-cairns arrayed in a pattern similar to the sigil borne by the Sect of the Reflected Ones. Erik Trollbane rigs the shock grenades of his battle-brothers to explode with the resonance frequency of the flux-cairns, and one by one the Fangs demolish these profane monuments, sending the Tzaangors into screaming disarray.

Cold Vengeance

When one of his reconnoitring Reivers is devoured by a Heldrake, Ulfrich swears an oath to destroy the beast in vengeance. His kill team bait the Heldrake over several leagues, leading it high into the mountain passes at Chroma's southern pole. Having laced the peaks with seismic charges, Ulfrich triggers an avalanche that buries the winged Daemon Engine, and with the help of his Fangs proceeds to tear the Heldrake to shreds.

Vanguard Assassin

While on scouting detail, Leif Thunderhowl sends word to the Fangs of Ulfrich that he has located a tower that is being veiled by an illusory ward. The Fangs move on the tower, quickly picking up the scent of nine Rubric Marines stationed at its entrances. The illusory ward suddenly falls, allowing the Reivers to obliterate the guarding Thousand Sons. No sooner than they have done so, Leif descends from the tower, the head of an Aspiring Sorcerer held in his hand.

M41 ADRIFT IN THE WARP

Waste Not

A momentary breach of the *Wind of Fimmir's* Geller field allows a gaggle of Pink Horrors to materialise inside the ship. The anarchic Daemons lollop through the corridors spouting gouts of flame while the Blackmanes set about hunting them down. When the last Daemon has been vaporised, an inventory of damage and remaining supplies is conducted. Olaf Icefang admits that he did not spend a single bolt during the hunt, though the stench of brimstone on his combat knife indicates he has slain more than his share of Horrors.

Trust No One

The *Wind of Fimmir* emerges in open space and receives a distress call from an Aeldari vessel. Some of the Blackmanes think the ship may be of the craftworld that aided the Imperial forces in Stygius, and see it as their duty to fulfil a battle debt. But Erik Trollbane convinces the Battle Leader that no xenos can be trusted in these circumstances.

His instincts are proven right, for the alien craft reveals itself as a Drukhari raiding vessel looking for fresh prey. The *Wind of Fimmir* opens fire and blasts the sadistic fiends from existence.

M41 WAR ZONE VIGILUS

Lone Wolves

Having arrived on Vigilus, the majority of the Blackmanes move to eradicate the Genestealer Cult infestation in Oteck Hivespawl, but the Battle Leader Haldor Icepelt gives the Fangs of Ulfrich free rein to continue with the mode of warfare for which they were assembled. Ulfrich leads his kill team to the Adeptus Mechanicus continent of Megaborealis, where their mobile terror tactics can be put to use hunting down the mobs of Orks that have swarmed the region.

Terror Unseen

After being driven back into a vast strip mine by Space Marines of the Iron Hands Chapter, a multitude of Orks find their way into Megaborealis' subterranean tunnel networks. Ulfrich and his Fangs descend into the darkness of these tunnels and begin hunting the greenskins down, mob by mob.

Fire and Ice

As they stalk the industrial sprawls of Megaborealis, the Fangs of Ulfrich hear of a Burna Boyz mob renowned for their especially egregious displays of violence. The leader of this mob is known as Krogskull Drakka, and he and his Boyz have sown destruction through Imperial territory since the Orks first arrived on Vigilus. Ulfrich swears an oath that these greenskins will at last meet their end.

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They are the defenders of Humanity and the Emperor's Angels of Death. They are the Space Marines of the Adeptus Astartes.

The Adeptus Astartes are the Imperium's mightiest warriors, genetically augmented super-soldiers created to fight the most terrifying enemies in the galaxy. Armed with the finest wargear and conditioned to know no fear, they seek out and destroy the enemies of Mankind, killing without mercy in the name of the Emperor.

This booklet details the sagas of the Fangs of Ulfrich, a terror-inducing kill team from the Space Wolves Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes. It explores the history of this elite pack of hunters, providing a look at their most notable encounters and storied battle-brothers.

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