Teaser 19-12-2019

**The Storm before the Apocalypse**

*Your arrogance is only equalled by your lack of imagination, parasite.*

*The moment you tried to lay down the foundations of your grand trap, you utterly failed to account for one possibility.*

*You thought I was willing to play by your rules once more.*

*I am not. Unlike you, I have learned the lessons of the past. This is one of the many, many differences between someone like me and a psychic mass of dark ambition like you.*

*You think you have won. I wonder how you can be so conceited to think this is true. Are you creating a new order for this galaxy? No. When your slaves drag a new world into the Warp, your talons and claws are capable of nothing but corruption and destruction.*

*You call yourself a God of Change, but that is a lie, like everything you are. You corrupt. You kill. You betray. You lie. You don’t provide any power or knowledge. You steal it and pray the robbery will not be discovered before you have the opportunity to sell it to a naive buyer.*

*You are a merciless abomination, the sins of the old stellar empires. You are everything I stand against. You are hypocrisy and lies. You are a cancer ruining the lives of trillions of souls.*

*I deny you.*

*You are not a God. Assuming such entities truly exist, you are not and never will be one. Unlike many beings in this galaxy, I am old enough to remember a time when you and your fellow Immaterium predators were Three, not Four.*

*I was there when the folly of the Aeldari gave birth to a construct of depravation, excess, self-indulgence and decadence.*

*I was there and I have not forgotten.*

*You think the scream of its birth scared me. You are completely wrong. It gave me hope.*

*You are not invincible. You are not omniscient. You are unable to give anything but poison for the bodies and the souls of the humans I reign over.*

*The nine plans you prepared for Pavia reeked of this arrogance and lack of innovation capability. You would try to destroy the invasion fleet by deceit, betrayal, sorcery methods, pushing unwilling and willing slaves on the battlefield to win a semi-victory. At the same time, you prepared reinforcement fleets, an ignorant pawn, and if all else failed, tearing apart the star and the surrounding area to let pass your hordes.*

*You may have noticed this is not going to happen like you wanted. The Serpent, with some prodding from my agents, has ruined a great part of your plans. Weaver has ruined many, many others. Your slaves have been massacred. Your altars are destroyed. Your secret bases are burned. Your prisoners have been freed or given the mercy of death at long last.*

*You can still raise the storm and breach the veil separating Materium and Immaterium, of course. But that would be dangerous for you, no? The Necron World-Engine has quite a few pylons to prevent exactly this sort of intervention, and overloading them would require so much energy it would leave you vulnerable to the other Three.*

*And somehow, I don’t think the other parasites will congratulate you for placing them in this situation.*

*So hear me, abomination. The future is not written in advance. You and your fellow predators of the Empyrean have not won. You do not control Fate, Hope, or Destiny.*

*I am the Emperor of Mankind, and I deny you.*

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*The Imperial Navy strategists believed it would take half a year to crack the outer defences of Pavia and teach these pirates the lesson they deserved.*

*Under the guidance of Lady Weaver, we have done it in fifty hours.*

*I don’t think there has been such a one-sided triumph in Ultima Segmentum in the last century. Our forces have smashed apart ten pirate fleets, convinced one to surrender with weapons and supplies, and one has run with its tails between its legs, as befits the Eldar.*

*The numbers are so huge I think the Munitorum and the Administratum are going to have fits of seizure when they will see the official communiqués. Four battleships, ten grand cruisers, seven battlecruisers, eleven heavy cruisers, one hundred and thirty cruisers and carriers, one hundred and thirty-five light cruisers, over six hundred and fifty frigates, corvettes and destroyers, and thirteen thousand-plus starfighters/bombers are the preliminary casualty pirate figures which are considered minimal by the Admirals.*

*And even they pale below the destruction and capture of thirty-five significant pirate bases, and the capture of two Malta Starforts. In fifty hours, we have destroyed the equivalent of several centuries of pirate infrastructure and made sure they will no longer have the means to threaten the worlds of the God-Emperor. I say they won’t have the means, but they won’t have the numbers either. The minimal estimates are that we killed seven million greenskins, one million Kroot, two million Sheed, thirty-two million traitors and heretics, one hundred thousand Eldar, and five million of diverse xenos species.*

*This is the kind of battles where legends are made, and the inner system is waiting for us. Already there are rumours the bonuses are going to be tripled provided we continue at our usual performance level. We are going to win, I know it...with these commanders nothing is impossible.*

Extract of Fifth Lieutenant Derrick’s diary, officer serving on the *Indomitable Resolution*, published in 324M35.