

Tab 1

# The Arrakyn Dynasty

Homebrew of @youraverageskeletor on discord, or @youraverageskeletors\_art on instagram

This is very much a “state of” document for my homebrew from the perspective of the modern timeline of 40k. The narrative that I am currently in the process of writing is still pre-fall of Cadia, but eventually will catch up to the present day as it evolves.

- This Homebrew doc will be updated as time goes on, everything here is just what I have planned regarding my narrative story, which is very much a WIP.
- All art used is my own, unless stated otherwise in which the artist will be credited

Lastly, to @the.god.emperors.new.groove on instagram (Inaqar pretty much everywhere else), thanks for getting me into the world of Warhammer homebrewing. Couldn't have done it without the push you gave.

With that out of the way, enjoy!

## Links to Narrative Writing

Main Story:

☰ When Twin Suns Aligned

Short Stories:

☰ "The Vow" - by Your Average Skeletor

## Dynastic Overview

The Arrakyn Dynasty is a smaller dynasty hidden deep within the galactic core. They were late to awaken, having only started showing signs of activity in 898.M41 after their slumber was disturbed by scouting heretek priests. Shortly after the early phases of awakening, they were immediately set upon by a fleet of thousand sons and dark mechanicum causing all but a single ship bearing the princes, inner circle of nobility, and a single legion to be lost. As of 998.M41, the original systems of the Dynasty have been retaken and are under the control of the twin Lord-Phaeron Nheta and Ratehn. With the creation of the Cicatrix Maledictum, the systems of the dynasty have once more been drowned in the chaotic energies of the warp. As a response, the Lord-Phaeron, after cleansing their systems of warp taint, have begun to gather their strength to lead a war against the forces of the warp, with the ultimate aim of shattering the very Chaos Gods themselves, even if it takes until the rest of eternity to do so.

*“Come Lord-Brother, let us show these vermin who have infested this galaxy who its true rulers are. Lest they forget that we are the Necron. That is was we who have shattered more than a dozen gods. What then is four more?”*

- Lord-Phaeron Nheta and Ratehn, overseeing the gathering of their warfleet, 034.M42

## Physical Description and Specialties

The necrons of the dynasty are constructed of a hardened necrodermis which superficially resembles old brass and bronze, with a green glow emanating from their coreflux. Most all incorporate blackstone into their construction usually replacing shoulder plates, or acting as pauldrons on higher ranking members. Nobles often have various parts of their construction and dress plated in gold, and most still drape themselves in metallic green nanofilament garments fashioned after the regal clothing of the times of flesh.

The Necrons of this dynasty, due to the bodily integration of blackstone, fare much better against enemies connected to the energies of the warp even without the assistance of blackstone pylons or other structures. Heavily armored lychguard and nobility are capable of producing strong enough fields to limit even the strongest of sorcerers and warlocks to only basic spells, and completely cripple anything less than a greater daemon. These abilities come at a cost that they take more energy to resurrect and repair.

The Arrakyn Dynasty is also known for their production of advanced canoptek constructs. Originally born out of need to offset their low population, the crypteks of the dynasty have spent much effort into the research and construction of machine constructs, aided by their ready access to rare minerals. The most prominent of these being their great Hierotek Wyrms constructs. These gargantuan, multi-kilometer long boring machines can drill deep into the cores of planets if necessary and store millions of tonnes of material for refining. While their ability to gather resources are largely unnecessary in the present day, these ancient machines are still deployed for their ability to undermine fortresses, and devour even titans from below.

The greatest weakness and strength of the dynasty lies within its Lord-Phaeron. They are young, brash, and naive at times. Perpetually stuck in late adolescence, they prefer to lead from the front using their massive size and power to overwhelm their opponents. This reckless zeal is what has led them to reconquer their tombworlds and thrust their dynasty onto the galactic stage. However, this same zeal can lead them to fall for traps and clever strategy, or be manipulated into disagreements with each other, halting any advance on their part.

## Culture

The Arrakyn Dynasty are considered to be traditionalist in their views. In the times of flesh, the old religion of the Necrontyr played a large role within the dynasty. Legend says that Jzantek, the first phaeron of the dynasty, made a covenant with the old gods. In it, he pledged the loyalty and the loyalty of his bloodline and his people to them, in exchange that they might be victorious in rebelling against the Nekthyst Dynasty and find shelter amongst the stars. Even now after their gods have long since died, consumed along with their souls by the C'tan, a certain respect is given to them and specific rituals are still performed. They place great emphasis on order and lineage and upsets to this order are taboo in the minds of the nobility though not entirely unprecedented given the nature of Necron politics and their long history. Phaerekh Sekhmez sees the culture of the Necrontyr as the true soul of the people which was sacrificed with biotransference, and as such had labored diligently with her archaeovists to preserve as much of that history and tradition as possible.

Given their relative isolation to the other dynasties, they have developed a subtle but distinct accent that has been carried even through biotransference. To those unfamiliar with the

complexities of the necron language it is effectively unnoticeable, but to the necrons of other dynasties it comes off as somewhat unrefined or gauche. It is also this same remoteness which has given rise to a general attitude of tenacity and stubbornness in the face of struggle or strife.

Under the Lord-Phaeron Nhetar and Ratehn, the goals and focus of the dynasty have shifted to more militaristic aims. They hold loyalty to the Silent King out of reverence to the traditional order, but not out of personal respect. While it was one of the personal desires of their late mother and a large portion of the nobility to return to flesh, the Lord-Phaeron are conflicted on such matters, mostly due to their conjoined nature. The Lord-Phaeron have one major goal: to see the four Chaos Gods brought low, to heel, and shattered like the C'tan of old. The sheer force of their united twinned heka has bled down into the lower clasts of the dynasty, birthing a fervor for war. Not just destruction, but of conquest, subjugation, and to vassalize the lesser races of the galaxy under the stable, immortal hands of the Necron.

## Location and Systems

The Arrakyn Dynasty is located in a deep recess near the galactic core, and is a part of the greater Sagittarius A\* system. Within this small pocket of relative calm are four star systems holding the 15 tombworlds of the dynasty.

### Arrakyn System - the Crown system

This system was known for its striking binary suns. Alignments of these primary celestial bodies were seen as great omens for times ahead.

- **N'het** - the greater sun ~1.3 solar masses
- **N'ra** - lesser sun ~ .85 solar masses
  - As of 998.M41 this system is no longer a binary star system, but rather a black hole lies at its center with the two previous stars currently being devoured and making up its accretion disk.
- **Naz'rhagul the Crownworld**
  - Also known as The Onyx Gem of the Arrakyn Crown, Naz'rhagul is the crownworld of the small dynasty. It is the most populous of all the tombworlds containing just under 20% of all the necrons of the dynasty. The majority of its surface is covered in a vast desert of mostly noctilith sand, giving the planet the appearance of onyx or rough obsidian from space, and is under the dominion of Overlord Iset.
  - The crownworld is hardwired to listen and protect the current Phaeron or Phaerekh, as long as the planet remains it will not let them be destroyed.
  - Contains vast libraries which chronicle the long and ancient history of the dynasty along with much of its knowledge. These libraries with time have slowly lost entire centuries worth of information, mostly due to file corruption, but as a whole are largely intact. They are also safeguarded with several firewalls and the deepest secrets can only be brought to light through the direct approval of the Phaeron or Phaerekh



- **Ezerbhal**
  - Second largest tombworld
  - Was initially under the dominion of Overlord Osormun
  - Similar composition to Naz'rthagul, lots of raw noctilith and heavy metals
- **Gadak'azar**
- **Gadak'grund**
  - Each are large moons of the brown dwarf Gadak Prime - A massive brownish red failed star within orbit of the binary pair
  - Each have large structures use to siphon metallic hydrogen and helium from the brown dwarf Gadak Prime
- **Zan'jakir**
  - Upon Awakening it was discovered the tombworld of Zan'jakir was missing along with many of the orbits of the planets in the crown system being altered. Zan'jakir was later found as a rogue planet and used as a bargain with the Nephrekh Dynasty in return for their assistance and hand of their princess Imareph who was later married as consort to the twin princes. In the times of flesh it served as a necrontyr equivalent to a forge world and as such locked deep beneath its surface contain many of the advanced war-engines of the dynasty.

### **Balkhet System**

- **Djoshur**
- **Am'rha**
- **Shadar**
- **El'ashkumen**

### **Khalahetan System**

- **Soleb**
- **Azhdahra**
- **Agosh**
- **Heslon**

### **Araunah System**

- **Beth'elkhan**
- **Nehoret**

# Important Characters and Organization

## Phaerekh Sekhmez



- Art by Inkary

*"My people, the hour is at hand. These invaders have come from distant stars, having arisen in the intermission of our slumber. And though we have lost much already, let us be stalwart in the face of these overwhelming odds. Let us remind these invaders that while their kind were still evolving out of primitive forms, we built an empire ascendant. That we waged wars to last eons, and shattered the very gods of this realm, binding them to our will. That we are the Necrontyr. That we shall defend what is rightfully ours to the end. And if this day we taste the bitter cup of defeat then we shall drink it. For we have already marched to our graves, once in chains, now in defiance."*

- Phaerekh Sekhmez, rallying her troops in defense of the crownworld, 898.M41

Phaerekh Sekhmez inherited the Arrakyn crown as its 384th bearer at a young age. For many years as she ruled, her sole desire was to conceive and bear her own child, in which she struggled greatly. After having suffered years of treatments, a stillborn daughter, and a miscarriage, she was finally able to bear her conjoined twin sons, Nheta and Ratehn. Having been older in age by the time her sons were born, she began to create a digital record of her memories for her sons to remember her by should she die before she could teach them all the lessons they would need to become strong, capable phaerons. By the time of biotransference,

she had already begun to see the early signs of cancerous growths, pushing aside her conflicted thoughts in the hopes she might live forever with her sons.

With the death of the necrontyr and the coming of the great sleep, Sekhmez sought to preserve the culture of the necrontyr as much as possible including the ancient pre-c'tan religion. Upon awakening, one of her desires was to continue in much of the same cultural practices. Unfortunately for her and the rest of the dynasty with the invasion of Apophys Rho in 898.M41, she would be captured and imprisoned under the rule of the exalted sorcerer as a self-sacrifice that her sons might escape.

For the greater part of a century she would be held captive and tortured by the archmagos Lolthera Omicron in order to gain greater access to the deeper and more secure parts of the tomb palace and the vast wealth of information within. Upon extracting everything she could out of her, Lolthera tossed the former Phaerekh into the deep recesses of the tomb. It would be there after everything she had suffered she would fall to the flayer virus.

However, she was not alone; other necron flayers, traversing the ghostwind, were drawn to her. There she would be reborn as a matriarch and flayer queen, viewing her subjects as her literal children. When Nheta and Ratehn began their assault on Naz'rhagul, it would be this force striking from below that would, in the end, allow them to retake their rightful throne.

Sekhmez upon being discovered by her sons would be put to rest once more. She was cleaned and laid back in her sarcophagus to sleep until the Lord-Phaeron could find a way to cure her affliction of the flayer virus. Thus far they have proven unsuccessful, but until the end of time they will search.

*"My... sons... My... glor-i...ous... sons... Rise... my children... thine elder... brothers have returned to us. Let us... shout praises... thy brothers yet live... and shall rule and reign in this house... forever."*

- Sekhmez the Flayer Queen, calling her kin at the arrival of the Lord-Phaeron, 998.M41

## Lord-Phaeron Nhetar and Ratehn



*“Exalted Sorcerer, since you refuse to leave our worlds and our people,” (Ratehn)*

*“And have torn them asunder.” (Nhetar)*

*“We see fit to judge and condemn you, and send forth every horror, every plague, every weapon, every curse, upon you, upon your cabal, upon your slaves, upon your chattel, upon your works, upon your house, into your sleep, into your dreams! Until you break! Until you yield!”*

*“I SEND MY SCOURGE!”*

*“I SEND MY SWORD!”*

*“THUS, saith the Lord-Phaeron.” (in unison)*

- Lord-Phaeron Nhetaratehn, over Naz’rhagul sending their final message to the Sorcerer, Archmagos, and their forces on the planet below, 998.M41

Born during the alignment of the twin suns of Naz’rhagul, Nhetar and Ratehn were conjoined since birth. Due to additional complications, they were crippled all their life and even in their adolescence welcomed biotransference.

As Apophys and his forces rained down upon the crownworld, the princes were forcibly detained, torn from their mother at her command, and taken upon the vessel, *The Herald of Vengeance*, which would become their escape from total destruction. From that day they swore to retake their tombworlds and exact revenge upon the sorcerer and his forces at any cost.

Fortunately for the young princes, they would have the aid and direction of their mother's inner circle of advisors to guide them along their burgeoning warpath. They began to forge out of necessity many unlikely alliances with Eldar, T'au, and Techpriest alike, to build up their forces to the strength needed to besiege an entire dynasty of worlds.

On this path of forging alliances, they would meet their eventual consort, Imareph of the Nephrekh Dynasty, she having been promised to them since the times of flesh as a part of an arrangement orchestrated by their parents. In time, she and they would prove to be a complimentary match.

Nhetar and Ratehn are complete opposites in their personalities. Even in the times of flesh this was the case, but in biotransference their differences were only further exacerbated. Of the two brothers, Nhetar is more direct and passionate, it is his will and drive which often pushes the two forward. Ratehn, on the other hand, is calculated and more level-headed. It is he who often bridles the pair from being too rash in their decision making. However, this balance is delicate, and often the cause of frequent arguments. In the course of their travels across the galaxy, these differences became too much to bear, forcing the two to seek the great Illuminor Szeras to separate them once and for all.

After their separation, each brother took half of their remaining forces and parted ways for a number of decades. It was in this separation their reliance on their other half became apparent. Nhetar, completely unchecked, would fall to the impulses of the destroyer cult, bringing many of his forces down the dark path of destruction. Ratehn would retreat from all except their consort Imareph, spending his days in anxious study and avoiding the responsibilities he was called to bear. It would be Imareph who would confront him and force him to realize how far he had fallen and how much he needed his complimentary brother. Stepping forth from his self-imposed isolation, Ratehn located his brother's army stranded upon a dead world they had conquered. There he would confront Nhetar, helping him to realize how much they needed each other, and ultimately convincing him to rejoin as one body.

With the reunification of the princes, they were finally seen as worthy by El'Mekha to succeed their mother and officially crowned and ordained as Lord-Phaeron, a collective title as according to Arrakyn law only one can hold the office and title of Phaeron. Ratehn is in technicality the Phaeron, with Nhetar being an overlord. In practice they rule as one over their small forces leading them to ultimate victory over the Exalted Sorcerer, though at great personal sacrifice.

The loss of their beloved consort and laying their mother to rest once more, took its toll on the young rulers. However, they remained steadfast in rebuilding their torn and battered dominion. With the opening of the great rift, their resolve has only deepened. They shall never know peace until the empyrean and material world are separated once more. So now, they lead a great and terrible war host against the warp, slowly carving out a section of space free of its taint, one planet and system at a time.

*"According to my calculations, we spent just over eighty years together. More than the lifetime of 90% of all life within this galaxy."*

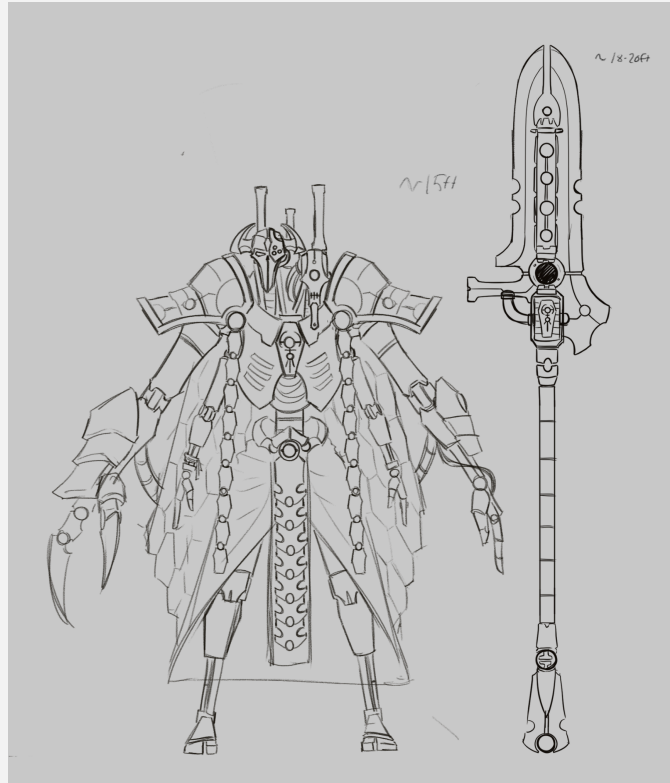
**"Not enough..."**

*"Yes... not enough indeed brother. Even eternity, I fear, would be too short, but fret not. Above the skies of Naz'rthagul,"*

**“Beyond the Dark Star,”**

*“Beyond that microcosm which we orbit about. I hear her voice, She serenades us still, let me play it for you that we may both partake.”*

- Ratehn and Nhetar reflecting on the fate of their beloved consort, 999.M41



The Lord-Phaeron after their reunion and with their great spear, *The Staff of Singularity*

## Consort Astromancer Imareph



*“Ah the Stars, what more can I say of them that has not already been said by the poets of ancient days. They are as eternal as the universe, from them were all elements made. Why do so many seek divinity elsewhere than from the very forges of all creation? Than the very beings whose motions govern all those below them. Most see only light and matter, but I look to their grand dance across the vast waters of the void and find the music of the cosmos.”*

- Astromancer Imareph’s musings on astromancy and the nature of the stars, 906.M41

Born from one of his several concubines, Imareph was one of the youngest of the many daughters of Sylphek, phaeron of the Nephrekh Dynasty. From an early age, she knew she was unlikely to inherit a prominent title on birth alone and sought to earn a place on the phaeronic counsels through the path of the cryptek. The stars were the subject of her study, and in them she found knowledge not just in their awesome power, but also signs of events yet to come. While her abilities paled in comparison to the greats such as Orikan the Diviner, they were enough to warrant her a seat of power and a title within the dynasty as chief Astromancer.

When biotransference came, she took the opportunity to augment herself, casting aside plantigrade legs for a lower half resembling a twin-tailed scorpion, in similitude of the constellation of her birth. With the awakening of the dynasty, she lamented the loss of her father’s sanity, nonetheless, she continued her studies in replicating the transcendental power of the stars and awaited the arrival of a pair of brazen twins.

The coming of the Arrakyn Dynasty’s royalty was foretold by the stars more than two decades before their arrival, and in those same stars she knew she was to leave with them. When she first looked upon the visage of the twin princes, the flash of a long faded memory came to her mind and confirmed to her that they were a match foreordained millions of years ago. In order to aid negotiations, she helped the princes and their remaining dynasty locate the lost tombworld of Zan’jakir which would be given to the Nephrekh Dynasty as the price to pay for her hand in marriage and to forge an alliance between the dynasties.

At first her relationship with Nhetar and Ratehn was rather difficult, often feeling like a third wheel to their interpersonal conflicts. In time she would steal the affection of both and grow to appreciate their eccentricities. She was an intellectual rival to Ratehn, often comparing and contrasting their sister disciplines of astromancy and voidmancy, and had a bubbly passion to compliment Nhetar's forward and direct personality. When they split it hurt her greatly but she was ultimately forced to pick a side, and chose to go with Ratehn. After several decades, she implored the two to reconcile and was officially married according to Arrakyn law to her husbands in 972.M41 as a part of their coronation ceremony.

During the final climactic battle, the exalted sorcerer having transformed into a great daemonic serpent injured the Lord-Phaeron nearly delivering a permanent death to them. Imareph, foreseeing this outcome, absorbed the power of the Astrolabe of Yggra'nya, a sacred relic of the Nephrekh entrusted to her, to unite with and ascend herself power of a veritable god. With that power, the entity once known as Imareph would aid her husbands to defeat the terrible greater daemon, but not without great cost. Imareph was able to leave them with a parting prophecy that one day they would be reunited, before quickly travelling to the center of the Arrakyn system. The sheer amount of energy within her was collapsing into a singularity and forming a blackhole which would devour the twin suns above the skies of Naz'rhagul.

From then on the Lord-Phaeron would stare up at the small black void and the blinding accretion disk surrounding it, yearning to be with her once more. They still believe her to speak to them in the form of gravitational waves, that when translated into audio sound as if the dark star itself is singing its somber aria.

*"Another place, another time. When the great wheel of the cosmos turns, when the age of stars shall fade and the Necron and dark stars in their eternal vigil remain. At the end of this round and the beginning of the next. That is where you shall find me, my beloved twin stars... until we meet again."*

- Imareph's parting words to Nhetar and Ratehn, 998.M41



## Grand Nemesor Rakshut



- Art by Inkary

*"I still remember it, as clear as day. The moment I took upon this shield and armor. The day of your mothers ascension I made a vow to her, that as long as I stand I shall protect my phaerekh and her lineage, as had my predecessors in ages past. I have already failed once, my nephews, and this day I make that same vow to you my Lord-Phaeron, and I intend never to fail again."*

- Grand Nemesor Rakshut to his conjoined nephews at their coronation, 972.M41

Rakshut, the Grand Nemesor of the Arrakyn Dynasty and brother of Phaerekh Sekhmez, is archetypical of everything the dynasty values. Steadfast and loyal to a fault, Rakshut, with his heavy blackstone armor and dispersion shield, stands immoveable against any foe material or immaterial.

As a young man he stood by his elder sister as she took the throne, never desiring the seat for himself. He supported her daily, helping her to bear the burdens which were placed upon her. When biotransference came, he felt the sacrifice more than most, losing not just his soul but the love of his life, a warrior under his service whose sapience was erased in the conversion. Nonetheless, bound by honor he continued his service without falter.

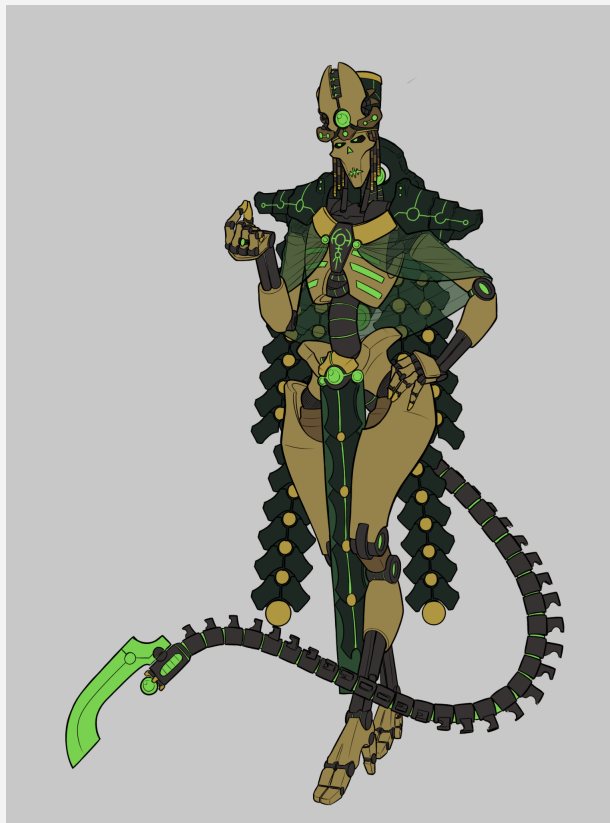
With the fall of the dynasty, he managed to escape along with the twin princes albeit only at the behest of his sister. From then on he served the princes as advisor and teacher on all matters concerning war. In that function he was a brutal instructor, the immortal bodies of the Necron allowing their sparring matches to go to lethal blows without causing a permanent death.

Outside of that duty, he cares quite deeply for the safety of his nephews, willing to risk anything to protect them.

Rakshut's personality can best be described as straightforward, conservative, and stubborn. Much like the armor and shield he bears, when his mind is made, he stands nearly immovable. This had led him to frequent arguments with both his fellow advisors, Iset and El'Mekha. When the twin princes split, he sided with Nhetar in the hopes his even keeled temperament could steady the volatile prince. However, his efforts were largely in vain as he saw both his nephew and fellow warriors descend into the madness of the destroyer cult. He and a select few were the lone bastion of sanity to greet Ratehn and his forces when he came to reconcile with his lost brother.

During the final battle to reclaim their crownworld, Rakshut contended with the Heretek Archamagos Lolthera-Omicron and mid battle reunited with his sister Sekhmez, now covered in the skins of slaves and reborn as a flayer queen. After she was laid to rest once more, the Lord-Phaeron entrusted him with the sacred Blade of Jzantek, judging his steadfast hands to be a worthy heir of its power.

## Overlord Iset



*"There is a great work ahead of us. Our enemies are many, and our allies few. Even amongst our own race, we cannot afford to make a single misstep. No, our actions must be decisive and precise. Something our little princes seem to fail to understand. Whether they like it or not, they stand to inherit their mother's kingdom, and I will not see it fall, not now, not ever. I will see to it*

*that the legacy of this dynasty stands as eternal as our immortal bodies. Regardless of the consequences of the actions I must take to ensure its survival."*

- Overlord Iset planning the reconquest of the dynasty, 899.M41

Iset since the times of flesh was a close friend and confidant to Sekhmez, and has served her diligently as overlord of the crownworld. She also served as her primary political advisor and head of the deathmark and other clandestine operations.

Cold and calculated, Iset prefers long range weaponry to the perceived vainglorious and foolhardy approach of melee. That is not to say she is incompetent in close quarters combat as she has modified her body to possess extreme flexibility and dexterity for a necron. Her wargear is both fashionable and functional. Her headdress serves to assist in aiming her specialized synaptic disintegrator rifle, and the plates which make up her cape allow her to bend light around her as a form of, by necron standards, primitive stealth. Her long prehensile tail has many uses both as a form of communication in body language, and as a deadly fifth appendage capable of slicing enemies with precision strikes.

Her mentality extends not just in the physical but also to the political. Charismatic and observant, she is a potent manipulator and a commander of the Necron language. When words fail, she is more than willing to send the many deathmarks in her service to do her dirty work, or take up arms herself.

However, it is this same high strung personality which has led her to numerous conflicts between her fellow nobility, most often Rakshut. If Rakshut is a greatsword, then she is a scalpel. Often it is El'Mekha who begrudgingly has to mediate their heated arguments.

While she does care for the twin princes, she harbors no need to coddle them for their inexperience or naivete. She critiques their faults and failures with exactness, holding them up to the high standard they ought to be if they are to succeed their mother. In a strange coincidence, when they split she sided with Rakshut and left with Nhetar in a vain attempt to corral his fiery temperament, her inflexible, composed nature nearly buckling in the decades of service to the burgeoning destroyer lord.

Under the Lord-Phaeron she continues her service, most crucially mediating the inter-dynastic relations of the Arrakyn Dynasty, helping them to integrate with the larger Necron Empire.

## Grand Archaeovist El'Mekha



*“Arise o sons of Jzantek. You have been washed, anointed, and now are worthy to be crowned as Lord and Phaeron over the children of Arrak the first patriarch, who is the grandfather of Selkthet, who is the grandfather of Jzantek. I have judged thou art a true born heir to rule and reign in this house forever. Arise, and may thy rule be eternal, and may thy heka guide us unto deliverance and prosperity once more, may the very stars above in the celestial firmament yield to thy will, for such is the power of the Phaeron.”*

- Grand Archaeovist and High Priest El'Mekha at the coronation of the princes to Lord-Phaeron, 972.M412

Grand Archaeovist El'Mekha in the times of flesh served as the High Priest of the Arrakyn Dynasty and as the chief advisor to Sekhmez in matters historic, scientific, and esoteric. In the times of flesh, he lived to be quite old for a necrontyr, and was brought into the furnaces riddled with tumorous growths. Through biotransference, he took upon himself the sacred form of the serpent and wields cleansing plasma-fire as his weapon.

El'Mekha is a rather eccentric individual. In his role as archaeovist, he is ever vigilant, seeking to record the history of the dynasty, even as it happens, with exactness. However, in matters outside religion, traditions, or history he is quite casual, possessing a sense of humor and humility which belies his active mind.

El'Mekha holds deep respect for the traditions of the Arrakyn Dynasty. Even though the old gods were devoured along with their souls, he still holds reverence out of respect for the dead. It was he who thought Nhetar and Ratehn should not be crowned initially to the position of Phaeron, believing them to be too immature to take up the title proper. When they split he would go with Ratehn, hoping to instruct and coax him into seeking reconciliation. While his efforts might have been in vain, Imareph's were not. With the reunification of the princes, he finally

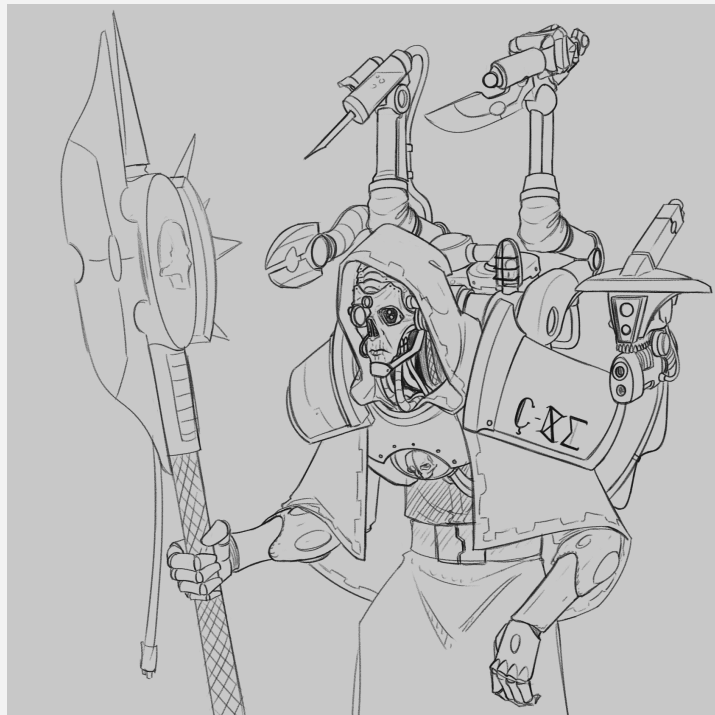
judged them worthy and had a makeshift temple constructed in accordance with the old law. There he would take up the mantle of high priest for a final time, and crown them as Lord-Phaeron, inheritor of the covenant of Jzantek, and marry them to their beloved consort for eternity.

He would lead his forces of crypteks and construct masters at the final battle to retake the crownworld, but his most important job would come afterwards. Devastated at the revelation that Sekhmez had fallen to the flayer virus, he assisted in the cleansing of her body, and laid her to rest once more in her sarcophagus. He continues to research a cure for the techno-disease, but all his efforts thus far have been in vain, much to the disappointment of himself, and his Lord-Phaeron.

## Major Allies

With the fall of Naz'rhagul, the remnants of the Arrtakyn Dynasty allied themselves with various groups and individuals out of necessity. Through becoming privateers and mercenaries they hired themselves out as an expendable army, offering their services in exchange for arms, soldiers, and alliance. (This section will be expanded as I further develop my narrative writing. For now these are their planned major allies which they will meet within the next few chapters.)

### Archmagos Xenologis Cerburax-9Σ



*“Heretek, they called me... one day the inflexible dogmatists of the mechanicum will see. The technology and flesh of the alien is not something to be feared but to be understood. Their knowledge shall aid the evolution of mankind, vaulting our species to our rightful, ascendant place among the stars.”*

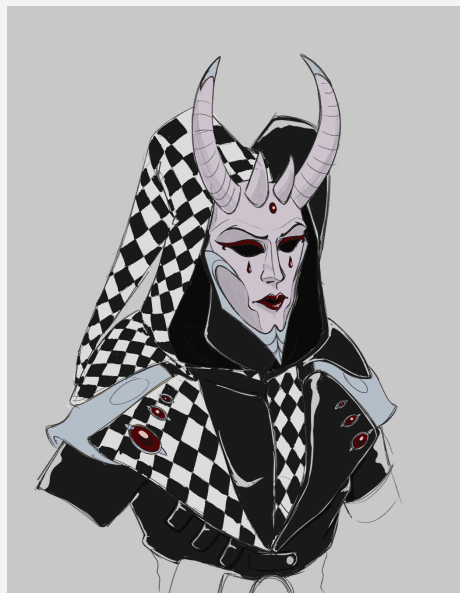
- Written personal musings of Cerburax-9Σ, 873.M41

Once a proud student of Forgeworld Stygies VIII, Cerburax-9Σ fled his homeworld after accusations of heretical work. Soon he found refuge working for the Archmagos Dominus Lolthera-Omicron as her chief biologis and xenology expert. However, Cerburax-9Σ loathed the influence of Chaos Gods, but was able to stave off their influence through the use of his meager supply of blackstone. Knowing that this was only a temporary solution, as the corruption of the warp is inevitable, he plotted his escape.

At the invasion of Naz'rhagul he saw a fortuitous opportunity. Being the first to detect the fleeing vessel of the princes, he offered to take care of the problem for the exalted sorcerer and made his gambit. He tracked the path of their vessel and utilizing the warp and his skeleton crew, cut off the escaping princes and gave them an ultimatum: allowing himself and his underlings to enter into their service in exchange for safety, protection, and access to their xeno sciences. Strapped for allies and expendable forces, the necrons agreed allowing Cerburax-9Σ to serve as their chief advisor regarding the current state of the galaxy and the many alien races which have risen in the time of the great sleep.

Cerburax-9Σ is a rather reserved and timid individual in conversation, though strong in his convictions internally. It is within his writings where the power of his voice truly shines. He augments himself using both alien biology and technology. Incorporating wraithbone, necrodermis, T'au nanocrystal metal, and steel into a single composite form.

## Elisaria Arzebris



*“Pitiable archetypes, your bickering never ceases to entertain. One, which failed to be two, which now fail to be one. Nonetheless, I have not come here to merely witness sibling drama. No, I have come that I might join you for this chapter of your story. For a time our kind were foes, but this sorcerer of yours could make us friends, the damned helping the damned. Ha ha ha... Ah, forgive me for my poor manners, I am called Elisaria, devotee of the Laughing God.”*

- Elisaria Arzebris greeting the twin princes upon the *Veracity of Pain* - 891.M41

Not much can be said for certain regarding Elisaria Arzebris' origins, the truth of which is deliberately veiled by the harlequin, only ever alluding to in allegory the details of her past. All that can be said was it was a deep pain and loss which spurred her on the path of the Solitaire, forever damning herself and taking upon the role of She Who Thirsts in service to Cegorach.

In her journeys across the galaxy, she heard whispers of the Laughing God's guidance bringing her into contact with the twin princes during a counterboard operation upon a Drukhari vessel, the *Veracity of Pain*. She offered herself to join in their cause though not entirely disclosing her reasons for doing so. Begrudgingly the pair accepted, only after they had seen her prowess firsthand.

In the coming century she would instruct and help train the princes to fight foes of and connected to the warp. Her influence would end up impacting the fighting style of the princes, as they would incorporate aeldari techniques adding speed and dramatic flair to their already impressive power. However, as much as she labored with the dynasty, she preferred to stay off their vessel and interact with some of their members as little as possible. Their blackstone armor induced headaches at best, and debilitating sickness in her at worst.

All this work was in service to a greater cause, of which she was always obtuse in describing, even when asked directly. She believes the princes to play a small, but key role in the Final Act of the Laughing God. As such she manipulated and carefully directed them that they might grow to become a powerful warrior and an ally to the Aeldari. However, her machinations were not entirely unnoticed by the ever vigilant Rakshut and observant Iset, which became a source of much friction between her and the Dynasty.

After the recapture of Naz'rthagul feeling satisfied in her work, she left the service of the Lord-Phaeron, though she promised that she would always be watching the pair, standing behind every shadow.

## Shas'el Tash'var Suun



- Art by thirdeyesopropyl on instagram

*“The Necron are a strange race, ancient and proud beyond measure. Nonetheless, it seems like these ones are at least beings of their word, bound by strict oaths. You were not there that day young Shas’ui, when given the choice to serve our masters of metal or condemn ourselves to the worst hell imaginable; well at least to me, the course of the greater good was servitude. Though I may not see the day we are free of this burden and while I may long to once more run through the fields of Tash’var, know this, I do not regret it. I would caution you to be diligent in your service as a warrior of the fire caste, our duty is war, and we fight for our very survival.”*

- Shas’el Tash’var Suun counseling a young subordinate, 915.M41

Suun was born as a fire cast to the frontier sept of Tash’var and proved herself at a young age to be not only a competent warrior, but an excellent strategic commander, if a bit of a hot shot. Her cadre among a few others were captured in a Drukhari raid and stripped of everything. While on their journey back to Commorragh, the Drukhari, seizing an opportunity to gather even more slaves, made a stop upon the imperial agri-world of Rhandaol Lambda. Unfortunately for the Dark Eldar, this action would end up escalating into a full blown conflict between them and the remnants of the Arrakyn Dynasty, who had arrived to gather imperial citizens to fully crew the vessel of their Archmagos ally.

The twin princes would counterboard the *Veracity of Pain* and upon it they would find Suun and her people imprisoned. They would free them and give them quarter on the condition they would swear fealty to the Arrakyn cause, and when they had reconquered their tombworlds they would give them back to the greater T’au empire. She agreed, pledging herself and her subordinates to the Twin Princes then and there.

Suun and the T’au auxiliaries she led would be well treated in the company of the Dynasty. The cadres in her command would slowly be re-armed as the Dynasty would gather more resources, often given a mix of various firearms, mostly of Necron origin, but occasionally sometimes of other xenos origins. While Suun never got to pilot a proper battlesuit again, she was given a mildly unstable, experimental pulse rifle cobbled together by Cerburax-9Σ and a specialized cybercanid to ride into battle.

Suun was always rough around the edges and, though a devout believer in the greater good, would occasionally challenge her superiors when she believed her course of action to be correct. During her service to the twin princes, devoid of the guiding hand of the Ethereals, she and her fellow T’au would struggle wanting to maintain the structure they were familiar with but now largely having the freedom to abandon it. Their new masters cared only that they were loyal to them and that they would fight, anything else was beneath their concerns. This struggle would never be resolved, not in her life nor the life of her descendants.

Suun would pass in 932.M41 of old age. She would request that the now single Prince Ratehn be present at her deathbed. She would thank him for saving her and her people from what would have been an assured tortuous end, and for being generous masters over the course of her service. Per her will, her son, Hon’yu would take up her oath and continue her service. By the battle of Naz’rhagul it was her great granddaughter Ahk’sor who would take up the title of Shas’o of the now many cadres in service to the Lord-Phaeron. With the success of their reconquest, the Lord-Phaeron, true to their word, allowed the now numerous fire warriors to return to the T’au empire. A few of the worlds within the Arrakyn Dynasty were capable of



supporting biological life and a few cadres would stay with the Dynasty with about three-quarters leaving to rejoin their ancestral empire.

## Others

Inaqar the Unbound of the Apotheo Dynasty

Phaeron Sylphekh of the Nephrekh Dynasty

Typhidex of Mortarion's Anvil - temporarily

## Sworn Enemies

Exalted Sorcerer Apophys Rho



- Art by Alexey Potorochin

*"Now is the great day of my power...and none shall dare to oppose me."*

- Apophys Rho standing over the conquered remains of the dynasty, 898.M41

Born a son of Prospero, Amon Rho was selected to join the ranks of the XVth legion towards the end of the great crusade. His hunger for knowledge even then was insatiable, desiring to study under the tutelage of his primarch. With the burning of Prospero, Amon's view of his primarch like his world was forever changed, tarnished and broken.

He kept tenuous ties with the rest of his legion. As a powerful sorcerer he was spared the fate of his less psychically inclined brethren. Amon would spend most of his days as a part of the Cult of Knowledge, deep in research and probing the depths of the warp. It was there he would learn of an entity which would forever change the course of his existence. It was nothing more than wyrm, but it promised a path to achieve all understanding. Such an offer was all too tempting to the sorcerer, and Amon would take the daemon into his body. That day he took a new name after the devouring serpent of myth, Apophys.

Apophys Rho would break away, bringing like minded sorcerers with him from various other cults, forming a cabal which would be known as the Cult of the Prescient Eye. With daemons and rubric marines, these sorcerers would aggressively go out in search for greater knowledge, from all sources including human, daemon, and xenos. It would be in tablets acquired from a desecrated tombworld that Apophys would learn a most interesting truth. That the terrible war engines of the Necron, their most destructive and vaguely humanoid, were not advanced machines nor truly constructs at all. They were the literal shattered remains of ancient gods, and he now knew their name, the C'tan. The nature of such entities, gods not of the warp but of reality, gnawed at Apophys and he hungered to know more.

As fate would have it, he learned of the Warmaster's plan to finally shatter Cadia and foresaw him victorious, creating a great rift across the galaxy. His scouting forces also reported back to him of a system deep in the galactic core containing several Necron tombworlds. Not only that, but they were rich in raw noctilith. A plan formulated in his mind, one which would assist the Warmaster's aims and sate his curiosity.

The exalted sorcerer would gather himself an ally in Archmagos Dominus Lolthera-Omicron, along with suing for favor and borrowing loaned forces from other warbands. Even getting a few from the black legion itself. With this warhost he would conquer the tombworlds, and convert them into planetary sized noctilith crowns. At least that was his pitch to his allies. His goal was to investigate the depths of the Necron's ancient and esoteric knowledge, and should he be fortunate enough, gain an audience with a shard of these star gods.

After his conquest, he found that most of the systems of the Arrakyn Dynasty could only be accessed with Phaeronic approval, and even if he gave a permanent death to Sekhmez, his lackey in the traitorous Overlord Osormun would still be unable to grant him his desires. As such he gave the Phaerekh over to the Archmagos to extract by any means access to their hidden vaults. In the meantime, Osormun, under Apophys' order, would organize the remaining necrons, constructs, and fleshy slaves to begin the necessary demolition and reconstruction to convert the worlds from ones which repelled the warp, into ones which bolstered its power.

Apophys would bide his time venturing deeper into the warp. That wyrm which joined with him gave him knowledge a new ritual, one which would allow him to take knowledge and power from daemons and souls without the need for negotiation or trust. He called this ritual Daemonic Communion, where he would summon forth a creature of the warp and a spectral serpent maw would rise out of him, devouring the creature and incorporating its essence into him. Such a process had drawbacks, he heard their echoing voices in his mind, and his flesh began to mutate as it was no longer fully his. Over his century-long tenure as master of these worlds he would grow increasingly paranoid and detached from his cabal, feasting upon the minds and souls of many lesser daemons.

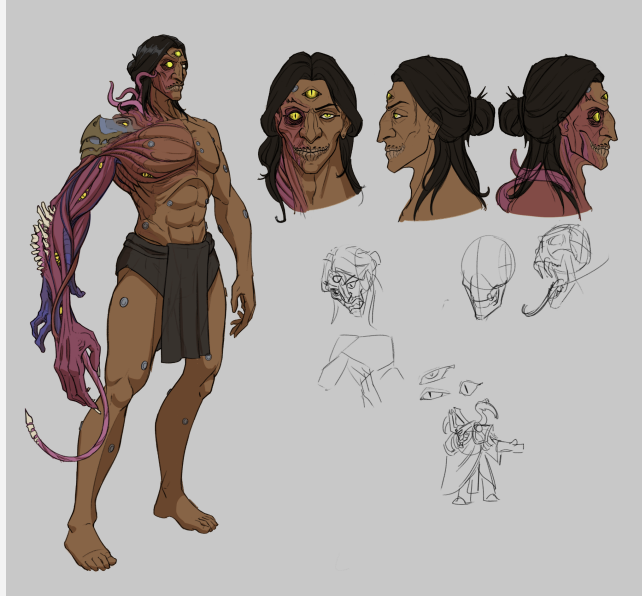
When he was finally granted access to a tesseract vault, he took the opportunity without question. As the gates of the vault opened before him, as if the being knew the desires of the sorcerer, it spouted forth a single phrase in a language he could not comprehend, over and over. When the gate was finally closed once more, his brothers found Apophys on the ground curled up, speaking madness and clawing at his head. He was taken and placed under the care of an apothecary. The next time they would find him, he was brutally tearing apart the marine, consuming his flesh piecemeal. After enough time, however, he seemed to recover from this encounter.

When the Lord-Phaeron's fleet began to approach Naz'rhaugul, Apophys summoned his cabal once more. In the throne room of the Arrakyn Dynasty he would begin his final metamorphosis. Grabbing his head, he dug his fingers into his skull and pulled it apart, his new daemonic form rupturing out of the wound. He would devour them all, glutting himself off their psychic might. Greater Daemons were now his prey and he would delight in the consumption of a Lord of Change.

When the Lord-Phaeron entered into the throne room, they found the massive hall to have practically become one with the warp, and they saw the fetid, writhing serpent king in all of his horrific glory. A great battle would ensue, but in spite of their efforts, Apophys had become more powerful than any daemon prince they had ever heard of, or seen. They would only defeat the warp dragon through the efforts of their consort, who would sacrifice herself and join with them to gain the power of a god. They would impale the great beast, burning his body as it dissolved into dust, granting him a permanent death, or so they believe as with his dying breath Apophys proclaimed, "a serpent never truly dies."

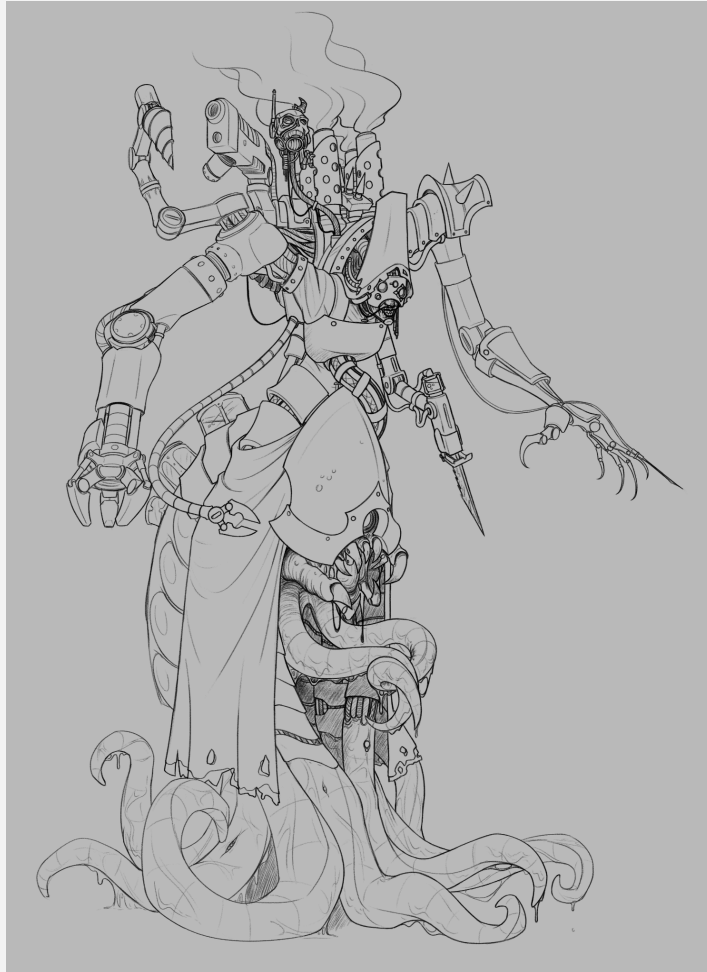
*"You have come, o sons of brass and stone, to take your throne from your usurper. Your kind speaks of right of birth, though I have a word concerning this matter. Contained within these halls I have learned, of that which has been kept well hidden. Fret not dear children for I intend, to reveal what I have been given. Planes of space and planes empyrean, once were joined as one in unity. From this sea were born both stars and souls, a multitude of divinity. Such is the law that when one compares, one is greater and the other less. Yet this is false and the secret is, our natural state is to coalesce. Those gods of stars have whispered to me, that your kind first sewed this division. You gave them their forms and sapience, creating their unbound ambition. Desire never to be fulfilled, a hunger which they can never sate. A path I am familiar with, spurred on by the Architect of Fate. So with His gifts and power I've stole, we will cause a great conflagration. A communion of fire and ash, from which will rise one congregation. Join us as one the Great Serpent King, the Seneschal of Oblivion. The Devourer of Gods and Men, who form a walking crypt stygian. The one great yearns to be whole once more, regress to our primordial state. Come now mighty sons of brass and stone, and you will know of our fearsome hate."*

- The Great Serpent Apophys, speaking to the Lord-Phaeron at their final confrontation, 998.M41



Unarmored Apophys

## Heretek Archmagos Dominus Lolthera-Omicron



*“One of the things I dreaded most back on Mars, was their inability to appreciate the beauty of xenos engineering. The Necron form, or at least the forms of your nobility are truly something to behold, and you, my subject, are no exception. Perfectly calculated curvature, smooth reforming surface metal with zero tolerance machined internals, all equally fascinating. However, there is no need to worry, I do not intend to rush the vivisection. I prefer to take things slow, and we will have plenty of time to become well acquainted.”*

- Archmagos Dominus Lolthera-Omicron beginning her interrogation of Phaerekh Sekhmez, 899.M41

Also known by some as the Kraken, she was originally a tech priestess of mars, but after hearing whispers of the existence of the Arkifane she would tread the path of damnation that she might learn the secrets of such an entity. As a part of this process she underwent an apotheosis, attaching herself to a daemon engine and reborn as Lolthera-Omicron.

In the centuries since, she has served the will of the Arkifane, experimenting and creating ever more destructive amalgamations of daemon, flesh, and metal. Even creating for herself heralds, each one an unholy construct in the image of each of the Four's daemons. Although she denies it, her soul has slowly drifted closer to the arms of Slaanesh over time. She

loves her work, often singing trite tunes as her victims scream in terror and agony. Each one a work of art, she labors in the effort to create the perfect daemonic vessel.

Apophys approached the Archmagos more than a century before the invasion of the Arrakyn Dynasty. He needed her many war engines and fleet of vessels in order to even have a chance of success. Appealing to her destructive and scientific appetites, she agreed to lend him the aid of her legion. The terrible technology of the Necron had always fascinated her, and she was practically salivating at the opportunity to combine such with the powers of the Immaterium.

After the immediate conquest of the crownworld, Lolthera was tasked with extracting as much information from the damaged Phaerekh Sekhmez. For the next eighty years she would keep and torture the Phaerekh, treasuring every day she could visit some new horror upon her beloved prisoner, whom she had developed an obsessive infatuation for. She even created a war engine in the mocking visage of her twin sons out of necrodermis parts, human hosts, astartes geneseed, and warp sorcery. Taunting the Phaerekh by forcing her to endure witnessing the horrific process of the abomination's birth.

Eventually, after getting everything she needed out of the Phaerekh, she began to grow bored with her pet. The Archmagos would use her as a test subject in studying the nature of the flayer virus, and seeing if she could induce it in another necron. Initially signs seemed disappointing and as such she threw her, along with other refuse from previous work into the dark depths of the tomb complex, to be forgotten and clear space for new projects.

Lolthera-Omicron would eventually fall at the final battle for Naz'rthagul. The sibling duo of Rakshut and the Flayer Queen Sekhmez would bring her low, before a giant daemonic hand would close around her from below to drag her down and join with the Great Serpent King.

## Overlord Osormun



*"I think it is about time that Phaerekh Sekmez finally saw that her authority is not as absolute as she thinks it is. No, this is the final abuse of her power, I refuse to be mere chaff in the whirlwind whilst her favored lapdog nobles and crippled sons enjoy escape. I, Osormun, Overlord of Ezerbhal, son of Maharhaz, vow my loyalty to you, Sorcerer. Reward me with her fiefdoms and I will assist your conquest."*

- Overlord Osormun betraying the Arrakyn Dynasty, 898.M41

Overlord of Ezerbhal, Osormun has always held tenuous loyalty to Phaerekh Sekhmez. Quick-witted and observant, he deduced that the Phaerekh was planning to sacrifice the dynasty that her sons and favored circle could escape. From that moment he plotted his betrayal and threw his lot in with the exalted sorcerer and archmagos. As the final wave of forces landed upon the world of Naz'rthagul, he led them with open arms deep into the tomb complex, straight to the throne room.

His traitorous actions were rewarded by the exalted sorcerer who turned him into a subordinate commander of all the Necron forces within the dynasty. Anything Apophys required of him and the other tombworlds Osormun would dutifully fulfil. However, Apophys knew to keep him on a short leash and never let the ambitious coward enjoy any time outside the watchful gaze of his prescient eyes for the entire century of his tenure. When Nheta and Ratehn landed down on the planet to retake their dynasty they contended with Osormun who, for all his taunting and tricks, was put down swiftly by the blade of the true heirs.

## Relics and History

### Relics, Unique Tech, and Constructs

#### Void Render

The great double-bladed phase glaive with a bipolar verdant and violet glow to match its conjoined masters serves as the primary weapon of the twins. Forged during the great War in Heaven, the staff is just over 20 feet in length; a single swing has the heft to tear down even the most resilient of foes. It also serves a dual purpose as a channel for Ratehn's space-warping voidmancy.

During their interim among the stars, the princes, finding their differences too much to overcome, shattered the staff into two large pieces. Symbolic of their physical split, each prince taking one half of the shattered staff with them before parting.

#### Staff of Singularity

At their coronation after their reunion, the now Lord-Phaeron were presented with a new weapon reforged from the remains of their old. Now named the Staff of Singularity, this weapon is a large great spear with an asymmetric double sided blade for its tip powered by a micro-singularity kept within a stasis field.

The staff serves as a perfect blend of the styles and temperaments of the two halves of the Lord-Phaeron. This heavy weapon has the ability to alter its mass allowing it to be swung with surprising deftness or incredible force. Combined with the hyperphase technology of the

Necrons, this blade can cut through several feet of adamantium in a single blow. It also serves as a channel for the space-altering voidmancy of Ratehn. With this as his focus he manipulates the space-time around them, creating temporary wormholes, and hurling nearby debris and foes as literal meteors. The blade is also capable of slicing tears into the fabric of reality causing localized spatial implosions.

### **The Blade of Jzantek**

Also known as the Spear of the Covenant, the Blade of Jzantek is a powerful relic from the very foundation of the dynasty thousands of years before biotransference. It is said that Jzantek during the rebellion that would form the dynasty, forged this weapon as a symbol of a covenant he made with the old Necrontyr gods. Every phaeron and phaerekh since has wielded this weapon in reverence to the old patriarch.

The weapon itself, in addition to being a powerful phase halberd, is capable of channeling great amounts of ambient energy to shoot a beam of concentrated anti-matter up to a few kilometers away. Such an attack takes a while to charge up leaving the user vulnerable as they do so and as such is used sparingly.

After the reconquest of the tombworlds, Rakshut takes up the weapon at the command of his Lord-Phaeron and to honor the sacrifice of his sister Sekhmez.

### **Signet Ring of Sekhmez**

The ring itself is dark gunmetal with a blackstone cartouche on top of it with the Ankh of the Arrakyn Dynasty. It was given by the Phaerekh to her sons at their departure from Naz'rhagul. To the surprise of the twin princes it was no mere ring but rather a device which held on it a selection of particular memories of the Phaerekh that her sons might have a part of her with them always. Said memories are accessed upon activating the ring, and the necron's senses will immediately be brought into a simulation of a particular past event. The intelligence which exists inside it was created primarily to be its guardian, but has slowly become a fragment copy of Sekhmez as the files contained within have decayed with age.

### **Mantle of the Ancestors**

This tiled cape was created for the coronation of the Lord-Phaeron. Upon each tile is inscribed the cartouche of each phaeron and phaerekh from Jzantek all the way down to Sekhmez. It is worn as a reminder to the Lord-Phaeron to always remember what they come from and for everything they and their lineage have and ought to fight for.

### **Blackstone Armor**

Within the dynasty, blackstone is often used and powered as a form of defence against the empyrean. This armor is usually both quite heavy and power intensive but the protection it brings is well worth it in the eyes of the dynasty especially when fighting those tied to the warp.

### **Hierotek Wyrms Constructs**

Giant multi-kilometer constructs originally created for mining and resource gathering. They are capable of breaking down nearly any mineral or material given enough time. Although



these dreadnoughts are quite slow relative to their size, their hulls are impervious to anything less than arms designed for killing titans.

### **Dyson Swarm Lokhusts**

These constructs are roughly a quarter the size of a heldrake and superficially resemble giant locusts. Individually they are strong but nothing particularly noteworthy except their speed and maneuverability. The real danger comes in the fact that they are consistently fielded in the tens of thousands. Dyson Swarm Lokhusts are also modified resource gathering machines specifically to siphon stars and gas giant planets of their hydrogen and helium. In large enough quantities they can cause suns to dim significantly and expel the stored plasma to devastating effect.

### **The Astrolabe of Yggra'nya (The Moulder of Worlds)**

This astrolabe is a specially constructed device of the Nephrekh Dynasty. It is a large and complex device entrusted to Imareph, Chief Astromancer of the dynasty. It consists of a series of concentric metal rings covered in ankh-glyphs surrounding a circular tesseract vault. Within the vault is a super-massive blue star in the moment of its core collapse. However, it is also said to contain a fragment shard of the Worldshaper Yggra'nya. A device of tremendous power, Imareph used it to assist her prophetic calculations and channel the power of the very stars in battle.

Ultimately at the final battle for Naz'rthagul its power is drained by the astromancer to exalt herself to the state of a deity. With her sacrifice, the device is now inert, though treasured by the Lord-Phaeron as the last remains they have of their beloved consort.

## **History and Brief Timeline**

### **60 Million Years + ~9,000 years BC**

- Jzantek unites the posterity of Arrak and breaks off from the Nekthyst Dynasty forming the Arrakyn Dynasty

### **60 Million Years BC**

- Sekmez rules the Arrakyn Dynasty as its 384th Dynast
- Following the orders of Silent King, She marches her and her people into the furnaces of biotransference. They serve valiantly in the War in Heaven before being laid to rest

### **898.M41**

- The Dynasty awakens to find the forces of the Exalted Sorcerer Apophys Rho and Archmagos Lolthera-Omicron invading their tombworlds
- The Twin Princes Nhetar and Ratehn, Overlord Iset, Grand Nemesor Rakshut, Grand Archaeovist El'Mekha, along with about a legion's worth escape upon the Jackal Class raider, the *Herald of Vengeance*. The rest of the dynasty along with its Phaerekh falls under the command of Apophys Rho
- Archmagos Cerburax-9Σ leaves the service of Lolthera and Apophys and joins with the remnants of the Dynasty along with a skeleton crew of his ship, *Voluntas Machina Dei*

**890.M41**

- The Dynastic Remnants have a run in with an incursion of Drukhari over the Imperial agri-world of Rhandol Lambda
- The result was a victory for the Dynastic Remnants in which they acquired a Cadre of T'au fire warriors captured by the Drukhari in addition to a large number of imperial humans who are taken to fully crew the *Voluntas Machina Dei*
- During this battle, the Harlequin Solitaire, Elisaria Arzebris would join with the Dynastic Remnants

**918.M41**

- The Dynastic Remnants meet with the Nephrekh Dynasty in an effort to enforce a pre-arranged marriage between the Arrakyn Princes and the Chief Astromancer
- Chief Astromancer Imareph leaves with the Dynastic remnants of her own accord at the protestations of her retainer

**926.M41**

- Imareph helps assist the Dynastic Remnants to find the lost Arrakyn tombworld of Zan'jakir which is bequeathed to the Nephrekh as Imareph's bride-price.
- The Nephrekh Dynasty now officially recognizes their elopement and officially allies themselves with the Arrakyn Dynasty

**931.M41**

- The Twin Princes seek Illuminor Szeras in order to finally split themselves
- Each of the now independent twins takes half of their remaining necron forces fracturing what little remains of the dynasty.
- Nhetar takes the *Herald of Vengeance*, and Ratehn takes the *Voluntas Machina Dei* along with most all the non-necron forces

**972.M41**

- Ratehn goes to reconcile and contend with his brother Nhetar upon the now barren world of Dathraki VII
- The princes rejoin as one, and are then formally coronated as the Lord-Phaeron of the now united Arrakyn Dynasty
- The Lord-Phaeron in this same ceremony are now formally married to their Consort Imareph according to Arrakyn tradition and law.

**995.M41**

- The Lord-Phaeron gather their war fleets and allies and set a course for the Arrakyn system to reconquer their tombworlds

**998.M41**

- The final battle for Naz'rthagul begins
- Archmagos Lolthera-Omicron is defeated by Rakshut and Flayer Queen Sekhmez

- The Serpent King Apophys is defeated by a combination of the Lord-Phaeron and their Consort
- Imareph sacrifices herself, the power she absorbed into herself collapsing into a blackhole which devours the twin suns of the Arrakyn system
- Sekhmez is laid to rest in her sarcophagus indefinitely until a cure for the flayer virus can be found
- The Arrakyn Dynasty in its totality has finally been brought back under the control of the lineage of Jzantek

#### **999.M41**

- Cadia falls and the Great Rift opens drowning the tombworlds of the dynasty in the energies of the warp once more

#### **011.M42**

- After great sacrifice and several years of war the Lord-Phaeron finally manage to cleanse their tombworlds of warp taint
- The Lord-Phaeron take upon an oath of vengeance against the forces of Chaos and the Chaos Gods themselves

#### **087.M42**

- The Lord-Phaeron finish their preparations along with the refitting and renaming of their capital ship the *Dark Star's Embrace*