

TANK GIRLS

By

Trude Perkins

CHAPTER ONE

"It's true, I swear! I heard it off one of those Navy techs on shore leave that heard it from... well, I don't know where they heard it from, but it's true!"

"You know, you could actually give us a hand here instead of just lying there up there yapping your damn nonsense..." Golly hollered from beneath the tank.

Mundy arched her back, pulling the drab issue vest up to expose her midriff to the ripening sunlight before impulsively pulling it off completely and throwing it on top of the rest of the crumpled uniform at her feet. The roof of the Lemman Russ tank was heating up pleasantly after the chill of the desert night, warming her bare skin as she sipped from her hipflask.

"I can't, I'm busy. I'm monitoring the vox-net." she called back, quickly retrieving the earpiece and stuffing it in her ear.

Golly dragged herself out from underneath the immobilised vehicle and sat up on her elbows, covered in oil, sweat and irritation as she squinted up into the sunlight.

"No you're not. Sarge is on the vox-net."

"She's on Battlegroup-Net. I'm monitoring Squadron-Net"

Golly pulled herself to her feet, wiped a brow with her massive forearm then wiped her oily hands onto her drab olive vest, leaving large black handprints. She lit up a cheroot and leaned on the tank hull.

"The squadron is probably about 200 clicks away by now. So why the hell would you be monitoring Squadron-Net?"

"Oh, I don't know. In case we get, like, orders and stuff? Pardon me for being a diligent soldier" Mundy replied, frowning with mock indignation as she languidly

stretched. She didn't look like any kind of soldier at the moment, stripped as she was down to her bra and knickers, with non-regulation sunglasses and beach hat.

"Just leave her, Golly" Smoker Jane said. "We'll get on quicker with her out the way anyway. Dammit!! This board is totally fried as well!" She slammed the panel shut. The panel instantly flapped open again.

"But Smoker Jane heard that too, right?" Mundy sat up and swung her legs round, dangling them down and resting them on the heavy bolter copula. "Didn't you? Tell her! There's a whole armoured Russ regiment somewhere where all the crew are all officers, they're all nobles, they've all got their own crests and everything...? You've got to salute them and call them 'Sir', even if they're just troopers?"

"Suspension's totally shot. It's going to be a recovery job. And there's no way we're going to get her started again with the primary firers goosed, even if we got the air filtration working. Better tell Sarge" Golly said grimly.

"And you better get dressed before she comes back out" Smoker Jane warned.

Churlishly, Mundy groaned in irritation and began pulling her uniform back on.

"But hang on - but if they're all officers, then who would the Commissar shoot when they screw up?" Golly asked.

Mundy opened her mouth to answer, then stopped, cocking her head.

"That's a good question!"

"I swear, if you two don't shut up, I'm going to shoot you myself!" Brazen scowled, pulling herself out of the narrow rear service hatch. The Lance-Sergeants patience, already sorely tested by the mornings events was starting to wear thin. "And it's not just the air filtration, the whole atmos-filter and housing needs replacing too. We can't do without them. If we got hit by gas or a rad-cloud, that'd be us. Plus it's gonna get pretty hot inside..."

"I think I'd like to be a noble..." Mundy went on, tying a bootlace. "But there's no way I'd join the Guard and be slumming it with you lot in a tank. Especially not a bust-up Russ on New New Vraxx. I'd be at parties and galas being wooed by charming young men who wash. And they'd call me 'Lady Amundance' and I wouldn't need an antibiotic shot

after every tumble in the sack...". After pulling her stained vest back on she nimbly bounded up the battlecannon turret and dragged up the heavy command hatch.

"Sarge! We've checked her over, she's totally frakked. Suspension and primary firers are shot, plus the atmos-filters unservicable. Needs a recovery!" Mundy shouted down.

"Well, if it would please 'Lady Amundance', then, could she at least bring her bony ass down here and make us a pot of caff? Some of her subjects are actually working, and we're going to be stuck here for ages now" Smoker Jane said, slamming the panel shut again in vain.

"Why, one would be ab-solutely de-liiiiighted, my lover-ly good peasant! I shall even indulge my grumbly Lance-Sergeant, upon which I shall add my extra sweetness to make up for her extra-grumbliness!" she replied in mocking aristocratic tones. In spite of her irritation, even Brazen smirked at that. It was hard to stay mad at Mundy.

A few minutes later Sergeant Tura climbed out the main turret hatch. She did not look pleased, scratching at the thick scar cut into her forehead and deep into her cropped grey hair, the way she always did when she was annoyed. She deftly jumped to the sandy ground.

"Get your kit together, girls, recovery vehicle's not coming. We're spiking Big Iron." There was a collective groan.

"What?! But why? We can still get her back to base without the atmos-filter, she just needs a suspension arm and new firer lugs! It'll take me two hours, tops, once I get the parts!!" Golly complained.

"I know. But that's from battlegroup headquarters. Can't let the rebels get her"

"But we're miles inside our own lines! Why can't they just..." Smoker Jane protested, but was cut short.

"This isn't a discussion, Jane." Tura interrupted, holding her hand up to silence her. "Get your stuff, get ready to move out and get the thermite charges set".

"Aww, poor girl!" Mundy said, patting Big Irons hull.

"But if it's any consolation, that's the least of our worries right now," Sergeant Tura continued. "There's no air evac either, so we're going to have to walk to an extraction point. Nearest one is at a field hospital 40 clicks away"

Another collective groan, more outraged this time.

"So get your stuff, and hurry up! Brazen, you're lead scout. Golly, rearguard. There's a Munitorium Pioneer supply station in 20 clicks. If we're not there by nightfall we're sleeping outside, so I suggest you get your shit together, and MOVE!"

New New Vraxx was a mine world, although the rapacious Imperial machine had all but completely stripped the planet of its most valuable resources. As the mining production began grinding down, the infrastructure supporting it became scaled back and moved off-world to more productive enterprises. For many, the introduction of an Adeptus Mechanicus mission twenty years ago had been the last straw, as jobs formerly done by skilled miners and factory workers were now being increasingly done by robot and machine, leaving swathes of workers without employment, competing for increasingly scarce resources. This had made them increasingly more desperate, and in turn, increasingly more violent in the process.

The insurrection had begun as a riot in the capital, New New Vraxx City over the rising costs of boots, but the violence quickly spread across the planet, without goals, without purpose, until the rioters started organising themselves into makeshift armies, leaving large swathes of the planet under the control of local warlords. Since New New Vraxx was not a large world in any sense, the meager Arbites and Planetary Defence Forces were ill-equipped to contain the insurrection, and the call had gone out. Two years ago the Imperial Navy freighter *Wages of Sin* laden with troops bound for warzones in the distant Segmentum Pacificus had answered, leaving three Imperial Guard regiments - the Cadian 221st Regiment, the Cadian 555th Regiment, and the Necromunda 15th Armoured Regiment to reclaim the hot, dusty world in the name of the Imperium of Man.

Sending 4000 troops to subjugate a population of 15 million was always going to be challenging, especially when the enemy - loosely organised and as likely to fight each other as they were to resist Imperial control - proved clever and tenacious, and two years later only minor progress had been made in subordinating the truculent planet. This was especially true in the Dish, the vast dusty wasteland held by C (Hive Primus) Squadron of the 15th Necromundian Armoured Regiment.

The '15th Necromunda' regiments name was a misnomer - less than a third of the regiments fighting strength actually came from Necromunda, as multiple campaigns and engagements had whittled down the Necromundans down, to be replaced by the remnants of a dozen other decimated regiments, to the point where the sons and daughters of a hundred different worlds marched under Necromundas banner. This made the all-female and all-Necromundian crew of 'Big Iron', Tura's Leman Russ Battle Tank a rarity. Even more so since they all hailed from the same city, Hive Primus - the vast pyramid-capital of Necromunda. Tura, Smoker Jane and Mundy were from the proud manufacturing House Escher, dominated and defined by its strong women. Brazen was also from House Escher, but unlike Tura and Mundy, had grown up in the lawless criminal Underhive where house affiliation wasn't just an expression of where one came from, but ones whole identity. Golly, on the other hand, was from the chauvinistic and male-dominated House Goliath, traditional rivals of the feminist House Escher, a hulking muscle-bound brute like her hulking, muscle-bound brothers. Unlike Hive Primus on their homeworld, however, there was no House rivalry in the 15th, as too much blood had been spilled together for that. They were simply Necromundians, and, it seemed, stuck in a situation that seemed to go from bad to much, much worse.

They followed the general direction of the dirt road in the rising heat of New New Vraxx's twin suns. Although technically a warzone, the squad knew they had little to fear from the insurgent rebels this close to their own lines, aside from the infrequent air sorties like the one that had taken out Big Iron earlier that morning. As a rule, the rebels, although

tenacious and cunning were generally poorly equipped, poorly-disciplined and made poor individual fighters, but the remote heli-drones that had targeted their supply column that morning had managed to fire off a lucky million-to-one shot that hit a weak spot on Big Irons hull, causing a small explosion in the air filtration unit that had sent her careening into a ditch. They were lucky no-one was injured.

"But you see, that's what I'm saying! We're all going to be redeployed, might not even be on a Russ troop. I heard they might start scaling the heavy armour back and start beefing up the close support artillery regiments. We might end up on a Wyvern or a Basilisk, hauling heavy shells about all day!"

"Where do you get all this crap from?" Smoker Jane demanded.

"That's not the point. The point is, we wouldn't be Tank Girls anymore! We'd be... I don't know. Artillery girls?"

"Both hands on your weapon, Masteris!" Sergeant Tura scowled. "At least try and look like a soldier!"

"Yes, Sarge" Mundy said, bringing her short las-carbine up. "But I don't want them to break up our gang!" she complained.

Each of them knew she was right - it was very unlikely that they'd be serving together like this, unless by some strange quirk of fate a Leman Russ with no existing crew suddenly materialised.

"Gun girls. That's what we'd be. Gun Girls! It wouldn't be so bad, you know. They get good rations in the artillery. And time to eat them!" Golly said.

"Maybe they'll transfer you to the infantry, Mundy." Smoker Jane grinned. "Make a real soldier out of you!"

"Don't say that! Why would you say that?!" Mundy paled.

"Gotta admit, I'm with Mundy there. I like a good few inches of steel between me and the bolter rounds" Golly agreed.

"Yeah, I heard you like a good few inches..." Smoker Jane smirked.

"Goliath inches!" Golly shot back, grinning, comically flexing her massive forearm. "Not little Escher inches", comically flexing her pinkie finger.

"I'll probably be put back on the A squadron Hellhound troop. I won't hate that, but I'll really miss you guys. I shouldn't even have been on a Russ crew in the first place" Smoker Jane mused. As a Prom-Tech, a highly skilled specialist soldier dealing with the volatile weaponised fuel Promethium, Smoker Jane was specifically trained to work on flamethrower tanks like the Hellhound. Some Leman Russ tanks occasionally carried smaller flamethrowers, but Big Iron's secondary armaments after its large battle cannon was the anti-personnel Heavy Bolters, of which it carried three. The addition of such a highly specialised soldier like Smoker Jane onto a vehicle like Big Iron was a testament to the often unfathomable bureaucracy of the Imperial fighting machine.

"What about you, Brazey? You want to come to the Hellhound troop with me and Golly? She's going to be my driver!" Smoker Jane called.

"Like hell I am!" Brazen called back. "I hate promethium, it stinks. I reckon I want me on one of those super-heavies. Did you see the Baneblade in the 555th's Close Support squadron? You seen the size of its main gun? It's massive!"

"Yeah, I heard you like a massive gu..." Smoker Jane started, but was interrupted as Brazen suddenly threw up a hand and shushed her, dropping to her knee, quickly bringing her lascarbine hard up to her shoulder. The rest of the squad dropped and followed suit. Tura hunched down and moved forward.

"What do you see?" Tura asked.

"Movement on the road up ahead. Two or three, maybe? On foot. If I can see them, then they've seen us"

"Everyone, on your belt buckles. All round defence!" Tura hissed, angry at herself for allowing the squads relaxed banter as they had trudged up the dusty road. Her squad swiftly formed a clockface with practiced precision, covering 360 degree fire arcs.

"Mundy, try hailing friendly forces at this location. Find out if they're ours..."

The air rippled with a thunder-like noise, accompanied by flashes of light.

"Is that...?" Smoker Jane said.

"Autogun fire. Dammit! They're not ours!"

"HELLO ZERO, THIS IS CHARLIE-THREE-ONE, CONTACT, WAIT OUT!" Mundy spat into the vox-caster.

"Brazen, take Golly and Jane. I'll take Mundy. Start laying down some suppressing fire - on my command, prepare to move..."

The air became rent with lasgun streaks from Brazen and Tura. Golly, Mundy and Smoker Jane started firing, but nothing happened.

"JAM!" Mundy yelled, flipping the lasguns service panel open.

"Me too! Dammit!" Golly said.

"And me! Lasgun isn't firing!" Smoker Jane said, cursing.

"Everyone stop!" Tura hissed. "What the frakk's wrong with your weapons?"

"I don't know sergeant. It won't fire!"

"Brazen, stay on overwatch - they start coming this way, take 'em down. Give me that!"

Tura grabbed Mundy's weapon and quickly examined it. Nothing seemed to be wrong with it, the ammo cell seemed to be full.

"No movement, sergeant. They've gone or gone to ground" Brazen said.

"Right - Mundy, hail battlegroup HQ, I need to send a sitrep. Golly, get those weapons stripped right down. Jane, take this, it's still working." Tura tossed Smoker Jane her lasgun, drawing her laspistol instead. "But I'm going to want that back. Don't break it!"

The squad watched all around while Mundy tried to contact headquarters. Eventually she tore the headset off in frustration.

"I can't get through, sergeant. This vox-caster is only short ranged, so I was pinging off the pioneer station sat-array to reach HQ. But now there's nothing. I don't know if it's a problem with the set, with the sat-array..."

"...or with the pioneer station. Is there a signal jam in place?"

"No, I'm still broadcasting normally. I bounced the signal back to myself, it came back fine."

"Can you reach the field hospital?"

"Not with this rig, it needs a signal amplifier. I even tried hailing any other units in the area to see if they could relay back to HQ, but no-one's answering. The only other thing I could do is send an unencrypted broadcast out on an unsecured frequency, and hope someone's monitoring it. That'll go out farther, but the trouble with that is that anyone will be able to pick it up, including the rebels. They might be able to triangulate our position."

"OK, let's leave that as a last resort. Have you found out what's wrong with those weapons, Golly?"

"No sergeant. There's nothing wrong, as far as I can see. The only thing I can see that happened was a wireless software update a couple of hours ago"

"Why the hell would you accept a software update in the middle of the field?" Tura hissed.

"I didn't, sergeant! It happened automatically!"

"No, it didn't, for this exact reason. You have to accept an update, and you know you only ever do that in the armoury."

"I swear, sergeant, I didn't!"

"Me neither!" Smoker Jane said.

"Or me!" said Mundy.

"Brazen, your weapon's still firing. What model is it?"

"Mars-pattern Lascarbine 257 Mark 6. With some modifications. I did an, errr, favour for one of the armourers. He boosted the power output for me to give it a bit more punch."

It was strictly against regulations for Imperial Guard troopers to modify their weapons, but for veterans like Brazen and Tura this was usually regarded with a blind eye.

"Mines is a Mark 5, I had it boosted it a good few years back on Talamar. So the new Mark 7's don't work but the 5's and 6's are OK, probably because of a screw-up with the software. Right, we'll sort this out later, but first we're going to move forward and see who was shooting at us. We're going to go up in an extended line and... "

"Hang on - sergeant, is there a factorium or a furnace co-located at the pioneer station?" Brazen interrupted, snatching up a set of occulo-glasses and peering through them.

"I don't think so. Why?"

Brazen passed the occulo-glasses to Tura and pointed into the distance, towards a low ridge of rocky hills.

"That's where we're going, over there. The pioneer station is, what, about 10 clicks north-north-east? Look."

Tura looked through the glasses. It wasn't obvious at first, but there was a thin column of smoke rising from the north-north-east.

"I think I know what's wrong with your sat-array, Mundy..." Tura said, grimly.

They found no sign of their mystery assailants, just brass autogun shells glinting in the sunlight. Whoever it was, they were long gone.

They marched on, in silence this time, mindful of the proper patrol drills, now acutely aware that they were in a warzone, however relaxed the tour of duty had been up to this point. In the distance, they could hear faint rumblings. Not unusual - the ground was often blasted as part of mining operations, but now the distant sounds seemed far more ominous.

Tura was about to call a rest stop, when the air was suddenly ripped by a deafening roar, and an impossibly fast aircraft thundered only a couple of hundred feet above them, speeding away as quickly as it arrived.

"What... the hell was that?" Smoker Jane asked, lifting her head out the dusty ground.

"Was that one of ours? That was not one of ours. No way! Was it?" Golly shook her head.

"Did anyone get a good look at it?" Tura asked. No-one answered. Tura cursed inwardly.

"Anything on tac-net, sergeant?" Brazen asked.

Tura took out her dataslate, swiped it a few times, and began frantically tapping it.

"Shit. Mundy, check the vox-caster..." she growled.

Mundy pulled the radio out its carry satchel.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no!!" Mundy said, turning pale. "It's been remotely purged!".

Brazen swore.

There was only one reason why a tactical battlenet dataslate and vox-caster would be remotely purged of all usable information - because the enemy were in possession of it, and to prevent the enemy from accessing usable intelligence, and there was only one reason why the data would have to be purged whilst still in the possession of a breathing Imperial Guard squad.

When that squad were left deep in enemy territory with no hope of rescue.

The sun was starting to set by the time they approached the pioneer supply dump. A mile or so from the station Braze motioned for the squad to stop.

"Looks like a sentry on guard" Brazen told Tura, as she scanned the perimeter with her occulo-glasses.

Tura took the glasses and looked. A lone figure was standing still on the dirt road, wearing long robes being whipped around by the rising dusty wind.

"I think it's one of ours, looks like a skitarii trooper. That's good news at least. There must be a Mechanicus mission here"

They moved forward cautiously. Tura motioned for the squad to take cover, and she went forward alone to hail the figure. After a few moments addressing the stationary man, she hailed the squad forward.

"He's dead" Tura said. As the squad came closer they could see that she was right. Its chest was riddled with bulletholes, but the dying man - more machine than human - had simply continued walking, its augmented legs only stopping as the man finally died. Tura prised the weapon from his dead fingers, tossing it to Golly.

"Present for you, he doesn't need it. Or she? I can never tell with these guys..."

"A stubcarbine, nice! Always wanted one of these. Can I keep it?"

"No. You ever used one of these before?"

"No, but how hard can it be? It's got a muzzle and a trigger. Point and click!"

"Works for me. Now, those look like autogun wounds, so keep a lookout for rebels that have managed to get their collective shit together enough to take one of these creepy bastards out"

"And Big Iron" Mundy chimed in.

"And Big Iron too, yes, and have to say I'm not really liking this sudden burst of competence out of these New New Vraxx inbreds. All right, let's keep moving..."

By the time they reached the outer perimeter fence of the pioneer supply station it was already dark, the bright twin moons throwing eerie shadows as the low desert winds threw acrid dust clouds into their faces.

Stealthily, they approached the perimeter gate but instead of entering straight away, they followed the chain links the whole way around. The fence was intact, they saw no-one lurking inside. They saw the source of the fire - a burning munitions crate, smoke and flame billowing out the warped cargo doors. The fire must have been burning for hours, but showed no signs of abating.

The station otherwise consisted of a large sat-array tower, two story prefab command building surrounded by tents and row after row of munitions crates. There was a smaller building set to the rear, emblazoned with the domino cog-and-skull of the Tech Priesthood. The place was in eerie silence.

With practiced drills, they quickly took themselves through the front gate, diving into cover as they went. Several military vehicles were parked immediately inside the gate - Chimera and Taurox personnel carriers as well as trailers and heavy goods transporters. Cautiously they picked their way forward, darting from cover to cover. No challenge came, no fire or assault. All around they saw signs of battle - scorch marks, blood, abandoned

weapons but no bodies. Mundy picked up a meltagun lying in the dust, checking the ammo state and the weapons functionality.

"Wow, look at this! Now, why would you leave a sweet-ass melta like this lying in the dirt...?" she whispered.

"Only because it's not as good as the weapon you already have. This probably isn't good news." Brazen whispered back. "But the rebels use old autoguns with crappy cheap ammo. What the hell happened here?"

"I don't see any autogun casings. Do you...?" Golly pointed out.

"Ferals, maybe? They don't use guns at all." Mundy asked.

"No way. A bunch of ferals attack a station like this and they're going to get ripped to shreds. Plus they never come this far north."

"Let's keep it moving" Tura said. "We'll secure the rest of the compound first, then the command building. Brazen - you and Golly watch the command building front and rear. Mundy, Smoker Jane, with me!"

Tura, Mundy and Smoker Jane searched the compound but found nothing but more scorch marks and blood splatters. The intense heat from the fire prevented them getting closer to the flame, and once Tura was satisfied the rest of the compound was empty, she returned with the others to the command building.

Diving from cover to cover, they approached the command building. Brazen entered first, followed by the rest of the squad.

Inside, by torchlight they saw more signs of a firefight, with extensive blood splattering and the lingering smell of raw meat. No bodies, though.

"Shh!" Brazen hissed, pointing upwards. "You hear that?"

Something was moving upstairs. Dim light was spilling down the iron spiral stairwell, and reverting to sign language, Tura indicated for Smoker Jane and Mundy to cover the door, while she slowly crept up, followed by Brazen and Golly.

The upper floor was lit by subdued emergency lighting, and there were signs of an extensive battle, the air with a metallic tang, like a butchers shop. Brazen indicated to a large cupboard, its doors standing slightly ajar. Training their weapons on the doors, Tura

moved forward with knife and laspistol in hand. Using her toe, she slowly opened the door...

Something leapt out at her, and instinctively Tura slashed wide and hard with her razor-sharp combat knife, cutting through flesh and sliding off bone. There was a cry and a man fell to the ground backwards, clutching at the bleeding rags of his mouth. Tura was about to fire her laspistol before catching the briefest glimpse of an Imperial Aquila, and stayed her hand. She kept the pistol trained between his eyes.

"STOP! You, get up!".

The man was clearly terrified, and had to be hauled to his feet by Brazen and Golly. He was wearing the uniform of an Imperial Guard officer, a lieutenant.

"Bhyy bouthff" the man spluttered.

"MUNDY! Get up here!" Tura called.

Mundy appeared, awkwardly throwing up a salute to the officer even as she pointed her weapon at him.

"Mundy, dress his wound" Tura growled, pushing the man onto a seat, her laspistol steady.

Mundy took out her medkit and began working on the officer, spraying antiseptic wound sealant on the man's mouth, and using a las-diatherm to bind the wound edges together. The rough field surgery was going to leave a scar.

"Now, sir. Can you explain what happened here?" Tura asked, her pistol still leveled at his head.

"It's the Skitarii! They've gone mad! I thought you were one of them, I thought they'd come back! They killed everyone!"

"So you hid in a cupboard, 'sir'?" Golly asked, her voice dripping with venom. The one thing that the vastly different manufacturing Houses of Escher and Goliath had in common was an utter contempt for weak men.

"I'm not a combat officer, I'm a logistician!" The man protested. "And our weapons don't work! There was nothing I could do!"

"Nothing you could do? So you hid in a cupboard while your men died?" Brazen spat.

"It wasn't like that!"

"Looks a lot like that to me. Get that uniform off." Tura demanded.

"What?"

"I said get that uniform off"

"What? No!"

Tura leaned in, snarling.

"The way I see it, 'sir', you're one of two things - a rebel that's stolen that uniform, or a genuine officer who cowered as his men died. Either way, I take a lot of offense at that, because I've personally seen hundreds of brave men and women die wearing that uniform. So I'm not going to tell you again. Take. That. Damn. Uniform. OFF!"

"I could have you shot!"

"No, not at my rank you couldn't." Tura snorted. "Not without a Court Martial or a Commissar, and if a Commissar were here, I can promise you right now that you'd be dead already. Actually, you know what? Screw it. Girls, I suggest you all leave the room..." She stepped back and raised her pistol...

"STOP, ALL RIGHT, STOP!"

Scowling, the man pulled off his tunic, vest, boots and trousers. He had a slight build but little muscle and a slight paunch. A lifetime of soft living, Tura noted. This man didn't rise through the ranks, or sweat through a harsh Schola Progenia education. This probably meant money or nobility somewhere along the lines. The uniform was issued, not privately purchased. Issued officers uniforms were slightly better quality than general issue clothing, but not by much. Most officers paid exorbitant sums for private uniforms, so this probably meant he didn't have money. Connections, then? A political appointment, perhaps...?

"Brazen, check him for Chaos brands and tattoos. And augments. Smoker Jane, go through his pockets."

Brazen slung her carbine and roughly manhandled the officer over a table, kicking his legs apart. She quickly felt down his soft body for the tell-tale edges of sub-dermal cybernetic implants, and for the marks and brands that Chaos Cultists adorned themselves with. As a final act, she roughly yanked his underwear down to his knees, reached in between his bare buttocks and seized his dangling cock and balls into her cold hand and squeezed, spitefully grinding him hard in her vice-like grip for several seconds before, screaming in pain, he buckled at the knees and sank to the floor. He quickly pulled his underwear back up in an attempt to salvage something like dignity.

"Nothing sergeant. No augments, no mutations, no brands."

"Got an ID card here. Looks legit..." Smoker Jane said, tossing the card to Tura.

"All right, sir." Tura said, lowering her pistol and holstering it. "I'm Senior-Sergeant Tura, Necromunda 15th Armoured Regiment. This is Lance-Sergeant Purzyss, Tech-Trooper Bulan, Trooper Rauk and Trooper Masteris. Let's start from the start. Who are you?"

"Elizas. Tormun Elisas, 2nd Lieutenant, 224th New New Vraxx Munitorium Supply Regiment" he gasped, cupping his bruised genitals. "I've been here for two months..."

CHAPTER TWO Two Months Ago

(Might be continued...!)