**Warhammer 40k Campaign Grand Narrative – OVERALL TIMELINE**

**The Hollow Crown – The Battle for Druscar’s Throne**

**Date: 043.012.M42**

Druscar’s Ruin is no longer just a battlefield; it is a hollowed-out corpse of a city, a skeletal remnant of the Imperium’s failure. The once-burning warzones have cooled into ashen wastes, and the shattered hive spires now loom like broken teeth in the sky. But something has changed. The Tyranids are gone—not slain, not purged, but emptied. Their bio-forms lie shriveled and inert, their minds stolen away by something deeper within the ruins.

And at the heart of Druscar, something ancient has begun to stir.

**The Call to War**

A strange and terrible signal has begun to broadcast from the ruins, a transmission older than the Imperium itself. It calls in no known language, yet all who hear it understand its meaning:

*“I AM THE KING OF A DEAD EMPIRE. WHO WILL CLAIM MY CROWN?”*

This enigmatic broadcast has echoed across the Forsarr Sub-Sector, drawing the attention of Imperial loyalists, Chaos warlords, and war-hungry Orks alike. Each faction races to uncover the source of this transmission, believing it to be:

* The Red Skulls (Captain Agnatius) and the 201st Cadian Ordinance Battalion (Castellan Erich von Reuroggen) believe it is the remnants of a lost Imperial governor’s throne, an artifact of great strategic importance that may still contain active override codes for planetary defenses. If they can claim it, they could begin reclaiming the sub-sector.
* Typhus and the Destroyer Hive see it as a trap of the Long War—a remnant of some long-forgotten Imperial experiment that could be twisted into a plague engine to rot the stars themselves. The Death Guard march on Druscar not to silence the voice, but to corrupt it.
* Syll’Esske and the Daemons of Slaanesh and Nurgle were summoned against their will. The voice speaks even to the warp, calling out across realities, pulling daemons into existence without their consent. Syll’Esske is afraid, though they would never admit it.
* Bogggoff’s Reborn Waaagh! have been drawn here by the only thing more powerful than a good fight—a fight with a prize. If there’s a throne, then there’s a King, and if there’s a King, then some Ork can challenge ‘em and become da biggest boss.

None of them understood the truth: Druscar had never belonged to the Imperium. It had never been meant to be ruled. The Throne of Druscar was not a seat of power—it was a prison.

**The Awakening of the Hollow Crown**

The battle erupted amidst the ruins, a brutal three-way struggle between the Imperials, Chaos, and the Orks. The Red Skulls and 201st Cadians fought valiantly, their firepower breaking through the initial tide of daemons and Orks. But the Death Guard, undeterred by mortal weapons, pushed forward, their rot choking the battlefield. The Orks, undisciplined but relentless, crashed into the melee, forcing all sides into a brutal deadlock.

As the battle raged, Druscar itself began to shift. The ground trembled. Walls flickered between states of ruin and restoration, as if time itself was unraveling. The Throne, buried deep beneath the ruins, pulsed with an unnatural energy.

Then, the first seal broke.

* Castellan Erich von Reuroggen of the 201st Cadian Ordinance Battalion was torn apart by the daemonic hosts, his final order drowned in the laughter of Slaanesh’s horrors.
* Captain Agnatius of the Red Skulls, isolated amidst the carnage, stood his ground against the Plague Lord Typhus and daemon prince Syll’Esske—but he was not slain. He was devoured. His soul, the final key, unlocked the last seal of the Throne.

The battlefield convulsed as the Throne of Druscar awoke.

**The Unleashing of the Forgotten Tyrant – The Rise of the Starborn Horror**

With the Throne of Druscar unbound, the battlefield was consumed by a maelstrom of unnatural force. Tremors split the city’s foundations. From beneath the ruins, massive Blackstone monoliths, ancient and cold, rose from the abyss, their surfaces thrumming with energies untouched by mortal hands. A power unlike anything in the Forsarr Sub-Sector reawakened—a force beyond the warp, beyond the Imperium, beyond time itself.

The daemons faltered.  
Their forms flickered, their connection to the warp severed. The Blackstone did not banish them; it erased them. The very essence of Chaos recoiled, its presence becoming thin, unraveling, as if the battlefield itself rejected its touch.

Then, from the depths of Druscar, the voice came.

A sound that did not belong. Not a voice, but a will.

“THE VEIL IS BROKEN. THE HUNGER AWAKENS.”

From beneath the shattered remains of the Throne, a tear in reality opened—not into the Warp, but into something far worse. The Blackstone monoliths had not been built to imprison a man, nor a king.

They had been built to contain a god.

A presence older than the stars poured forth. It was not metal, nor flesh, nor spirit. It was something ancient beyond reckoning, something that should never have stirred again. A C’tan, one of the Old Gods of the Necrontyr—a shattered fragment of a being that once feasted on the life-force of entire suns.

It had been buried here, in the depths of Druscar, sealed away by the Necrons long before the Imperium even existed. This was no Tomb World—this had been a place of judgment, of exile, of finality. A place where a betrayer of the star-gods was cast down and forgotten.

But now, because of the arrogance of mortals, it was free.