

# Chronicles of a chosen Lord



Lokhir had awoken to the noise of the jungle, a welcome intrusion from the dark foreboding sounds within his dream. Normally he delighted in the screams of the dead and the dying but this time the dream had revealed his kind, his family his brethren screaming in the mist as the treacherous highborn and their cohort dwarfs had unleashed their special terror upon the realms of mortal men. Technology of the likes only the mages could envision, monstrous killing machines designed to unleash terror and enforce dominion. Lokhir summoned his aid Gort, a twisted mutant servant who had served him well in the campaign to secure a city at the arse end of the world. Here amongst the twisted trees and the vile smells he had forged his domain. “Assemble the lesser lords, we have much to do”.



“United Elven kind.” The lesser lords had laughed until their sides had almost burst. Lokhir was serious and had looked at them with disdain unable to see the humour at all., but it was simply a concept too far removed from all that they had come to know and understand. Petty squabbles and old grudges would keep them small and insignificant, a mirror image of the highborn and their arrogant assumptions.

The first black ARK had entered the waters of ice and snow and Lokhir had met Admiral Barsathar and they had become the best of friends. Together they would raid the unprotected coastlines and hunt for ships that had strayed too far from home ports. Black tyrants, sharks of the cold seas, gold and ale had flowed and soon exploits of renown had reached the ears of Naggarond and the King.

The two pirate lords had become quite successful, armies of marauders grew and the dark kingdom had even acquired lands from the minor factions that had been stubborn or just plain stupid to think that they could maintain independence in the face of the tyrant King Malekith as he forged the north to his will.

I can see now that it was this success that my lord had brought his kingdom that had ultimately led to our banishment and exile far to the south and the lands of the lizard and the rat. Those days of sailing the high

seas seeking a safe passage through the violent maelstroms had been hard.

The black ARK and our flotilla had left our homelands and we had ventured into places that only the foolish or the desperate would go. The mist had come upon us out of nowhere and the ARK had groaned and creaked with the unseen sounds of hands reaching up from the dead of the sea, her underbelly clawed and scrapped as the first of the dead things came up out of the foam and clambered onto anything that would get them aboard. We lost a thousand good elves that night, dragged down to the cold depths stabbed, cleaved and beheaded. Arms of pumping blood still upon the deck of the ARK as we set full sail into the nearest maelstrom, a desperate measure to survive the night.

Broken and awash with blood and guts we had found the calmer waters of day and in the distance the Vampire coast could be seen. Lokhir looked into his spy glass and he had been horrified to see his comrades, who he had known and fought with, scrambling out of the sea, some headless some with no arms or a leg or a sword or axe still imbedded in their torso. He was no longer their lord for they now belonged to the lords of the undead.

We pushed south and on past Teclis’s city and south until we could go no further. The coast had beckoned us, a safe harbour for the night, and so began a new struggle but we had survived.

We had taken the city of Chupayotl from the lizards and fortified the perimeter just before the first Scaven attack. The rats had come out of the trees and up from the ground, it was all we could do to reduce their numbers before our fire bolts pushed them back into the screaming jungle. More elves lost but that would not be the worst of it. The night had brought the terradon out, huge beasts but fast, faster than any dragon. They crashed though the wooden spikes and into our shattered ranks taking us one by one into the night screaming until the dawn came and we were left to count our losses.

The ARK was to be the only safe place until we had cleared the rats and set traps for the lizard beasts. The attacks dwindled and eventually stopped and our settlement could be farmed and our community grew and even prospered. The districts grew around the city and the port had become a staging point for trade and pillaging.



By the time Lokhir arrived at the eastern rampart the towns vile had assembled for the demonstration of his power; merchants, whores, scum and traitors all had gathered to witness his prophecy, a prophecy given to him by Gorbinox the invader of dreams.

Castilian had done well, he had made two machines and had constructed the new bolts from the drawings that Lokhir had given him, drawings passed on through the dreams from the necromancer hidden under the Sword of Khaine upon the Blighted Isle far to the North.

Castilian nodded his head.

Lokhir raised his sword and the glint of red light informed the Trog Halgart to release the vermin tide and the lizard creatures that he had rounded up and placed in the pens at the outer city district.

Those assembled rushed to the ramparts and watched as the vermin shrieked and pushed out into the open field. The lizards trampled the rats as they tried to flee the bottleneck and the sound of their screams provided a delight for all who watched. Then the rocket bolts had fired and the new sound had drowned out the screams in the distance. Smoke streams shot out from the city wall and the assembled crowd had become silent and in awe as they shot into the advancing vermin tide. It was all over and the carnage had shocked even the hardened of warriors. Scales and flesh smashed beyond recognition, blood for the blood god.

That was the beginning, the start of the prophecy that would take Lokhir North to the lands of men and elves, the land of the dammed and the unbelievers. Even the Tomb Kings would learn how to tremble and kneel to his throne.

Tea with the Warlock

Earl Grey with honey, oh yes and cake, plenty of cake. With icing and one of those cherries in the middle.



LUSTRIA - The southern continent at the edge of the world.

Chupayotl City



Lokhir had one friend that he truly trusted. Admiral Barsathar the Druchi lord that had willingly followed him into exile all those years ago. Time had forged the friendship as together they had raided the pitiful settlements that had blighted the coasts of the unforgiving seas, they had plundered and taken anything that could be used to further a redemption that would once again allow them to return to Naggaroth as loyal nobles.

The black ARK sat in the harbour, a fortress upon the clear blue sea. The night had revealed her shadows and the two men had pondered over the map in the cabin as they toasted victories to come.

“We must seize the surrounding holds of the vermin before turning our attention upon the lizards.”  
Barasathar had said as he pushed the rodent from the table.

“Agreed, our actions will not go unnoticed, Teclis will seek assurances as we claim the southern lands, he might yet join us in the fight against the Scaven.”  
Lokhir grimaced.

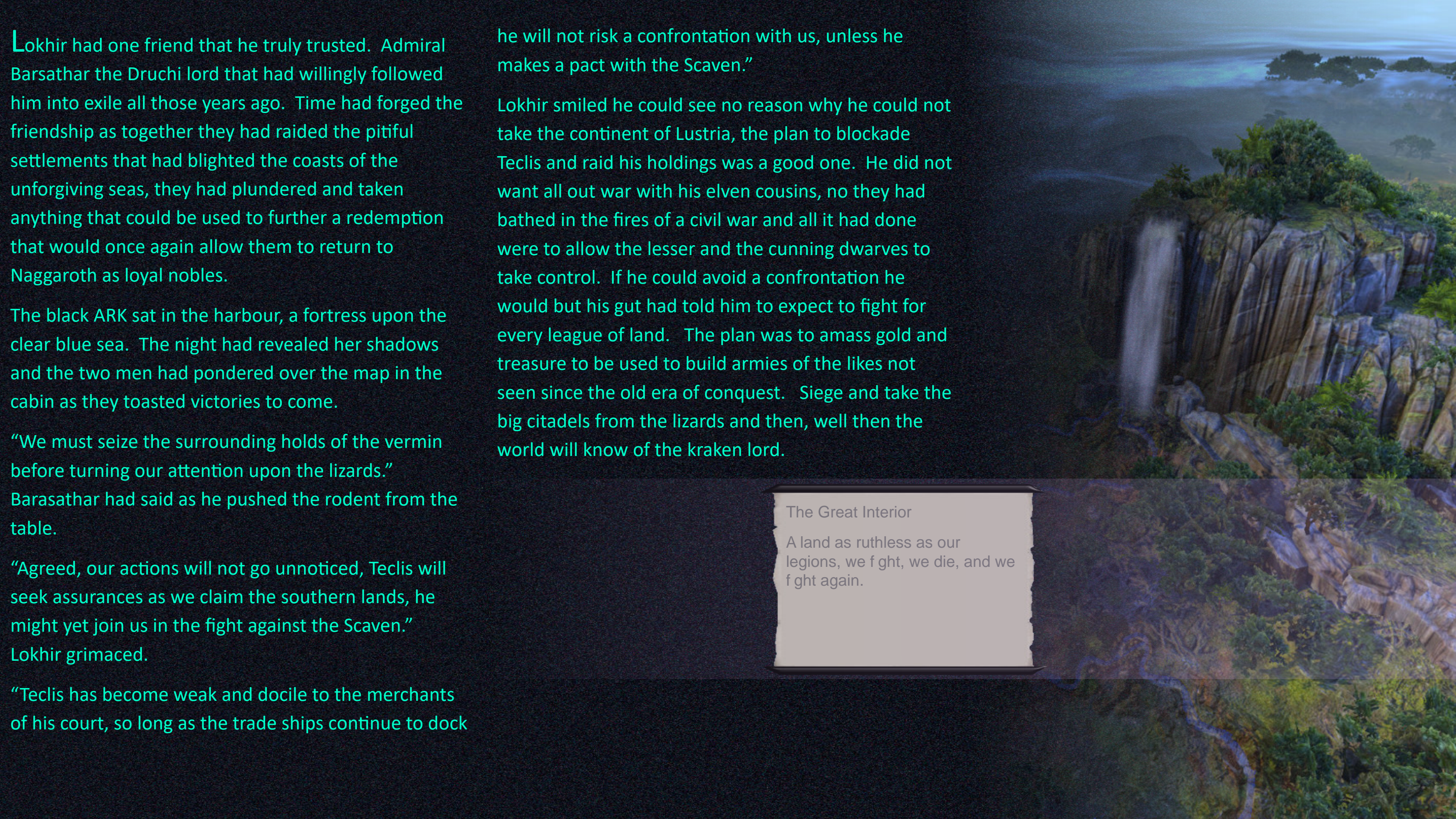
“Teclis has become weak and docile to the merchants of his court, so long as the trade ships continue to dock

he will not risk a confrontation with us, unless he makes a pact with the Scaven.”

Lokhir smiled he could see no reason why he could not take the continent of Lustria, the plan to blockade Teclis and raid his holdings was a good one. He did not want all out war with his elven cousins, no they had bathed in the fires of a civil war and all it had done were to allow the lesser and the cunning dwarves to take control. If he could avoid a confrontation he would but his gut had told him to expect to fight for every league of land. The plan was to amass gold and treasure to be used to build armies of the likes not seen since the old era of conquest. Siege and take the big citadels from the lizards and then, well then the world will know of the kraken lord.

#### The Great Interior

A land as ruthless as our legions, we fght, we die, and we fght again.





Diplomacy with Teclis had become almost impossible; his arrogance struggled to keep up with his egocentric views. His city across the water could not stand against us yet he had made assertions and that his brother would back him. We controlled the seas and the trade routes but his garrison prevented a direct takeover and a protracted war with the highborn idiots not worth the time or effort. So we would keep his domain small and useless as our legions pushed into the interior seizing all we could from the relentless Scaven.

Lokhir had laughed when he received Teclis's demands that we withdraw back to our small insignificant hovel, so he had responded by telling Barsathar to anchor the great ARK on the horizon so that all those Highborn could see it from their pristine towers. The ARK would remind them that their day had ended and the night had begun, the night that always belonged to the dark elves.

Eleanor the twisted sister had returned to court telling tales of slaughter and raiding of the vermin tide. She had proudly had the savoured heads of those that she had personally handled hung around her scrawny neck, the dried blood still unwashed for all to see. She also had crooked rotten teeth and reeked of death and decay yet no one sane would ever cross her. Soon she

would return to the legion, at home with the mercenaries and the dark cold killers that had come for gold, glory and gore. Lokhir had awoken telling me of more of the dreams that had told him of tales from across the ocean in the cold waters of the North.

Gorbinx the unknown necromancer had again invaded Lokhir's sleep and he had told Lokhir of the great victories that awaited him, victories against the lizard and the conquest of a citadel that would rock the world of the complacent overlords. The cauldron in the tower had also revealed the citadel to the north, a city full of riches and plunder, enough to wet the appetite of any man or beast.

The Lizard king would not give it up lightly and Lokhir would have to lead his legions into the jaws of the beast to take his prize. I had asked the stupid question as to how he could trust the dream invader and the tales he spun but Lokhir had not cared for such thoughts, it was enough that he had such dreams and as for the necromancer well he would seek him out when he had taken the Blighted Isles from the stinking shrivelling excuse for elven kind that had wielded the sword of khaine for longer than he could remember.

I would go with him to record his exploits and document his glorious achievements for his story will echo for a thousand years and more.



Teclis High Elf and Star City -

Home of the arrogant egomaniac spell caster, who uses his big brother to get him out of the shit.



One morning after Agrona had given birth to her horned son Lokhir had thrust the door of my chamber open and had raced over to the window.

“See, look, no over there over the ranges, see it, tell me you see what I see?”

Yes I had seen it and it was the most beautiful sight I had seen since leaving the lands of my birth.

“Dragons don’t fly this far south do they?” Lokhir was like a boy, excited and full of vigour.

“They do now I had said as I watched the majestic creature swoop down into the valley below and land in the meadow where the rodents and lizards had been slaughtered for the amusement of the vile.

That was how Chandlor the Star dragon had came to us. I had touched his nose and felt his breath as hundreds had gathered to watch. Lokhir had pulled his troops back and told those standing to close to back off.

“A star dragon, never have I seen the like, they are the most ancient of Dragons, this has to belong to Teclis”. Lokhir had shouted to no one in particular.

Later Chandlor and I would talk as friends and he would tell me his tale. Chandlor had been hatched

from the nest of eggs that Gorbinox had kept warm and safe under the Blighted Isle. High above the cavern the winds lashed the coast, the cold waters of Ulthuan was truly no place for dragons. Down in the warm lava pools and rock tunnels Chandlor had grown and had learnt the ways of mortal creatures and Gorbinox his master had also told him of those undead trapped souls caught between two realms but denied in both.

The years had passed and his master had slept. Chandler had eaten the dark wriggling creatures of the underworld and had even ventured up onto the surface and had flown the cold skies of the elves. Battles and death spread over the lands and Chandlor had even watched his own kind fight and burn each other. Gorbinox had told him that he was a pure dragon, untainted by this realm and that he would grow to become master of the dragon guild. Gorbinox had given him his blood, his essence and it had coursed through his veins like a fire. Not the fire of breath but a gentle fire that warmed and comforted. Gorbinox had sent him south to the land at the edge of the world to serve a lesser master.

Chandlor had become our mascot a beacon that would rally the outcast rejects of the old world to come and fight for the chosen lord. They had come first a dribble then enough to fill units that would make up the first

legion of the Krakenlord and our destiny had started. I would watch as Chandlor flew off the cave ledge and dip down over the jungle. The flapping of huge wings would eventually give way to a scream from some unfortunate reptile that chandler had scooped up and shook to death before burning it and ripping it to bits. Food was plentiful and the echoes of death reverberated off the ranges and volcanic mounds. Those still living had joined the chorus adding their sounds of life and struggle and the symphony of the jungle went on.

Chandlor had fought with the legion pushing Lokhir on into the interior of this continent. The Scaven had been pushed back to isolated hovels and ruined settlements that had once belonged to the lizards. We were now the predators here in this land of swamps and primitive matter.

I had seen many a dragon in my youth but Chandlor was special, he liked it here and it was this happiness that had made me realise how his kind had been used and subsumed by light and dark elves alike.



The Legion was growing; slowly the ranks had become bolstered with fit fighting troops gathered from surrounding districts. Some were mercenaries that had braved the Vampire coast to seek fortune in the southern lands under the banner of an outcast renegade lord. His stories still echoed around the dark cloisters of Naggarond.

Lokhir had established the training encampment outside the growing city of Chupayotl and it would be from here that he would train his best warriors, as commanders to his glorious regiments.

Druchi warlords endowed with his seal and given the writ of iron, those that failed him would pay the price. The iron writ melted down and poured down the unfortunate's throat. This is a cruel and dark place; its cruelty only surpassed by the horrors outside of the city. Screams echoed beyond the walls, creatures the size of houses had left footprints as reminders of who or what had once held dominion here before Lokhir had landed and slaughtered all.

Those early days had been the worst, many dead and lost to the shadow realms and if one might listen too long you just might hear the voices of the fallen as they roamed the place between this world and the realm of the dead.

The rats are plotting and scheming, their scurrying could be heard beneath the very city as if the foundations would rise up and swallow us all. Uprisings of discontent had become common and Lokhir had ruthlessly put down such rebellions.

The winds of war were upon us and we must survive the early onslaught so that we can seize this miserable infested land. I watched as Trog burned the vermin, the smell now a constant reminder of the depravity of our dark and twisted souls.

Lokhir said I was too soft and needed to toughen up but our elven kind had once been whole and compassionate, that was a long time ago before our souls had become divided and tainted by the wars that had tore our kind apart. I could still see the softer side of Lokhir, the part of himself hidden behind the cold walls of Naggarond, maybe one day he will break down the wall and once again unite our divided selves or maybe we will all die in the fires of the underworld as the world of mortal's burns.

Broken ships from the north had told stories of the undead claiming coastal settlements. Walking rotten flesh and bone animated but devoid of any life. Was this to be our legacy, a fools dream to think that we could unite our kind and establish a new golden age.

Lokhir was so sure of himself, so sure that he could for fill the prophecy that he had seen in the red fire of the caldron.

LUSTRIA - The southern continent at the edge of the world.





Out of the mist the monstrous hulk had come, a fortress upon the water, dark black and full of dread. That was how the only survivor of the ill fated pirate scourge ship had described the Black ARK as he was hauled from the sea. His tattered body broken and twisted but his head, if one could call it that, still held the eyes of a man who had not quite realised that he was dead. Dead, undead it was a matter of debate but still the creature could talk and move and that was in itself a nightmare for the weak minded and the fools who would dare to brave the cold dark waters of the Vampire coast.

Admiral Barsathar was no fool and he was still of mortal flesh but he did brave the cooler waters seeking treasure, men and anything that his lord could use. Then again he did have a dreaded Black ARK and a legion of his best to fight and pillage all he could take and more.

The wooden ship was no match for his cannon and flames she was already at the bottom of the sea her crew dead and dead again. They would rise soon enough when the undead brethren came to claim their rotting carcasses. Barsathar hated them as he could never really kill them, unlike the elves of Ulthuan who he had despatched to the afterlife by the thousands.

No these animated corpses just kept resurrecting some of them washing upon the shore with rotting flesh dangling and cheek bone showing, dragging themselves from the sea with lifeless eye's that hungered for anything still living.

He had brought the thing to court to show us all, to teach us of the foul things that now roamed this world. I could not look at it, even though it was weak of me my better half still had the elven blood of the pure and in this place that could be the death of me.

Klawbinder a Druchi sycophant Dreadlord had given it a sword and let it roam the streets, he wanted to see if it would seek to kill anything and everything but to the surprise of us all it just shuffled past the living dark vile of the town weaving and hissing. The town had laughed and followed it around until it came upon the Scaven captive in the cage in the market square. Those closest to it quickly moved away as it screamed a tormented sound from hell itself and then it rushed towards the cage and the squealing Scaven.

Klawbinder had taken it away and later had petitioned Lokhir to get more of them from the swamps in the north for they would fight the rats and the lizards rather than elves or men. This horrified me as the thought of the undead in our legion was more than

even the darkest of elves could fathom. Fortunately Lokhir had agreed that there would be no place for those that belonged to the other realm.

Another ship had made it to our city and we now had another Dreadlord. This one I liked, he was still young at heart like Lokhir. He had that arrogant all knowing disposition that came with the elite cloister set of the house of Naggarond. Why had he made the perilous journey south to serve a banished lord I had wondered? Lokhir said that he had been sent by Marathi the hag sorceress of Ground and that it was a great sign that his exploits had received her attention.

Lokhir was pleased that this turn of events had at last yielded the possibility that he would one day take is rightful place in the court of Naggarond and further more an auspicious sign that Malekith's reign had become weak and inept. The legions would benefit from the training of such a skilled and formidable warrior. Mercenaries made excellent killers but a legion needed to be more than that it required traditions and discipline of many arts for there are many battlefields, the battlefield of the mind probably the most fearsome to conquer.



This was truly a good sign for we knew that the tide had turned and if all went as foreseen then we could expect the arrival of imperial black guards as keepers of the chosen realm. Naggaroth's finest to demonstrate to the vile ranks that the dark King had recognised them as his servants.

At last the new machines had arrived. Castilian the engineer had extended his workshop. The vile had cheered as the machines of death had been wheeled out and despatched to the legions.

The lizards had made a mess of our infantry and these new bolt throwers would break them as sure as old sticks in the wind.

Mercenaries were arriving from all over the old world. Knights of fallen virtues, empire cast outs and even the odd Ork had taken the calling to our open city. Whores had also become plentiful and in full demand sucking and emptying all who paid with gold and favours. This was a time of debauchery and growth.

The best of the vile had joined the elite ranks and established the city guard to maintain public order. Ruthless authority was the only way to keep the peace when dealing with factions invited from outside the pure. They had bent the knee and in so doing had

given themselves over to their Lord and master Lokhir Fellheart.

His rule was absolute and those that challenged, well that would be to invite the cruelest of consequences imaginable. No demonstration would be needed it was simply common knowledge.

Five headed Hydra a titanic beast of the cold mountains. That was how my mentor Flax had described the many beasts of the lands of dark elves, I had at first thought that he was referring to the five black prostitutes of the inner cloisters: Malekiths favourite whores and purveyors of knowledge and secrets of the dark court, spies some might say, spectacular roots and skilled in the art of pleasure and pain others had said.

They were to be avoided just as the armies would avoid trespassing upon the lands of the beast. To tame one required the sort of magic that Morathi would wield and even then it was not unknown for whole units to be consumed during the heat of battle as the beast reverted back to its primal state.

Unlike the dragon the Hydra was more akin to the lizard brain, react eat and bicker and snap at each of their five heads. Much like the cloister dregs it could be quite amusing to listen to them argue and spit at

one another until some unsuspecting fool would dare to interrupt and then snap, snap, snap, chomp, chomp, chomp.



In the past many an elf had fallen to the Dark Riders, hunted and put down with as much cruelty as could be imagined. Lokhir had changed all that he had wanted a flanking cavalry capable of skirting the vermin tide and the raptors with ruthless efficiency. Vanquishers he would call them, fast manoeuvrable and deadly. They had also become scouts for advancing legions and now they raised the small settlements to break supply lines and isolate the populations.

Drak pulled out his sword and dug his heels into the flanks of the beast as they hurtled down into the exposed settlement. Hack n slash all those who had not dropped to their knees were the standing orders. Those that understood became slaves and the rest now eternally sleeping. That was the way of the riders and in many ways it had saved many a life for the lizard villagers knew and understood that to resist was to die and so they had a choice. Live as slaves or become butchered meat.

Drak thought of changing his standing order as it had been a long time since his mounts and dark riders had been drenched in blood, the taste of it he was missing and it was not good for a warrior to forget that. The lizards had fell to their knees tales still and heads down but for Drak this day was to become a blood bath and

he had slaughtered them all, lizard blood stained the leather and cloaks of his riders and now he was dragged into the great hall and told to explain his actions.

“My Lord we taste for blood that is our way our right, the vermin tide and the lizard are prey and we masters of this land.” He had said.

Lokhir nodded and stood and walked over to the elf whose head was still matted with dry blood and entrails. Lokhir swiftly pulled his scythe and sliced the dark elves throat with a single clean slice and watched as his blood gushed out onto the stone floor.

“My law is clear, is it not?” He shouted for all to hear. “Any capitulation is to be honoured, we are not dogs of the shadow lands or lesser rodents, we are elves and you will respect the law of death.”

The Dark Riders had dishonoured themselves and they would not feed with the legion but sent out into the night to pick over the bones of dead carcasses until they had earnt the right to once again become part of the Dark Legions that held the Fellheart banner.

The Dark Riders had sought their own redemption for the butchery they had unleashed upon the lizard, in many ways a mirror to our factions quest. Lokhir had

fallen from grace by his infamous exploits yet he now stood a lord of the land and keeper of the faith, such values could easily be washed away by lesser weaker souls in favour of an easier and ultimately unsatisfying existence. Yet Lokhir had seen the larger picture and the simple truth that it had told. Unification of his race, a bringing together of a shattered soul and for many it would be incomprehensible.

The Elven kind had been split by civil war and like a fractured mind the dark soul had become the night and the pure soul the day. Light and dark for without both we are blind. The realms of chaos had already begun its invasion of our world and a fractured Elven race would be weak and less able to defend against the hordes. The Dwarfs know this for they are the strongest race in the world of mortal men and living things. Hoarders of gold and power they had manipulated Elven kind for their own gain and the Highborn had become pawns to be discarded.

In battle the Dark Elves could inflict serious damage upon the heavy Dwarfs but not enough to force capitulation and diplomacy. Gorbinox had told of this, the dreams that Lokhir and I had shared had revealed how the game would play out.



Pursuit of total dominion would result in Dwarf armies everywhere; the empire of man alone could not stop them neither could a fractured Elven race. Diplomatic confederation could become an option but is unworkable so for now Lokhir would seek to unite his race and that might be the stepping stone to other greater things.

Quellion had seen them, the dead corrupted things that came out of the low lands: deformed heads bobbing some partly severed and hanging loosely over an exposed torso, shuffling slowly gaining momentum as they smelled fresh elven blood.

He was returning from a scouting expedition to secure the returning legion to border territory. Shear dumb luck or divine design he did not know all he did know that his riders were the only hope for the village farmers and stable hands.

“Charge he yelled.” The trot had become a gallop and the gallop a thundering thump of hooves as the black riders descended upon the undead horde. Blades thrashed and heads rolled, veer off turn and charge, another swing and another until the last of them had fallen headless upon the late afternoon meadow.

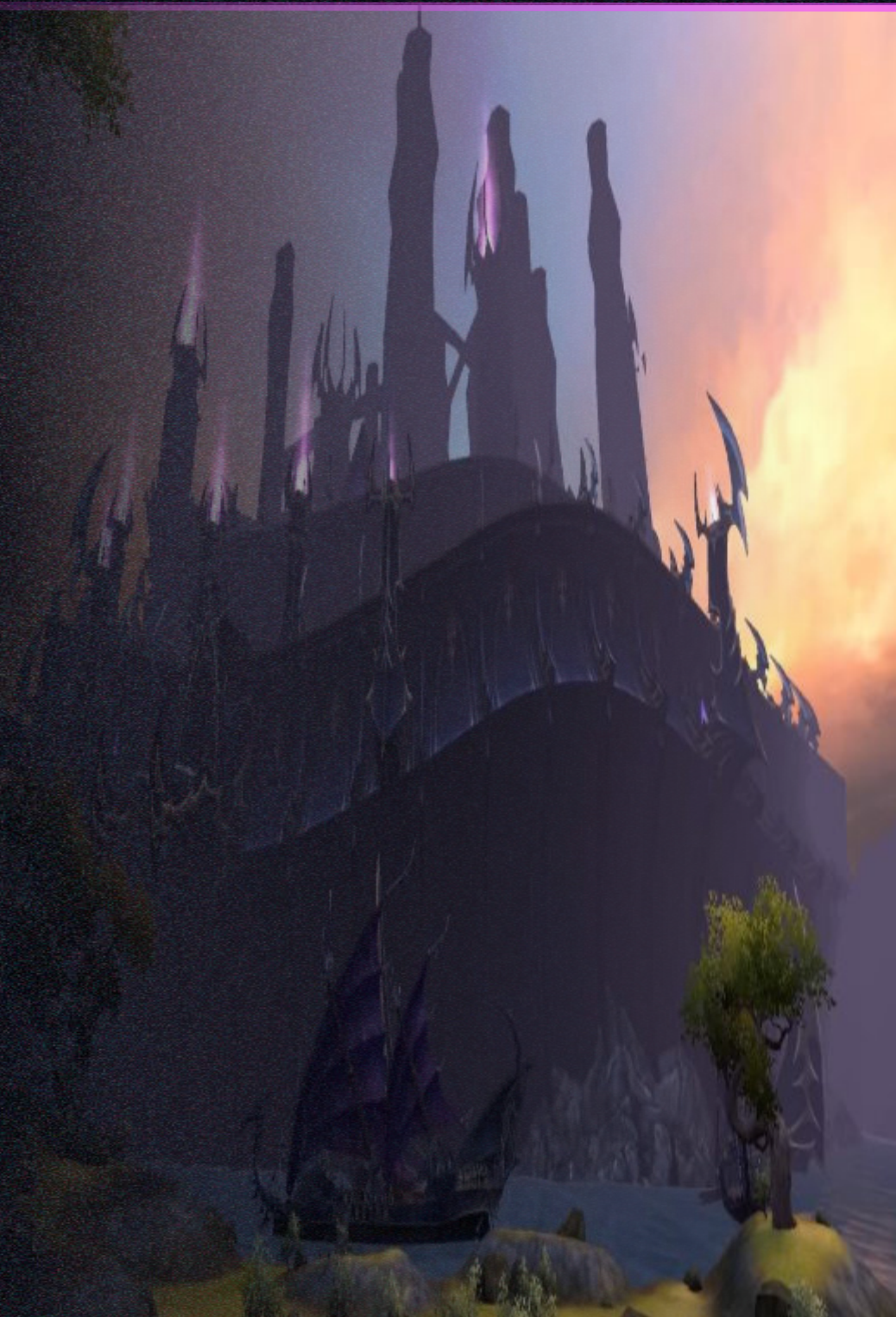
Afterwards he had rounded up the villagers and ordered them to burn the still moving carcasses of long dead souls. This was how he had redeemed his Dark Riders. Lokhir had promoted him and the legion had once again been made whole.

The city had lined up to see them disembark from Barsathar’s ARK. Glorious, all in black and gold, they were the elite of Naggarond. A gift from the King himself, his personal units sent to a lord’s legion to establish tradition and uphold the kingdom of Malekith.

It was for dark elves the ultimate honour to have them stationed within the first legion. Sworn to the king but loyal to the lord, the lord held the seal of Malekith as if the High King were there himself. Lokhir was in two minds about this, he had prided himself on building his armies from renegades, mercenaries and privateers. Now this was ratification from the King, a chain of loyal obedience to uphold tradition and the Kings law. Honour or shackle, he had asked of me.

“Does it matter; you are their Lord so use them? This is but recognition to all dark elves that you are now a force to be reckoned with. No longer will your name be whispered by those cloister trolls as degenerate or

cast out but you will now be spoken of with assertion and dignity. This my lord is what you have fought for. “





Krone hag had summoned me to her chamber for the simple delight of telling me what she had done to her hand maiden who had crossed her twenty two years ago.

She might well be the oldest living creature in our town, I did not know but she had a memory as sharp as any sickle. Half way around the world the poor unsuspecting woman was bent over in agony as her insides had started to dissolve into mush and slime. The spell always worked, she was an adept at misery and her cruelty was only surpassed by her spite.

What had the unknown woman done? Should I even ask such a thing? Just be grateful that it was not I that had crossed her.

Her leather black book had another name to be crossed off the long list, a list that she had made up many years ago and the last name added had been nothing but a scribble.

“Gorbinx.”

The old crone had taken a delight in inviting me to witness the telling of how she had balanced the wrongs that those in the book had done to her, much like the book of grudges held by those unyielding dwarves. I would never ask what they had done it was

enough that I had to listen to her describe the many agonies that she could inflict by her many, many spells.

Krone Hag always sat near the fire, old bones brittle and cold as her dark eyes. Krone hag simply would not die, I had prayed to the gods, offered promises and offerings but still she sat day after day rocking in her chair close to the ever burning fire.

In the end I had given up and assumed that the gods had some hidden purpose in mind. Then one day I had smelled burning pork coming from her chamber and thought that she might be testing out a new spell upon the unfortunate rodent that she had a plentiful supply off.

The door was ajar so I poked my head in and well I just could not contain myself, the old witch had turned to a pile of ash, she had self combusted herself. What a relief no more burnt charcoaled rats to dispose off.

Lokhir was away with the legion so it was up to me to make sure she had a decent sending off, I had Gort scoop up her remains and put them in a sack. That night I waited for the guards to change and quickly climbed the steps of the tower and emptied the sack into the sea below.





The problem with ruling with an iron fist was that it would always be a fist, unable to transform itself quick enough to meet the challenges of ruling.

Trelgan had found this out when he had underestimated those under his governorship. His head had been mounted upon a spike and carried through the narrow streets until it had rotted and then it had been sent to Lokhir as he prepared his assault to capture the last citadel upon the continent of Lustria.

This had infuriated him as the rotting head of the fool Trelgan had reminded him of how easily the best of plans can quickly go astray. He would have to level the city and kill all who had challenged his rule; he had rightfully blamed himself for appointing a psychopathic retard to administer the small city far to the west. He would deal with this inconvenience but not now, he had the good sense to send his provincial army to quell the uprising, restore his rule and wait until he could personally oversee the punishment that he had to inflict upon those that had defied him.

He had tossed the stinking head over the cliff and returned to his preparations to lay siege to the last of the Lizard cities. The King Mazdamundi would soon bend the knee and the world would know that Lokhir Fellheart would not be stopped.

### The Great Interior

Magic and ancient stones, huge citadels and wild beasts to freeze the soul. Oh yes and crazy lizards with big horns.





Our legions grow and the citadels fall to our might, ruthless battles and enough death to satisfy the dark gods. Chaos hoards, undead kings of the sands and rogue armies, all had to be dealt with.

The battleground of Kal sa har had become washed in the blood of the dead and the dammed and it was here that Lokhir had received a wound that had thrust him into the clutches of the eternal realm of the undead. Gimlor his bodyguard had taken the bolt but it had gone right through him and had struck my lord. The battle won but the hoard had broken the ranks and that was unheard of. Gimlor had survived with a clean wound but Lokhir had fallen to the ground and I feared that this would be his end.

Later during the night I had dozed off at Lokhir's side and the dream had come to me, the dream from across the waters far to the northern home lands. Gorbinox had told me what must be done.

Hair of Maiden I had told Gimlor. Where do we get that there are no maidens for a thousand leagues or more he had said clutching his bandaged side and wincing.

"Sisters of death surly one of them will do?"

No it must be a pure maiden hair, elven nothing else will do. Then there is only one thing for it. Gimlor had

said. You must take Chandlor the star dragon and return to Ulthuan and seek the sisters of Avelorn for they will acquire the hair of a maiden. Be quick, take Lord Fellheart's seal it might get you where you need to go, he still has many hidden friends in the old kingdom.

Returning to my birth realm was like revisiting a past life, surreal and detached, a measure of how much I had grown or changed. The sisters of Avelorn had indeed given me the hair of one of their maidens, a gift to the future they had called it. Chandlor had bathed in the waters of the eternal spring and I had made up the potion from Gorbinox instructions. We returned with all haste and four days later Lokhir had opened his eyes picked up his swords and returned to his men. Not a single question asked, not a word spoken, Gimlor had said later that he was like a man possessed. He had torn through the ranks of those that had broken during the battle; fortunately their commander had been killed and had avoided his fate of swallowing his melted iron writ.

Lokhir had changed he had taken on an air of immortality; he would lead his warriors forward into battle slicing any who had dared to challenge him. Gimlor had chastised him for not allowing him to be his body guard.

"Not my fault that you can no longer keep up." Lokhir had retorted.

Gimlor bit his tongue and downed his ale. Lokhir pinched his cheek and filled his goblet.

"You are the best of us my friend and maybe I do need reminding that I am blessed to have such companions in my ranks."

The victories had followed quick and decisive and word had reached the court of Naggarond and Malekith. Messengers brought sealed documents telling of a rising discontent in the North. Nobles questioned old allegiances and some had even dared to openly voice the inability of the court to rule over the dark lands. Malekith once a dark tyrant had become a mute vassal of the encroaching Highborn Elves and their bankers.

Alith Anar had even sent a despatch accompanied by a detachment of his best black riders. He had offered an alliance in the form of an unspoken pact of mutual support. They were both young and shared many similarities of ideology and vision. This was to become a turning point and Lokhir knew that he had to be careful, for treachery and deceit could undo all the victorious battles fought in the name of unity.



Flying serpents in the night, wings fluttering and scaping against the walls, the dreams had become more foreboding as we pressed north into the middle realms. Undead and old pirate clans still had settlements dotted around the coastal regions of the vampire coast.

Gorbinx had started to invade my dreams seeking answers as to why we had not yet secured the seal from the lizard king. I had seen his domain of rock and lava pools far away from the elves and the dwarf kingdoms in the east, glimpses through the veil and the shroud that he the necromancer had placed to protect himself from this world. He had no direct power over us only the invasion of our sleep and that we could deal with.

The messenger had delivered the invitation. Lokhir had broken the wax seal of Teclis and had opened the parchment, an invitation to dine and discuss matters of a common nature.

We had gone to his Star City on the clear blue waters of the southern ocean where he had shown us the grandeur and the opulence of the highborn and their unshakable right to rule. He had not been what I expected, actually quite charming and insecure. He was not to be messed with and Lokhir had liked that

about him. The two had talked about the northern realms and Lokhir had been impressed to find common ground.

Things had changed and even Teclis had admitted that his brother had become stubborn and unwilling to seek or end the fighting that had divided dark and light elf alike. Teclis could also see that the Dwarfs had become too strong, taking the east from the realms of men and vampire, hoarding gold and settling old grudges that further fuelled division and discontent.

Teclis had given us something to work with and we had returned to our city with a new sense of mutual understanding. The blockade had been lifted and we would trade with our neighbour across the water. The comet had appeared in the night sky and scribed an arc over the skies of our two realms, Lokhir and I had watched from the balcony as it descended into the sea far to the east and the lands of the Tomb Kings.

The king had sent a black dragon, a hideous creature of the underworld and the cold mountains of the north. Frayed wings and dark scales it was for us a representation of how different we had become from our home land. In reality we were neither Dark elf nor Highborn, a fusion of both, a realization that our dream of unity with our fractured selves a reality rather than ideology.

We had placed it in the second legion away from Chandlor as we did not wish for him to become corrupted by its stronger darker influence. It could be tamed and controlled with magic both elf and slane mage, for we now had access to the slane and their hidden knowledge. The beast might not be as ruthless as its kin but for us the compromise would pay hidden dividends, as it had already started to develop an intelligence that had never been seen in one so dark.

We were no longer pirates cast away from our lands to forever roam the wilderness. Our city had become an important trading partner with the far away ports of the East. Produce, knowledge and sealer of alliances with minor factions.

The Tomb Kings and the undead would never recognise our right to self determination but they would learn a respect of non interference for our victories had provided the means to keep them at bay and even force them to look to other less defended lands for the things that they needed.

We had heard the tale of the great black pyramids in the sand kingdoms and Lokhir knew that at some point he would have to deal with the bone kings and their undead skeleton hordes.



Gorbinx had closed the portal and the realm of the shadows blinked out of existence. The light in this new world was harsh and blinding so he had covered his head and used his ears to see the shapes and form of the world of men, elf and other things that roamed the land and the waters. Things like him part dead or not yet transitioned into the other realms. He must make this place his home for he could never go back to the shadow land and the Vorg.

His power was strong here and he could remain hidden but now he had to seek out the reptile king for he had something of great importance that Gorbinx would want and need. He had used the shadows to mask his entrance into the great city they called Hexoatl. He already hated this place of insufferable heat and twisted deformed shapes with hard skins and clumsy movements.

Inside the great paramid he had found the king surrounded by others of his kind, so he had waited hidden until at last the king was alone, the seal around his neck, yes that was what he had come for, what he had risked the wrath of the Vorg for. Mazdamundi had seen the shifter emerge and change into form but it was too late to summon his guards the shape had already appeared in front of him, a delicate creature

that he knew was not of this world. It had come for the seal it had told him but it could not take it, it had to be freely given.

Mazdamundi had declined the offering of great power and secrets of dreams; he did not like this creature at all. It had snuck up on him made demands and offered dark magic, no there was no bargain to be made here.

The shape had left him returning to the shadows and Mazdamundi had enacted the rite of protection and had placed his seal under the city in the tomb vault. There it had remained for five hundred years safe secure from those that had come later, sent by the creature from another realm.

Gorbinx had found a home deep under the Blighted Isle in the dragon’s lair that not even the inquisitive elves had known of. The dragon eggs had been harvested and kept safe deep in the depths of a cavern. Gorbinx slept the first hundred years before awakening to send the first of many a young fool to acquire Mazdamundi’s seal. Manipulation was easy as gold and power were things easily granted in this realm. What was not so easy and what had infuriated him was how resilient the lizard king had been in protecting his seal.

Gorbinx could find no one capable of infiltrating the city and securing the prize then the dark elf had been cast out and he had touched his mind with offerings of power and prestige. Yet for all of his offerings the renegade elf Lokhir had not sent him the seal and he had been forced to subsume his fragile mind.

Mazdamundi had seen many things in this world but the creature from the hidden realm had been the only one to ever truly frighten him for it came from the place where the lizard mind had full dominion and the fallen king knew full well that if it came into this realm then not even the savage primates could prevent the unthinkable horrors that the Vorg were capable of.

Time to take my bow, thanks for having me, see you on f ip side.

EXIT STAGE LEFT



This story was inspired by the wonderful game WARHAMMER II playing as the faction dark elves. This story is not part of the game but from my imaginings. It has also been made into a mod that can be found upon the steam workshop. (Explosive Artillery for Lokhir Fellheart). It was originally intended to be just a mod with story pack but I thought that I might share this to inspire creative thinking.

I hope that you have enjoyed it.

Thanks to Creative Assembly for making this game, in a world full of horrors and distrust we can still find the good, the light and the spirit.



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Colin Foster. 2019