

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



ARENA OF SHADES



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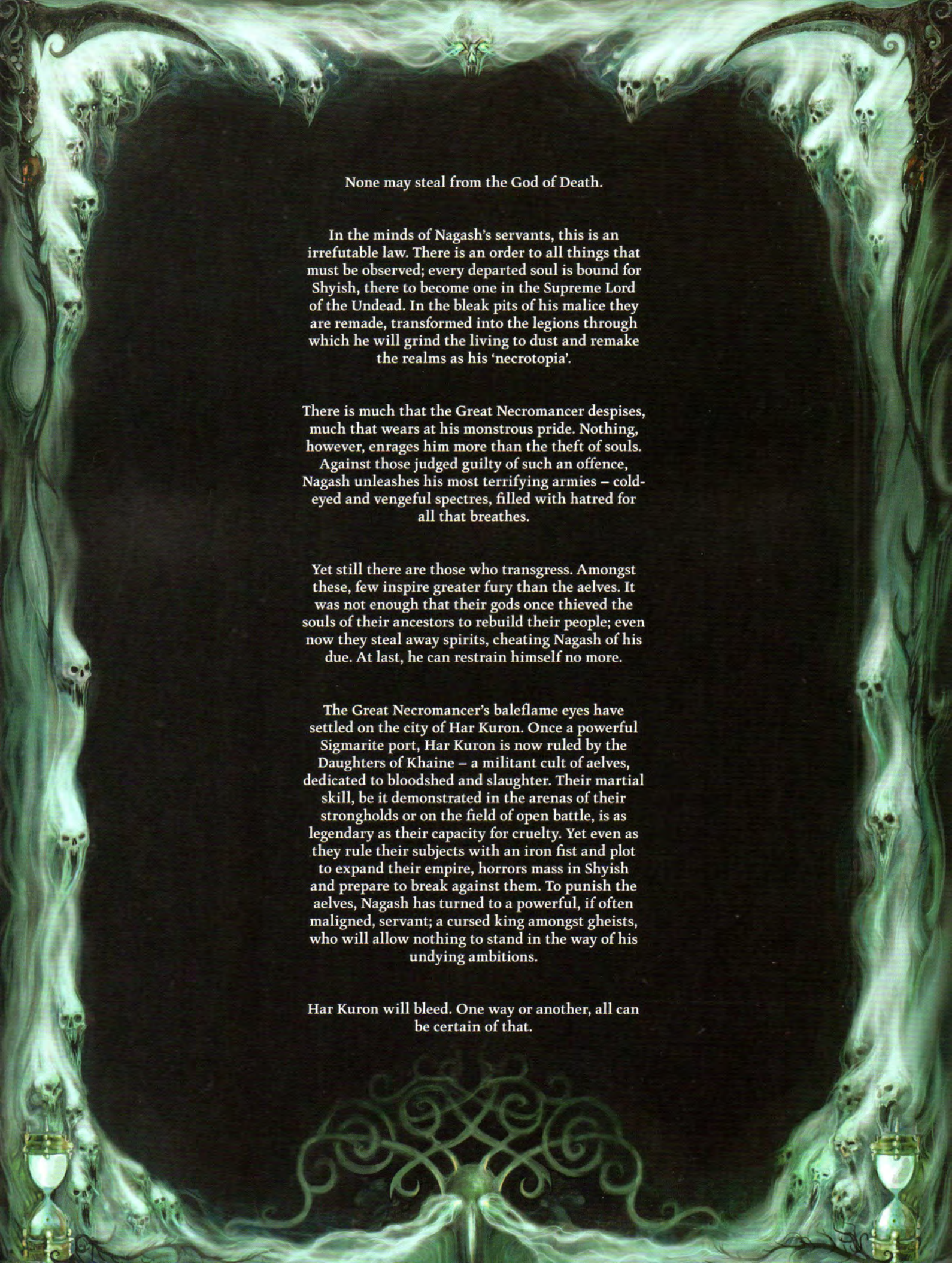
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None may steal from the God of Death.

In the minds of Nagash's servants, this is an irrefutable law. There is an order to all things that must be observed; every departed soul is bound for Shyish, there to become one in the Supreme Lord of the Undead. In the bleak pits of his malice they are remade, transformed into the legions through which he will grind the living to dust and remake the realms as his 'necrotopia'.

There is much that the Great Necromancer despises, much that wears at his monstrous pride. Nothing, however, enrages him more than the theft of souls.

Against those judged guilty of such an offence, Nagash unleashes his most terrifying armies – cold-eyed and vengeful spectres, filled with hatred for all that breathes.

Yet still there are those who transgress. Amongst these, few inspire greater fury than the aelves. It was not enough that their gods once thieved the souls of their ancestors to rebuild their people; even now they steal away spirits, cheating Nagash of his due. At last, he can restrain himself no more.

The Great Necromancer's baleflame eyes have settled on the city of Har Kuron. Once a powerful Sigmarite port, Har Kuron is now ruled by the Daughters of Khaine – a militant cult of aelves, dedicated to bloodshed and slaughter. Their martial skill, be it demonstrated in the arenas of their strongholds or on the field of open battle, is as legendary as their capacity for cruelty. Yet even as they rule their subjects with an iron fist and plot to expand their empire, horrors mass in Shyish and prepare to break against them. To punish the aelves, Nagash has turned to a powerful, if often maligned, servant; a cursed king amongst gheists, who will allow nothing to stand in the way of his undying ambitions.

Har Kuron will bleed. One way or another, all can be certain of that.

A DOLOROUS SCHEME

As war raged across the Mortal Realms, a foul plot brewed in Shyish. Nagash, Supreme Lord of the Undead, seethed over the insults committed against him – knowingly or otherwise. To take his vengeance, the Great Necromancer turned to one of his more infamous servants: Kurdoss Valentian, the Craven King...

In the depths of Nagashizzar, the god of the dead brooded upon his throne. It was something he did often, these nights. It had been that way since the debacle in Hysh. At the climax of the Soul Wars, the Great Necromancer had attempted to drain the magics from that realm through a grand and heinous ritual, but he was struck down by the luminous magics of Archmage Teclis and the realm-spirit Celennar. His Necroquake had ravaged the cosmos, yet ultimately and at great cost, the fallout of that sorcerous cataclysm had been reversed by aelvish sorceries. Now, the hordes of Destruction were on the offensive, spearheaded by some bellowing monstrosity that called itself a god.

A thousand lesser barbs had also been levelled against Nagash's ego, yet one particular indignity nagged. The fall of the Sigmarite city of Anvilgard, conquered by the Daughters of Khaine and Idoneth in a bloody coup, should have pleased him. Indeed, Nagash could not deny himself some amusement, when he imagined the look on Sigmar's face in the aftermath.

Yet the Khainites had committed a grievous sin. They had offered the souls of many of the city's inhabitants to their Idoneth allies, the price for their aid in taking Anvilgard, now known as Har Kuron. These had been spirited away to the submerged enclaves of the Deepkin, and none had reached Shyish. It was soul-theft

of the most flagrant kind. To the Great Necromancer, there was no crime more grave.

Once, Nagash would have descended to ravage Har Kuron and take that which he was owed. Yet his defeat had left him sorely weakened; in time he would recover, but for now his strength was largely confined to Shyish. Many of his greatest servants had equally fallen before the aelves, or else were caught up in their own schemes. While he could have exerted his will over them, prideful Nagash was loath to reveal his weakened state. Still, there was one whose desire to prove themselves could see them entrusted with a retributive strike – the first move in Nagash's plots for revenge.



BEWARE THE JEALOUSY OF THE DEAD

KURDOSS VALENTIAN, THE CRAVEN KING

The name of Kurdoss Valentian echoes through the annals of infamy. In life he was as power-hungry as he was unscrupulous, eager to scheme, murder and betray his way to rulership. Yet before he could don his ill-gotten crown, Nagash struck him down – not for his crimes, for Valentian's will impressed the Great Necromancer, but for honouring Sigmar. Nagash would not let Valentian rule even as a spirit, instead binding him to serve as Lady Olynder's foremost lieutenant. The Craven King is permitted only to offer low, rasping counsel to his betters, and to crush their enemies beneath his brutal mace. Yet Valentian's ambition has not been quenched. His vassals whisper where he cannot, and several of the Legion of Grief's overlords are his creatures also. The Mortarchs largely scorn Valentian as a lesser lord of death. Olynder views him as a hateful and utterly disposable tool, bound to her against her will. Only canny Neferata sees the Craven King for what he is: a shadow cast by the throne of Dolorum, and one that may yet grow darker.



LORD OF DOLORUM

Kurdoss Valentian – a feared Nighthaunt general bound by a curse of servitude that eternally galled him – was no fool. The Craven King knew well that Nagash rarely gave second chances, and had resigned himself to remaining a lackey to his despised mistress, Lady Olynder. Yet now the Great Necromancer had charged him, and him alone, with a task of substance. All ascents to power began somewhere, and Valentian swore to see Nagash's vengeance exacted.

Hosts of Chainrasps were released from the Great Oubliette, but these were mere ethereal grist for the mill of war. Valentian's true plan was to unleash covens of elite spirits that could reap a bountiful harvest before swiftly escaping back to Shyish. Central to these were his own Craventhron Guard, gheists who served Valentian in death as they had in life. Spirit Torments accompanied them, attracted by the promise of claiming souls by the hundreds. Bladegheist Revenants were freed from torture caskets beneath Dolorum's streets, while flights of Myrmourn Banshees were

approached by the Craven King's vassals and enticed to feed on rare shadow sorceries.



The same ruthless intellect that had spurred Kurdoss on in life lingered in death, even if he was rarely given leave to display it. He had made fastidious study of the tactics of every conceivable enemy, all under the guise of offering more astute advice to Lady Olynder. As such, his warriors were each chosen to counteract typical aelvish strategies; flailing Bladegheist Revenants would hack through disciplined shieldwalls; Myrmourn Banshees would

thwart their sorceries, while the Craventhron Guard would strike down their champions from afar.

The final element of the host was selected for altogether different reasons. The Scriptor's Mortis were a reclusive cabal of gheists charged with chronicling the rise of Nagash's necrotopia. Many undead viewed them as crooked scriveners, but Valentian – who appreciated that appearances could be deceiving – had long attempted to earn their alliance. His efforts were rewarded when Vayon of the Withered Quill offered his aid. Once an inhabitant of Dolorum, Vayon shared Kurdoss's hatred of its queen, Olynder; it had been on her orders that his mortal form was tortured unto death, following the discovery of his pamphlets spreading criticism of the Veiled Lady. Ostensibly, the Scriptor's purpose was to record the tithe of claimed souls, and to condemn the souls of aelvish warleaders to especially hideous underworlds with a flick of his quill. Surreptitiously, he was bidden to pen an account of the Nighthaunt at war – one that would reflect favourably on its master, the Craven King.

THE SACK OF HAR KURON

The Nighthaunt descended upon Har Kuron not to conquer, but to claim a bounty of souls that would repay those lost to the Great Necromancer. Their strategy was built upon speed and overwhelming force – but the Daughters of Khaine are a zealous breed, and would not surrender so lightly.

As the flame-moon Thaquia approached its zenith, unsettling phenomena began spreading throughout Har Kuron. Mausoleum doors burst open, disgorging gales of phantasmal energy. Hourglasses exploded by the hundreds, sands pooling to form pitch-black portals to the underworlds. Secret dabblers in the necromantic arts found their powers flaring beyond their control, balefire jetting from their eyes and burning through the veil of realms. From these chthonic gateways emerged hordes of shrieking spirits, and at their head came the vassals of the Craven King, Vayon of the Withered Quill amongst them.

The Nighthaunt had timed their assault to coincide with the Feast of Kharybtar – a sacred night to the Daughters, marked by grand gladiatorial displays. They concentrated their efforts on the outermost poor districts, those still yet to be rebuilt following the fall of Anvilgard. Valentian believed that the Khainites would be so engrossed in the gory festivities that they would not be drawn to defend the poorer aelven populations, or the brutalised pockets of human citizenry that remained. Indeed, it was these latter groups that the Nighthaunt sought to prey on, for their lingering terror and grief was as a beacon to the Spirit Torments.

Against more determined resistance, Valentian's ploys proved their worth. Thrallbands of Darkling Covens spear-aelves were set upon by Bladegheist

Revenants, hacked to pieces in the claustrophobic city streets. Sorceresses who attempted to magically coordinate their forces found arcane messages devoured by wailing banshees, before the gheists turned on them with cursed blades flashing.



THE WRATH OF KHAINE

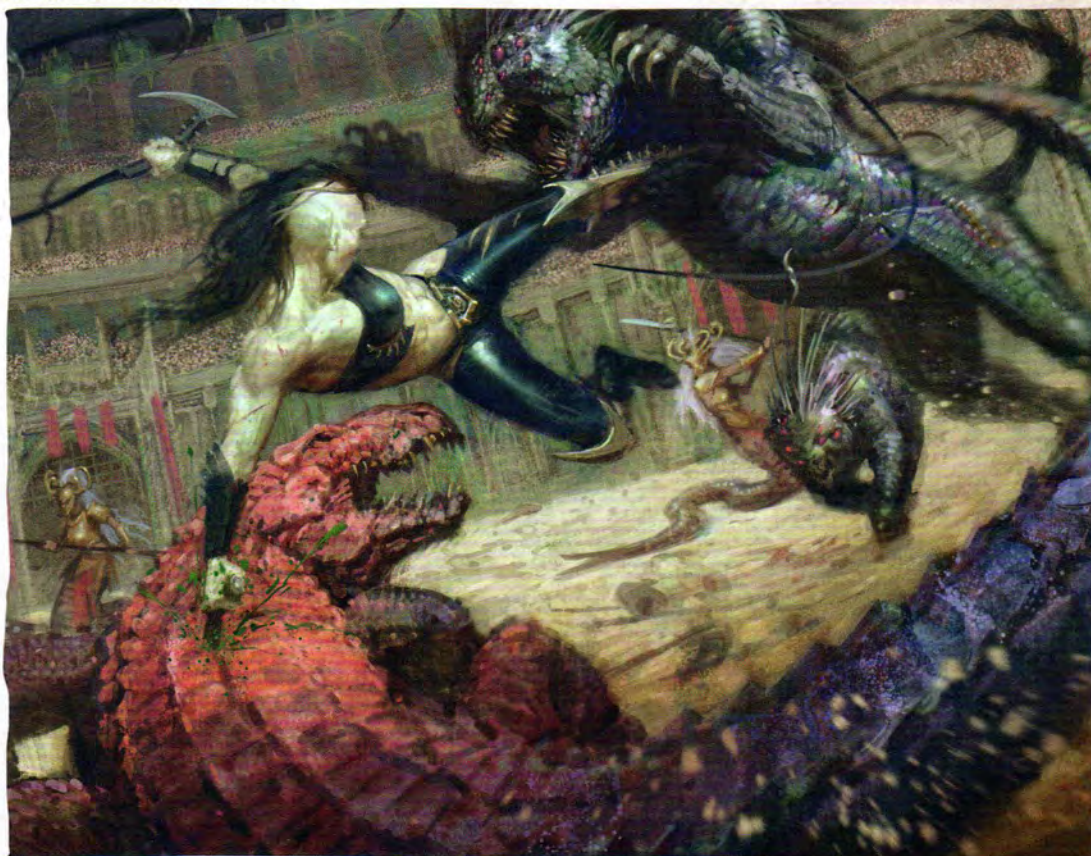
By the time the Daughters recognised the threat, the Nighthaunt had already reaped a grim toll. It seemed as if the aelves' spectral foes were everywhere, save for under the Khainites' cruel knives. Tales were flooding in of the last stand at the Crow's Nest tavern, of cackling gheists spilling from the undercroft of the Court of Knaves, of civilians fleeing to the wreckage of *Old Firesnout* – a wrecked cogfort at the city's edge – only to be run down by wraiths.

Yet it was at this moment that the Craven King's strategy began to unravel. Valentian's plan relied on his servants avoiding the greater concentration of Khainite power, believing that the slaughter-addled aelves would be unwilling to

break from their murder games with anything approaching haste. Yet while the city's population remained relatively small since its overthrow, with even the aelven citizens closely monitored by the cult of Khaine and its allies, the Daughters would not surrender them to the dead without a fight. Though their foes had no blood to spill, a fact that enraged the aelves even more, the Daughters of Khaine broke from their celebrations far swifter than expected, howling as they surged into the streets.

The first the Nighthaunt knew of the counter-attack was when blazing shade-magics hurled by Doomfire Warlocks burst in their midst. Next to strike were flocks of winged Scáthborn, followed by packs of masked and blood-crazed gladiators. Aelven warbands clashed with ghostly hunt-parties in the choking alleyways, and the night was soon filled with agonised screams and the flash of disincorporating gheists.

One such Khainite warband followed the Gladiatrix Yelena. A darling of the arena, the populace of Anvilgard had once flocked by the thousands to see her fight – only to have those same skills turned against them when the uprising struck. Yelena's feats were nothing short of breathtaking. Har Kuron's tormented populace still spoke of her slaying a captive Maw-krusha with a single blade, of her breaking every bone in an ogor bruiser's body by hand, and of how Morathi herself had come to witness her displays of slaughter.



Rumour dogged Yelena's heels. Scurrilous whispers named her the bastard of some ancient lineage, claiming her triumphs were the result of elaborate illusions. Others went further, muttering that Yelena privately worshipped at the altars of dead gods in return for power – a crime in Khainite society, punished by the most gruesome tortures. Any who spread such talk soon fell silent when Yelena invited them to level their accusations on the arena sands. To most of her sisters, her past was immaterial; in the Gladiatrix they saw a symbol of Har Kuron's ascent.

Yelena's reaction to news of the invasion had been a gleeful charge into the streets. The Gladiatrix had not so much assembled a war-coven as simply found the swiftest aelven warriors battling to keep pace with her. Before her onslaught, spirits by the dozens were banished with soul-rending

howls. Her direction was of no concern to Yelena; only the fires of Khaine filling her mattered. Had she been of clearer mind, she might have been more circumspect. Though the Nighthaunt had been surprised by their enemy's swift reaction, they were not altogether unprepared. Bands of crossbow-wielding Craventhron Guard had been set to stalk the shadows; Hag Queens, Ironscales and Medusae had all met their ends at the hands of these spectral assassins, struck down by ghostly bolts.

Around such kills hovered Vayon of the Withered Quill. To the Scriptor's mind, Nagash would delight in each spiteful death – and favour he who recorded such things for eternity. So when he began to sense a nexus of Khainite resistance was forming, no doubt spearheaded by some notable champion, his interest was piqued...

THE ARENAS OF HAR KURON

In the aftermath of Har Kuron's annexation, plentiful gladiatorial arenas were erected. Here, the aelves staged bloody displays of skill, battling to the death against captive warriors, wild beasts, or one another. Initially, hundreds were herded into the arenas as sacrifices, but the Daughters knew that preying on an unworthy foe was no way to honour Morathi-Khaine. Increasingly, prisoners were forced to watch their masters' talent for killing in the arena, so that they might understand the futility of resistance. The greatest shows, whispered to star half-aelven monstrosities, remained accessible to only elite clientele. Even so, pit-fighting soon became central to Har Kuronite identity.

THE CHARRWIND COAST

Once a powerful Sigmarite port city standing guard over Aqshy's Charrwind Coast, Har Kuron is now a symbol of the conquering ambitions of the Daughters of Khaine. The bloodthirsty aelves rule over their subjects with an iron fist, all for the glory of their goddess Morathi-Khaine.

Har Kuron is a place of infamy. Even before its conquest by the Khainite cult, back when it had borne the name Anvilgard and been pledged to Sigmar, the city was rife with corruption. Countless items of contraband had passed through its ports, while from the shadows the aelven crime syndicate known as the Blackscale Coil pulled the strings. That organisation, itself secretly puppeted by the High Oracle of Khaine, had been instrumental in paving the way for the uprising that followed Morathi's apotheosis. In a single night of massacre, the Daughters of Khaine and their allies amongst the sorcerous Darkling Covens, drake-riding Order Serpentis and corsair fleets of the Scourge had cast down the God-King's champions, claiming Anvilgard for themselves.

So was Anvilgard brutally annexed, and renamed Har Kuron. The high priestesses of Khaine ruled openly and without mercy. The city's survival had in no way been secure in those early days. Open war against the God-King had been averted by the narrowest of margins, with Morathi pledging her forces to the defence of Excelsis in Ghur – a fact that proved crucial in securing that city's survival against the barbarous hordes of Destruction. Even with an uneasy truce declared, forces from Har Kuron continued to battle against guerilla parties claiming to represent 'Free Anvilgard' in the foothills of the Charrwind Coast, for many who had fled the city had not yet surrendered hope of reclaiming their home. Still, Har Kuron endured. Though the blood crusades that left its walls were a far cry from the Sigmarite Dawnbringer ventures, being entirely composed of aelves in league with Morathi and in some extreme cases fixated on the shedding of gore above all else, the city's armies were fervent in establishing outposts in its image. Little by little, the Khainite domain in Aqshy expanded.

Yet other forces also lurked in the long shadows of the Charrwind Coast. All of Aqshy was a place of tumult and strife, yet the stretches of land and sea surrounding Har Kuron were especially violent. Fiercely territorial Seraphon stalked the sweltering jungles, while ramshackle orruk fleets launched from the port of Blista Bakk had been the bane of any would-be coastal settlers before their recent destruction at the hands of a Sigmarite armada. Feeding upon the suffering that blighted the Charrwind Coast, and bolstered by the energies unleashed through Nagash's Necroquake, processions of Nighthaunt had become an increasingly common sight. Many of these were drawn from those who had died on the waves, their ethereal chains still dripping with stagnant seawater and brine. The legendary gheist-fleet of Awlrach the Drowner had even been spotted off the coast more than once. Mostly, however, the Nighthaunt were drawn to those material legacies of the Age of Myth where inordinate grief and pain still lingered – ruins that were equally prized by mortal settlers as the basis of new strongpoints, and so often played host to vicious battle between the living and the dead.

THE GREAT PARCH





HAR KURON

Formerly the free city of Anvilgard on the sweltering Charrwind Coast, recently annexed by Morathi and her Khainite cult.



THE ARIDIAN VENTURES

The conclave of Hammerhal has ordered a series of offensives to drive the Goretide out of Aridia and settle new lands in the God-King's name.



KEY

- SIGMARITE METROPOLIS
- MILITARISED CITY
- SITE OF LEGEND
- SIGMARITE STRONGPOINT
- BATTLE OF LEGEND
- SKAVEN WARREN-CITY
- FYRESLAYER MAGMAHOLD
- REALMGATE
- IDONETH WHIRLWAY
- KHAINITE TEMPLE-CITY

TEMPEST'S EYE

Imposing mountain-city of snow-covered peaks and soaring spires, circled by fortified eyrie-towers.

VITRIOL SEA

CHAKRIK'S FOLLY

Overpopulated skaven undercity, and the prime cause of the Capilarian Famines.





OF SHADES AND SHADOWS

Both the Daughters of Khaine and the Nighthaunt are irrevocably woven into the history of the realms. The chronicle of years is littered with tales of their infamous deeds and vicious wars, and the cruelties that both sides are capable of – be they in the name of Morathi or Nagash – are the stuff of grim legend.

• AGE OF MYTH •

THE CULT OF BLOOD

The aelven sorceress Morathi awakens in the realm of Ulgu, having escaped her infernal captor Slaanesh. Wandering alone for what feels like an age, she at last reunites with her son Malerion, who has now ascended to become a being of purest shadow. Scornful of his mother for past treacheries, Malerion has no intent to show Morathi more than the paltriest mercy. In time, her insistence that they rule the realm as a pair sees him grant her overlordship of the barren and hostile Umbral Veil, if only to silence her. The Veil is the darkest of Ulgu's dominions, inhabited by sparse aelven cults dedicated to the fallen God of Murder, Khaine. Morathi, furious but undeterred, positions herself as this entity's oracle, and the Daughters of Khaine are born.

SUPREME LORD OF THE UNDEAD

Nagash, god of death, awakens in Shyish trapped beneath a realmstone cairn. Only the eventual intervention of the God-King Sigmar sees him freed, though neither deity – bitter foes in the World-that-Was – trusts the other. Nevertheless, Nagash joins Sigmar's Pantheon, albeit as a means of disguising his own ambitions. Even as he feigns co-operation with his fellow gods, he unleashes his armies to bring the underworlds of Shyish under his sway. Amongst these are tortured ethereal spirits, twisted by Nagash's power and now known as Nighthaunt.

THE FIRST STROKE OF DOOM

In a daring heist, the aelven gods capture Slaanesh, the Chaos God of excess and untrammelled indulgence. They soon begin extracting the devoured souls of their ancient people from the Dark Prince. Though she is no true god, Morathi's aid sees her bestowed with a portion of the reclaimed spirit-essence, and she all but demands Nagash grant her his knowledge to speed the recreation of her people. Infuriated, the Great Necromancer engages the High Oracle in a brief duel during which Morathi's true, monstrous form is revealed. Neither forgets the other's transgression.

THE UNCROWNED KING

In a forgotten underworld, Kurdoss Valentian is born to the ruling house. Though apparently unremarkable compared to his twelve elder siblings, he is possessed of an unshakeable determination to rule, no matter the cost. Over the decades, Valentian grows in martial might and learns to feign charisma, even as he hones his ruthless intellect. A string of betrayals, tragic mishaps and assassinations – typically performed by the crossbow-wielding thugs secretly in Valentian's employ – gradually disposes of other contenders to the throne. All the while, Valentian breaks familial tradition by forsaking Nagash's worship for that of Sigmar, who he reveres as a god of tyranny and domination. This grand act of heresy does not escape the Great Necromancer's notice.

• AGE OF CHAOS •

REGICIDE

Even as the Age of Chaos begins, and daemonic armies spill from cracks in reality to ravage the realms, Kurdoss Valentian orchestrates the murder of his last remaining sibling within a cathedral to the Great Necromancer. Seconds before he can finally don his crown, however, Kurdoss is struck down by Nagash. Condemned to roam as a vengeful spirit, Kurdoss nevertheless retains his ironclad will – and, soon enough, begins plotting his way to power once more. In spite of himself, Nagash cannot help but be impressed.

• AGE OF SIGMAR •

RESURGENCE

Though the armies of Chaos have dominated the Mortal Realms for centuries, at last Sigmar and his Stormcast Eternals launch a grand counter-attack to retake their ancestral lands. Feeling the winds of fortune change, Morathi and Nagash – both previously backed into a corner by the Chaos forces – seize the opportunity to strike back against the Ruinous Powers. The Daughters of Khaine form an alliance with the forces of Order, though their brutal nature and gory post-battle rituals draw much criticism. The Great Necromancer, meanwhile, recommences work on a millennia-old plot to invert Shyish's magical polarity in a grand ritual, believing this will ensure his dominion over the entire cosmos.

OMENS OF WAR

In the newly founded Sigmarite port-city of Anvilgard, Morathi's agents establish the Blackscale Coil – a criminal syndicate that manipulates from the shadows and slowly begins preparations for an uprising against the God-King. Meanwhile, the High Oracle openly calls attention to Nagash's schemes as morbid omens begin blighting the realms. Morathi convinces a sizeable army from Hammerhal to march against Nagashizzar, though the wise notice that those Khainites sent to join the muster are largely out of favour, or otherwise disposable.

NECROQUAKE

Nagash's secret scheme builds to a completion; having ordered his minions to amass the realmstone known as grave-sand over the course of centuries, he now intends to use the stuff to power a ritual that will wipe out life in the realms. Yet at the last minute, his plan is sent awry, and instead the ritual unleashes a wave of morbid power across the realms that sees Nighthaunt spirits rise by the thousands. To turn these disorganised ghostly hordes into true terror legions, Nagash appoints Lady Olynder as his Mortarch of Grief. Yet a queen requires a consort, and the Great Necromancer has not forgotten the cunning noble that once caught his gaze.

Kurdoss Valentian is again cursed, bound to Olynder and dubbed the Craven King – a bitter jest, for it is his fate to never rule, only serve. Yet even as he plays the role of his mutually despised mistress's thug, Valentian ensures that his shadowy network of vassals remains intact. One, the banshee Howling Laraya, is charged with securing a nexus of deathly energies known as the Wailing Grove on Aqshy's Charrwind Coast. When the Anvilgard branch of the Posthumous Reclamation

Freeguild sends agents to raid the grove and recover morbid artefacts to trade on the black market, they unintentionally seize a trinket containing a portion of Laraya's spirit. From the shadows, this half-gheist quietly observes, whispering all that transpires back to the Craven King.



THE CRIMSON HOURS

Even as the Khainite cult battles Nagash's legions, Morathi continues her quest for apotheosis. In a ritual requiring vast quantities of cursed realmstone and esoteric soul-devices stolen from the Idoneth Deepkin, the High Oracle at last achieves her aims. Naming herself Morathi-Khaine, the new goddess's first act is to return the stolen artefacts to the Idoneth in exchange for an alliance. The second is to launch a grand coup in Anvilgard. Over a night of shocking betrayal, Morathi's armies cast down Anvilgard's Sigmarite rulers. The celebrations that mark the consecration of Har Kuron see thousands of civilians offered to the Idoneth as soul-tribute, and hundreds more sacrificed in the arenas.

MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT

Nagash's ambitions are at last curbed by the Archmage Teclis, who defeats the Great Necromancer in a climactic magical duel. Forced to flee and recover once more, Nagash seethes over the many insults he believes levelled against him – and it does not take long for him to notice the theft of souls in Har Kuron.

SPIRIT OF MURDER

In the weeks following the city's capture, Har Kuron's, new overlords exult in their bloody gladiatorial sports, staging increasingly violent contests of slaughter within the bounds of the city's expanding arenas. Disaster strikes, however, when a captive warband of Chaos-worshipping tribesmen – intended to be slaughtered in bloody tribute to Khaine – are mysteriously freed from their cells beneath the Arena of the Iron Reckoning.

Knowing that their resistance will burn briefly but brightly, the servants of ruin rampage through the underworks, intending to desecrate the nearest Khainite shrine. When more aelves arrive to contain the rebellion, however, they find the hacked-apart corpses of the escapees on the threshold of entering the temple – and, standing above them, the High Gladiatrix Yelena. When interrogated as to how she responded to the uprising so swiftly, the warrior claims to have been guided by Morathi-Khaine, and to have heard the goddess promising her glory in her dreams. Upon being tested in the arena, it seems that her proud boast might hold true, for no matter the challenge facing her, Yelena always triumphs in spectacular fashion.

VENGEANCE OF THE CRAVEN KING

At last, Nagash can tolerate the perceived slights against him no more. He bids Kurdoss Valentian assemble an army and descend upon Har Kuron, and claim a tithe of souls to replace those thieved by the aelves. Eager to earn his master's acclaim, the Craven King soon draws a formidable procession to his banner; it is an army he intends not only to raid the city, but to humble it, all of which will be recorded for posterity by the spiteful Scriptor Mortis Vayon.





'Many a foe have I faced in the arenas. Scaled behemoths of infinitely foul temper; covens of my sisters, any of whom would slay me for a chance at glory; beings of pure shadow, whose names I will not utter. Yet all had the dignity to bleed, whether it be hot ichor or the stuff of umbral magic. These impudent spectres come to Morathi-Khaine's temple without blood in their veins to offer. Such an insult cannot stand.'

- Yelena, High Gladiatrix



NIGHTHAUNT

The Nighthaunt are Nagash's terror legions, cursed spirits summoned to vent their hatred of the living. Each committed some crime in life that the Great Necromancer considered worthy of punishment; their penance, however, far exceeds their misdeeds, and has bound them in chains of torment for evermore.

SCRIPTORS MORTIS

The crooked Scriptors Mortis embody Nagash's jealousy and egotism. To the Supreme Lord of the Undead, they are heinous slanderers; in actuality, their crimes were the spreading of inconvenient truths and excessive veneration of the God-King. The Azyrite order of historians known as the Scriptors Auris were renowned throughout the Age of Myth for their pursuit of lore, committing their findings to parchment for the edification of the masses – provided that said learnings showed Sigmar

in a favourable light, that is. In doing so, they told tales of many mighty deeds, including Nagash and Sigmar's first meeting in the realms, in which the God-King freed the Great Necromancer from imprisonment beneath a realmstone cairn. In recounting this shameful event, the Scriptors Mortis became targets for Nagash's bitter retribution. Over the course of the Soul Wars, the Great Necromancer commanded his Spirit Torments to drag their long-dead shades before his throne, so that punishment could finally be meted out.

'We write and we write, and nothing will ever erase the sins we committed. Eternal punishment – can you comprehend it? Not that it matters. When I am done with you, you won't have a choice...'

- Vayon of the Withered Quill,
Scriptor Mortis

Where once they pledged to record truth, now the Scriptors Mortis are cursed to extol the glory of their master's necrotopia. Endlessly they rewrite their scurrilous 'lies' and chronicle the victories of Nagash's armies, penning a tableau of events more to his liking. Yet Nagash has empowered the Scriptors to do more than observe; they are not only his propagandists, but the arbiters of his grim truths, and bidden to terminally censor any who would defy their place in his vision. Should they learn the true name of a troublesome mortal, these scribes will note it down, assigning the miscreant's soul to an underworld judged a fitting punishment. By snuffing out an enchanted candle, the Scriptors bring such a marked mortal's existence to a sudden close. However, even Nagash could not entirely rob these spirits of their fussy wordcraft or urge to constantly revise their works. If an enemy is swift, they may be able to banish the particular Scriptor who is preoccupied with the recording of their demise before their sentence is carried out – but given the presence of other Nighthaunt drawn to and empowered by their flickering wychlight candles, this is easier said than done...



SPIRIT TORMENTS

The hunchbacked Spirit Torments are Nagash's spectral gaolers. Lords of the Great Oubliette, a continent-sized underworld said to be honeycombed with freezing dungeons and pitch-black cells, their most distinctive feature are the great shacklegheist chains they drag behind them. Heaving and groaning, Spirit Torments swing these malefic weapons with incredible might, chuckling each time the hefty iron padlocks that cap each chain impact with the force of a cannonball. Yet the true horror of a Spirit Torment lies in their ability to trammel the life-force of the slain into those same enchanted padlocks, from which escape is all but impossible. Spirit Torments enjoy peering into the depths of their arcane prisons and observing the miseries of those trapped within. In consuming the last vestiges of hope clung to by these souls, each Torment becomes a locus of dread, empowering their fellow Nighthaunt even as mortals are assailed with waves of disconsolate terror.

CHAINGHASTS

The spiteful entities known as Chainghasts are wrought from the soul-stuff of those who beseeched the gods to free them from imprisonment, whether it was justified or otherwise, but did not include Nagash in their entreaties. Their punishment is to retain a dim sliver of awareness – just enough to desire their liberty – yet be bound to obey their Spirit Torment masters without hesitation, and aid in the capturing of mortal souls. Chainghasts are fettered in heavy chains of cursed black-iron, alloyed with the most despairing of emotions. These 'ghastflails' are the means by which they reap more souls; when whirled with sufficient force they build up a charge of purest misery which is then unleashed as spectral bolts that burn a target's very soul.

CRAVENTHRONE GUARD

Beneath banners fluttering in an ethereal wind, the Craventhron Guard rain down death. In life as in death, these murderous spirits served at the behest of Kurdoss Valentian. Their ranks were filled with those peasants possessing a keen eye and lack of morals. Many times did Valentian bid his Guard stalk worthy foes and butcher them in the night, slaying them in hails of crossbow bolts or hacking their heads off to place before his throne. But as Valentian was cursed, so were his favoured killers. The Craventhron Guard are potent sharpshooters, their projectiles agonisingly drawn from their own essence. Their bolts always seem to find a target, manifesting in flashes of spectral energy to strike down unsuspecting enemies. This is often to the disadvantage of their master, who, denied the chance to rule, takes satisfaction only from combat. Though forced to obey Valentian in every other respect – the only Nighthaunt given this dishonour, though they loathe him for dragging them into a nightmare – the Craventhron Guard cannot be prevented from striking down their targets, often mere seconds before the Craven King can crush them beneath his heavy mace.

BLADEGHEIST REVENANTS

Whirling their greatblades in frenzied arcs, the Bladegheist Revenants are akin to ghostly cyclones. The crime of these ill-fated spirits was nothing more than resisting an especially tormenting fate; they were imprisoned within spike-laden iron maidens, sealed into coffins and sunk beneath the waves, or walled up alive where none could find them. The thrashing desperation that overcame them, the animal urge to cling onto life, needled Nagash's petty temper.

Working his fell magics the Great Necromancer has trapped the Bladegheists in their final moments of panic, causing them to eternally lash out in a futile effort to save themselves. Many have posited that the Bladegheists cannot tell friend from foe, but the truth is even more dire. These revenants are cursed to forever sense the presence of what they imagine to be their tormentors in life nearby – another of Nagash's spiteful enchantments. Spirit Torments and howling hordes of Chainrasps are especially agitating to the Bladegheists, spurring these spectres to commit greater acts of horror in a futile attempt to escape their imagined doom.

MYRMOURN BANSHEES

Wherever magic blooms, the Myrmourn Banshees are drawn in like carrion feasters. Each of these spirits is burdened with a fiendish hunger for the arcane; they devour mystical energies as a starving mortal does a platter of fresh meat, yet it is never enough. In Nagash's eyes, of course, this punishment is warranted; in life the Myrmourn Banshees were students of death magic who harnessed the energies of Shyish, but did not pay proper respect to the Great Necromancer. Whether these powers were wielded for good or ill was immaterial to the Supreme Lord of the Dead – only the insult mattered. Blind to all but the glow of aetheric power, flights of Myrmourn Banshees hurtle through the skies while shrieking their bitter torment. Enemy wizards find it almost impossible to employ their magics around these gheists, who devour spells as soon as they are conjured. For indulging their magical thirst, the Myrmourns are rewarded by a brief rush of strength that sees them wield their soul-chilling daggers with even greater eagerness.





DAUGHTERS OF KHAINE

A bloodthirsty order of aelven warriors hailing from the darkest depths of Ulgu, the Daughters of Khaine are known and feared across the realms. Their sacred blades have ended the lives of countless foes, whose blood is soon offered up on the Khainites' gory altars to appease the Lord of Murder.

HIGH GLADIATRIXES

For some Daughters of Khaine, the glory earned in the gladiatorial arenas becomes a way of life. The exultant roars of the crowd are as sacred prayers; every death-defying feat and escalating butchery is a sacrament to the Lord of Murder. To survive in these gruelling pits demands an ironclad will. To become a High Gladiatrix, however, requires a different calibre of warrior altogether. There is no one moment in which an aelf earns this rank, no single trial that must be overcome, for Morathi-Khaine teaches that all life is a non-stop struggle for dominance. Instead, a Witch Aelf or Sister of Slaughter is marked as a High Gladiatrix by their ability to overcome ever more perilous contests of arms, and with brutal, exhilarating flair to boot. At the beginning of a night's death-games they may fight merely a single snarling Frost Sabre, but such will soon be followed by a mob of captive orruks, then perhaps a duo of rampaging Stegadons, a coven of Sisters of Slaughter, and even more esoteric foes conjured from the very shadows. Unlike the Hag Queens, a High Gladiatrix does not preach the word of Khaine. Rather, they are their deity's will made manifest, incarnated in each dazzling display of slaughter.

Though High Gladiatrixes hold no formal position amongst the war-covens, few of Morathi's generals would deny their aid, should it be offered. Not only are they akin to one-woman armies, wielding glaive, whip and blade to eviscerate whatever blunders into their path, but as they ride the crest of fanaticism surging through the Khainite ranks, they

begin to radiate almost divine power. Bands of Witch Aelves and Sisters of Slaughter flock to a High Gladiatrix's presence, fighting with such fervour that it is said they would follow their idols into the Realm of Chaos itself. Serpentine whips moving with such skill that they first block enemy blows, then knock projectiles clean from the air, and finally even burst hostile sorceries with a flick, a High Gladiatrix at war is as a locus of Khaine's power. The crimson blessings that radiate from them intensify with each successive act of carnage, until the battlefield is awash with gore and warriors screaming praise to the Bloody-Handed One.

SISTERS OF SLAUGHTER

All Daughters of Khaine revel in the bloody art of close combat, but for the Sisters of Slaughter this has become an obsession overtaking all others. Only through mastery of the slayer's craft can they offer true praise to Morathi-Khaine, and so wherever the fighting is thickest, covens of these deadly aelves are sure to be found, dancing around the blows of their enemies and responding with brutal, precise strikes. Whether strutting across the arena sands or through the tumult of battle, the Sisters of Slaughter move with a murderer's poise. Each heart-piercing stab of their wicked knives, throat-tearing slash with their bladed bucklers or flesh-shredding flick of their barbed whips is performed with undeniable bloody flair.

It is only up close, however, that the defining mark of the Sisters of Slaughters is visible.

These warriors have proven their devotion by taking the vow of *druharú* and having masks of living metal permanently affixed to their faces. The rites by which these faceplates are sealed are agonising, employing sorcerous burning gore and a gauntlet of battle waged against existing members of the cult. Those who survive are treated with awe and no small amount of unease even by the Witch Aelves, who see the Sisters of Slaughter as temperamental vessels of Khaine's will.

'In blood is truth. Everything can be reduced to blood; even the realms spew forth their bubbling, arcane gore, should you wound them deeply enough. Great Morathi-Khaine and her daughters understand this better than any other. But come, my prey – it would please me greatly to teach you of the blood, if only you'll let me...'

- Yelena, High Gladiatrix

KHINERAI HEARTRENDERS

The Khinerai number amongst the Scáthborn, those aelves crafted from rescued soul-stuff and twisted by Morathi's unique brand of blood magic. Once, their spirits languished in the gut of Slaanesh, Chaos God of excess. The torments they suffered there, combined with the spiteful energies poured into them by Morathi, have twisted them in both body and mind until they are utterly loyal to their living goddess. The

Khinerai have the appearance of fierce-eyed aelven maidens, save for the chiropteran wings that sprout from their backs. These grant them incredible agility and speed, allowing them to strike with sudden murderous fury. All Khinerai are crafted in the holy city of Hagg Nar. At each shade solstice, the ritual of Gristead takes place, and Morathi decrees which of the Khainite sects scattered across the Mortal Realms are worthy of being joined by flocks of her airborne agents.

Heartrenders are the most predatory of the Khinerai. With exultant shrieks they descend from shadowy skies before any cry of warning can be raised. The Heartrenders are not simple butchers, however, but artful killers in their own right; streaking downwards with incredible speed, they wait until the very last moment to spread their leathery pinions and hurl cruel javelins, using their momentum to lend strength to their throws. These barbed projectiles tear through armour and bone, and should any foes endure that opening barrage, then the weapons are equally well balanced for fighting in close quarters. As the survivors attempt to rally, the Heartrenders have already shot back into the sky, winging away to find fresher enemies to rain down death upon.

DOOMFIRE WARLOCKS

Gaunt and pale of aspect, their eyes sunken pits from which seep creeping shadow energies, the Doomfire Warlocks serve the war-covens as highly mobile light cavalry. Mounted atop ill-tempered steeds of the blackest coat, they gallop around the flanks of an enemy army like phantoms half-glimpsed on a moonlit night. Only where the foe is most vulnerable do the Warlocks strike. With scimitars drawn and faces



pulled in rictus snarls of spite, they seek out isolated prey to fall upon. When confronted with sterner opposition, the Doomfire Warlocks call on the powers from which they take their name; hissing vile incantations, they harass their enemies with blazing bolts of purest darkness loosed from their fingertips, maintaining a constant aetheric barrage until the true Khainite warriors can arrive to tip the balance.

Male aelves born into the Khainite cult are not destined for happy lives. They are treated as a despised underclass, bled each day in gruesome rituals and fed poorly, if at all. The fate of these 'leathanam' is almost inevitably to perish for the benefit or entertainment of their betters. Nevertheless, a rare few endure, their survival engendered through

pacts made with the shadows themselves. Though naturally mistrustful of any servant whose strength derives from a source beyond herself, Morathi is too canny to waste a potentially useful resource. These males are grudgingly accepted into the armies of the Daughters as Doomfire Warlocks. Their bodies are marked with symbols of domination that ostensibly prevent them from being consumed by the umbral powers that they wield, even as they bring great agony. In truth, these brands constantly siphon a measure of the Warlock's strength for Morathi's own ends. Though they are permitted to fight, the Doomfire Warlocks are scorned by all true Khainites; should a battle go ill, it will almost certainly be they who end up on the altars of the Bloody-Handed One in return for divine blessings.



BLOOD AND SOULS

The Nighthaunt have descended on Har Kuron's war-torn streets, seeking to claim a tithe of souls for Nagash. The Daughters of Khaine, aelven rulers of the city, intend to thwart them, banishing them with whip, blade and frenzied fervour.



Scriptor Mortis

Led by the spectral scribe known as Vayon of the Withered Quill, the Nighthaunt ravage Har Kuron while seeking souls to claim for their master, even as the furious warriors of Khaine ambush them at every turn.





Craventhrone Guard



Craventhrone Guard



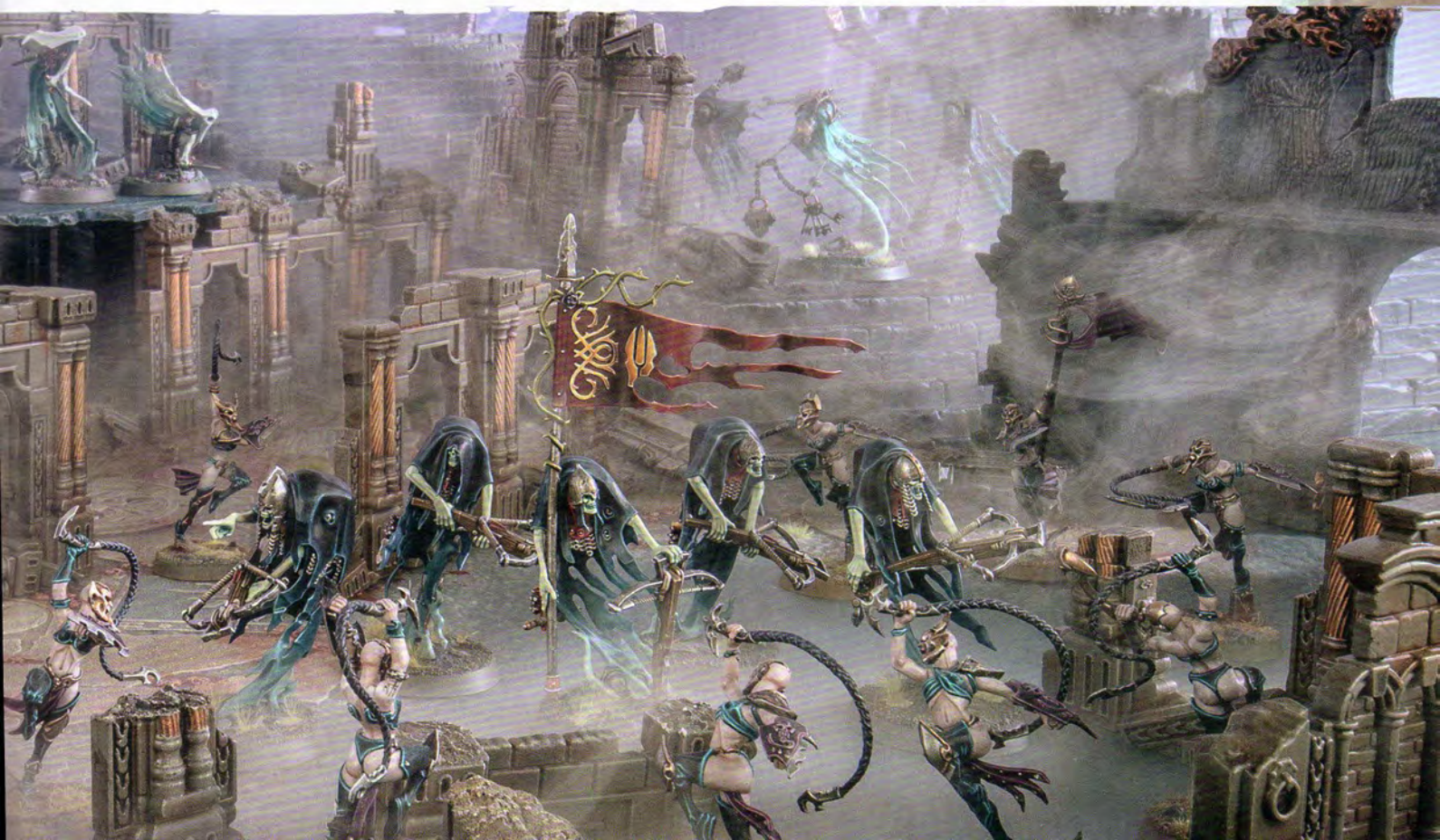
Spectral Standard Bearer



Craven Huntmaster



Craventhrone Guard





Chainghast



Spirit Torment



Chainghast



Accompanied by a grisly Spirit Torment and its Chainghast minions, a flock of Myrmourn Banshees stalk the streets of Har Kuron, searching for rare and potent shadow-magics to devour.



Trapped for eternity in the last desperate moments of their lives, Bladegheist Revenants are terrifying instruments of slaughter – but against a High Gladiatrix, they may well have met their match.



Bladegheist Revenants



Myrmourn Banshees



High Gladiatrix



A High Gladiatrix dedicates her life to defeating the most ferocious adversaries with grisly flair – a fact that makes them revered by their covenite sisters.



Shryke



Khinerai Heartrenders



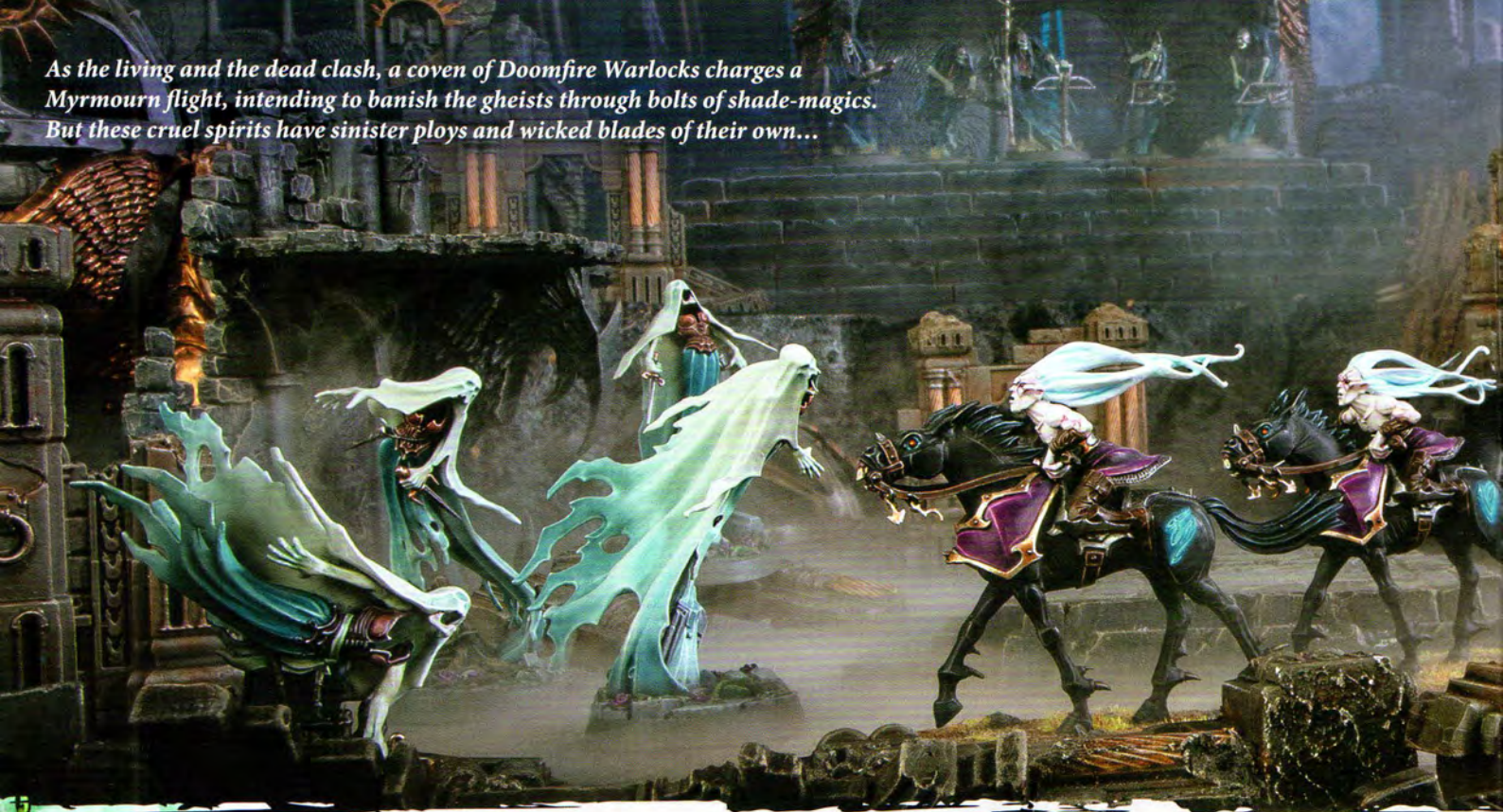
Standard Bearer

Sister of Slaughter

Handmaiden

Sisters of Slaughter

As the living and the dead clash, a coven of Doomfire Warlocks charges a Myrmourn flight, intending to banish the gheists through bolts of shade-magics. But these cruel spirits have sinister ploys and wicked blades of their own...



Screaming praises to the Bloody-Handed God, a pack of Khinerai Heartrenders streaks down from the shadowy skies to assail the Nighthaunt, lethal javelins poised to send the malignants howling back to the underworlds.

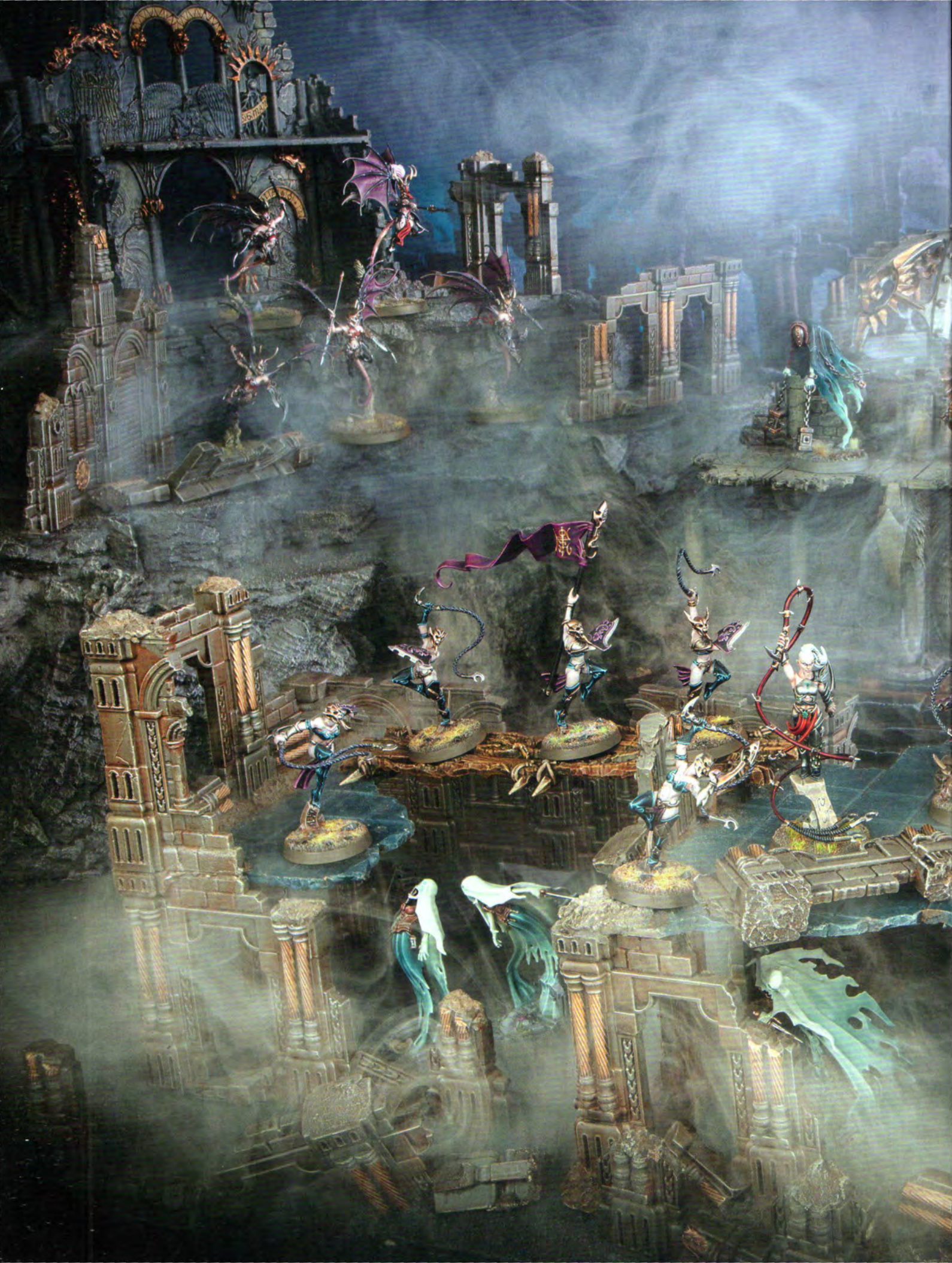


Doomfire Warlocks



Master of Warlocks

Doomfire Warlock



The Daughters of Khaine would sooner be condemned to eternal torment than surrender the city of Har Kuron so soon after its annexation in the name of Morathi-Khaine. Fortunately for the Nighthaunt, such a dire fate is well within their capability to deliver...





REALM RULES

On this page, you will find a new set of realm rules that allow you to fight battles set in the region of the Mortal Realms described in the narrative section of this book. These rules are suitable for narrative and open play games but are not intended for matched play.

REGION OF WAR: HAR KURON, AQSHY

SPECIAL RULES

STREETS OF HAR KURON

The following special rules are used when fighting the 'The Call of Khaine' battleplan (pg 29).

Designer's Note: *These rules refer to 'buildings'. For the purposes of these rules, terrain features that can be garrisoned are buildings. In addition, the players can agree that any other terrain features they wish should count as buildings (Azyrite Ruins, for example).*

Bricks and Stones: *The terrified citizens of a settlement can hurl bricks, roof slates and other improvised missiles at their tormentors.*

At the start of their shooting phase, the defender can make 1 Bricks and Stones attack from each building in their territory that has not been cleared (see below). To make a Bricks and Stones attack, pick 1 enemy unit within 6" of that building and roll a dice. On a 5+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

A building is cleared when an enemy unit garrisons the building. The defender cannot make Bricks and Stones attacks from a building once it has been cleared, even if the enemy unit garrisoning that building stops garrisoning it, or if any of the defender's units garrison it.

Hidden Defenders: *Fighting through the streets of a settlement is a tense and dangerous affair, where every building could house hidden defenders.*

During deployment, the defender can place any of their units to one side and say that that unit is set up in hiding as a reserve unit. If they do so, they must then secretly pick an unoccupied building wholly within their territory and make a note that the unit is hiding in that building. Hidden units are treated as garrisoning that building and must conform to any limitations that apply to garrisoning units.

The defender can reveal the location of any hidden units in their hero phase. In addition, they must reveal a hidden unit if an enemy unit attempts to garrison the building it is hiding in or the building it is hiding in is demolished. If a hidden unit is revealed because an enemy unit attempts to garrison the building it is hiding in, the enemy unit cannot garrison the building and cannot move in the movement phase in which it attempted to do so.

HAR KURON ARENA TUNNELS

The following special rules are used when fighting the 'Soul Theft' battleplan (pg 33).

Impenetrable Gloom: *The oppressive shadows of this place cling to warriors like an ominous shroud, making it impossible to see what might lurk in the distance.*

The range of missile weapons and spells is limited to a maximum of 12".

Low Ceilings: *The close confines here mean that outmanoeuvring the foe will prove difficult. This battle will surely be decided at the brutal press of the front line.*

Models cannot fly. In addition, the path of a model's move cannot be traced more than 4" above the battlefield.

Walls of Solid Rock: *The narrow tunnels in this underground battlefield are separated from each other by thick walls of solid rock.*

All of the terrain features set up on this battlefield are considered to be walls of solid rock that reach from the ground to the ceiling. Terrain features cannot be moved across by models (including models that can fly), and visibility between 2 models is blocked if a straight line drawn between the closest points on the models passes across a terrain feature.

Designer's Note: *This means that the area covered by terrain features in this battle is effectively out of play.*

COMMAND ABILITIES

Hidden Tunnel: *The depths reward those who study the ancient byways of the subterranean realms.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your movement phase. The unit that receives the command can move across terrain features in that phase, as long as no models in the unit finish a move on a terrain feature.

Cunning Traps: *Sabotage is a common tactic used by those wishing to eradicate unwary opponents.*

You can use this command ability at the end of your opponent's movement phase. Pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of the unit that receives the command and that is visible to it and roll 2D6. If the roll is equal to or greater than the distance between the unit that receives the command and that enemy unit, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

ECHOES OF WAR BATTLEPLANS

The battleplans in this book are Echoes of War battleplans. They can be used with the battlepacks in the Core Book in the following ways:

Open War Battlepack: An Echoes of War battleplan can be used instead of using the Open War battleplan generator.

Path to Glory Battlepack: An Echoes of War battleplan can be used instead of using the Path to Glory Battleplan table.

Contest of Generals Battlepack: An Echoes of War battleplan can be used instead of using the Contest of Generals Battleplan table.

A BLOODY AGENDA

As the battle for Har Kuron raged, the High Gladiatrix Yelena led a war-coven of her sisters deep into the tangled warren of the city streets. Surrounded on all sides by wrathful gheists, she was soon immersed in a storm of brutal combat, where each moment could mean the difference between life and death.

By the time her barbed lash had uncoiled within the spectre before her, banishing it in a burst of ethereal energies, Yelena was laughing. Even in the absence of spilt blood – at least, any that did not belong to her sisters – the exultant hunger of Morathi-Khaine surged within her soul. Each moment was magnified as the goddess's furious joy coursed through her veins, an adrenaline rush taken to a factor of a thousand. Each spray of aelven gore or flash of exorcised gheist-light shimmered like the most vivid kaleidoscope.

More of the Nighthaunt hurtled down a side-street towards her, but it was as if the ghostly fetters that bound them suddenly exerted real weight once more. As she dispatched them, Yelena sneered. They were so, so slow.

'Vessel of the Bloody-Handed one!'

Reactive adrenaline surging through her, Yelena pirouetted, weapons poised to strike whoever dared interrupt her murder-

making. With effort, the Gladiatrix restrained herself. She was not that far gone, not yet. Yelena had heard tell of Gladiatrixes entirely lost to the call of blood, put down after their greatest massacres lest they become uncontrollable. She had no intent of that being her fate; her ascent to the heights of glory and infamy had not been easy, and she would be damned if she wouldn't relish it as long as she could.

'What?' Yelena snapped, spittle flying from her lips as she regarded the Khinerai hovering a few yards away. The Scáthborn flinched, clearly unused to being spoken to in such a manner. Yelena smirked as she watched the winged warrior suppress her anger and continue.

'Word from the sorceress, Drusa Kraeth. She wishes us to join with her own thralls, and push for—'

'Kraeth?' the Gladiatrix repeated, faintly aware of how she trembled with the need for slaughter. Yelena spat, cracking her whip against the side of a crumbling structure to discharge some of her battle-lust.

'I spit on Drusa Kraeth. Look to the east.' Looming through the night stood the spiked crenellations of the Arena of the Iron Reckoning, one of the many gladiatorial pits now standing in Har Kuron – one in which the Gladiatrix had won many a fine victory beneath the watching eyes of the goddess. Yelena had not been heading towards it intentionally, but it was as good a reason as any to disregard the arrogant covenite.

'A holy battleground of Khaine stands undefended. We will purge it of the undead, descend into its undercroft and make our stand around the shrines where the goddess can witness our might.'

Another chorus of shrieks and wails ended the discussion. More gheists were surging down the alleyways and half-collapsed buildings surrounding her, cowed creatures swinging greatblades or clanking chains, and banshees circling through the darkened skies. With another laugh, Yelena readied her weapons. It was time to do Morathi's work once more.



BATTLEPLAN 1 THE CALL OF KHAINE

The High Gladiatrix Yelena leads her fellow aelves deeper into Har Kuron, seeking to punish the Nighthaunt invaders. Yet even as they fight towards a sacred arena of Khaine, more of the spirits attempt to waylay them, searching for strong souls to claim...

REALM RULES

This battle uses the Streets of Har Kuron rules (pg 26).

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

ATTACKER'S ARMY

The attacker must use a Nighthaunt army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 Spirit Torment (Maldaroch)
- 1 Chainghasts unit of 2 models
- 2 understrength Bladegheist Revenants units of 5 models.

DEFENDER'S ARMY

The defender must use a Daughters of Khaine army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 High Gladiatrix (Yelena)
- 2 understrength units of 5 Sisters of Slaughter. Only 1 of these units can have a champion.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The defender sets up the battlefield's terrain features and then the attacker chooses which long edge of the battlefield is the northern edge.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 9" from enemy territory. Then, the attacker sets up their army wholly within their territory.

FIRST TURN

The attacker takes the first turn in the first battle round.

GLADIATORIAL ACROBATICS

Units in the defender's army can retreat and still shoot and/or charge later in the same turn.

CRUEL TASKMASTER

The attacker can re-roll run and charge rolls for friendly units wholly within 6" of Maldaroch.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 3 battle rounds or until a player wins a **major victory**.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

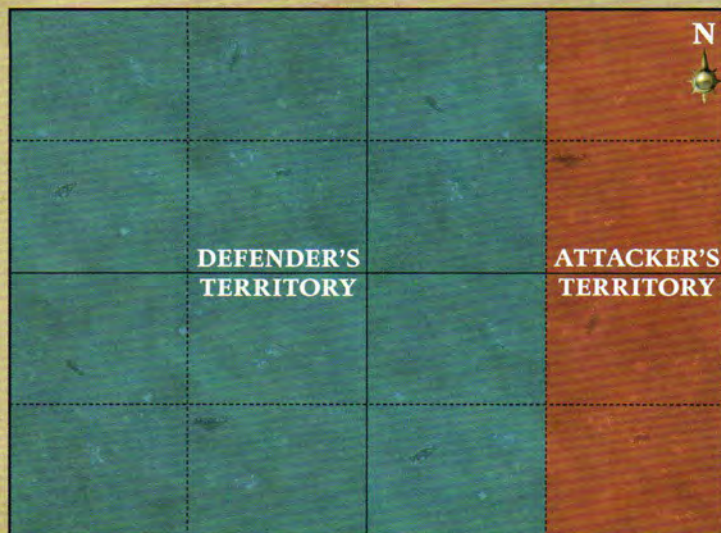
If all of the units in the defender's army have been destroyed, the attacker wins a **major victory**.

If Yelena has been slain and Maldaroch has not been slain when the battle ends, the attacker wins a **minor victory**.

If all of the units in the attacker's army have been destroyed, the defender wins a **major victory**.

If Maldaroch has been slain and Yelena has not been slain when the battle ends, the defender wins a **minor victory**.

Any other result is a **draw**.



TERMINAL DECREE

The Nighthaunt had reaped a grisly toll amongst the streets of Har Kuron, and many souls had already been dragged to their ghoulish oubliettes. Yet the Scriptor Mortis known as Vayon was not yet satisfied. Powerful adversaries still eluded the grasp of his gaolers – at least, for now. But the net was closing...

Vayon of the Withered Quill tutted to himself, scribbled out a minor imperfection upon his ethereal rolls of parchment, and snuffed out one of the candles to his left. The masked aelven warrior froze in mid-leap, howl caught in her throat and arm locked moments before she could crack the barbed whip in her hand. Even now, as confusion stole over the immobilised mortal, she resisted, limbs trembling with exertion. The jade Scriptor Mortis did not even bother to lift his gaze as ghostly talons reached from the earth to grasp his assailant's spirit, dragging it down with cackles of delight.

Vayon did, however, allow himself a short, cruel sneer. This particular branch of the aelven people, he knew, envisioned afterlives of ceaseless combat to the approving laughter of their god. An eternity trapped in the underworld of Sin's Reward, suspended in rusted chains and forced to endure ghostly tallymen listing each and every failing committed in life ad nauseam, felt far more appropriate to his bleak sensibilities.

Snarling, the Scriptor shooed away those Nighthaunt drawn to the cursed candle-light surrounding him. In battle, the presence of these milling souls was useful, if only to catch arrows and blades – but while he composed his great works, their endless moaning and sobbing was a distraction.

As he and his spectral host passed through the walls of some iron-wrought arena, a faint sixth sense saw the Scriptor hiss and duck moments before bolts of shadow energy passed over his head. A second wave was intercepted by his Myrmourn attendants, who rasped in contentment as the arcane projectiles were devoured. Looking around with a scowl, Vayon saw a coterie of mounted aelves riding around the perimeter of the arena, their magical barrage covering the counter-charge of more of the masked infantry.

A cold rush of anticipation pulsed through Vayon. Thus far, aelvish resistance had been fragmented, caught flat-footed by the Craven King's ploy. Yet the Scriptor's

sense for suffering had drawn him towards this arena. Pain and fury echoed outwards from the tunnels beneath this coliseum, as some substantial aelven force cut apart those gheists that had reached the arena first. Whoever had marshalled such a warband was certainly a name worth entering into his chronicle – but first, the Nighthaunt had to break through this rearguard on the surface.

Vayon's whispered summons slithered upon the freezing night air like a Shyishan rattle-serpent. As his Bladegheists surged forwards, hunched shades detached from the shadows of arena stands, their faces set in leers of murderous glee. Vayon sneered as spectral crossbow bolts began to rain down upon the Khainites, striking surprised aelves in the back and filling the darkness with their howls of outrage and pain.

There would be no delay. The undead would crush this force, and advance into the tunnels with their rear lines secure. The Craventhron Guard would see to that.



BATTLEPLAN 2

CHRONICLE OF MALICE

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

ATTACKER'S ARMY

The attacker must use a Nighthaunt army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 Scriptor Mortis (Vayon)
- 1 Bladegheist Revenants unit of 10 models
- 1 Craventhron Guard unit of 5 models
- 1 Myrmourn Banshees unit of 4 models

DEFENDER'S ARMY

The defender must use a Daughters of Khaine army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 Doomfire Warlocks unit of 5 models
- 2 understrength Sisters of Slaughter units of 5 models. Only 1 of these units can have a champion.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The defender sets up the battlefield's terrain features and

then the attacker chooses which long edge of the battlefield is the northern edge. All terrain features must be set up wholly within 9" of the edge of the battlefield.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender sets up their army first, wholly within their territory. The Doomfire Warlocks unit must be set up more than 9" from enemy territory and the edge of the battlefield. The Sisters of Slaughter units must be set up wholly within the defender's territory and wholly within 9" of the western edge of the battlefield.

The attacker sets up their army second. Vayon and the Myrmourn Banshees unit must be set up wholly within their territory and more than 9" from the edge of the battlefield. The rest of their units start the battle in reserve.

FIRST TURN

The defender takes the first turn in the first battle round.

HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS

The attacker must set up their reserve units at the start of their first hero phase, wholly within their territory, more than 3" from all enemy units and wholly within 3" of the edge of the battlefield. In the turn in which those units are set up, the attacker can re-roll run rolls and charge rolls for those units, and they can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with missile weapons by those units.

MASTER SCRIPTOR

The attacker can re-roll judgement rolls for souls that have been judged by Vayon (pg 34).

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 3 battle rounds or until a player wins a **major victory**.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The attacker wins a **major victory** if Vayon has not been slain and all of the units in the defender's army have been destroyed at the end of the second battle round.

The attacker wins a **minor victory** if Vayon has not been slain and all of the units in the defender's army have been destroyed when the battle ends.

The defender wins a **major victory** if Vayon has been slain and there is at least 1 model from the defender's army on the battlefield when the battle ends.

The defender wins a **minor victory** if Vayon has been slain when the battle ends.

Any other result is a **draw**.



THE RECKONING BELOW

Vayon's search for a potent soul to steal – one that would please Nagash, should it be recorded – had led him to the rampaging Yelena. Lost to Khaine's rage and with her entourage sorely battered, it seemed to the Scriptor as if his prey was ripe for the taking. Yet Morathi's servants never succumb so easily...

Vayon's intuition had not steered him wrong. Even as the last of the aelven cavalry shuddered and wheezed where they had fallen, before their bodies were pulped by heavy swings of the Spirit Torment Maldaroch's chains and their essence captured in his iron padlocks, he had felt the presence of a powerful soul. Hope for victory – that treacherous serpent of a notion – still filled the aelves fighting below. The Scriptor would take those hopes and fashion them into a garotte with which to strangle the aelves where they stood.

With the Khainite rearguard destroyed, the Nighthaunt had pursued their foes into the bowels of the coliseum, a labyrinth of blood-pits and blackened shrines. The confines were just as claustrophobic as the streets above, not that that was an impediment to the spirits. Darting through the underworks surrounded by the glow of flickering bale-light and the endless wailing of his servants, Vayon swiftly tracked down the leader of this last stand.

Rather than some gore-slick priestess prattling on about defiance, Vayon beheld a cyclone of blade and whip; even through the darkness he could see the locus of violence hacking its way through any spirit that drew near. Around her fought more aelves, chanting the name 'Yelena' with rapturous glee. Within the depths of Vayon's being, something stirred. This was one worth sending to the Great Necromancer, and whose defeat would send shockwaves through the reeling inhabitants of the city. More importantly, her death would act as a satisfying climax to the latest chapter of his work.

Across the great distance of the undercroft's central space, Vayon's gaze met that of the frenzied murder-queen. As she shrieked and pelted across the bloodstained flagstones towards him, the Scriptor dismissively motioned for the Craventhron Guard to end her. His attention had already shifted to his scholarly art. Was there a better phrase for 'miserable end'?

Something was wrong. Looking up, the Scriptor Mortis – for the first time in centuries – flinched. The aelf's whip flashed around her like a living entity, lashing out with such fury that even the spectral bolts of the Craventhron Guard were dissipated in mid-air. One salvo, two, three – none struck home. A fleeting shiver of panic sparked in Vayon's mind. Frantically he motioned for more gheists to advance, only to find them set upon by Khainites who had slipped through the tunnels' shadows and outflanked them.

Muttering in unease, the Scriptor returned to recording his target's imminent doom in his ledger, the final step before her soul could be banished to Shyish. A rasp of terror left him as his ink streaked uncontrollably across the pages. The aelf was twenty metres away. Fifteen. Ten. Steeling himself, the Nighthaunt began to scribble all the more frantically, channelling every ounce of his bitterness into the work. He would not let the final name in the chronicle of demise be his own.



BATTLEPLAN 3 SOUL THEFT

In the tunnels beneath the Arena of the Iron Reckoning, Vayon of the Withered Quill and the High Gladiatrix Yelena come face to face. The struggle of these champions embodies the battle raging across the city, and only one can walk away.

REALM RULES

This battle uses the Har Kuron Arena Tunnels rules (pg 27).

THE ARMIES

One player is the attacker. Their opponent is the defender.

ATTACKER'S ARMY

The attacker must use a Nighthaunt army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 Scriptor Mortis (Vayon)
- 1 Bladegheist Revenants unit of 10 models.
- 1 Craventhorne Guard unit of 5 models
- 1 Myrmourn Banshees unit of 4 models

DEFENDER'S ARMY

The defender must use a Daughters of Khaine army. It must consist of the following units:

- 1 High Gladiatrix (Yelena)
- 1 Doomfire Warlocks unit of 5 models
- 1 Khinerai Heartrenders unit of 5 models
- 1 Sisters of Slaughter unit of 10 models

THE BATTLEFIELD

The defender sets up the battlefield's terrain features and then the attacker chooses which long edge of the battlefield is the northern edge.

DEPLOYMENT

The defender sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and more than 6" from enemy territory. Each unit in the army must be set up more than 6" from all other units in the army.

Then, the attacker sets up their army wholly within their territory and more than 6" from enemy

territory. Each unit in the army must be set up more than 6" from all other units in the army.

GLADIATORIAL ACROBATICS

Units in the defender's army can retreat and still shoot and/or charge later in the same turn.

MASTER SCRIPTOR

The attacker can re-roll judgement rolls for souls that have been judged by Vayon (pg 34).

BATTLE LENGTH

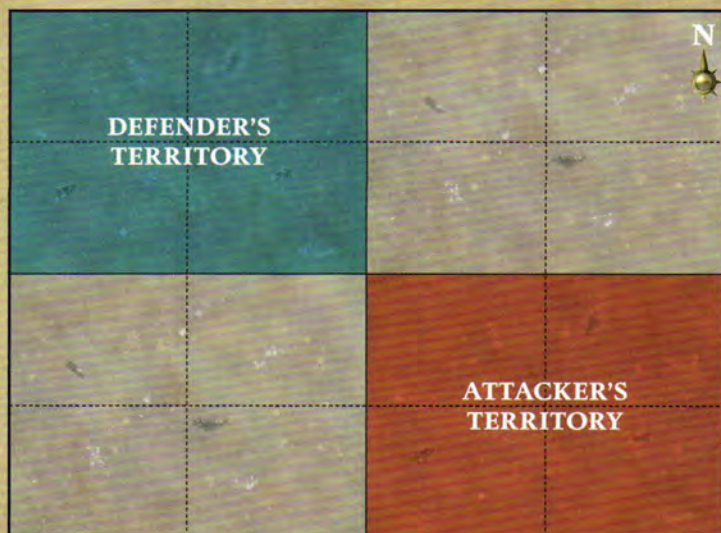
The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The attacker wins a **major victory** if Yelena has been slain and Vayon has not been slain at the end of the battle.

The defender wins a **major victory** if Vayon has been slain and Yelena has not been slain at the end of the battle.

If neither player has won a **major victory**, each player adds up the Wounds characteristics of the models from their army that have not been slain. The player with the higher total wins a **minor victory**. If the totals are tied, the battle is a **draw**.



WARSCROLL SCRIPTOR MORTIS

MELEE WEAPONS

Malicious Quill

Range

1"

Attacks

3

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-1

Damage

2

A Scriptor Mortis is armed with a Malicious Quill.

FLY: This unit can fly.

Ethereal: Creatures whose bodies have rotted away are difficult to harm with ordinary weapons.

Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Sentenced to Eternal Torment:

Once the true name of a judged soul is recorded, it is a race against time for the victim to banish the Scriptor in order to escape unending punishment.

In your hero phase, you can say that this unit is going to record the name of a judged soul. If you do so, pick 1 enemy **HERO** that does not have the **DEATH** keyword and that is visible to this unit to be the judged soul.

At the start of each of your subsequent hero phases, if the judged soul and this unit are on the battlefield, you must make a judgement roll for the judged soul, and this unit cannot record the name of a different judged soul in that phase. In addition, if the battle would end and the judged soul and this unit are on the battlefield, then before the battle ends, you must make a judgement roll for the judged soul.

To make a judgement roll, roll a dice. If the roll is less than the number of the current battle round, the judged soul suffers 2D6 mortal wounds.

A unit cannot be picked to be a judged soul more than once in the same battle.

Wychlight Candles: *Cursed revenants are drawn to the light of a Scriptor's candles, shielding their master from those who would seek to escape terminal judgement.*

Once per phase, you can allocate 1 wound or mortal wound that would be allocated to this unit to a friendly **NIGHTHAUNT SUMMONABLE** unit within 6" of this unit instead.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, NIGHTHAUNT, MALIGNANT, HERO, SCRIPTOR MORTIS



The Scriptor Mortis record the rise of Nagash's empire, and punish any who would stand against it. With a mere flick of a quill, they sentence souls to be dragged to the underworlds, condemning them to an eternity of torment.



The Scriptor Mortis known as Vayon of the Withered Quill seeks worthy names to blacken in his grand ledger. For his bleak kind, the final word in a suitably scathing record proves just as lethal as any blade to the throat or arrow to the heart.



The masked creatures known as Spirit Torments were pitiless jailers in life. In death, they seek out those who Nagash deems his by right of rulership, bludgeoning them with their ensorcelled iron padlocks before locking away their souls.

WARSCROLL SPIRIT TORMENT

MELEE WEAPONS

Shacklegheist Chains

Range

2"

Attacks

3

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-2

Damage

2

A Spirit Torment is armed with Shacklegheist Chains.

FLY: This unit can fly.

Ethereal: Creatures whose bodies have rotted away are difficult to harm with ordinary weapons.

Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Captured Soul Energy: The chains and padlocks carried by Spirit Torments can capture the departing spirit of a slain foe.

At the end of the combat phase, if any enemy models were slain by attacks made with a melee weapon by a friendly **NIGHTHAUNT** unit in that phase, you can pick 1 friendly **NIGHTHAUNT SUMMONABLE** unit wholly within 12" of this unit. You can either heal up to 3 wounds allocated to that unit or, if no wounds are allocated to that unit, you can return a number of slain models to that unit that have a combined Wounds characteristic of 3 or less. The same unit cannot benefit from this ability more than once per turn.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, NIGHTHAUNT, MALIGNANT, HERO, SPIRIT TORMENT



Encased within their iron harness, it is a Chainghast's fate to remain eternally enthralled to the Spirit Torments. They carry emotionally burdened ghastflails – heavy, bludgeoning weights that cast bolts of pure misery when swung.

WARSCROLL CHAINGHASTS

MISSILE WEAPONS

Ghastflails

Range

15"

Attacks

D3

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-2

Damage

1

MELEE WEAPONS

Ghastflails

Range

2"

Attacks

D3

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-2

Damage

1

Each model in a Chainghasts unit is armed with Ghastflails.

FLY: This unit can fly.

Ethereal: Creatures whose bodies have rotted away are difficult to harm with ordinary weapons.

Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Another Link in the Chain: Chainghasts act as conduits for Spirit Torments, ensuring that all nearby Nighthaunt are invigorated by deathly energies.

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by friendly **NIGHTHAUNT** units wholly within 12" of any friendly units with this ability while there are any friendly **SPIRIT TORMENTS** on the battlefield.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, NIGHTHAUNT, MALIGNANT, SUMMONABLE, CHAINGHASTS



Such is the curse of the Bladegheist Revenants that they move with the desperation of a drowning man clawing for the surface. Eternally trapped in the last moments of their lives, these spirits fight with an unmatched frenzy.

WARSCROLL BLADEGHEIST REVENANTS

MELEE WEAPONS

Tomb Greatblade

Range

1"

Attacks

2

To Hit

3+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-1

Damage

1

Each model in a Bladegheist Revenants unit is armed with a Tomb Greatblade.

FLY: This unit can fly.

ELITE: Models in this unit can issue commands to their own unit.

Ethereal: Creatures whose bodies have rotted away are difficult to harm with ordinary weapons.

Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Whirling Death: Twisting and whirling with deadly sweeps of their swords, the Bladegheist Revenants generate their own deadly momentum.

This unit can retreat and still charge in the same turn. In addition, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's Tomb Greatblades if it charged in the same turn.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, NIGHTHAUNT, MALIGNANT, SUMMONABLE, BLADEGHEIST REVENANTS



The Craventhron Guard serve Kurdoss Valentian, and any who share his aims. Cruel and spiteful even for Nighthaunt spirits, they revel in hunting down enemy champions, slaying them from afar before the prey is aware of its doom.

WARSCROLL CRAVENTHRON GUARD

MISSILE WEAPONS

Soulhunter's Crossbow

Range

12"

Attacks

2

To Hit

4+

To Wound

4+

Rend

-1

Damage

1

MELEE WEAPONS

Wicked Sidearm

Range

1"

Attacks

1

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-

Damage

1

Each model in a Craventhron Guard unit is armed with a Soulhunter's Crossbow and Wicked Sidearm.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Craven Huntmaster. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Wicked Sidearm.

STANDARD BEARER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Spectral Standard Bearer. If this unit receives the Rally command while it has any Spectral Standard Bearers, when you roll a dice for a slain model from this unit, you can return 1 slain model to this unit on a 5+ instead of only a 6.

FLY: This unit can fly.

Ethereal: Creatures whose bodies have rotted away are difficult to harm with ordinary weapons.

Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Spectral Bolts: These bolts flicker between the planes of life and death, passing through stone and steel with ease until they reach their target.

This unit can target enemy units with shooting attacks even if the target is not visible to the attacking model. In addition, do not apply the cover modifier to save rolls for attacks made with missile weapons by this unit.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, NIGHTHAUNT, MALIGNANT, SUMMONABLE, CRAVENTHRON GUARD

WARSCROLL

MYRMOURN BANSHEES

MELEE WEAPONS

Chill Dagger

Range

1"

Attacks

2

To Hit

4+

To Wound

3+

Rend

-2

Damage

2

Each model in a Myrmourn Banshees unit is armed with a Chill Dagger.

FLY: This unit can fly.

Ethereal: Creatures whose bodies have rotted away are difficult to harm with ordinary weapons.

Ignore modifiers (positive and negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Spell-eaters: These spirits were once wizards, but they failed to pay proper respect to Nagash and are now cursed to agonisingly consume the magic of others.

If an enemy **WIZARD** successfully casts a spell that is not unbound and picks a unit wholly within 12" of this unit to be affected by the spell, then before the spell's effects are applied, you can roll 2D6. Add 1 to the roll if this unit has 3 or more models. If the roll is greater than the casting value of the spell, it is unbound and its effects are not applied.

In addition if an endless spell finishes a move within 6" of this unit, you can roll 2D6. Add 1 to the roll if this unit has 3 or more models. If the roll is greater than the casting value of the spell used to summon the endless spell, it is dispelled.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, NIGHTHAUNT, MALIGNANT, SUMMONABLE, MYRMOURN BANSHEES



No enemy spell is safe from the diabolical hunger of the Myrmourn Banshees. They haunt the Mortal Realms in search of magic to consume and living foes to stab. Even the most potent wizards are powerless before them.



A flight of Myrmourn Banshees swims upon the aetheric currents, drawn by the tantalising scent of arcane emanations. The battle-worn streets of Har Kuron prove no impediment to these ghastly spectres as they hunt the enemy's spellcasters.



A High Gladiatrix is a living conduit of Khaine's wrath. Striding at the head of their sisters' advance, these paragons of combat ride the wave of fanaticism that spreads through a war-coven, channelling it into acts of gruesome murder.

WARSCROLL HIGH GLADIATRIX

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Barbed Whip	3"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Gladiatrix's Blade	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	1

A High Gladiatrix is armed with a Barbed Whip and Gladiatrix's Blade.

Dance of Death: High Gladiatrixes manoeuvre through the enemy ranks with the greatest of ease.

This unit is eligible to fight in the combat phase if it is within 6" of an enemy unit instead of 3", and it can move an extra 3" when it piles in.

Killing Stroke: A High Gladiatrix prides herself on slaying enemies with magnificently gory flourishes, killing them with a brutal whip motion or single precise stroke from her blade.

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO** within 1" of this unit and roll a D3. Add the number of wounds allocated to that enemy **HERO** to the roll. If the roll is equal to or greater than that enemy **HERO**'s Wounds characteristic, it is slain.

Paragon of Slaughter: The spectacular acts of death-dealing performed by a High Gladiatrix inspire nearby Daughters of Khaine, setting their souls aflame with the power of the Bloody-Handed God.

Barbed Whips and Sacrificial Knives used by friendly **WITCH AELVES** and **SISTERS OF SLAUGHTER** units that are wholly within 12" of any friendly units with this ability have a To Wound characteristic of 3+ instead of 4+ and a Rend characteristic of -1 instead of '-'.

KEYWORDS ORDER, DAUGHTERS OF KHAINE, AELF, HERO, HIGH GLADIATRIX





With skills honed in ritual duels and gladiatorial fights, the Sisters of Slaughter send their barbed whips lashing out to tear open throats and strip flesh from bone, exulting in the perfection of each gory kill.

WARSCROLL

SISTERS OF SLAUGHTER

MELEE WEAPONS

Barbed Whip
Sacrificial Knife

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
2"	2	3+	4+	-	1
1"	1	3+	4+	-	1

Each model in a Sisters of Slaughter unit is armed with 1 of the following weapon options: Barbed Whip and Sacrificial Knife; or Barbed Whip and Bladed Buckler. All models in the unit must be armed with the same weapon option.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Handmaiden. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's melee weapons.

STANDARD BEARER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Standard Bearer. You can re-roll battleshock tests for this unit if it includes any Standard Bearers.

HORNBLOWER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can be a Hornblower. This unit can run and still charge later in the turn if it includes any Hornblowers.

Bladed Bucklers: The martial skill of these warriors allows them to turn defensive techniques into deadly strikes.

If the models in this unit are armed with Bladed Bucklers, add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target this unit, and if the unmodified save roll for an attack made with a melee weapon that targets this unit is 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.

Dance of Death: Sisters of Slaughter manoeuvre through the enemy ranks with the greatest of ease.

This unit is eligible to fight in the combat phase if it is within 6" of an enemy unit instead of 3", and it can move an extra 3" when it piles in.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, DAUGHTERS OF KHAINE, AELF, SISTERS OF SLAUGHTER





The Khinerai Heartrenders are merciless sky-predators that scan the battlefield for suitable quarry. Should they find a target to their liking, they will streak down from on high, hurling barbed javelins and slashing with cruel heartpiercer shields.

WARSCROLL KHINERAI HEARTRENDERS

MISSILE WEAPONS

Barbed Javelin

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
12"	1	3+	3+	-1	1

MELEE WEAPONS

Barbed Javelin

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
1"	1	4+	4+	-1	1

Each model in a Khinerai Heartrenders unit is armed with a Barbed Javelin.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Shryke. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's weapons.

FLY: This unit can fly.

Descend to Battle: The Khinerai delight in using their leathery wings to descend upon the foe from unexpected vectors.

Instead of setting up this unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is circling high above as a reserve unit. If you do so, at the end of your movement phase, you can set up this unit on the battlefield more than 9" from all enemy units. In addition, improve the Rend characteristic of this unit's Barbed Javelins by 1 if this unit was set up on the battlefield in the same turn.

Fire and Flight: Heartrenders are masters of the hit-and-run strike, loosing volleys of sharpened projectiles before darting away.

This unit can run and still shoot in the same turn. In addition, in your shooting phase, after this unit shoots, this unit can make a normal move of 6".

KEYWORDS

ORDER, DAUGHTERS OF KHAINE, KHINERAI HARPIES, KHINERAI HEARTRENDERS



Doomfire Warlocks are expert light cavalry, adept at harrying flanks with crossbow fire or cutting down targets with their cursed scimitars. They can harness the power of shadow, hurling bolts of black flame to destroy their targets.

WARSCROLL DOOMFIRE WARLOCKS

MISSILE WEAPONS

Doomfire Crossbow

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
12"	2	4+	3+	-	1

MELEE WEAPONS

Cursed Scimitar

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1

Vicious Bite

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
1"	2	4+	4+	-	1

Each model in a Doomfire Warlocks unit is armed with a Doomfire Crossbow and Cursed Scimitar.

MOUNT: This unit's Dark Steeds are each armed with a Vicious Bite.

CHAMPION: 1 model in this unit can be a Master of Warlocks. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's melee weapons.

WIZARD: This unit is a WIZARD. It can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase.

Doomfire: The Doomfire Warlocks hurl bolts of blazing black flame at their foes.

Doomfire is a spell that has a casting value of 6 and a range of 12". If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within range and visible to the caster. If the caster's unit has fewer than 5 models, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the caster's unit has 5 to 9 models, that enemy unit suffers D6 mortal wounds. If the caster's unit has 10 or more models, that enemy unit suffers 6 mortal wounds.

Doomfire Coven: The arcane power of a Doomfire Coven grows with every warlock that joins their party.

Add 1 to casting and unbinding rolls for this unit while it has 5 or more models.

KEYWORDS

ORDER, DAUGHTERS OF KHAINE, AELF, WIZARD, DOOMFIRE WARLOCKS

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The tables below contain Pitched Battle profiles that allow you to use the warscrolls in this book. See *Battletome: Nighthaunt* and *Battletome: Daughters of Khaine* for all of the Pitched Battle profiles for these factions, as well as allegiance abilities and additional rules content. See section 25.0 of the core rules for further information about Pitched Battle profiles. Updated March 2022.

NIGHTHAUNT				
WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
Scriptor Mortis	1	150	Leader	Single
Spirit Torment	1	115	Leader	Single
Bladegheist Revenants	10	190		
Chainghasts	2	75		
Craventhron Guard	5	95		
Myrmourn Banshees	4	75		

DAUGHTERS OF KHAINE				
WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
High Gladiatrix	1	100	Leader	Single
Sisters of Slaughter	10	135	Battleline	
Khinerai Heartrenders	5	95		
Doomfire Warlocks	5	140		

Deep within the Sanctum of Anguish's shadowed undercroft, Kurdoss Valentian watched his schemes unfold. From the depths of a jagged crown, crimson pinpricks stared into the oily scrying-pool before him. Figures flitted across the pool's surface, surrounded by the outline of a city battered into a pleasing state of collapse.

Some of those fighting burned with the hateful spark of life; others, Valentian's own servants, glowed with the cold fires of Nagash's malice. As one such shrieking spectre swung a greatblade and bisected a howling aelf, Valentian let out a hiss of satisfaction, ethereal fingers curling around the shaft of his mace.

Though this task had been entrusted to him, Valentian had still been barred from leading the assault on Har Kuron. It was one more indignity to endure, one more barb. It needled at him. Everything needled at him. He could not even remember if such stemmed from Nagash's curse, or whether he had always been so testy. The blasting peal of a horn, echoing through the darkness of the vault, did nothing to soothe his temper.

'Another fine kill!' Cackled one of the ghostly heralds hovering around Valentian's throne, raising its horn again to let out another deafening blare. He had never learnt their names. He simply tried to ignore their constant veiled taunts and backhanded jibes.

'Another glorious execution, delivered by those in service to the Master of Knaves!'

'Yet, I wonder,' the second spirit murmured, its rasping voice dripping with a false curiosity. 'Why is our lordly Usurper not there to preside over his victory?'

'The Craven King simply plays to his strengths,' the first answered, 'He hides away, and lets others endure the peril for him!' Now both of the spirits were cackling again, their shrieks filling the silence. Valentian did not respond, instead wheezing in agitation as the pool showed a banshee banished by an aelf-forged javelin.

The chill light that grew behind Valentian, and how it sent his twin tormentors darting for the shadows, did nothing to settle his mood. For once, Lady Olynder glided closer without ceremony.

'Beloved,' it was almost impressive how much vitriol the Mortarch could infuse into one word. Kurdoss was forbidden from saying anything that was not in support of his Queen. He said nothing. Olynder soon continued. 'If it were me, I would have already ground this city's defenders to ashes.'

If it were you, you would likely have found another daemon to do your dirty work, Valentian corrected in the privacy of his own mind, fingers twitching with repressed spite. Olynder seemed to pick up on it, and predictably did not care. With a mournful chuckle, she floated away, leaving her consort to his thoughts. Valentian's gaze remained on the pool.

One step at a time. By such measures were legends built.



'Struggle is life. To live is to fight, tooth and nail. These are the words of Khaine, delivered through their holy incarnation of the goddess. Everything we are is defined by the fight for power. Everything we have ever done, no matter how vile or malicious it may seem to those of weaker constitutions, is in service to greater and more glorious ends. So if the vengeful dead believe they can simply prey upon our conquests, they are woefully mistaken...'

- Yelena, High Gladiatrix