

WARHAMMER
40,000

WARHAMMER®

DATASLATE BATTLESCROLL



BE'LAKOR
THE DARK MASTER

DATASLATE
BE'LAKOR
THE DARK MASTER

INTRODUCTION



DATASLATES & DATASHEETS

Dataslates contain collections of one or more datasheets. Each datasheet lists its Faction (the codex it is considered part of), and will present either an Army List Entry (the rules and point values for a single model, vehicle or unit) or a Formation (a specific group of models, vehicles or units that enable you to use special rules when you include them in your army).

FACTION

Each datasheet will list the Faction it is part of. The Faction determines which codex the datasheet is considered part of for all rules purposes. For example, a datasheet for a new Space Marine Army List Entry can be used in any detachment chosen from *Codex: Space Marines*, while a datasheet for a new Ork Formation would be treated as a detachment from *Codex: Orks*, and so on.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

An Army List Entry provides all the relevant information to field a single unit in games of Warhammer 40,000, including its points value and battlefield role. The unit can be used as part of any Detachment that corresponds to the Faction listed on the datasheet (see Faction above).

FORMATIONS

A Formation presents a collection of two or more units that fight alongside one another in a particular way. When you choose an army, you can take a Formation as a special form of Detachment. Unless otherwise stated, you can take any number of Formations in your army, and each is considered to be a completely separate Detachment, regardless of how many units make it up.

Each Formation will tell you what units you need to take and what, if any, options or restrictions apply to the units that make up that Formation. The army list entries for each unit in the Formation (the units' profiles, points values, unit types, unit composition, special rules, battlefield role etc.) can either be found in the codex corresponding to the Faction on the datasheet, or elsewhere in the datasheet itself.

ALLIED FORMATIONS

Formations do not count as your army's Allied Detachment, even if they are made up of units from a different Codex to your Primary Detachment, and they do not stop you from taking an Allied Detachment in the same army. However, the Levels of Alliance rules from the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook *do* apply to them and units chosen from a different codex that are in the same army.

For example, if you included an Ork Formation in the same army as a Primary Detachment from *Codex: Space Marines*, then the units from the two Detachments would treat each other as desperate allies. However, the Ork Formation would not stop you taking an Allied Detachment in the same army.

FORMATION SPECIAL RULES

Every Formation will include one or more special rules associated with the units that make up that Formation. The special rules for a Formation only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army).

FORMATION POINTS VALUES

Formations do not usually include a points value; just add up the points value of the individual units and options to find out the total points value of the Formation. Occasionally a Formation will require that you pay extra points in order to use it. In this case, the cost of the Formation is the total cost of the units plus any extra points the datasheet specifies you have to pay.

APOCALYPSE FORMATIONS

If a Formation is referred to as an Apocalypse Formation, it can only be used in games of *Warhammer 40,000: Apocalypse*.

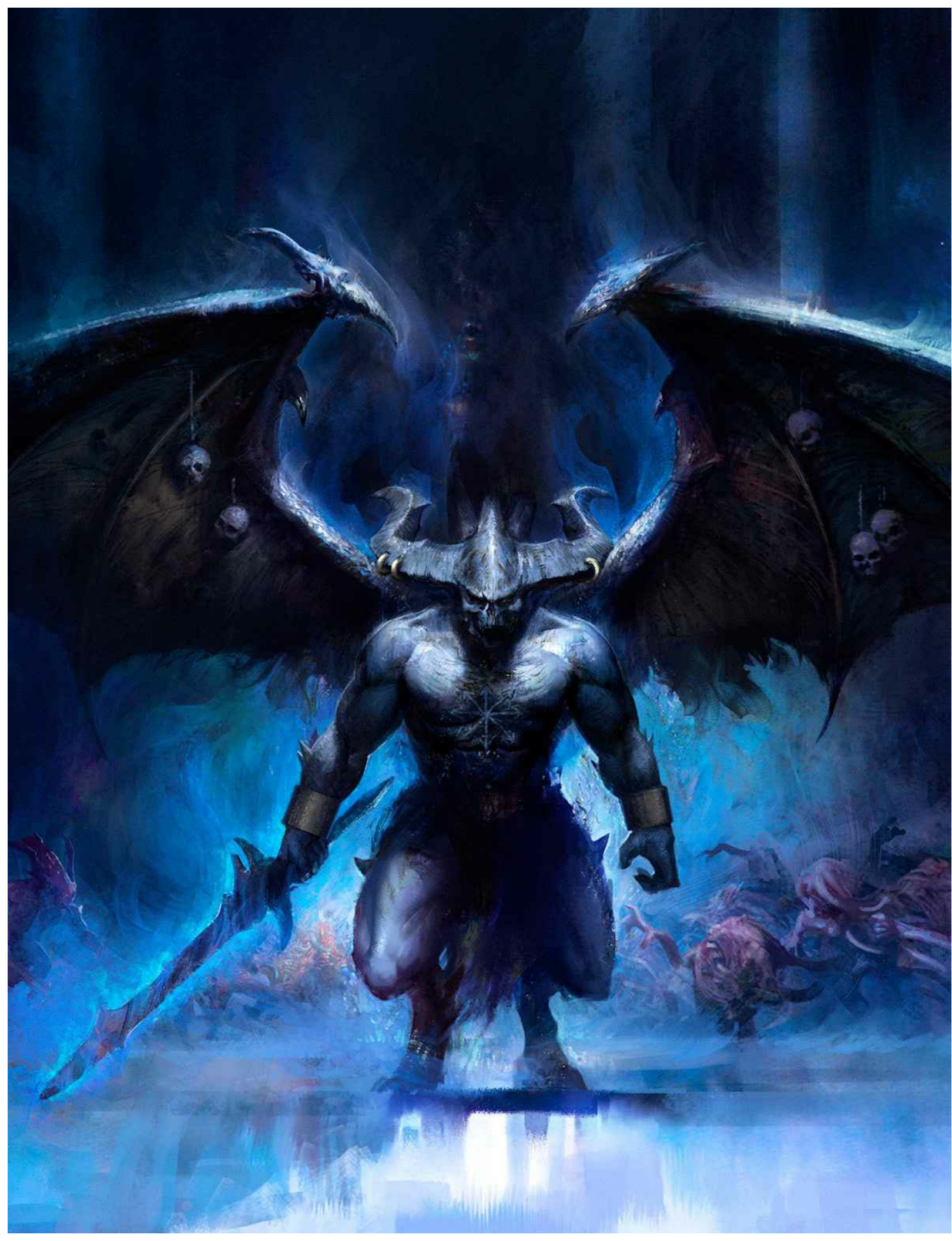


DATASLATE

BE'LAKOR

THE DARK MASTER

**CHARACTER
BACKGROUND**





BE'LAKOR, THE FIRST DAEMON PRINCE

Ancient beyond imagining, the Daemon Prince Be'lakor is the first of his kind. Raised up from mortality by the Gods of Chaos combined, he was given a portion of each of their power. Be'lakor's fate has ever been influenced by the endless struggle between the gods, as he is beholden to each of the Dark Gods equally. At first, Be'lakor used the jealousy of the Ruinous Powers to gain their favours, never completely swearing his allegiance to any one of them. For a time, the gods fought over Be'lakor as children might squabble over a favoured toy. However, they soon realised the folly of combining their might into a single vessel, as Be'lakor was nearly uncontrollable. They soon began to raise up new Daemon Princes, each god choosing only champions that would be loyal to them, and them alone. Be'lakor remained the strongest of the Daemon Princes, though his might was diminished as the gods spread their power among their other servants. Nevertheless, Be'lakor remains a master of shadows, moving behind the veil of history exerting the will of the Chaos Gods upon the universe.

ANCIENT EVIL

The origins of Be'lakor are spoken of only as legends and rumour; tales torn from the tongues of captive Daemons or forbidden lore recorded on ancient crypt walls. Crude pictographs found in the

caves of dry, dead worlds or primitive statues hidden in the sunken depths of death world oceans speak to Be'lakor's immortal reign within the galaxy. Scholars have been driven mad looking for hints of the Daemon's presence woven into the history of the universe, always lurking in the shadows behind the rise and expansion of the mortal races. Even the secretive Grey Knights Space Marine Chapter, created by the Emperor to combat the daemonic forces of the Warp, know little of Be'lakor's true history, only conflicting lies and impossible fabrications.

Legends tell of Be'lakor ruling over mortal empires since the dawn of time, the Daemon Prince conquering a world and subjugating its people, forcing them to worship him as a god. When the race would fall into decline, ruined by Be'lakor's greed and malevolence, the Daemon would move on, finding a new burgeoning race to be his playthings. Several times, the Daemon Prince is said to have been the lord of sector spanning empires, a dark, Daemon god ruling over a thousand worlds and billions of loyal followers.

Relics and the ruins of dead worlds still exist that suggest there may be some truth to these legends; whether their source was Be'lakor or not is more difficult to say. The Adeptus Mechanicus Tech-Magos Kyber has spent his life piecing together the history of Be'lakor in his exploration of the galactic wilderness, hunting down ancient relics of the Dark Age of Technology. Following the faint trail left by Be'lakor's passage through history, Magos Kyber has found winged statues carved from the fossilised bones of psykers, crumbling scrolls of human skin that show thousands of tiny figures bowing down before a dark winged shape and stygian horn-fragments sealed in sacred caskets. Unaware of Be'lakor's true nature, Kyber has become convinced that all these objects are linked to one alien overlord, an ancient creature that has existed for millions of years in various guises and is behind countless vile

deeds.

Unknown to Kyber, he is being manipulated by Be'lakor. The Daemon Prince placed the first clues to his existence in Kyber's path, leading the Magos to the ruins of a world he once ruled. From this seed of curiosity, Kyber has discovered new systems, planets and ruined empires long forgotten by Be'lakor. While the Daemon helps Kyber from the shadows, the Magos gathers up the hidden and forgotten legacy Be'lakor has left behind, ultimately returning to the Daemon Prince his lost objects of power, while also erasing his existence from history.

'He is not many, he is one, he is the first. A creature as old as creation itself, he has moved unseen between the stars for millennia, twisting the fates of many races and feeding upon their misery. But I have found him, I have learnt his name!'

- Tech-Magos Kyber Arbastri to the Council of Chalice

HERALD OF THE END TIMES

Like a petulant first-born son, Be'lakor has always had a bitter jealousy toward anything or anyone that wins the favour of the Dark Gods. For millennia, the Daemon Prince undermined the plots and schemes of the daemonic and mortal servants of Chaos. However, what Be'lakor mistook for free will, and a measure of revenge against those that have usurped his power, was merely the Great Game between the Chaos Gods. When the Daemon brought down a champion of Nurgle, invariably he was doing Tzeentch's bidding, and while laying a warrior of the Blood God low he was the

fulfilling the will of Slannesh. Be'lakor remains blind to these manipulations of the gods. His own thirst for power and the pleasure of proving his mastery over rival champions of Chaos seems enough to make him forget the sorcerous tethers the gods continually try and wind tightly around his neck.

In more recent times, rumours say Be'lakor has begun shadowing a new champion of the Dark Gods: the Warmaster, Abaddon the Despoiler. Supposedly, the Daemon Prince has spent centuries watching over him and influencing events as they ebb and flow around the Warmaster, knowing on some level that their fates were bound. During each of Abaddon's Black Crusades, the Master of Shadows has been lurking in the background. During the Third Black Crusade, legends say that it was Be'lakor who manipulated the Daemon Prince Tallomin into aiding the Despoiler and ultimately assaulting Cadia. Be'lakor was also reputed to be the one who told Abaddon of the treachery of Drecarth the Sightless, leading to the destruction of the Sons of the Eye during the Sixth Black Crusade.

In both instances, Be'lakor's actions seem to have aided Abaddon's rise to power, though closer examination exposes possible darker motives at work. Though Tallomin exacted a terrible toil upon the armies of Cadia, he did so at the cost of numerous Black Legion warbands, much to Abaddon's ire, while Drecarth the Sightless could in time have proven a powerful ally for the Despoiler, had not Be'lakor fanned the embers of vengeance burning in Abaddon's heart. Hidden behind a veil of secrets and lies, it is impossible to know for sure if Be'lakor is doing the bidding of the Chaos Gods or working against them. However, his plots and plans have ultimately been instrumental in Abaddon's ascendance to power.

As the End Times hurtle towards their terrible conclusion, Be'lakor once again stands in Abaddon's shadow. As the Warmaster

embarks upon his Thirteenth Black Crusade against the Imperium, the Daemon marches with him. With hatred and jealousy guiding his hand, the Daemon Prince has worked his way close to the Warmaster, earning a place in Abaddon's inner circle and making him believe he is the herald of the Ruinous Powers. Be'lakor is surely plotting against Abaddon in some way, seeking to undermine the victory intended for the Warmaster by the Dark Gods and claim the power and glory of conquest for himself. Where and when this treachery will reveal itself is known only to Be'lakor himself...

'Only a fool trusts a Daemon. They are made of the very stuff of change, the raw madness of the Warp made manifest. However, like men, Daemons are creatures of greed, pride and arrogance, and these are things I trust completely.'

- Abaddon the Despoiler



SHADOW OF THE BEAST

Brother-Captain Ayran could feel the Daemon within his blade as it writhed and twisted in his grip. All around him, carnage reigned as his brother Relictor Space Marines stormed the bridge of the Orgy of Sin. His grey armour spattered with blood, Ayran cried out to the Emperor as he hacked the head from another black armoured Traitor Legionnaire, the warrior's skull-faced helmet flying into the air in a shower of gore. For a moment, the din of battle seemed to fade away for Ayran, his eyes drawn to the blood on the midnight sword in his hand as the inky steel consumed it. As the sword drank in the life of its latest victim, the Space Marine Captain could hear the whispers in his mind stirring once again.

'You are doing the Emperor'ssss will' the voice was saying in sibilant tones, 'you were right to lead your company here, ass you were right to take up the Umbral Blade. To defeat Chaosss, you must turn Chaosss againsst itsself.'

The voice had haunted Ayran ever since the Relictors had come to the Eye of Terror, slowly eroding his will and smothering the last embers of his faith in the Emperor. Here, now, Captain Ayran could no longer tell if the voice was that of the blade or his own. More importantly perhaps, he no longer cared.

With another brutal swing of the Umbral Blade, another traitor fell, Ayran taking grim satisfaction in how easily the sword carved through ceramite and Space Marine flesh. As the Black Legionnaire fell to the blood-slick deck, the way onto the ship's bridge yawned open and Ayran led his Relictors through the breach. In the close confines of the command deck, the battle took on a deadly new aspect, point blank bolter fire

illuminating the shadows as they tore apart power-armoured shapes in the darkness. His bolt pistol kicking in his left hand, Ayran charged onto the bridge, sweeping his sidearm in a wide arc of fire. Bolts exploded as they found the hunched forms of Warp-tainted servitors and cowering cult-crew, or flared to nothing as they struck the void shielding over the cathedral-like vista panels that ringed the chamber.

From across the sea of warring Space Marines, Ayran saw the Chaos Lord rise up from his throne, the twisted horns of his helmet burning with a blue fire as his glowing gaze surveyed the carnage. Once again, the Relictor Captain heard the voice speaking in his mind.

‘Thiss isss the one,’ it said, ‘he isss why you are here, he isss why you took up the Umbral Blade, it isss the Emperor’sss will that you kill him, take hisss life now!’

Discarding his bolt pistol and taking the Daemon sword in a double-handed grip, Ayran forged a path through the fray, striking out wherever he saw the black armour and the profane eye of the Great Betrayer. As he drew close to the Chaos Lord, the traitor hefted his own weapon, a huge rune covered chain axe, its motor howling as if for blood. Ayran screamed incoherently as he landed his first blow, channelling all his anger and hatred of Chaos into the bone-shattering overhead swing. The Chaos Lord barely brought his axe up in time to parry, and even then was driven to one knee by its force. Yet this foe would not be undone so easily, and the traitor pushed back with unholy strength, smashing a shoulder into Ayran’s chest plate. The blow sent the Brother-Captain staggering back down the steps of the command throne, and gave the Chaos Lord a chance to regain his feet before pressing the attack.

In a blur of whirring adamantium teeth and flaming runes, the Chaos Lord hacked wildly at Ayran, each swing pushing him back and taking ragged chunks out of his armour. The Relictor Captain tried to parry each swing but his foe was too strong, simply battering past his defences. With a lightning downward swing, the chain axe finally brushed his blade aside completely, scoring a deep furrow down Ayran's chestplate and sending him crashing to the ground.

Ayran could feel broken ribs and torn organs moving within his chest, and through his agony-clouded gaze, he saw the aquila upon his armour had been sundered in two. From somewhere overhead, the dark shape of the Chaos Lord moved in for the kill.

'Not yet,' whispered the voice, 'thisss isss not your time to die, the Emperor'sss work is yet undone, only when your duty isss complete can oblivion be yoursss...'

Like a jolt of lightning, raw power flowed from the Umbral Blade into Ayran, his arm burning as Warp-energy pumped into his body. With wet cracks and pops, the Relictor Captain's chest wound closed, freshly scarred skin pulled together over the bloody rent. Planting his sword in the deck and gripping its hilt, Ayran hauled himself to his feet. All this seemed to happen between one moment and the next, and as the Chaos Lord delivered what he believed was a killing blow, Ayran's sword was there to meet it.

Now the battle shifted, and it was Ayran's turn to drive the Chaos Lord back, thrusts and blows raining down upon the traitor as the Umbral Blade burned darkly. Finally, the duelling Space Marines reached the foot of the command throne, and the voice screamed in Ayran's mind.

'KILL HIM, KILL HIM NOW!' The voice howled.

Consumed by the power of the Daemon sword, Ayran smashed aside the Chaos Lord's chain axe, sending it clattering to the deck. Reversing his grip upon the Umbral Blade, he drove it down into the traitor's chest until the crossguard met ceramite, the sword bit deep into the deck. In a final act of rage, the Chaos Lord tore off his helmet, revealing a mutated bestial face of curving fangs and yellow animal eyes. Drooling black blood from his double-jointed jaw, the traitor cursed Ayran in the Daemon tongue, spitting filth into his face plate as he died.

As the madness of the Daemon sword fell away from Ayran's vision, he could see he stood alone upon the deck, grey armoured Relictor Space Marines and Black Legion traitors lying in tangled, broken heaps all around him. Looking upon the dead he heard the voice again.

'You have done well, Captain Ayran of the Relictorsss, very well indeed, and now it isss the time for your reward.'

Too late, Ayran realised the voice came not from his mind but from the shadows. The last thing to fill his vision was twin burning eyes, before darkness claimed him completely.

Be'lakor descended slowly from the darkness above the bridge, dropping the mangled remains of the Relictor Captain to join his battle-brothers on the blood-soaked deck. The Space Marine had played his part well, and another of Abaddon's warlords had met his end. The Daemon leaned in close to where the Chaos Lord Eyron had fallen, savouring the death of another rival for the attentions of the Chaos Gods. Taking up the Umbral Blade, Be'lakor reached out into the weak, pitiful minds of the vessel's crew. Crushing their ineffectual

resistance to his will, the Daemon turned them into his puppets and set about triggering a plasma drive cascade that would obliterate the Orgy of Sin. With another part of his plan complete, Be'lakor disappeared once more into the shadows.



DATASLATE

BE'LAKOR

THE DARK MASTER

RULES



BE'LAKOR

Be'lakor is an Army List Entry that can be selected as an HQ choice in a detachment chosen from either *Codex: Chaos Daemons* or *Codex: Chaos Space Marines*.

Profile	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv	Troop Type
Be'lakor	9	5	6	5	4	8	5	10	-	Flying Monstrous Creature (Character)

Points Value: 350 points

Hellforged Artefact:

The Blade of Shadows

Warlord Trait:

Whilst the Warlord is alive, all enemy units have a -1 penalty to their Leadership when taking Fear tests.

Special Rules:

Daemon

Eternal Warrior

Fearless

Psyker (Mastery Level 3)

Shadow Form: Be'lakor has a 4+ invulnerable save and the Shrouded special rule. Furthermore, Be'lakor automatically passes Dangerous Terrain tests.

Lord of Torment: If one or more enemy units failed a Morale check during the previous turn, Be'lakor receives D3 additional Warp Charge points at the start of his turn.

Psyker:

- Be'lakor knows all of the powers from the **Telepathy** discipline.

Hellforged Artefact:

The Blade of Shadows: *Be'lakor wields a unique etherblade, its ghostly form in eternal transience between shape and shadow; solidity and silhouette. Mastery of this weapon enables Be'lakor to scythe through armour, scale, flesh and bone without resistance, its essence changing in an instant from formless shadow to murderous edge at its master's whim. Whether the weapon is a part of the Daemon itself, or perhaps an ancient gift bestowed upon him by the Dark Gods that Be'lakor somehow retained in spite of his fall from favour, none can truly say.*

Range -

S +1

AP 2

Type - Melee, Armourbane, Fleshbane, Master-crafted, Specialist Weapon





GLOSSARY

ARMOURBANE

If a model has this special rule, or is attacking with a Melee weapon that has this special rule, it rolls 2D6 for armour penetration in close combat. Similarly, if a model makes a shooting attack with a weapon that has this special rule, it rolls 2D6 for armour penetration. In either case, this special rule has no effect against non-vehicle models.

DAEMON

Models with the Daemon special rule have a 5+ invulnerable save, and also have the Fear special rule.

ETERNAL WARRIOR

A model with this special rule is immune to the effects of Instant Death.

FEARLESS

Units containing one or more models with the Fearless special rule automatically pass Pinning, Fear and Regroup tests and Morale checks, but cannot Go to Ground and cannot choose to fail a Morale check due to the Our Weapons are Useless rule (pg 26 in the *Warhammer 40,000* rulebook).

FLESHBANE

If a model has this special rule, or is attacking with a Melee weapon that has this special rule, they always wound on a 2+ in

close combat. Similarly, if a model makes a shooting attack with a weapon that has this special rule, they always wound on a 2+. In either case, this special rule has no effect against vehicles.

MASTER-CRAFTED

Weapons with the Master-crafted special rule allow the bearer to re-roll one failed roll To Hit per turn with that weapon.

MELEE

Weapons with the Melee type can only be used in close combat.

SHROUDED

A unit that contains at least one model with this special rule counts its cover saves as being 2 points better than normal. Note that this means a model with the Shrouded special rule always has a cover save of at least 5+, even if it's in the open. Cover save bonuses from the Shrouded and Stealth special rules are cumulative (to a maximum of a 2+ cover save).

SPECIALIST WEAPON

A model fighting with this weapon does not receive +1 Attack for fighting with two weapons unless both weapons have the Specialist Weapon rule.



DATASLATE

BE'LAKOR

THE DARK MASTER

SHOWCASE



Be'lakor





BATTLESCROLL
BE'LAKOR
THE FIRST
DAEMON PRINCE

INTRODUCTION



BATTLESCROLLS

Battlescrolls contain collections of one or more battlesheets. Each battlesheet lists its Race (the Warhammer army book it is considered part of), and will present either an Army List Entry (the rules and point values for a single model or unit) or a Formation (a specific group of units that enable you to use special rules when you include them in your army).

RACE

Each battlesheet will list the Race it is part of. The Race determines which Warhammer army book the battlesheet is considered part of for all rules purposes. For example, a battlesheet for a new Empire Army List Entry can be used in any army chosen from *Warhammer: Empire*, while a battlesheet for a new Orcs & Goblins Formation would be treated as a detachment from *Warhammer: Orcs & Goblins*, and so on.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

An Army List Entry provides all the relevant information to field a single unit in games of Warhammer, including its points value. The unit can be used as part of any army that corresponds to the Race listed on the battlesheet (see above).

BATTLESCROLL FORMATIONS

When you choose an army, you can take one or more Battlescroll Formations as part of your army. The Battlescroll will tell you what units you need to take in order to field the Formation, and what, if any, extra options or restrictions apply to the units that make it up. The Army List Entries for each unit in the Formation (the units' profiles, points values, unit size, options, special rules, battlefield role etc.) can be found in the army book for the unit in question.

FORMATION SPECIAL RULES

Each Formation includes one or more special rules associated with the units that make up that Formation. The special rules for a Formation only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army).

ALLIED FORMATIONS

Formations do not have to be chosen from the same army book as the rest of your army. If you decide to do this, then Formations made up of units from different army books follow the rules for Allied Armies on pages 136-139 of the *Warhammer* rulebook.

FORMATION POINTS VALUES

Formations do not usually include a points value; just add up the points value of the individual units and options to find out the total points value of the Formation. Occasionally a Formation will

require that you pay extra points in order to use it. In this case, the cost of the Formation is the total cost of the units plus any extra points the Battlescroll specifies you have to pay.

The points value of the units in the Formation count against the total points allowed for your army, but are not included when working out the percentage of points spent on different categories of unit. For example, a Formation with 500 points worth of models would count as 500 points towards the total number of points allowed for your army, but would not count towards the number of points spent on lords, heroes, core units, special units or rare units in your army.

If you wish, you can field an army made up exclusively of Formations chosen from Battlescrolls. If you choose to do this, then you do not have to spend 25% of the points for your army on core units, and you do not have to select a model as the General if the Formations that you use do not include any character models.





BATTLESCROLL

BE'LAKOR

**THE FIRST
DAEMON PRINCE**

**CHARACTER
BACKGROUND**





**BE'LAKOR,
THE FIRST DAEMON
PRINCE
THE HARBINGER, THE
DARK MASTER,
THE SHADOW OF TERROR**

'Hark well, as I tell you the tale of Be'lakor First-Damned, may his forgotten true-name be forever cursed. In his arrogance, he drew the gaze of the Chaos Gods to this world, bringing damnation upon us all.'

- Frederick Weirde, Chronicler of the End Times

Be'lakor was the very first mortal raised to the exalted rank of Daemon Prince, though what sacrifices he made and what horrors he inflicted to do so are lost even to the oldest tales. However it was Be'lakor that drew the Chaos Gods' gaze – he somehow managed to intrigue all four of the dark brothers sufficiently that each granted him a portion of their godly might. This soon proved a mistake. The Chaos Gods seldom share anything for long, and so it was with Be'lakor.

As the first – and at that time, the only – Daemon Prince, Be'lakor was an incomparable prize. Thus did the Chaos Gods war for

control of Be'lakor's tainted soul, each one determined to force his brothers to relinquish their claim. As battle raged, each of the Chaos Gods offered Be'lakor ever greater power, if he would simply consent to lead their armies to victory. Such a bargain was little to Be'lakor's liking, so he tricked each of the Chaos Gods into granting their proffered gifts and then fled to the mortal world without fulfilling his part of the bargains.

Be'lakor arrived at a time rife with opportunity for one such as he. The great polar gates had collapsed, and magic coursed across the world. Daemons had followed in the magic's wake, and Be'lakor wrested many of them to his will, forging an army to serve his own purpose, rather than those of the Chaos Gods. Thus did the Daemon Prince conquer the primitive humans of the north, though many tribes came willingly to his service, for they had already pledged themselves to the Chaos Gods, and rightly saw their reflection in Be'lakor's dark majesty. He was a creature of living shadows, tangible only when he wished to be, a master of terror and illusion who feasted upon mortal fears.

'He is the First, the Harbinger of Doom. Where he treads, the shadows writhe, and the light flees in terror. Speak not his name.'

- from the Book of Shadows, translated from Arabyan by
Albrecht Anroth

For many generations of the barbarians, Be'lakor revelled in his new station. He crushed races whose names are now long forgotten, and brought war upon the nascent realms of the Elves and the Dwarfs. Few could withstand Be'lakor, for the stuff of Chaos blew strong across the world, and it was his weapon and sustenance both. Cities fell beneath his wrath, their names erased

from history and their peoples trampled into dust. With each victory, Be'lakor ordered monuments raised to his glory. Thus were the toppled stones hewn into new shapes: thrones, statues and skull-set monoliths, and they throbbled with the power of Chaos. Winding stairs reached into the sky, the better for the Daemon Prince to bask in the life-giving Winds of Magic, and wells were sunk deep into the ground, so that he might sup from the chaotic energies that had seeped into the bedrock.

However, each conquest not only made Be'lakor more powerful, it also edged him closer to downfall, for even in rebellion, he had unwittingly performed the Chaos Gods' bidding. Be'lakor had done much to spread the creed of Chaos across the world. In time, the Daemon Prince's mightiest mortal followers drew the unblinking gaze of the Chaos Gods, and were raised to Daemon Princehood themselves. This time, the dark brothers made no effort to share their mortal prizes, and nor was there any need, for there was no shortage of suitable champions. In a comparative eyeblink, Be'lakor became but one Daemon Prince amongst many. Where he had once ruled without challenge, he now found himself beset by dozens of would-be usurpers. Worse, with each new Daemon Prince who ascended, Be'lakor felt his own powers ebb, as the gifts bestowed upon him were stripped away and granted to more loyal servants.

For long years, battle raged across the mortal lands Be'lakor had claimed, as the newborn Daemon Princes sought to carve out their own territories. Yet none could achieve dominance, not even Be'lakor, for all his wit and guile. Countless thousands of humans perished in the wars of the Daemon Princes, yet out of this great evil, some good emerged. So many daemonic legions had been drawn into this conflict that the realm of Ulthuan was not so beset as it might have been, and this allowed the Elves the opportunity to

marshal one last desperate attempt to stem the tide of Chaos – a Great Vortex that would siphon magic from the world.

The Elves' great success was the Daemon Princes' downfall. As magic faded from the world, the Daemons were drawn back into the Realm of Chaos. Be'lakor was the last to be banished, for his connection to the mortal plane was greater than any, but even he could not resist the vortex's pull. With a thin, screeching wail, the Daemon Prince departed the mortal world. In the moment of Be'lakor's banishment, his monuments collapsed, the ruins swallowed by the hills as if they had never been. No trace of his dominion remained.

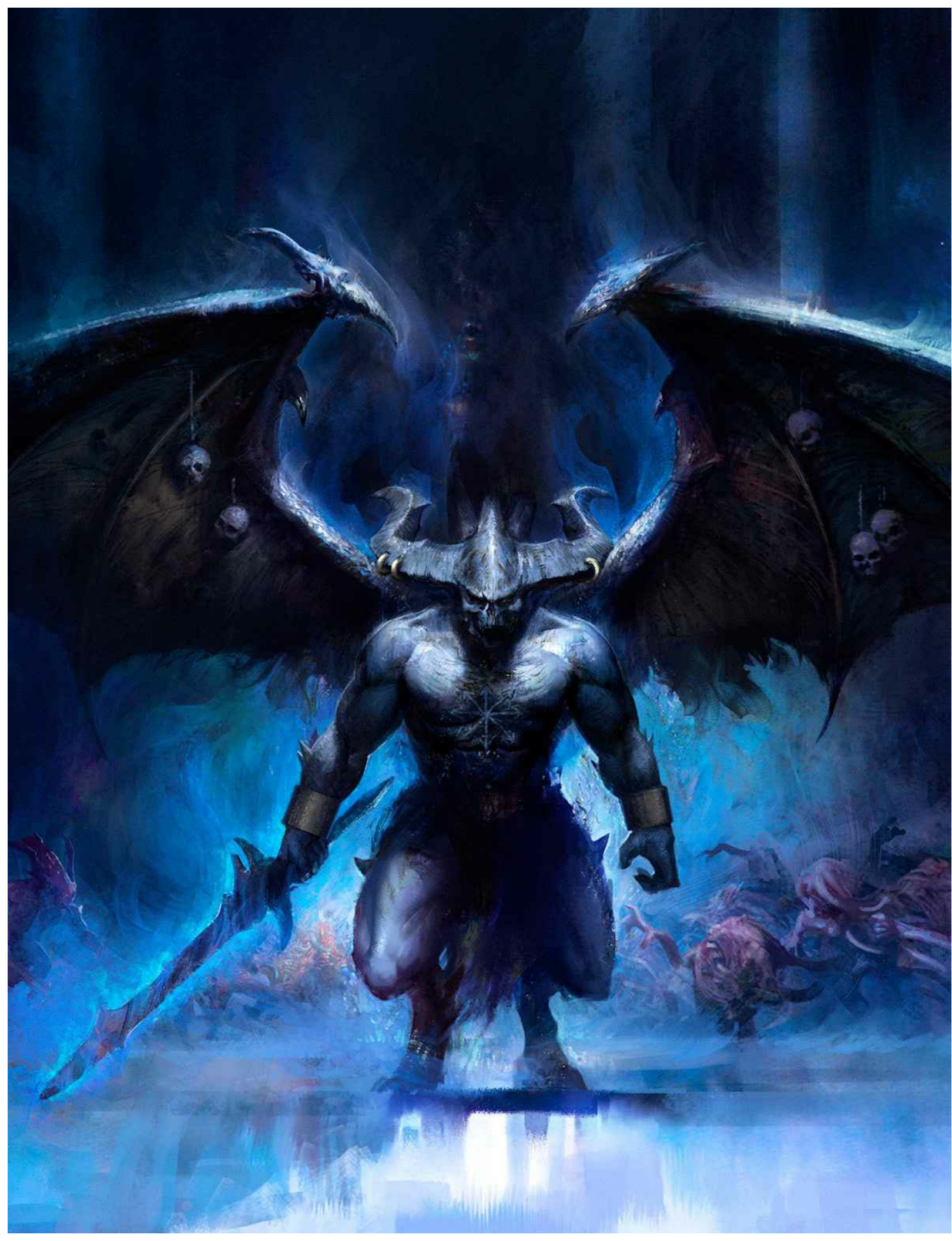
For thousands of years, Be'lakor's essence drifted through the Realm of Chaos. He yearned to set foot upon the mortal world once more and, feigning repentance, beseeched the Chaos Gods to send him forth once more. Yet the dark brothers remembered all too well how Be'lakor had once deceived them, and had devised a suitable punishment. Thus, for the second time in his existence, Be'lakor had succeeded in uniting the Chaos Gods with a common goal, though he found the second occasion less to his liking than the first.

Unlike other Daemons, Be'lakor would not be permitted to cross to the mortal world whenever the Winds of Magic blew strong. Instead, he would leave the Realm of Chaos only at the Dark Gods' wish. This was a boon they granted sparingly, and then only to crown a mortal as the Everchosen of Chaos – a ceremony which served to assure the celebrant of his Gods' favour, and torment Be'lakor with his fall from grace. Each time the coronation was concluded, Be'lakor was compelled to visit his rage upon the world as advisor to the Everchosen. Infused with unwanted subservience, Be'lakor led daemoniac armies at the command of this Everchosen, only to be banished once more when his unwanted mortal liege

was defeated.

Yet once again, Be'lakor proved his guile, and found ways to stretch forth his will upon the mortal world. In his times of formlessness, he whispered through the dreams of madmen and warlords, offering his service if only they would summon him into the mortal realm. Too often, such men accepted Be'lakor's promises, foolishly believing that they could control the Daemon Prince for their own ends. Once given a gateway to the mortal world, invariably Be'lakor slew his liberator, seized the fool's followers as his own and set them to rebuilding the glories of his halcyon days. Yet such freedom seldom lasted long. Be'lakor's power was but a fraction of that which he had commanded in ancient days, and his ambition ever outstripped his ability. Thus, time after time, a mortal champion laid Be'lakor low and sent the Daemon Prince's wounded spirit back to the Realm of Chaos, there to plot another escape, or await the rise of the next Everchosen.

Twelve times now has Be'lakor fulfilled his destiny as harbinger, each time attempting to escape his pre-ordained fate, but ultimately meeting with failure. Now, as the hour of the thirteenth coronation draws near, Be'lakor is driven as never before to throw off his shackles. He is determined that this time, the daemonic legions will not march at the whims of Archaon Everchosen, but in accordance with his own plan, whether the Chaos Gods wish it or no.



Mannfred von Carstein slipped deeper into the frozen caverns, the sounds of battle fading behind him. The fur-clad northlanders had been as easily distracted as ever. Even now, they strove with the risen corpses of their own victims, little knowing that the battle was but a distraction. The zombies were hardly a match for the northlander brutes, but magic lay heavy in the caves, and Mannfred fancied he could keep the corpses dancing as long as he needed to.

The vampire followed the spoor of dark magic through the maze of stalagmites and ice crystals. The taint of sorcery was thick in the air, and even Mannfred's witch-sight could not pierce the gloom for more than a few paces ahead. Yet the prize was close, and it drove him onwards.

At last, a rough dolmen loomed out of the darkness of the cavern wall, and Mannfred knew he had reached his destination. This entire labyrinth had once been the stronghold of a Necromancer self-titled 'Moroslav the Great'. In truth, any greatness Moroslav had possessed had sprung more from his chance finding of a certain book of ancient lore than any real ability. Passing beneath the lintel-stone, Mannfred stalked inside.

As he had suspected, the northlanders had already ransacked the tomb, taking anything they had deemed of value. He had seen some of the trinkets about the throats and wrists of the barbarians in the upper levels. The fools wore them for their gems, never realising the power they contained. Mannfred didn't care. He had amulets enough, and valued only the one item that the labyrinth's new owners had not dared to disturb – the flesh-bound book in the withered grasp of Moroslav's corpse.

Bones splintered as Manfred tore the book free. It was warm to the touch. The vampire strode from the tomb and back into the cavern beyond. But as he did so, a vast swathe of shadow detached itself from the all-consuming darkness, and moved to bar his path.

‘Sso, I read the magicsss true. A thief iss come.’

The figure was vast, at least twice the vampire’s height. Manfred could make out the shape of monstrous wings furled at the creature’s back, but little else, for the shadow writhed about the creature like a thing alive.

At once, Manfred began whispering fresh resilience into his protective charms. He had encountered – and vanquished – Daemons many times before, but the aura of dark power about this creature far overshadowed any he had encountered. Still, he would fight for his prize if he had to.

‘Sstay your tongue,’ the Daemon hissed. ‘If I wished you ssslain, you would already be sso. Asss for my minionsss in the chamber above, they have all but outlived their ussefullnesss. Their deathsss concern me not, and you interessst me. We both ssserve unworthy masssterssss, when we ssshould rule.’

‘I serve no one,’ Manfred rejoined. Not since Vlad had met with his ‘unfortunate’ end, at least, he conceded silently.

‘Not yet,’ the Daemon allowed, ‘but a ssshadow liesss upon your future. You will not essscape it.’

‘And I suppose that you wish to offer your aid, at the most generous of prices?’ said Manfred scornfully. ‘I am not some rotting mortal you can tempt into your web of lies.’

'I make no sssuch offer,' the Daemon replied. 'I assask only that you remember I tried to warn you, for we may yet find ourselvesss with a ssshared goal. Perhapsss then you will think Be'lakor a worthy ally.' This last was accompanied by empty laughter. *'You keep the book ass as a reminder,'* Be'lakor went on dismissively. *'I have no ussse for it.'*

The shadow flowed like water as the Daemon stepped to one side, leaving Mannfred free to continue his escape. Clutching the book tight to his chest, the vampire made strode back into the cold night. Let the Be'lakor Daemon play his games – the fourth Book of Nagash now belonged to Mannfred von Carstein!



The Dwarf line met that of the northlanders with a clamour that shook the valley. At once, the booming war-song of the Dwarfs melded with the harsh cries of the plate-clad Chaos Warriors. The clash of steel upon gromril and the first cries of the wounded sounded soon after.

Be'lakor watched it all from the top of the Magewrath Throne, and hissed with amusement. Of all mortal creatures, Dwarfs were amongst his favourite to torment. Few creatures had such brittle pride as the Children of Grungni, who refused to acknowledge the terror Be'lakor evoked even as it consumed their will to fight.

The Daemon Prince did not know how the Dwarfs had learned he sought to raise the throne, to release the magics bound to his former glories, but he was glad they had come,

nonetheless. Be'lakor knew that Archaon would soon demand his presence once more, and relished the opportunity for a malevolence of his own choosing.

With a guttural laugh, the Daemon Prince drew upon the magic buried in his skull-borne eyrie. At once, the shadows of the valley floor came to life. Some crawled across the withered grassland as flickering tendrils, grasping at dwarfen legs, and holding the stocky creatures fast as northlander axes hacked down. Others became vaporous clouds that forced their way through close-set helms and smothered their victims. Dwarfs dropped their weapons and clawed uselessly at their throats, ravaged lungs gasping for air that would not come.

As the shadows struck home, the trickle of terror became a flood, and Be'lakor drank it in like the headiest of wines. He could feel the panic rising in the minds of his foes, could sense limbs growing numb and reactions slowing as fear set in. Yet Be'lakor saw a defiant soul spark brightly amongst the growing darkness. Consumed by indignant wrath, the Daemon Prince took wing, resolving to slay the wretch himself.

A crack of handguns sounded as Be'lakor sped across the battlefield, but the heavy bullets passed harmlessly through his intangible form, skeins of smoke-like essence spiralling in their wake. In response, the Daemon Prince called forth a great shadowy scythe and sent it arcing through the Thunderers' ranks. A dozen Dwarfs fell dead as the blade passed through them, their bodies unmarked, but each face frozen in a rictus of terror.

With a sweep of wings, Be'lakor landed behind his chosen prey, a red-bearded fool who strode to battle naked save for

his tattoos. There was no sound to herald his coming, but the Dwarf knew it all the same. Wrenching his axe free from the bloody ruin of a Chaos Warrior's skull, he spun on his heel and swung at the Daemon Prince. The runes upon the axe-head glowed blue as the blade touched Be'lakor's billowing form, and the Daemon Prince snarled in sudden pain. His return blow would have disembowelled the Dwarf, had only it connected, but the Slayer had foreseen the attack, and stepped out of the blade's swing.

The Dwarf was laughing now, making unlikely claims about the Daemon Prince's parentage, and besmirching his prowess in other endeavours. The insults mattered little to Be'lakor, but the Dwarf's continued defiance was another matter. The Daemon Prince could sense the nearby warriors taking heart from their fellow's courage – a malaise that could not be permitted.

As the Slayer swung his axe once again, Be'lakor caught the Dwarf's strike on his own blade and willed the shadows within his own daemonsword to life. They came at once, oozing from the sword to entwine the axe-blade, locking it in an unbreakable grip. Thus, when Be'lakor swept his sword away, the axe was torn from the Slayer's hands, leaving him defenceless before the Daemon. Even then, the Dwarf did not lose his valour, but came forward with meaty hands balled into fists. A moment later, he died as defiantly as he had lived, the point of Be'lakor's sword lancing through his belly. Steaming, blood-slicked innards slid across the ground. The Slayer made one involuntary mewling noise, then fell still.

At once, the courage awakened by the Slayer's defiance was smothered like a candleflame beneath an ocean. Be'lakor gave a savage smile, and took wing in search of fresh prey. There

was time for a little more torment yet, before the Everchosen summoned him.





BATTLESCROLL
BE'LAKOR
THE FIRST
DAEMON PRINCE

RULES



BE'LAKOR

Be'lakor can be selected as a Lord choice in an army chosen from *Warhammer: Daemons of Chaos* or *Warhammer: Warriors of Chaos*.

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Be'lakor	8	9	5	6	5	4	8	5	10	Monster (Special Character)

Points Value: 500 points

Equipment:

- The Blade of Shadows

Special Rules:

Terror

Unbreakable

Fly

Loremaster (Lore of Shadow)

Daemonic Attacks Attacks made by a model with this special rule are magical. This includes any special, ranged or Stomp attacks they make.

The Dark Master: All enemy units within 12" of Be'lakor suffer a -1 penalty to the Leadership characteristic on their profile. This penalty is cumulative with other modifiers.

Shadow Form: Be'lakor has a 4+ ward save. Furthermore, attacks that target Be'lakor in the Shooting phase have a -2 To Hit

modifier.

Lord of Torment: If one or more enemy units failed a Panic or Break test during the previous turn (after any re-rolls for special rules such as a Battle Standard Bearer's Hold Your Ground! rule), Be'lakor receives D3 additional power dice in the Magic phase. These bonus power dice do not count towards the maximum number of dice in the power pool, and only Be'lakor can make use of them. Any unused power dice are discarded at the end of the Magic phase as normal.

Magic:

- Be'lakor is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Shadow.

Magic Items:

The Blade of Shadows: *Be'lakor wields an esoteric, daemonic blade, its ghostly form in eternal transience between shape and shadow; solidity and silhouette. Mastery of this weapon enables Be'lakor to scythe through armour, scale, flesh and bone without resistance, its essence changing in an instant from formless shadow to murderous edge at its master's whim. Whether the weapon is a part of the Daemon itself, or perhaps an ancient gift bestowed upon him by the Dark Gods that Be'lakor somehow retained in spite of his fall from favour, none can truly say.*

Magic Weapon. No armour saves are allowed for Wounds caused by the Blade of Shadows.





GLOSSARY

DAEMONIC ATTACKS

Attacks made by a model with this special rule are magical. This includes any special, ranged or Stomp attacks they make.

FLY

Whether they fly or move on the ground, all flyers have the Swiftstride special rule. In addition, because of their loose fighting style, flying units consisting of more than one model have the Skirmishers special rule.

Moving Flyers

In Warhammer, flight is represented by a swoop or glide of up to 10". The flyer starts off on the ground, takes off, flies to where it wishes to go, and then lands. Flyers, therefore, begin and end their movement on the ground. This is chiefly because it's impractical to suspend models over the battlefield, so we use the 'glide' for the sake of simplicity. Units made up entirely of models that can fly can move or charge normally on the ground, using their Movement value, or instead choose to fly. A unit that flies can move over other units and terrain as it does so, treating the entire move as taking place over open ground. It may not finish the move on top of another unit or in impassable terrain. Depending on the flying model's height and/or position, it will sometimes be able to draw a line of sight over intervening units to a more distant target and make a flying charge over the intervening unit. A unit that makes a flying charge does so using the glide move of 10" as its Movement characteristic.

Flying March

A unit that is flying can march as normal, doubling its flying move to 20”, representing a particularly long swoop or glide.

Flee and Pursue

Flyers always move on the ground when attempting to flee or pursue – there simply is no time for them to take off properly. Note that they still benefit from their Swiftstride rule as they flee and pursue.

Flying Cavalry

Some units, such as the noble Bretonnian Pegasus Knights, have the Flying Cavalry special rule – a particularly effective type of flying unit. In rules terms, flying cavalry are treated as Fast Cavalry with the Fly special rule.

LOREMASTER

A Wizard with the Loremaster special rule knows all the spells from his chosen lore – he does not need to roll randomly. The lore in question is normally given in brackets as part of the Loremaster special rule. For example, a model with Loremaster (Fire) would know all the spells from the Lore of Fire.

MONSTER

Monsters have a more destructive version of Stomp, called Thunderstomp.

Monsters and Buildings

Monsters are far too enormous to enter buildings, though they can still assault them.

Ridden Monsters

Some characters can ride monsters, as explained on page 104 of the

Warhammer rulebook.

Stomp

A model with this special rule can make a Stomp in addition to its other close combat attacks. A Stomp has the Always Strikes Last special rule, and inflicts 1 automatic hit, at the model's Strength, on one enemy infantry, war beasts or swarm unit in base contact with the model. This represents the creature crushing the foe beneath its ponderous feet, or knocking their broken bodies aside with one sweep of its mighty tail (probably while it's roaring in a most intimidating fashion).

Thunderstomp

A Thunderstomp makes D6 hits on the target unit, rather than the single hit for a normal Stomp. It is otherwise treated exactly like a normal Stomp.

SPECIAL CHARACTER

Special Characters are exceptional individuals but, more importantly for our army selection purposes, they are unique – each can be included in an army only once.

TERROR

Models that cause Terror also cause Fear. In addition, a model that causes Terror is so, well, terrifying, that other rules also apply. It should be noted at this point that Fear-causing models, being quite scary themselves, treat Terror-causing monsters as causing Fear, rather than Terror – this is an exception to the rule that makes Fear-causing creatures immune to Fear. Terror-causing models are themselves immune to both Fear and Terror. This includes characters riding Terror-causing mounts, which count as causing Terror themselves (see page 105 of the Warhammer rulebook).

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! When a unit is charged by a Terror-causing creature, there is a chance that the warriors will abandon their position, fleeing before the creature rather than fighting it. If a Terror-causing creature declares a charge, the target unit must immediately take a panic test to quell their Terror. If the test is passed, all is well and the unit can declare charge reactions normally. If the test is failed, the unit must make a Flee! charge reaction. Units composed entirely of Fear- or Terror-causing models are immune to Terror and so do not take this test. Note that, if the target unit is not allowed to take any charge reaction (if, for example, the Terror-causing unit charged as a result of a pursuit or a random move), then the target does not take this test.

UNBREAKABLE

A unit composed entirely of Unbreakable models is Immune to Psychology and passes Break tests automatically, no matter the odds! Characters that are not themselves Unbreakable are not permitted to join units that are (even if a character was to become temporarily Unbreakable for some reason, because of a spell or suchlike).





BATTLESCROLL

BE'LAKOR

**THE FIRST
DAEMON PRINCE**

SHOWCASE



Be'lakor



BE'LAKOR
THE FIRST
DAEMON PRINCE

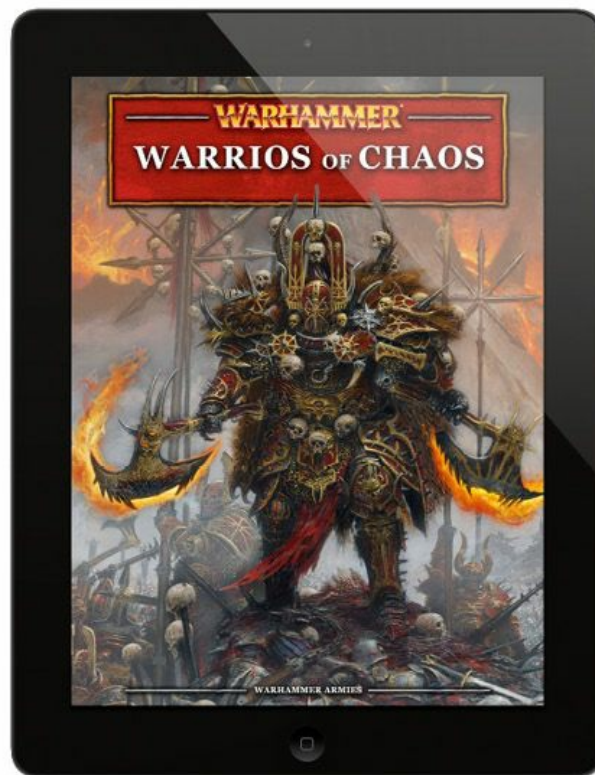
DIGITAL
EDITIONS

There are new titles available from Games Workshop Digital Editions every week, including new rules, painting guides, background and missions.

Browse our full range of eBooks and interactive iBook exclusive titles on the Apple iBookstore.

The legions of Chaos march from the north to bring destruction to the Old World.

Download the interactive army book from the iBookstore.



**The rise of Abaddon, the history of the
Black Crusades and new rules to use in
your games.**



COLLECT THE FULL RANGE

<http://www.blacklibrary.com/games-workshop-digital-editions>

Follow us on Twitter and Facebook



<https://twitter.com/GWDigital>



<https://www.facebook.com/GamesWorks>

BE'LAKOR
THE FIRST
DAEMON PRINCE

COPYRIGHT

A GAMES WORKSHOP LTD PUBLICATION

Published in 2013 by Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road,
Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK

© Games Workshop Limited, 2013. All rights reserved.

© Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2013, Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo, GW, Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, the Warhammer 40,000 logo, the Aquila logo, 40K, 40,000, Citadel, the Citadel Device, Battlescroll Be'lakor and Dataslate Be'lakor, and all associated marks, logos, names, places, characters, creatures, races and race insignia, illustrations and images from the Warhammer 40,000 universe are either ®, TM and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2013 variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. All Rights Reserved.

British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

ISBN 978-1-78253-428-0

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise except as expressly permitted under license from the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.

Find out more about Games Workshop's world of Warhammer and the Warhammer 40,000 universe at:

blacklibrary.com/games-workshop-digital-editions

Licensing details and terms of use can be viewed at the following:

<http://www.blacklibrary.com/Home/games-workshop-digital-editions-ebook-license.html>

Games Workshop Ltd - 25.11.13