

THRONOPIA

THE DARK LORD'S PROMISE

Concept and paintings by Adrian Smith

Story by Peter Flannery

"The Dark Lord is generous with his gifts, I never dreamed there could be such power."

"I will achieve this victory but my service has a price. In return He has promised to restore me to my Blackblood self, make the haunting visions stop and grant me vengeance on the one that betrayed me."

THE CITADEL GATES OPEN AND THE DEVOUT MARCH OUT TO BREAK THE FIRSTBORN SIEGE. AT THEIR HEAD, A NEW SERVANT OF THE DARK ONE, AN OGRE LORD - IN HIS FORMER LIFE. HIS MIND DIRECTS THE FEROCITY OF THE DEVOUT; HIS WILL HOLDS THEM IN CHECK, TO ATTACK, TO KILL MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN EVER.



«An army in my fist, to strike at the Firstborn; brutal, hateful, mine to command.»



«Hold fast, hold steady, savor the moment.»



«Now march and paint the dawn red with blood.»

«I see my family dying.»
«My wife defiled, my children carved up like meat.»

«Curse this steel eye, that shows me things too painful to bear.»

"But He has pledged to restore my
Ogre-flesh and make the visions stop."

And there it is the Firstborn camp, so
conceited, so secure - they sleep."

"Now we shall wake them like thunder."
"Attack!"

THE FIRSTBORN WAKE TO SEE HELL
MARCHING UPON THEM.

"Pain, pain. We devour pain, we cause pain,
our world is agony - share it with us!"

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CHRONOPY

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PART 2

Concept and paintings by Adrian Smith

Story by Peter Flannery



«Argh! Stop it! Kill it!»

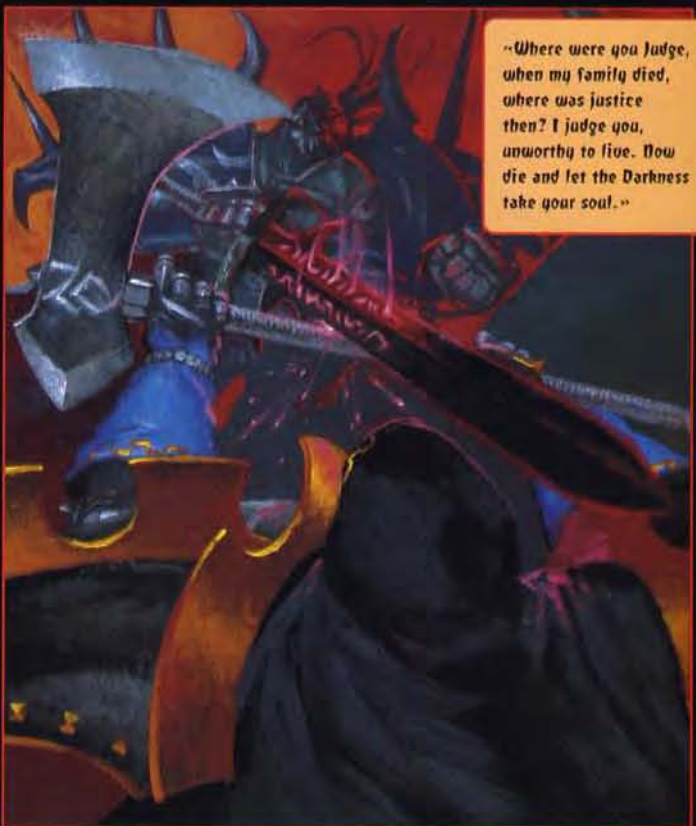
«How do you kill what should already be dead?»



«Fall back, we cannot hold them.»



«I see you Judge, with your Truth-bringer axe. You're mine!»



«Where were you Judge, when my family died, where was justice then? I judge you, unworthy to live. Now die and let the Darkness take your soul.»

«Answer for their fear,»



«Which I cannot stop.»



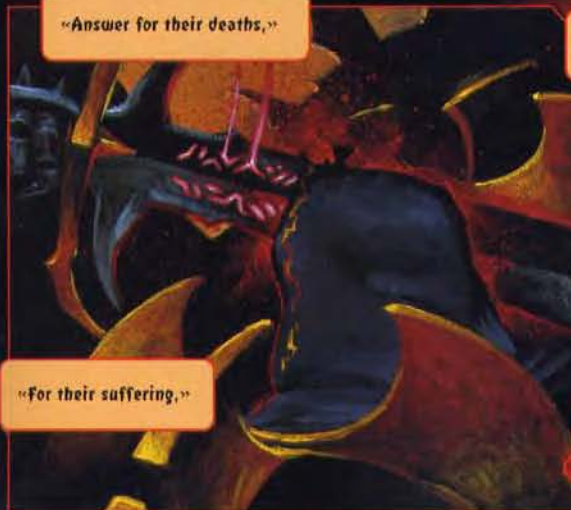
«Answer for their pain,»



«Which I cannot end.»



«Answer for their deaths,»



«Which I cannot share.»



«For their suffering,»

«Which I cannot bear, nor bear to forget.»

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DARK LORD'S PROMISE

Charnel clouds darken the sky as the Firstborn camp is consumed by flames.



The Nameless Ogre Lord looks upon the slaughter as memories of pain and betrayal carve ever deeper into his frozen soul.



The Firstborn die a thousand deaths as the Devout stake their savage thirst.




Legions of skeletal undead warm their blades in coursing Firstborn blood.

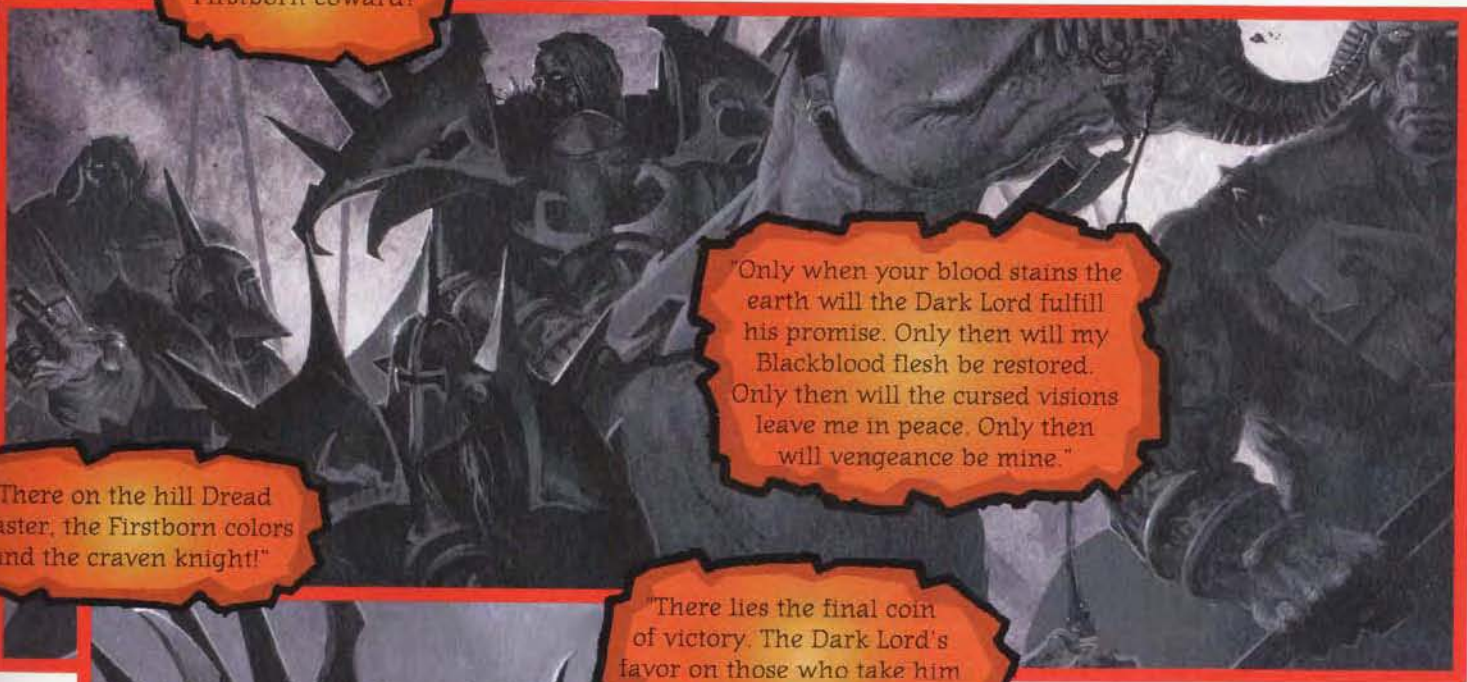


A deathly pall hangs over the battlefield as the Devout trample their vanquished foes into the mud.

THE DARK LORD'S PROMISE



The Devout savor the last of the killing but the Nameless Ogre Lord is restless. The Firstborn commander has fled the field and victory will remain incomplete until his soul is delivered into the abyss.

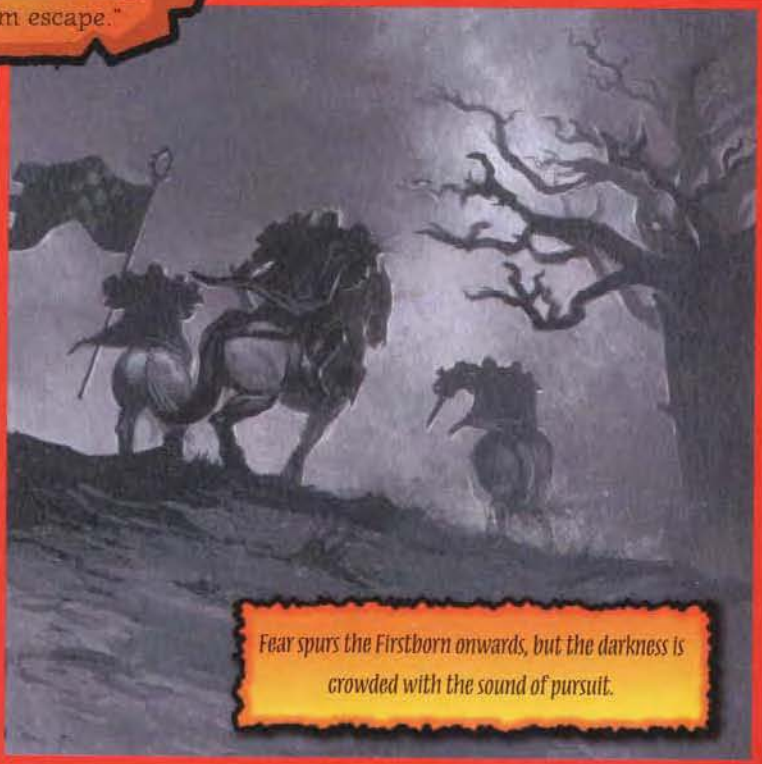


"Where are you Firstborn coward?"

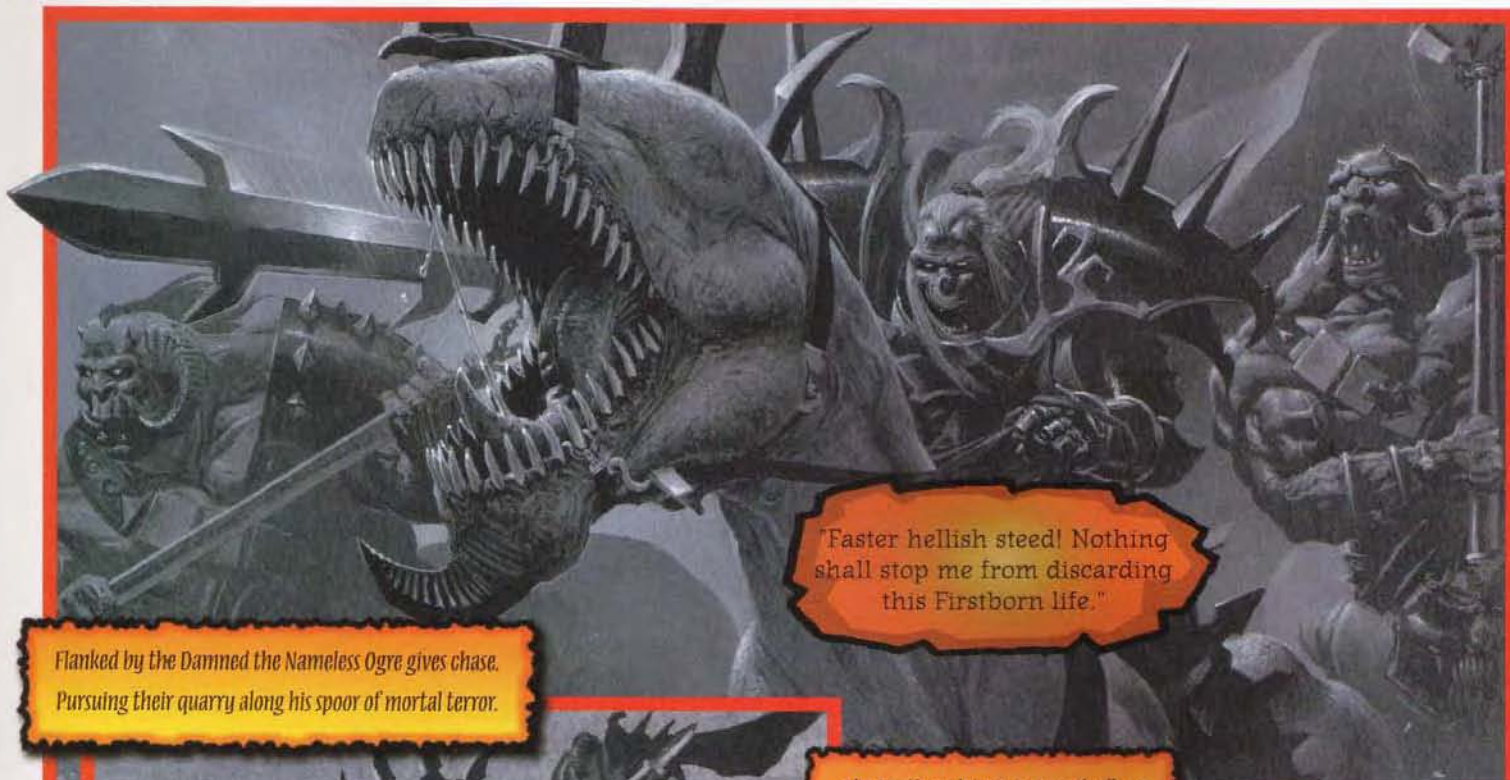
"Only when your blood stains the earth will the Dark Lord fulfill his promise. Only then will my Blackblood flesh be restored. Only then will the cursed visions leave me in peace. Only then will vengeance be mine."

"There on the hill Dread Master, the Firstborn colors and the craven knight!"

"There lies the final coin of victory. The Dark Lord's favor on those who take him and eternal pain to those who let him escape."



Fear spurs the Firstborn onwards, but the darkness is crowded with the sound of pursuit.

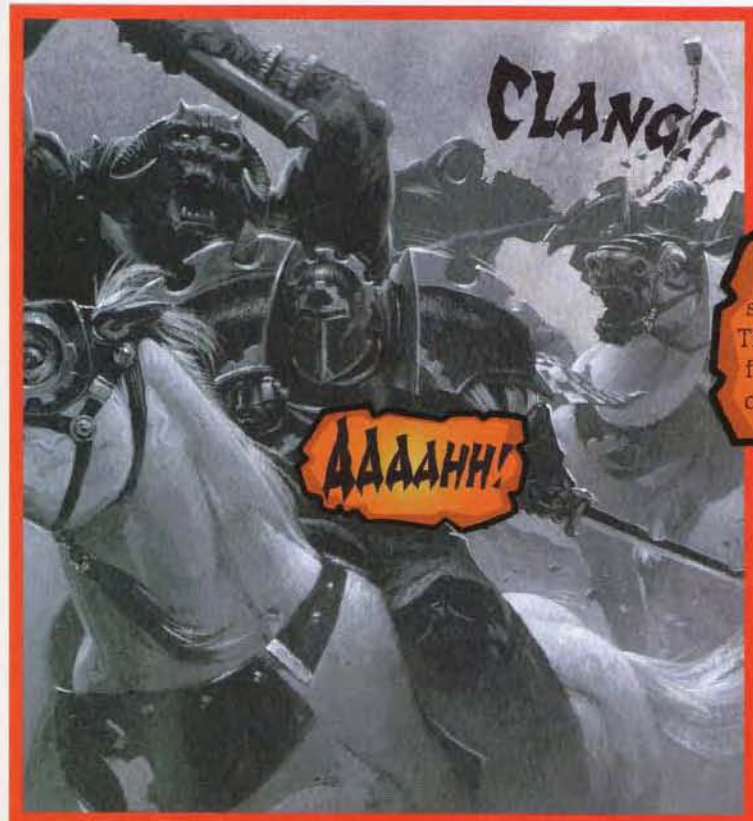


"Faster hellish steed! Nothing shall stop me from discarding this Firstborn life."

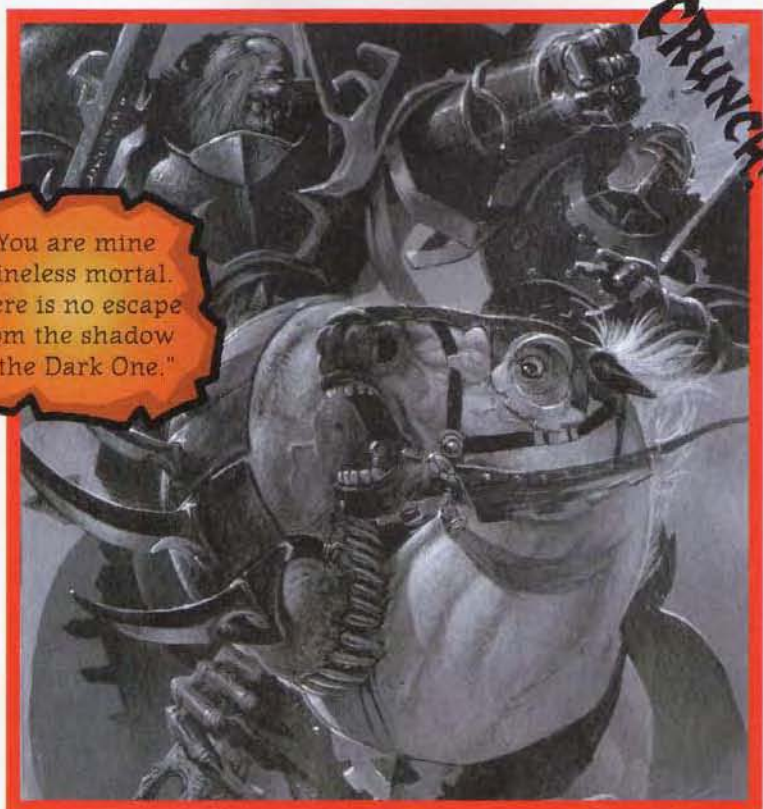
Flanked by the Damned the Nameless Ogre gives chase. Pursuing their quarry along his spoor of mortal terror.



The Firstborn horses scream shrilly as terror overtakes them.



"You are mine spineless mortal. There is no escape from the shadow of the Dark One."

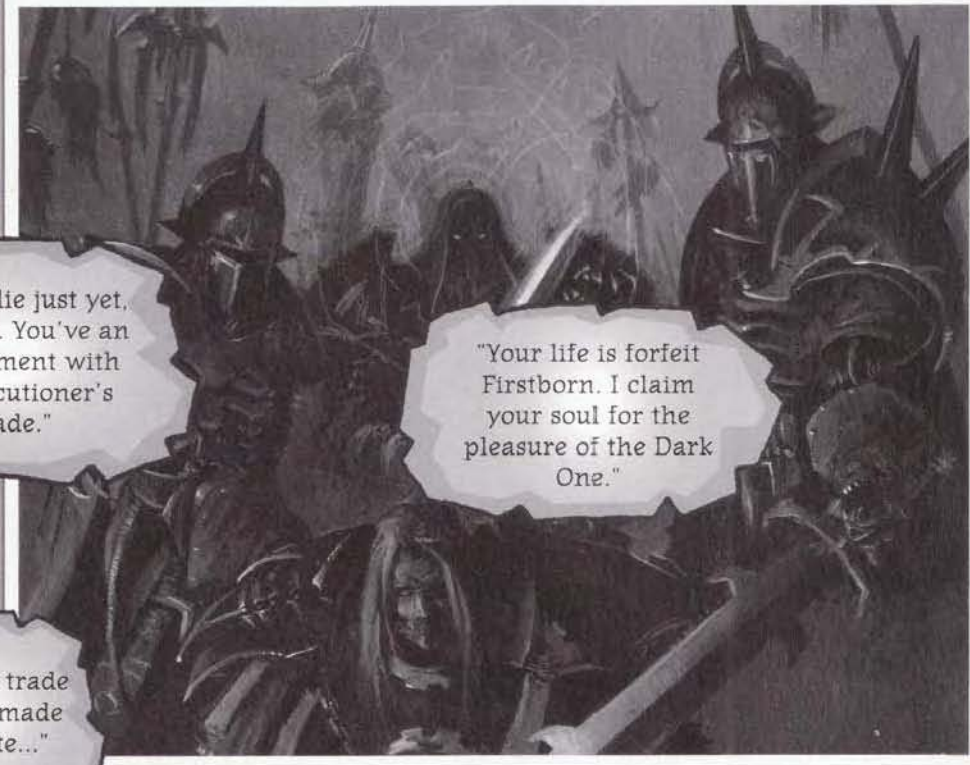


DARK LORD'S PROMISE

Continued from issue No. 2



"To think, this pathetic bundle of rags and flesh shall be my deliverance."



"Do not die just yet, my prize. You've an appointment with the executioner's blade."

"Your life is forfeit Firstborn. I claim your soul for the pleasure of the Dark One."

"Now the trade shall be made complete..."



"Fear for vengeance..."



"Pain for the restoration of my flesh..."



"Death for peace and the silence of the screaming."



"It is done"

"The Firstborn drowns in blood..."

"The power of the Dark One fills me..."

"Aaarrggh... the pain."

"Blood courses through my veins like fire."

"I am reborn. Nameless no more...I am Blackblood."



"You are restored Ogre...the Dark Lord keeps his promises..."

"What treachery is this?"



"You lie...I shall not live to claim my vengeance."



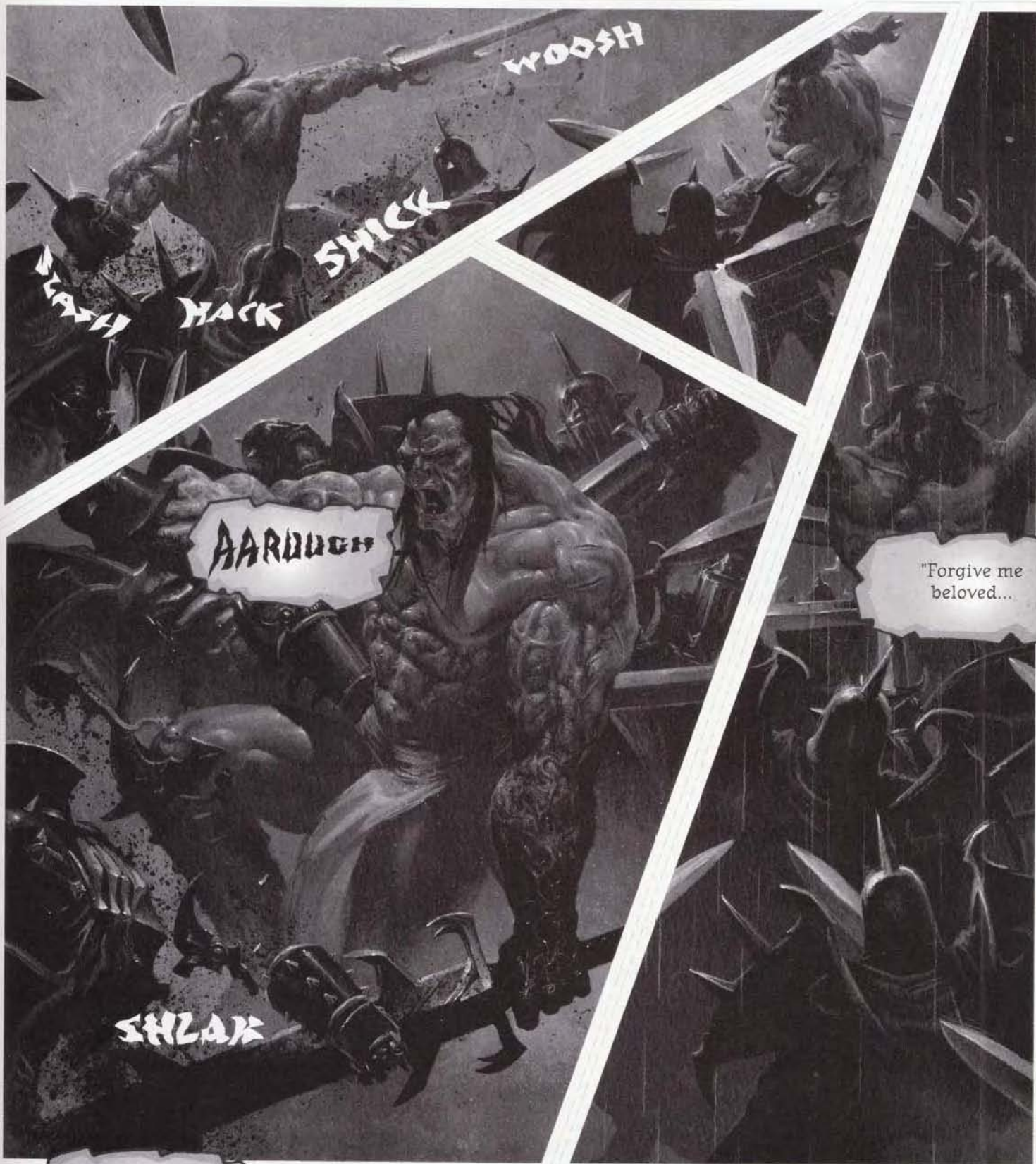
"My axe shall rest in Ogre flesh and darken the earth with your blood."



"The Dark Lord keeps his promises..."

"Come then! Test the metal of an Ogre Lord..."





AAROUGH

WOOSH

SHICK

SLASH HACK

SHLAK

"Forgive me beloved..."

"...I am betrayed, there shall be no revenge..."

"Hear me as you die Ogre...the Dark Lord keeps his promises..."