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CHRONOPIA



The Dark Lord's promise

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«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 Ogye 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.»

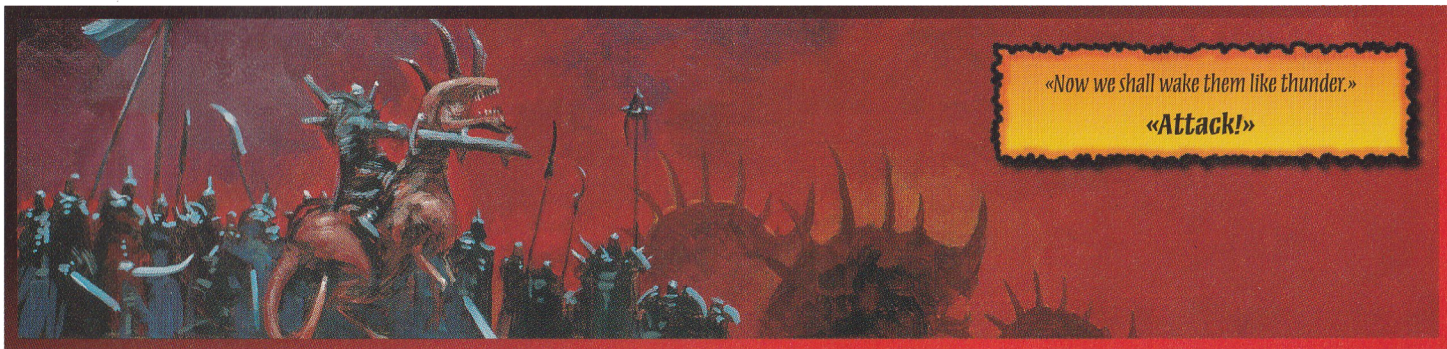
«Curse this steel eye, that shows me things
too painful to bear.»

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



«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!»



«Arggh! Stop it! Kill it!»

«Fall back, we cannot hold them.»



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

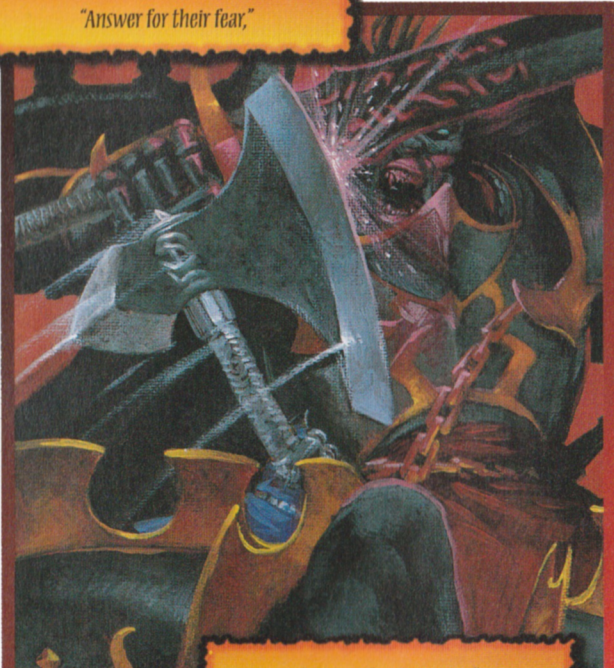


«How do you kill what should already be
dead?»

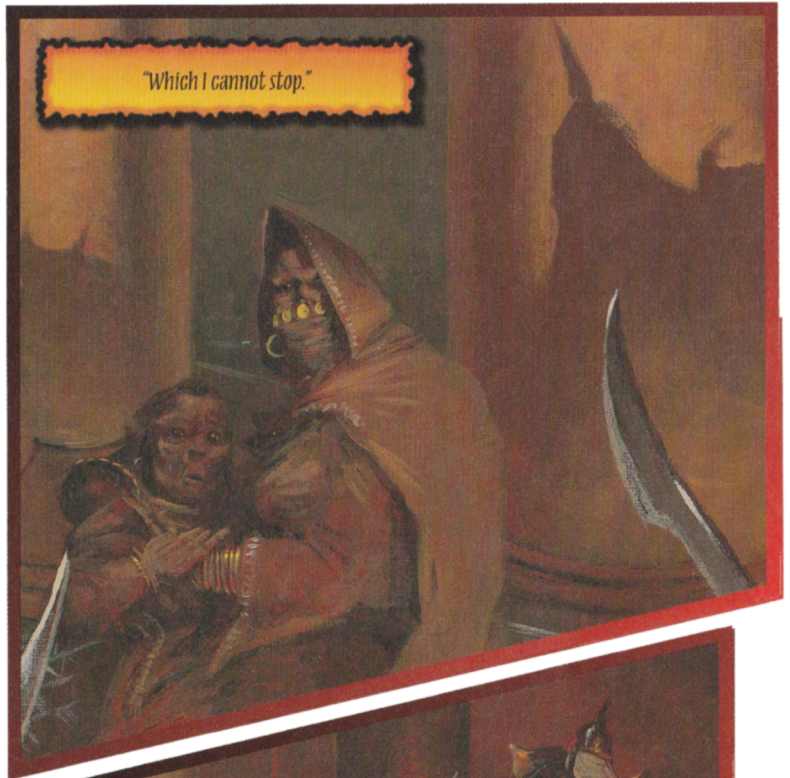


«Where were you Judge, when my family
died, where was justice then? I judge you,
unworthy to live. Now die and let the
Darkness take your soul.»

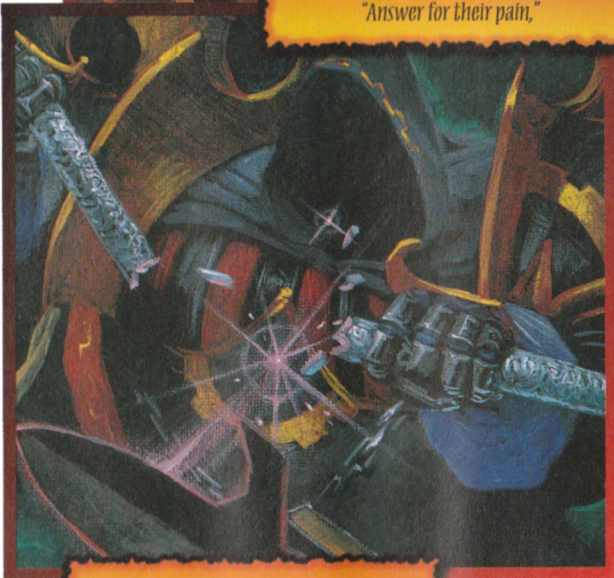
"Answer for their fear,"



"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."

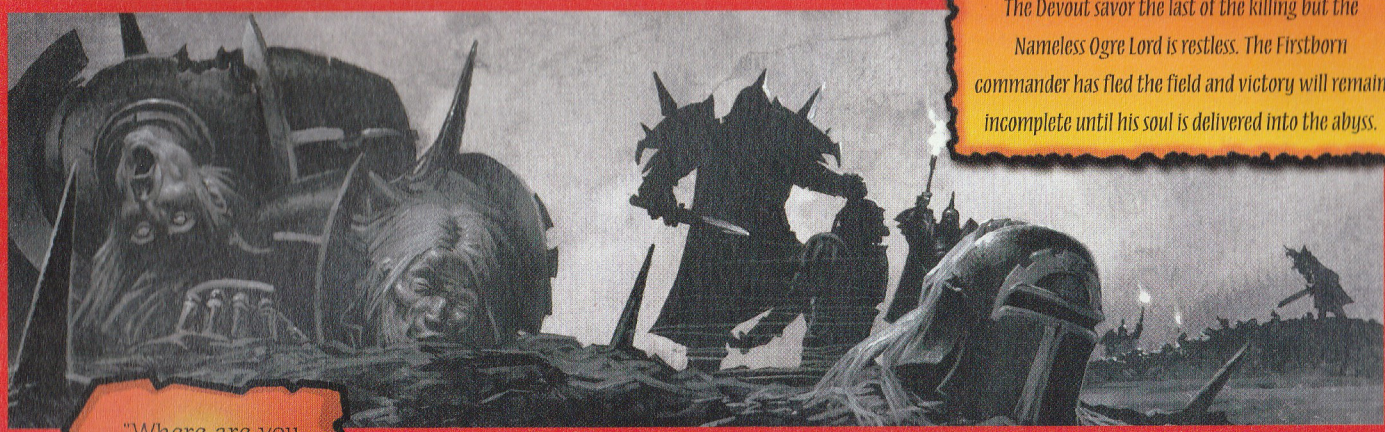
Charnel clouds darken the sky as the Firstborn camp is consumed by flames.

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 slake their savage thirst.

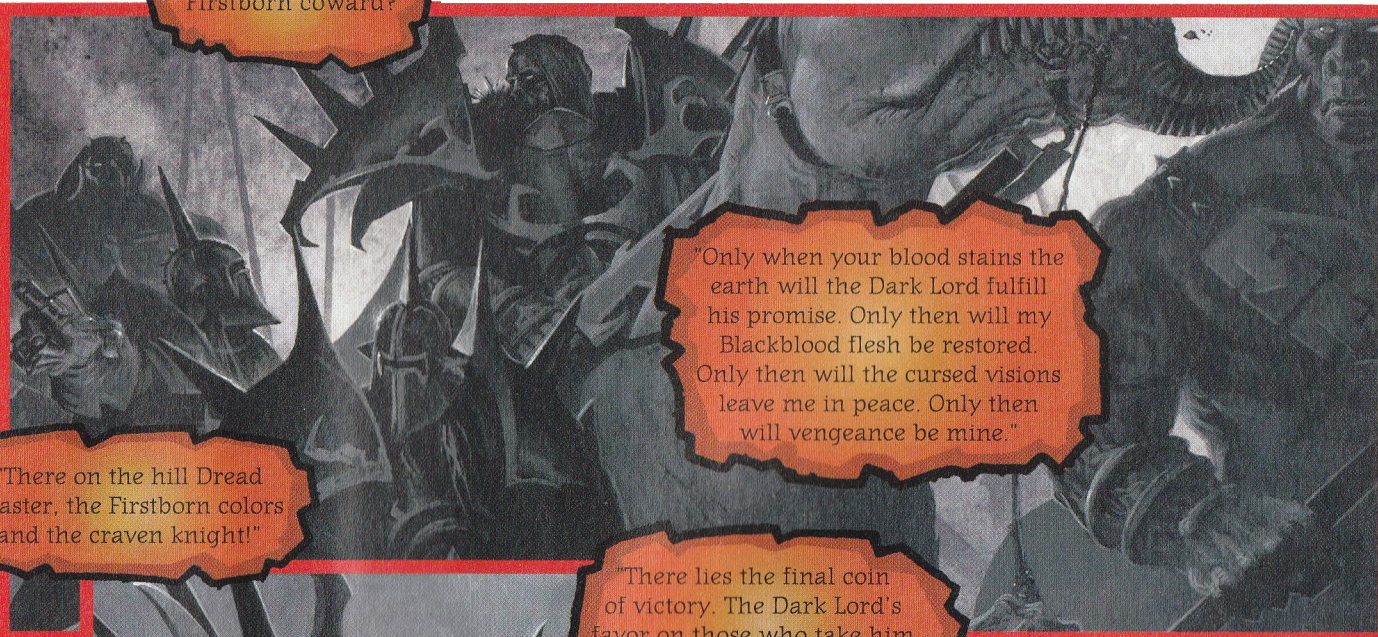
Legions of skeletal undead warm their blades in coursing Firstborn blood.

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



The 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?"



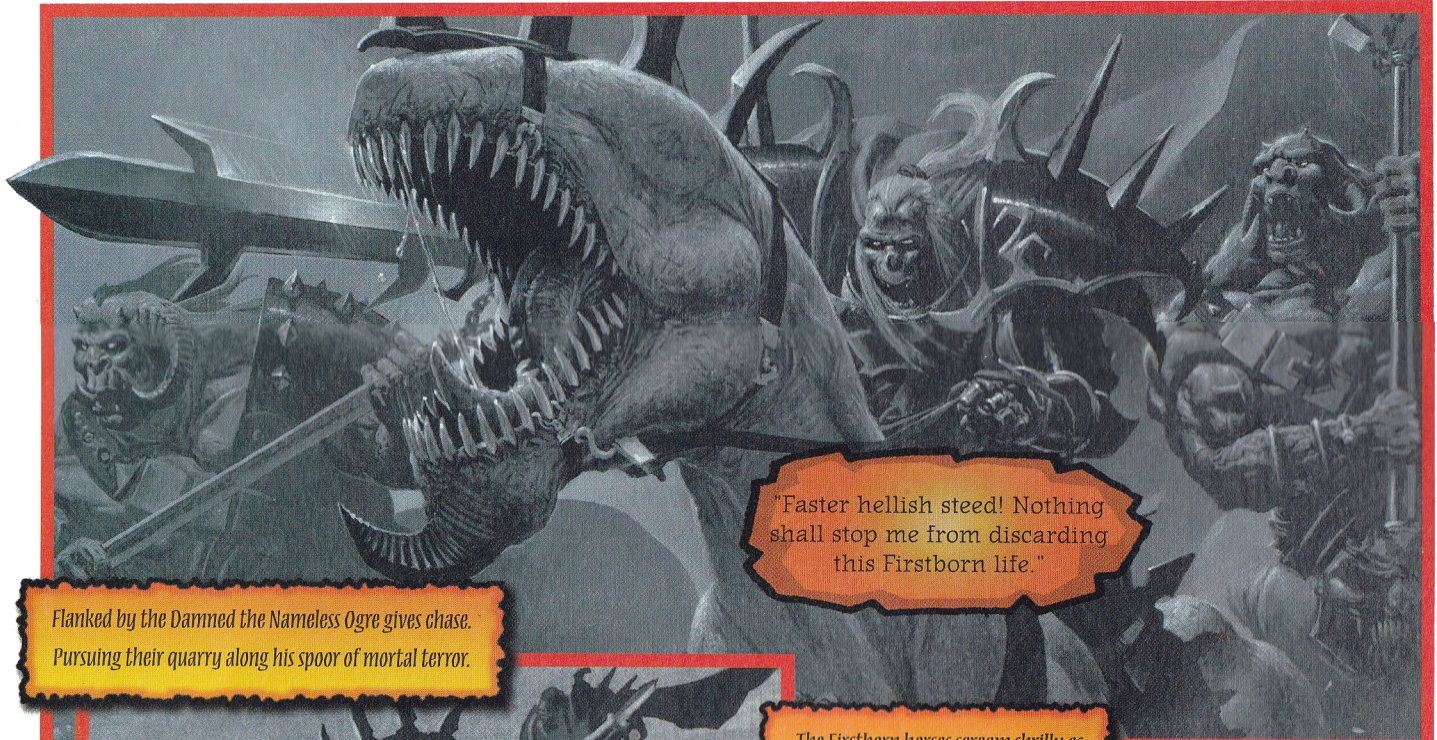
"Only when your blood stains the earth will the Dark Lord fulfill his promise. Only then will my Blackblood flesh be restored. Only then will the cursed visions leave me in peace. Only then will vengeance be mine."

"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."

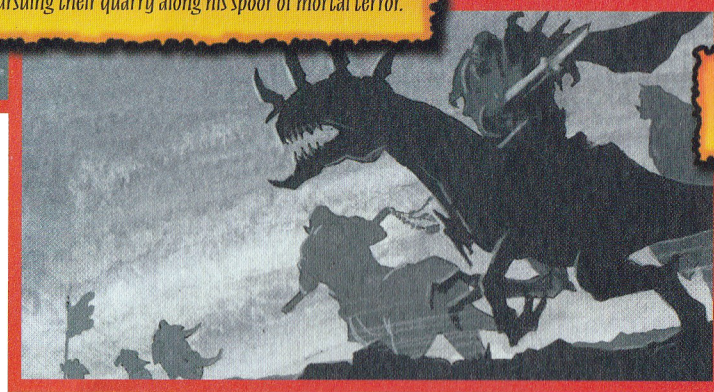


Fear spurs the Firstborn onwards, but the darkness is crowded with the sound of pursuit.

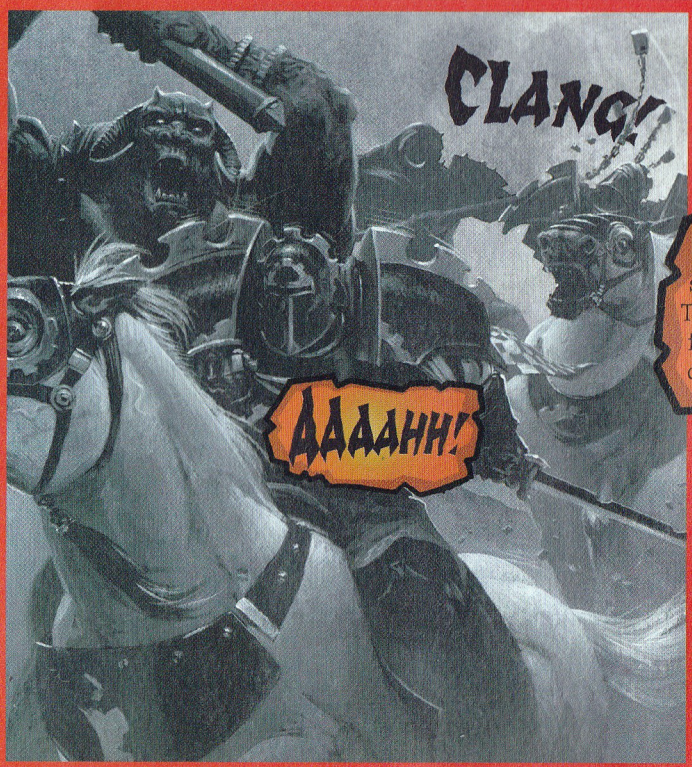
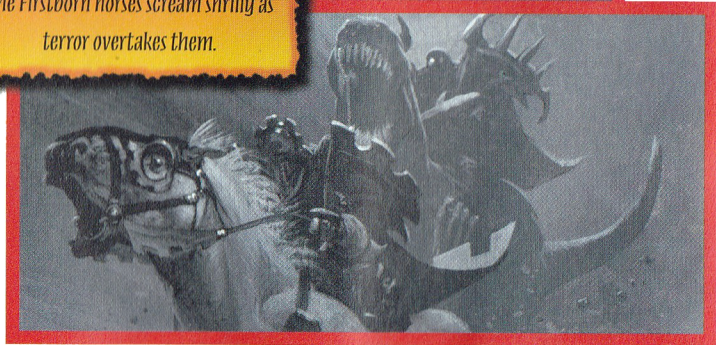


"Faster hellish steed! Nothing shall stop me from discarding this Firstborn life."

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.



AAAAHH!

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



"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."

SHICK



"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..."

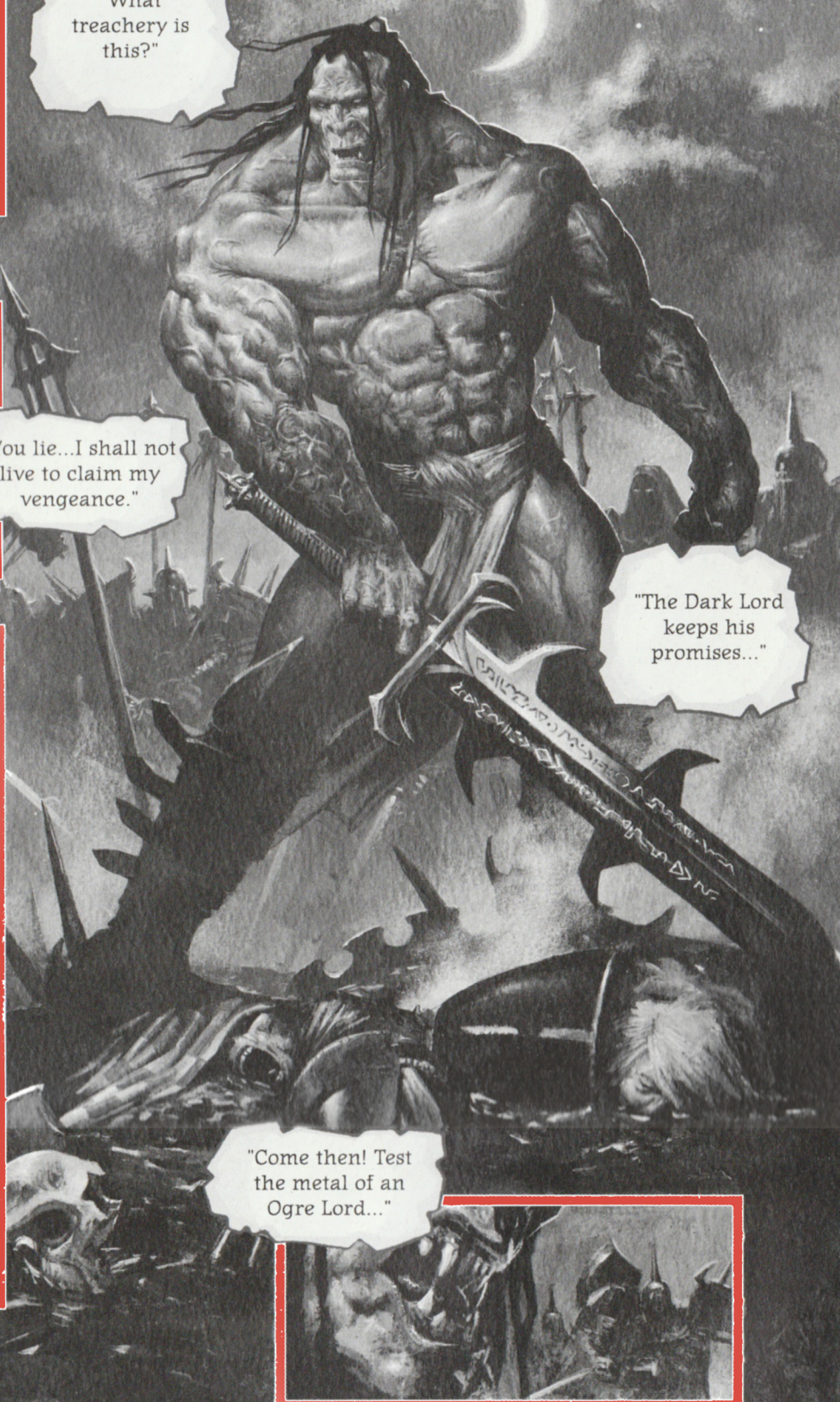
"What
treachery is
this?"



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



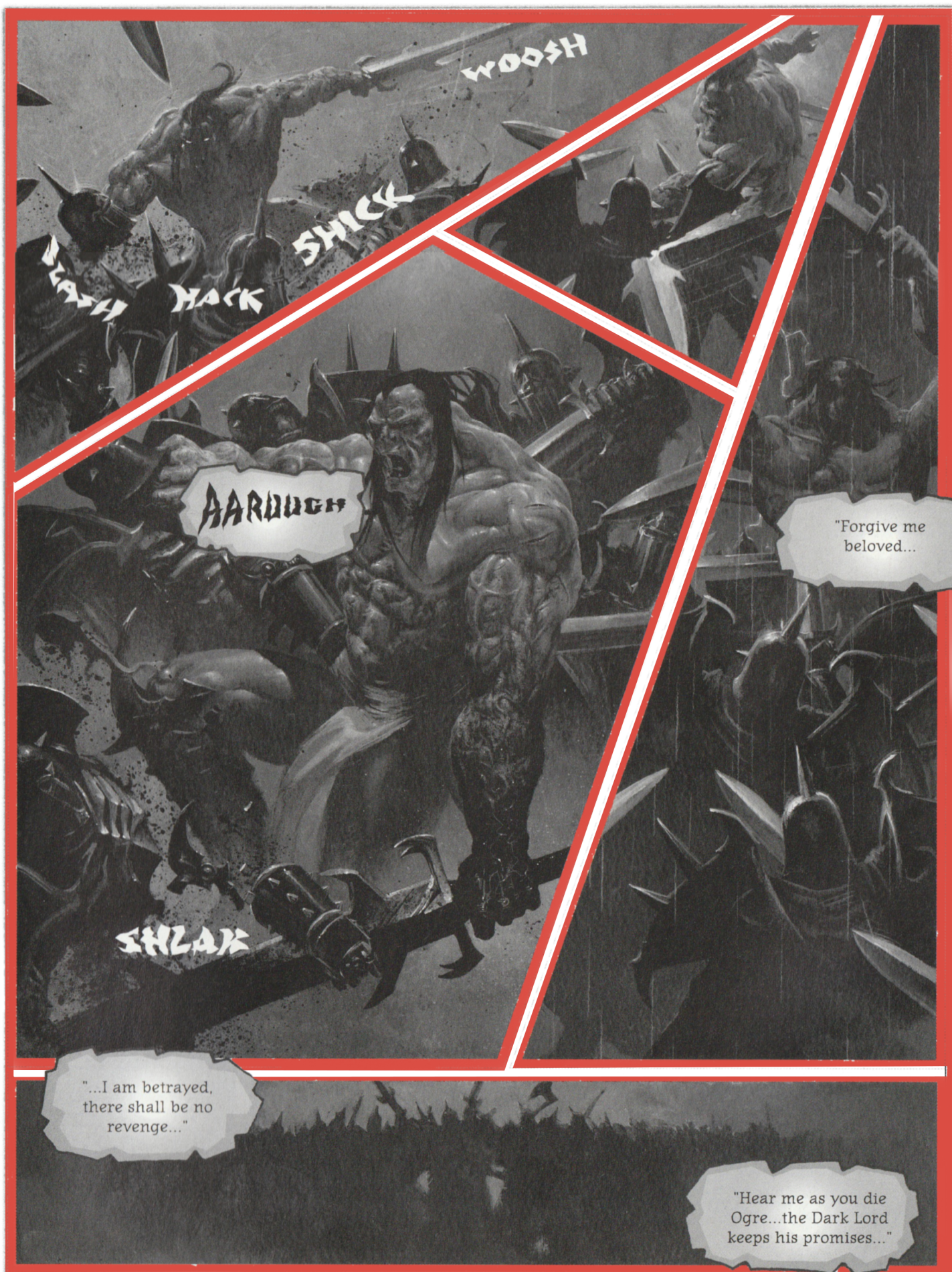
"My axe shall rest
in Ogre flesh and
darken the earth
with your blood."



"The Dark Lord
keeps his
promises..."

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





AARDUGH

"Forgive me
beloved..."

SHLAK

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

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

The End?