

"As the Sun Slips Below the Trees", tale of the Nemesis War

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The tale of Sir Beoveld throughout the Nemesis War and the fight against Settra. These include the semi-weekly fluff pieces that accompanied our fluff objectives here and at Warvault, as well as the concluding story that has not yet been shown here. As well, it includes the rules for Sir Beoveld as a special character.

The Badlands stretched onwards, unending and unbroken, towards the distant horizon. Nothing moved across the flat lands, apart from the occasional dust cloud. Sir Beoveld sighed as he looked across the emptiness. It was so unlike the fertile lands of his home, the lush valleys and fields of fair Bretonnia. There was a serenity to this place, however, that Beoveld found compelling. The harsh, rugged landscape had a nobility to it, a savage but honourable spirit. He felt he might have found a sense of peace here, eventually.

The Bretonnian lord turned back to the field, and the sense of serenity vanished as the weight of his errand returned. Peasants roamed across the battlefield, gathering lost equipment and fallen comrades. A large pile of bones, the remnants of their attackers, lay in the center of the field. Beoveld could feel the evil of the mound like a physical presence, a blot on the landscape. The peasants refused to approach it, and only on the orders of their saintly heroes would the grail pilgrims stack the bones. A second pile nearby was heaped with gold and jewelry, trophies taken from the long-dead warriors. A blacksmith had already begun melting down the gold and forging the crosses that had become the symbol of Beoveld's avenging army as it crossed the Badlands.

The lord ran his hand over his own cross, feeling the

fleurs-de-lys that capped each end, and thought on their mission. Ever since the fleets of Settra had attacked the coast of Bretonnia, he had been pursuing the vile Tomb Kings. Beoveld would have given anything to pursue the fleets immediately, and strike at Settra himself, but no sooner had he mobilized his forces then word came from the south of the undead coming north in even greater numbers. Therefore, with the will of the King's Council, Beoveld had led his avenging army into the Badlands to intercept them. Bretonnian lances caught the Tomb Kings as they marched north, and the undead scattered beneath the hooves of the fair kingdom's finest. All that was left now was cleaning up the small warbands that remained scattered across this desolate land.

A scream from the surgeon's tent snapped Beoveld out of his reverie. He rode down the small outcropping, and back towards his army. A trio of knights rode out to meet him before he entered the camp. A halo of light surrounded their heads, a sign of the Lady's blessing. Beoveld envied them the peace they had found, even if momentary, when they drank from the Lady's cup. At times he felt that such a peace would forever elude him. It seemed at times that all his life had been spent fighting, and that the grim future would hold only war. It was then, however, that he most clearly felt the Lady's touch, and even a desolate place like this would stand appear peaceful and serene.

The first of the riders called out in a strong, clear voice.
'My lord, news from the north. A message had arrived from the honourable Lord Jean Marcel l'Impetuous.'

The second knight continued, 'The unholy Settra has been seen on the rivers of the Great Forest, leading the very fleets that attacked our lands!'

The third knight finished. 'The noble lord as requested your aid in the north.'

Beoveld smiled as he pulled on his helmet. His knights had done a noble and honourable deed out here, but he relished the chance to attack Settra himself. He gestured for the knights to follow him as he rode down towards the stables. Quickly he dismounted and entered the building. A moment later he emerged once more leading a large, winged horse.

'Sons of Bretonnia,' he cried out across the field as he

mounted his Pegasus, Tempest. 'The unholy Lord of these monsters has revealed himself once more, in the north, in the empire! We ride now, to the Great Forest, for our fallen kin, for honour, for the Lady and his Majesty, and for vengeance!'

As the knights cheered his words, Beoveld turned to his second in command. 'I will take the Pegasi contingent now. Follow as soon as possible with the rest of the army, and meet me in the Great Forest.'

Beoveld rose into the air and flew in a wide circle over the camp. By the time he had completed his arc, the skies were filled with the rising Pegasus Knights. Beoveld flew out across the barren landscape, and hundreds of resplendent knights followed in his wake. Somewhere beyond that hazy horizon was the Great Forest, and somewhere within was Settra.

Jean's banners fluttered high above the standard bearers. They had found themselves in the forest, a pure and peaceful glade bathed in the moonlight. The droplets of water from an earlier rain were glowing with a white radiance, slowly crawling down the trees that shrouded the glade. As each droplet trickled down like a tear, they rippled through the waters in an almost holy silence. Jean's pegasus, Skie, trotted calmly to the side of the glade and laid himself down. His knights had made camp for the night, but there were still many matters to attend to. Jean had paced about, his muscles tense from the endless battles, the bloodshed, the war, all of it.

'Henri.' Jean called as he stood by the moonlit glade. As his errant came forth, he continued in a calm voice, 'What news have you on the forces in the Northernmost forest?'

'Well sir, the Elves have found it in them to side with us, and we have cut off too many enemies to count. The River, though, stays untouched. Settra is rumoured to still be in these parts, mi'lord.' He reported.

'What news of Sir Beoveld and his quest in the badlands?' Jean asked in return.

'Word has it he has claimed a total victory over the lands. Whatever is left is just smaller bands of the undead, which are no threat to us now, sire.' Henri replied.

'Send him word again that the true pursuit of Settra is now in the Marches and by the River. He must know they are sailing down now. We need his aid in our quest. To have his lances with ours, we would be an unstoppable force.'

'Yes sir, I will send Knights to him now, sir.'

The battles had been long and hard. Though the knights of not only Vaudreuil, but many other castles who had lent their lances to the cause marched with Jean, it had been a strenuous journey. Many had been lost in the countless battles. Too many. The Orcs that had been burning and pillaging the forests for the past weeks had engaged the Bretonnian forces, whittling them down again and again. Even some Imperials had faced against Jean's forces, questioning his purpose in their forest. After the vicious slaughters, this night of peace was well-earned and the only thing he asked for.

He needed to speak with Sir Beoveld immediately. As soon as he got here they would become a force capable of pushing back towards the river. In a glorious charge to cleanse the Reik's Marches, they would ride from west to east and every foe that stood in their way would be killed. Having Sir Beoveld with him would allow for the liberation of the Bergerhoff. The long siege at the walls was pushing back the Imperial forces now, and no one knew how long it would be until they lost the city.

As Jean walked to Skie and began brushing his hand through the hair of his Pegasus, he smelled something. 'Chaos,' he mumbled under his breath, turning to hear beasts in the woods coming upon them.

'Knights! Rally! The foe is upon us!' He shouted, drawing his blade and mounting Skie, riding back and ringing the alarm. The knights rose in an instant, already armoured and prepared. Beasts began pouring from all around the woods.

'Steady!' Jean shouted, waiting for the right moment. As the knights mounted their warhorses, their lances ready in the middle of the night, Jean's voice rang out: 'Charge!'

The Knights kicked their horses, and the peasants pulled their arrows, Jean himself hovered above the ground on Skie's wings, his blade cutting through the first beast with ease.

Tempest snorted against the wind streaming into his face. Beoveld held tight, years of experience allowing him to guide the pegasus with ease. The forests stretching out below him were so different from the arid landscape of the Badlands. The dark shadows seemed filled with mystery and danger. The knight smiled at the prospect. There was honour to be won, and wrongs to be avenged. Settra was down there somewhere, and the pains he brought to noble Bretonnia would be revisited upon him tenfold.

Movement in the forest ahead caught Beoveld's attention. Looking closer, he could see the foul beastmen attacking a large contingent of knights. Their resplendent banners showed them to be knights of Bretonnia, a force under the direct command of the King's Council. Beoveld knew he had found the Lord Jean Marcel L'Impetuous, and just in time as well. He lowered his visor, then raised his lance high above his head. He alerted his knights with a cry, and dove down towards the forest.

Hundreds of knights swooped down out of the sky like raptors falling upon their prey. Each lance dipped, then flew up again with the remains of a foul beast impaled upon it. The massacre was swift, the beasts caught between the lances of Jean's knights and Beoveld's swooping pegasi. In moments, they scattered into the woods.

Beoveld spotted Jean among his troops, and flew down towards him. He dismounted beside his fellow lord and bowed in greeting. Skie and Tempest whinnied a greeting, then were taken back to the stables.

'Noble Lord', began Beoveld, 'I take it you are Sir Jean Marcel L'Impetuous, honoured knight and lord of the King's Council. I am Sir Beoveld, Lord of Nilfheim Keep, charged by the council with the pursuit of the Tomb Kings. I have returned from the Badlands. What news from the forest?'

'Good Sir', returned Jean, 'the news is dire. The forest is overrun, and evil marches within. Bergerhoff is besieged, and I fear it will not hold much longer. We need your lances with ours to break the siege.'

'I would be honoured' replied Beoveld.

At that moment, a runner entered the camp. He bowed quickly to the lords, then gave his report. 'Settra has been spotted on the river not half a day's ride from here.'

Beoveld glanced at Jean, then called for Tempest. 'You cannot leave now' said Jean, 'we must aid Bergerhoff!'

'My main forces will be here within a few days. They will aid you, but I must be after Settra. You can do what you will.' With that, he took off into the sky. He rejoined his army above the trees, then shot out in the direction of the river.

The chariot sped across the dryer ground, its light wheels scything through the dense loam of the forest floor. At its helm was a massive warrior, bedecked in gold and turquoise, and clearly long since dead. At his silent order the skeletal horses increased their pace, kicking up small showers of dirt. The chariot sped down the long line of silently marching figures, its master surveying their deathly progress. The

figures moved along both sides of the mighty river, matching the progress of the massive barque that plied the waters. Like its ghastly escort, the ship was silent. The ostentatious decorations that covered it were just as grim as those of the figures. Leering skulls and animal-headed figures of turquoise and gold stared out from its hull.

The grim procession was but one of many that clogged the waterways of the Great Forest. As the Tomb Kings looted and raided down the rivers, they used these massive vessels to carry their prized artefacts. They also carried the most important kings. That was why Beoveld studied the vessel so intently from his pegasus mount far above the river. Could this be the ship that contained the fiend, the object of his endless hunt, Settra the Imperishable? The Bretonnian knight grimaced. He intended to put that name to the test.

Beoveld drew an arrow from his saddle. He would not debase himself to fire it, like some low-born peasant. Instead, he struck off its inscrolled head. The magics bound to the shaft lit up as he dropped it. At this height, to anyone watching from below, it would be impossible to spot. However, to whoever bore the arrow's twin, it would burn as bright as a falling star. It was his signal to the knights in waiting in the forest, trailing the slow moving barque. A sharp-eyed spotter, bearing the second arrow, would have seen it and by now would be riding to report to Jean Marcel l'Imp@teux. It was his signal to attack.

Knights poured out of the forest, smashing into the outlying skeletons. Caught unprepared, without direction from their undead masters, the skeletons were all but incapable of defending themselves, and went down quickly. The knights poured through the crumbling lines and began charging down towards the main procession. By now the undead prince on the chariot had time to recognize the threat, and swiftly pulled his forces into a battle line. Together, they all marched back towards the edge of the river. The swampy ground would make it all but impossible for the cavalry to bring the weight of their charge to bear upon the creatures. The vile undead had learned from the past month of being trampled to the forest floor. They were altering their tactics. Beoveld had predicted exactly that manoeuvre.

The Pegasus Knights swept across the river and ran into the back of the Tomb King line. The long lines of undead, entrenched in the swamp mud they had turned to for protection, were unable to turn now to face this new threat. This second army of Pegasus Knights surrounded the undead. The army had been formed especially for the purpose of hunting Settra and the Tomb Kings, and each bore the golden cross of the crusade. The Royal Bretonnian Air Forces, as they had become known, bore these marks with pride and honour.

The Tomb Prince and his chariots still held the field, however. Slipping around the charging knights, they drove towards the forest. They seemed about to escape when a lance crashed down, piercing the centre of the chariot. The light vehicle crumpled beneath the strike, its rider thrown clear. Beoveld too was thrown clear of his pegasus, Tempest, after the mighty blow. The brave steed flew up once more to join its brethren in the sky. Beoveld drew his sword, and turned to face the rising form of the Tomb Prince.

With a speed that belied its withered frame, the creature struck out with a golden crook. The heavy object smashed into the side of the Bretonnian lord's head. For Beoveld, the world vanished in a burst of white. He stumbled back from the stunning blow, trying to regain his balance. The bright burst of light resolved itself into an image. The Lady stood before him, and smiled. In an instant, the vision was gone, and Beoveld's sight cleared. The prince stood above him, ready to finish off its dazed adversary. With a burst of speed, Beoveld rammed his sword upwards, straight through the undead abomination's neck. It stood there for a moment transfixed, then crumpled to the ground.

Beoveld stood back and watched as the rest of the undead were destroyed. His knights swooped low on their steeds and dropped flaming pitch onto the great barque. After a few moments, it caught flame. With a loud woosh, the polished wood and lacquered sides ignited. After a few minutes, the barque collapsed down into the water. Beoveld closed his eyes and whispered a prayer to the Lady, imploring her to wash all the darkness of the vessel clean. The swift current scattered remains of the ship, as withered decorations and again-lost artefacts were swept down into the depths of the dark river.

Sir Beoveld rolled the heavy ogre over onto its back. His sword lay beneath, crushed and snapped by the dead weight of the gargantuan creature. The ogres had attacked out of nowhere, storming into the Bretonnian encampment just before dawn. They attacked with a purpose Beoveld had rarely ever seen in the lumbering beasts, heading straight for the animal enclosures. Their intent was clear; to hamstring the Bretonnians' cavalry. The knight lord seethed with quiet rage at their impunity. The discipline the ogres had shown in the attack was unusual in its own right, that they then ignored the provisions tent to continue the objective even more so. He would have more respect for these brutes in the future.

Beoveld quickly walked towards the hastily erected stables by the edge of the camp. In the midst of the fighting he had seen a number of the ogres moving in their direction, and he feared the worst. If the mounts were injured, or worse, dead, they would have no chance of pursuing Settra in the foreseeable future. As he burst through the door, however, a smile spread across his face. Tempest, his pegasus, stood over the corpses of two ogres, calmly cleaning the splattered blood off its plumage. The smile brought a flash of pain to the knight as it stretched the long gash he had received down the side of his face. Another scar added to the long series, he thought. He had once been considered handsome 'Beoveld the Fair' until the claws of the werebeast had marred the left side of his face during his errand. He patted his massive warbeast, who nudged him in appreciation, then turned back towards the blood-soaked morning. The pegasi were unharmed, and the hunt could continue.

As he left the simple shelter, one of his knights ran up to him and bowed hurriedly. 'My Lord,' he began, 'the leader of the ogres escaped! I saw him running off into the forest in that direction.' The man pointed towards the east emphatically. 'Before the Lady, my lord, I swear he had still my lance through his heart!'

Beoveld broke into a run, heading towards the forest where the man had pointed. Along the way he grabbed a sword from where it sat embedded in the ground. It was a simple blade, likely a treasured belonging to a wealthier peasant. Now it would serve his lord well enough, thought the knight. He twirled the blade before him, getting the feel of the weapon. As simple as the weapon was, it would kill the foes of the Lady readily enough. The tracks of the large ogre were clear as they plunged through the forest. There was a great deal of blood along side them, a testimony to the veracity of the knights claim. Beoveld knew the ogre could not continue much farther before it became unable to support itself.

Sure enough, after no more than a dozen meters, he found the collapsed form of the ogre. Its breath was escaping in loud, wheezing gasps. By the red froth that bubbled from its lips Beoveld could tell its lungs had been pierced. Jutting from its chest was the splintered remains of a long lance. One of its huge hands groped ineffectively at the wood, but it lacked the strength to pull it free. Beoveld walked towards the fallen creature, stopping only when he stood above it. All the creature could do was look at the knight weakly, its watery eyes glistening in the morning light. Feebly, it pulled free a large pouch of gold and dropped it at the knight's feet. It looked up hopefully. Beoveld reversed his grip on the sword, so the point pointed straight down, and drove the weapon through the creature's eye. It shuddered once, and then lay still. A quick death was the only mercy the enemies of the Lady would receive.

Beoveld glanced at the bag of gold. He lashed out with his foot, kicking the pouch across the clearing. He would not stoop to accepting the coin of his enemies. It was more dishonourable than the petty land grabbing politics of the coarser nations of the world. The noble sons of fair Bretonnia were above such things. His attention snapped back, however, when the bag hit a tree trunk and spilled its contents over the ground. He had accepted the foul tokens of chaos, or even plundered Imperial coin. However, shining there before him, was dwarf gold. How did the ogres come across such a prize, he wondered. Surely they must have stolen it. Beoveld wondered now whether the ogre had indeed been trying to buy his life, as he had thought before, or if the creature had been trying to tell him something.

Something else caught Beoveld's attention, however. A beautiful sword lay at the side of the ogre. Red and black leather with golden design covered the sheath and handle, with a gold and orange dragon curved down the blade whether it had slid from the scabbard. At the ogre's side, it looked tiny, more like a dagger than a sword. To Beoveld, however, it was a good sized

sword. He drew it from its scabbard and hoisted it in the air. The weight was perfectly balanced. Close by he heard the sound of a small spring. Walking towards it, he reverentially laid the blade in the clear water and bowed his head, murmuring a quick prayer to the Lady. He felt the sense of peace within himself that he had long associated with Her blessing, and felt that it was by her will that he found this blade. Sheathing it, he dropped to one knee, and spoke aloud the full Lady's Prayer. As he felt the power of the Lady suffuse him once more, he thought again about laying aside all his worldly possessions and responsibilities to search for Her grail. It was at times a very tempting prospect, but he knew deep within himself that his first duty to her was to continue his quest, and destroy Settra.

Presently, he became aware of another figure standing behind him in the clearing. With a sudden, fluid movement he was on his feet once more. His new sword flew from its sheath, and Beoveld was startled momentarily as flames leapt along the length of the blade. He quickly regrouped, however, as he faced this new threat. There, standing half in the shadows, was a tall lithe figure. Asrai, Beoveld thought, as he noticed the earthy design of the figure's clothing and equipment. He wondered why the figure had made itself known, for the Wood Elves could seemingly disappear within the confines of the forest. Beoveld sheathed the sword, and bowed. Whatever it wanted, it had chosen to make itself know to him. He felt it best to be as polite as possible.

'Bretoni,' it called from the shadows, 'horselord. Crusader, hunter of the dead. You are the one known as Beoveld, are you not?' The elf pointed to the golden cross that hung from Beoveld's armour. 'You are the one that hunts the ancient evil.' Beoveld bowed back in response, but did not say anything. 'Indeed, honourable knight. I see in you the echoes of your just cause.'

The elf tilted its head slightly, and a sense of weight suffused the air. With a start Beoveld realized it was using magic. It stood there for a moment without moving, then lowered its head once more. The sense of power withdrew from the air. 'And blessed, too, I see. Interesting.' It seemed to pause a moment in deliberation. At last, it continued. 'Your quarry is near, knight. In the next village, up the river. Go to it now. I sense the end of your quest is near.' With that, the elf turned and strode back into the forest, disappearing instantly. Beoveld bowed once more, though he could see no sign of the elf, or any others. Then, he turned back towards the camp and ran as fast as he could.

When he reached the camp, he began shouting orders immediately. With a speed that showed both years of training and the prospect of imminently completing their quest, the riders prepared. A rider had flown off almost immediately, carrying word to the forces of Jean Marcel and Cyris deLonse. With any luck, they would converge with the smaller horse mounted elements of Beoveld's army. Beoveld himself, and his pegasus knights, could not afford to wait however. Taking wing, the Royal Bretonnian Air Force sped towards the river.

The village
of Hoffenbouff burned.

The undead raiders had come with the dawn, attacking without mercy. The small defenses the village possessed were easily run down, scattered beneath the bony heels of the skeletons. The attackers had made their way straight towards the church, and entered Morr's Garden. Among the ancient crypts they searched, looking for some lost artifact that had been buried there centuries ago. It was the villagers themselves, maddened by fear, who had caused most of the damage. Panicked, they accidentally started the roaring blaze that was consuming the town. Most now had fled into the seemingly sheltered forest, as their ancestors had done for generations. Their town would perish, but they would survive to pick up the pieces once more.

Archibald Quinn, Imperial captain, looked placidly at the town from the outskirts of the forest. Around him, his state troops were assembling to drive the undead back to the river. He felt little sympathy for the people of the village, for he had seen their type before, repeated again and again beyond counting. As long as the taxes came in, the affairs of these people were beyond his concern. It was not for them he would fight to the death if need be for the tiny burned-out husk of a village. No, he fought for the Empire, and the glory of his majesty Emperor Karl-Franz. He knew that every struggle, every conflict within the empire was a fight for survival. Not just his own, but the life of the very empire itself was in peril. If he allowed the undead even this one village, it would be the small death that would spread to cover the land. He vowed he would not let that happen.

He glanced up from his consideration as he heard horns coming from behind his lines. They were not the crude horns of the chaos beasts, but elegant and noble. Confused, he wheeled his horse around. The carefully formed battle lines too attempted to look behind them, sowing confusion among the massed men. Harsh words echoed from unit commanders, telling the troops to hold their formation until given word otherwise. Quinn saw four figures emerging from the forest. One was a scout from one of his units who he had never bothered learning the name of. The others were obviously not Imperial. They were tall, riding massive warhorses bedecked in bright colours and images. They held their long lances with a practiced ease that spoke of a deadly precision on the battlefield. As soon as they reached a respectful distance, the figures halted.

'Hail, lord of the Empire,' the first one cried. 'I am Jean Marcel, Bretonnian lord and commander. These are Cyris deLonse and Buliwyf of Nilfheim, nobles warriors both. We ride against the vile Settra, the monster

that is even now attacking your village. We seek your permission to ride therewithin, for we would have your favour with us in our errand.'

Quinn sat back in his saddle. He had heard these names, and many more, in tales of the noble deeds of the Bretonnian horselords, neighbors to the west who had defended the Empire many times in recent memory. They were heroes in the truest sense of the word, and saviours to the people of the empire. He also remembered his orders, to beware of foreigners trying to conquer the lands of the empire. He looked down once more at the village, burning silently on the water's edge. His force, though eager, was small. They would fight valiantly, but could not destroy that barge. He thought again of the legendary bonds of loyalty shared between the Empire and Bretonnia.

'Come quickly,' he said. 'There is little time to waste. We must fight our way through that horde to get the barge.'

'No need,' the one addressed as Buliwyf said, gesturing upwards. 'My lord has arrived.' Quinn looked up, and his mouth fell open. Hundreds and hundreds of massive forms streaked across the sky, heading straight for Settra's barge.

Beoveld flew through the air atop Tempest. He drew his sword, and fire flared up along the length of the blade. To the knight, it seemed a beacon of light descending upon the dark mass of the ship below. He lowered the sword, and dove. Behind him, rank upon rank of glistening knights followed his lead. The sky itself seemed darkened by the numbers of descending forms, while lance tips shone out like burning stars. They smashed through the first rank of skeletons without pause, and flew up into the sky once more. The long wave of knights crashing against the warriors atop the ship's deck caused it to pitch and sway, as though caught in some great storm. The comparison brought a smile to Beoveld's lips. His new sword clove through the undead, scattering their bones to dust and incinerating their foul apparel.

As Beoveld turned for another pass, he saw a figure emerge onto the deck. The aura of ancient malice that radiated from it left no doubt in Beoveld's mind that it was at last the object of his hunt. The vile fiend turned its head and seemed to stare directly at Beoveld as he flew towards it. It bore a massive scythe-like weapon that cleaved the air when swung. As he charged in, Beoveld raised his sword in a high fake. Settra swung the scythe

upwards as well, and tempest lashed out with his heavy hoof, knocking the weapon away. Beoveld swung inwards, scoring a deep gash down across the Tomb King's shoulder. The fire of the sword erupted through the wound, and the ragged gash seemed to burn with an inner inferno even after Beoveld had swept away. The shriek of the undead creature filled the air. Impossibly shrill, it was louder than any mortal death cry. Beoveld turned to and saw Settra once more staring at him malevolently.

As Tempest turned once more, Beoveld heard a dull crack fill the air. He twisted in his saddle to find the source of the sound. Standing on a hill, overlooking the battle, was a line of dwarf rangers bearing long dwarven rifles. Their guns tracked the Bretonnian lord as he flew through the sky. Another crumble split the air as they fired once more. Beoveld heard Tempest cry out beneath him, and began to fall towards the ground below. They had shot at him! Suddenly, it all made sense to him. The dwarves had hired the ogres to attack his encampment, which was why the mercenaries had dwarf gold. In their greed, they had turned on the other races of Light. All they desired was that damnable crown that had everyone so worked up. It seemed madness, but they were attacking their old allies to insure its safety. They were determined to stop anything they saw as opposition to their claim, which seemingly included Beoveld's group. He didn't even desire the cursed thing. Damn dwarven stubbornness and greed, he thought. Damn them to the blackest reaches of the Waste!

Tempest crashed into the deck of the ship with a heavy thud. Beoveld was thrown from the saddle. He landed heavily, but rose to his feet once more. He was amidst the enemy, surrounded. He glanced over at Tempest, but the royal pegasus was not moving. Seething rage settled across the knight at the dishonourable attack of the dwarves. He turned away from his broken mount just in time to dodge the heavy blade of a massive scythe as it crashed to the deck. Beoveld sprung back, and looked up into the face of evil. Its glowing eyes were alight with malign intellect, but had no soul. This creature was an affront to life itself. Beoveld flourished his sword, creating a bright trail of blazing fire. The creature's eyes narrowed, then it began advancing once more.

Blades flashed through the air, and the sound of their heavy ringing echoed across the deck. They strove against one another, raining blow upon blow down. Seeming for ages they fought. The unholy strength of the Tomb King was overpowering, but Beoveld was quicker, more deft with his fiery sword. Several times the heavy scythe slipped past Beoveld's guard, leaving long gouges on his armour, and several deep gashes in his side. Beoveld drove the Tomb King back with the light of sword, but never again managed such a heavy blow as before.

On and on they strove, seemingly forever. At last, Settra lashed out with a long jab of his scythe. Beoveld turned the blow aside, then chopped down with all his strength at the exposed haft of the weapon. The fiery sword all but severed Settra's weapon, leaving it mangled and useless. Beoveld

drew his sword back once more. Suddenly, he stumbled forward. Looking down, he saw the long point of an arrow protruding from his throat. Blood ran freely, spilling across the front of his tabard. The white cross and black tree of his arms were stained a deep blood red. He took another step forwards, trying to reach the accursed creature before him, then fell to his knees. His breath came in long, wheezing gasps, and thick strands of blood flew from his neck and the corners of his mouth. With each breath he could feel the arrow lodged in his throat. Looking up, he saw Settra before him, a triumphant look on the Tomb King's ancient face. The colours of the world seemed to melt away, and Beoveld's vision went white. Suddenly, he felt infused by a sense of peace. He recalled the Badlands, the rugged but noble places in the hills. He recalled the sense of peace that sometimes came to him as he prayed before the sacred springs that dotted fair Bretonnia, or high in the mountains back home in Nilfheim. When he looked up once more, he saw the Lady standing before him. She smiled, and instead of feeling he had failed her in his death, Beoveld finally felt peace settling around him. The Lady lifted a golden chalice to his lips, and Beoveld drew a long sip. Crystal clear water mingled with the bright red blood pouring the hole in his throat. Smiling, Beoveld closed his eyes. The Lady released his hand, and his vision faded. He pitched forward, and lay on the ground.

Jean Marcel, Cyris deLonse, Buliwyf, and Quinn fought through the press of undead. They had all but cleared the village, smashing through them whenever they appeared. Whatever it was they were searching for within the crypts was lost once more beneath the trampling hooves of the Bretonnian horses. The knights cried out when they saw Beoveld fall from the sky. They did not see the attackers, nor where he ended up. They fought on, clearing the village down to the river docks. There they found the battered form of a pegasus lying in the surf. Tempest lifted his head slowly at their approach. The body of Sir Beoveld lay beside him, where the pegasus had dropped it after carrying it from the barge. He would not allow the body of his master to remain in the hands of the vile undead.

The barge itself was limping back out onto the river. It was seriously damaged, and had lost much of its crew. Those that remained retreated beneath its armoured deck, and held off the pegasus knights that remained on the field with bows and spears. Jean and Cyris gave orders to call them back in. Settra was retreating, hurt, with most of his army crushed. Perhaps now he would have to turn once more for the Land of the Dead. The pursuit would continue, but not now. Settra would be destroyed, of that they were sure. It was only a matter of time. Settra would be destroyed.

The End

Sir Beoveld

M4 Ws6 Bs3 S5 T4 W3 I6 A4 Ld10

Points: 350

Equipment: Sword of the Dragon Kings, Warcrown of Nilfheim, heavy armour, shield

Mount: Tempest, Royal Pegasus, which counts as Barded

Special Rules

Sword of the Dragon Kings: This ancient sword was recovered during the Nemesis War. Enscrolled with ancient power, this sword wreathes itself in bright flames. Any models wounded by the sword take an additional d6 wounds from the flames.

Warcrown of Nilfheim: Confers a 6+ save, and allows Beoveld to reroll failed armour saves.

Royal Bretonnian Air Force: During the pursuit of Settra, Sir Beoveld lead this army of pegasus knights across the great forest. Pegasus Knights count as Core choices, and are 0-1 for each unit of Knights of the Realm or Knights Errant included in the army.

Knights of the Golden Cross: As the Nemesis War waged, these knights led the valourous crusade against Settra. During this time, they gained

extensive combat experience against the undead. Beoveld and one unit of Knights of the Realm, Knights Errant, or Pegasus Knights may be declared Knights of the Golden Cross. These units are affected by Hatred for all Tomb Kings, and are immune to Fear and Terror caused by all undead.

Knights Vow; Virtue of Noble Disdain