



**WARHAMMER®**  
THE END TIMES

# MARIENBURG'S STAND

DAVID GUYMER

# MARIENBURG'S STAND

David Guymer

Late Winter, 2525

Midnight

I

Sea of Claws

The stars glittered coldly in the clear black sky. The face of Mannslieb shone like a coin, its silver glow sparkling across the cresting waves of the otherwise inky Manannspoort Sea. The three-mast galleon, *Meesterhand*, tacked east to west, plotting a zig-zagging course against the north wind and deeper into the Sea of Claws. The wind sighed through the rigging and the loose raiment of the duty watch, bringing an unobtrusive ripple from the ensign of Marienburg that fluttered from the sterncastle.

It carried a faint, rotten, smell.

The navigator wrinkled his nose, compared the stars to his charts with a silent prayer to Manann for clear skies and in a lowered voice called their course and bearing to the helm. The merchantman came slowly about, bow riding high as it nosed into the wind towards a port tack. Dark and quiet as a Nordlander spy in Marienburg's South Dock, the vessel shushed ever northward. Even before the razing of Erengard and the destruction of the Bretonnian navy at L'Anguille, these had been treacherous waters, haunted by Norscan raiders and dark elf pirates. Even with Marienburg plagued by the spectre of war, only the most reckless or desperately indebted fools would risk leaving harbour at all.

Next time, Captain Needa van Gaal would think twice before wagering the *Meesterhand* on such a cold run of the dice.

'Get me lanterns prow and starboard,' said Captain van Gaal, an urgent whisper that aped the chill night wind. He leaned over the gangrail from the high sterncastle and peered into the susurant, silver-black sea. The captain pointed north, to a raft of deeper black floating amongst the moonlit glitter, and then emitted a triumphant bark. 'Wreckage! Helm, hard to starboard, bring us about.'

Van Gaal hurried down the pitching steps to the main deck as the twelve-gun merchantman heaved to.

The high elves' mighty Marienburg fleet had left harbour in the early hours of the previous evening and, while the proud princes of the sea were as disdainful of their enemies as they were of their fleet's human hosts, van Gaal was not nearly so choosy about the spoils he was willing to pick through. Just one Norse longship laden with furs and silver would pay off his debt to that serpent van der Zee.

'Helmsman, station keeping,' van Gaal shouted back to the shadowy mass of the sterncastle as the ship pulled through the loose island of flotsam with a series of soft, distant *bangs*. 'Ready lines. And give me that light, damn it.'

There was a stab of illumination as a boatswain nervously unshuttered his storm lantern. The waves shadowed under the gunwales turned from black to a deep nightshade. Light glinted from hooks as they were lowered. Van Gaal gripped the gangrail anxiously as the debris was drawn up. His brow knotted in confusion. Norscan craft were generally of pitched black oak or pine, but the torn piece of planking hanging from his ship's hook and twirling slowly before his

eyes was as white and smooth as a pearl.

But that... couldn't be right.

'Shut off the light,' he murmured, the ship sinking back into blackness just as the wind dipped. A dying ripple ran across the sails.

The horizon was dark, too dark. Van Gaal could not avert the prickling certainty that thousands of unseen sails had just passed between his rig and the wind.

When the wind returned it bore a putrid reek of rancid flesh and decay, as if the ocean itself had become diseased.

'Hard astern, full sails,' van Gaal choked, voice muffled by the sleeve held to his mouth and broken by dry heaves.

The elves had been defeated.

The very idea stunned him into mute inaction as the first bloated, creaking shadow appeared beneath the ocean of stars, and he felt in that moment that he understood how it was to have one's ship teeter above a whirlpool.

All he could do was gape.

They were heading south. To Marienburg.

And there were so many.

## **Dawn**

### **I**

## **Paleisbuurt**

The shrill sea-whistles of the captains-at-arms called through the mist that hung over the city-port's docks, mingling with the cries of the gulls and terns that circled the fog above Marienburg's government district. Caspar Vosberger rose from his table in the members' lounge of the exclusive Rijkside gentleman's club and paced towards the window. The Rijkside was deserted at this hour. Portraits of merchant grandees and a proud ivory bust of Emperor Dieter IV – toasted on Secession Day – looked down from the oak-panelled walls as he slipped back the curtains and peered into the bay spread below.

A sore finger of red light was just pushing at the misted horizon. The private warships of the merchant elite swayed at anchor in the dim light, shadowed by the high stone bridge that joined the east and west halves of the city via the heavily fortified Hightower Isle. As the Rijk widened downriver, the view grew poorer. The vague, and at turns troubling, forms of ships plied the mist. The white spires of the Elf Quarter rose like the necks of cranes from the Cursed Marsh. On the poorer side of the water, the city's main dockland, the South Dock, churned with indistinct activity. Caspar kept his gaze there for a second, the expensive glass cloistering him from the chill, reducing the foul odour to a tang in the nostrils and muffling the whistles that cried out from the docks.

It was easy to convince himself that it really was just the birds.

'It is just an exercise,' said the only other man in the room. He was reclined in a green leather smoking chair and swirled a twenty-five year old Estalian white in a crystal glass shaped like a scallop's shell. The dawn light glittered redly across the rubies, garnets and spinels of his beringed fingers. Engel van der Zee held no rank or title that Caspar knew of – and being himself descended from the old Westerland nobility, he made it his pride to know – but Marienburg was a city like no other. Land and lineage counted for less than it should when the business that mattered was conducted through the intermediary of shadow. It allowed ghouls like van der Zee to grow rich. The man took a measured sniff of his wine. 'General Segher assures me that this was all planned in advance.' With a faint grimace of distaste, he set down

the glass. 'Leave thoughts of war to those it concerns. You should be more worried about that smell driving down the value of this place.'

Marienburg was renowned in ports the world over for its pungency, and had been for centuries. Caspar no longer even smelled it. This was different.

'Most of my members are putting their money into fast ships or arms for their men.' Caspar only half-turned from the window. Lights flashed in silence between the skeletal shards that drifted through the mists over the Rijk. 'And you wake me before the gulls to make an offer on my establishment?'

'This will blow over,' said van der Zee, a dismissive wave towards the window. 'Gold will still be gold and the future will be there waiting for us. But—' A silken shrug of damasked shoulders. '—if it is men or ships you prefer then I am sure my employer can reimburse you accordingly. You *do* know who it is that I work for.'

'Do you?' asked Caspar, answering the man's statement with a question. There were wealthy and influential men amongst the Rijkside's regular patrons who thought the omniscient crime lord, that local myth called the Master of Shadows, was nothing but a conspiracist's fancy dreamt up in the ale dens and meat markets of the South Dock. Caspar scanned his guest's quietly arrogant face.

He suspected those men had been well compensated for their 'beliefs'.

Caspar looked over the portraits and tapestries that adorned the walls. There was history here. The Vosbergers had been custodians of the most well connected institution in Marienburg since the days of the van der Maacht line when Westerland had still been a province of Nordland. He turned again to the window and shivered. The whistles had grown shrill, and the shouts of men reached out from the dockyard slums to touch the glass. It rattled softly in its frame.

Perhaps van der Zee was right. His family still held estates in the old country.

It was time to get out while he still could.

## **II Suidstrasse**

Captain Alvaro Cazarro blew his whistle until his cheeks were red and his temples ached. The Verezzo Twenty-Four Ninety-Five had just been engaged in a mock defence of the South Road Fishmarket Score crossroads against the combined force of the Drakwald Greyskins and a band of Erengard kossars. As a result his men were scattered all over the intersection. Behind the sloping roofs of shops and tall riverside mansions, the masts and crow's nests of ships in dock yawed to and fro. Urgent cries were filtering down through the mist. In the distance, cannons boomed like thunder.

Was this part of the exercise?

Soldiers in a confusion of colours clattered through the gelid mist that clung to the buildings as they sought to pick out their own captains and banners. Company honour ensured that there were plenty of genuine wounded amongst their number.

Cazarro drew the whistle from his mouth and almost gagged on the miasmic air that laced the morning mist. It was offensive even by the standards of Fishmarket Score, as if every fish in the Rijk had died and rotted over the course of the night. Strange black motes like drifting spores washed through the sky on the wind.

His company – with plumed helms lank and sodden, breastplates and brass mouldings prickling with condensation – coughed on the foetid mist and straightened their pikes to form a block roughly eight-by-six, while Cazarro cast about for somebody who knew what he was doing. All he saw were mercenary companies like his own. He met the gaze of his counterpart

Herman Giesling, the broad-shouldered and wolf-pelted sergeant of the Greyskins, who answered his questioning look with blank eyes and a shrug.

Genuine Marienburger officers were rarer than ithilmar dust.

‘To the docks!’ yelled a bookish-looking youth in a gold-trimmed cloak and sleeveless doublet. He bore the coin and sceptre of Marienburg’s merchant council and was trying to push his way through the burly, heavily armoured sergeants surrounding him.

At last, thought Cazarro, pushing his way through the crowding soldiers to join the scrum of officers that already had the unfortunate herald pinned down under a barrage of questions.

‘Is it an attack?’

‘From where?’

‘How many?’

Breathless and angry, the young herald answered as curtly as he could. ‘A Norscan fleet pushes into the Rijk. Warriors have landed already on the northernmost docks. And in the Temple District.’

Cazarro looked north to where the great temple of Manann, lord of the oceans and patron of the sea-faring city-state, loomed somewhere within the fog. Over the shouts and whistles, he thought he could hear the temple’s bells tolling the alarm. He coughed, and then smeared blood from his palm onto his red cloak. ‘How did they breach the Vloedmuur sea wall? It has stood for a thousand years.’

More questions and a few jeers greeted that.

‘The docks, all of you!’ the herald spat. ‘On the word of Lady von Unterval, there’s a gelder in the pocket of every man when the Norscans are driven back into the sea.’

The men cheered, loosening enough for the herald to force his way through, heading northward along Suidstrasse.

‘You’ll find nothing in the Norse Quarter,’ Cazarro shouted after him.

The east-sider courtling clearly had no clue where he was going. That entire district had been put to the torch by a mob just weeks earlier, reputedly in retaliation for a raid by their countrymen on a flotilla of fishermen and their escort off the coast of Bretonnia. The Twenty-Four Ninety-Five were billeted near the docks, however, and Cazarro knew that there had been no fishing since the raising of the Auric Bastion had moved the war from Kislev onto the Sea of Claws. He was also travelled enough to know an instigated riot when he saw one and to suspect motives, darker than mere jingoism, behind the edict that the dead be denied Morr’s blessing and left in their hovels to rot.

Perhaps it also took an outsider to recognise the smell emanating from the quarter as the very same that native Marienburgers laughingly put down to bad goods or an unlucky wind blowing in from the Cursed Marshes.

‘I have my instructions,’ said the herald, flourishing an envelope bearing the wax seal of von Unterval. ‘And you have yours.’

Cazarro cleared his throat, bringing up black-flecked sputum. Whatever this black dust was, it was a devil on the throat. The Lady von Unterval was said to be the widow of a late member of the merchant council – although no one could say exactly which one – and she was certainly good for her promised coin.

Since their founding year, the Twenty-Four Ninety-Five had been putting the merchant princes’ coin towards an expedition back to their homeland. There were sailors locked in dock who claimed that Verezzo herself was besieged. Others claimed that all of Tilea and Estalia had fallen into the dark earth, and that rat-men now ruled amongst the ruins and turned their ravenous eyes north. Cazarro did not believe that. He *would* get his men home.

Cazarro emitted a rasping cough and pointed down Fishmarket Score towards the docks.

‘You heard the man.’

### III Rijksmond

The great sea wall of Marienburg was called the Vloedmuur, a dwarf-built miracle of engineering that encircled the gaping mouth of the Rijk. The waves crashed against the buttressing monoliths of muscular mer-folk and the structure bristled with enough cannon to sink an armada. Built for the elves during the golden age of the dwarfs, it had withstood tide and trial since time immemorial – and now it crumbled into the Manannspoort Sea.

A tangle of mouldering vegetation crushed the life out of those fortifications that still stood and through the breach came the Norscans, hundreds of warships cleaving the seething waters under a cloud of black spores. The virulent munitions that had brought low the sea wall had left their sails rotten and black, but by some daemoncraft they still managed to catch the wind. Snarling figureheads depicting sea dragons and kraken rose and fell in sprays of brine as the longships rode the bow-waves of the colossal capital hulks that led the armada down the mouth of the Rijk.

They were huge teetering hulks with no earthly duty to remain afloat. Barnacles crusted their bloated hulls up to the load lines like iron cladding while vast mould-blackened sails tugged the foetid plague hulks towards the South Dock.

The largest of them, the flag of the invading fleet, was a lurching behemoth cloaked in green algal webbing and hanging spores, surrounded by an escort of longships. Its high deck bristled with catapults and ballistae, and a coterie of champions gathered around a warlord whose own sorcerous mana bathed the hulk’s bridge in a sickly green light. An ensign bearing the image of a pustulent and semi-decayed wolf wafted from the sterncastle while the same design flew from the topgallant and snarled in rotten wood from the figurehead.

A string of rocky islands peppered the delta, forcing what had previously been an unstoppable mass of warships to break up, while the brine-lashed bastions that had been erected upon them poured scathing volleys of Helblaster-fire and goutts of dwarf flame into the incoming fleet. Boats were blown asunder, shredded bodies staining the Rijk red between rafts of burning debris. Shoreside batteries poured ballista- and cannon-fire into the maelstrom. Loose cannonballs sent great geysers of seawater spuming over the hard-rowing Norscans.

The *Greenwolf*’s hull was riddled with iron bolts, its barnacle cladding splintered where cannonballs had scored direct hits, but it came on, unstoppable as a tidal surge.

More than half of the Marienburger navy were still in anchorage – those few sloops and schooners under weigh hurriedly ordering themselves into a bow-to-stern formation across the South Dock, presenting a wall of broadsides to the incoming armada. The defenders’ ships were outnumbered dozens to one, but their position was strong – the landside batteries were reaping a terrible harvest and the Norscans would be fighting against the wind as well as the Marienburgers’ broadsides in order to bring their own weapons to bear. The fleet took further heart from the indomitable presence at the centre of their formation of the *Zegepraal*, a seventy-four-gun dreadnought that in its sixty years as the flagship of Marienburg had yet to know defeat.

The *Greenwolf* sailed into a fusillade of such ferocity that the *Zegepraal* was pushed several yards out of formation. Angry black smoke drove back the mist and stung the smell of rot with honest saltpetre. Heavy iron rounds punched through the hulk’s prow in explosions of calcified crust and mildewed wood. Chain shot scythed through its rigging, the warriors crowding its deck screaming as masts splintered and fell. Quickly, *Zegepraal*’s well-drilled gunners reloaded while the smaller ships in the line of battle opened up with their own belching salvos.

But somehow, still, the *Greenwolf* endured.

The crew of the *Zegepraal* watched aghast as a mutant creature larger than a fisherman's cottage loaded a heavy black urn into a catapult fixed into a forward firing position on the *Greenwolf's* bridge. The creature's muscle-bound frame was the green of rancid flesh and split by boils and buboes. Entrails hung from its hanging belly. One huge arm tapered to a bone-spike tip; the other ended at the wrist in a mouth rimmed by rows of teeth and suckered tentacles. Flies buzzed around its horns as it transferred its virulent payload to the catapult.

The life rafts from the Vloedmuur had borne a handful of survivors, and their tale had spread like a pox.

Plague!

The men of the *Zegepraal* cried out in unison as, with naught but its own strength, the brute hauled back the catapult arm and loosed.

## Midmorning

### I

## Oudgeldwijk

'This,' said Count Mundvard firmly, arms crossed over his broad chest as he looked down over the canals and half-timber townhouses of the Old Money Quarter to the string of melees raging along both banks of the Rijk. 'This is not happening.'

'Believe it,' came a woman's voice from the darkness of the audience chamber behind him. Her voice was clipped and haughty, toeing the line between empathy and outright spite. 'Can you not hear the temple's bells cry it out?'

The count's sunken face wrinkled still further with distaste. The clangour of steel and raised voices carried across the city on rot-scented winds. He had invested too much in this city – time and wealth, blood and soul. As he watched, an explosion bloomed amongst the warehouses on the Suiddock. He knew it well. He knew it all too well. He continued to look on as the blast settled. The north wind blew debris and the strange black moss of the Norscans deeper into his city. Buildings older than he was fell to rot and decay wherever it landed, blades blunting with rust and men choking on spores in the street. This was no mere Norscan raid. It was a full-fledged incursion. The aethyr reeked of plague magic, of a champion of decay.

Disorder. How he despised it.

He turned from the window, dismissing the chaotic scenes from his mind.

The audience chamber of his townhouse was dark due to the blackened glass that filled its windows, crafting the orderly illusion of perpetual twilight. The luxurious carpet was redolent with the spice of roasted Arabayan coffee. An ornate granite fireplace stood against one wall, but it was for appearances only and was unlit. Books in matching blood-red bindings were neatly ranked along the walls. Silk throws from Ind lay over armchairs made by Estalian masters. Daylit landscapes of lost Sylvania wallowed grimly in the dark. With a ruffle of moon-white feathers, a long-tailed bird dived from one of the bookshelves and swooped towards the mantelpiece above the hearth. It was a parakeet from the subterranean jungles of southern Naggaroath, rare and prized for a harmonious song that it would perform only by night. In the penumbral murk of the chamber, it trilled contentedly.

Alicia von Untervalld watched it settle out of the corner of her eye like a cat. She was garbed in a gown of black lace ornamented with mother-of-pearl that was almost identical in hue and lustre to her flesh. Her eyes were as white as a blind woman's and her fingers ended in long, delicate claws. The tilt of her jaw was regal, the curl of her lip proud. To a gentleman of a certain era she was passably attractive, but after four hundred years Mundvard found her



increasingly loathsome on the eye.

And yet he loved her as he loved this despicable city – both were his beyond all doubt, and yet while a single burgher or errant thought remained beyond his control there could be no satisfaction. What fool could take pleasure from so partial a conquest?

‘You have been building a trap of this city for the past four centuries,’ she said, voice becoming suddenly as bitter as that coffee odour. ‘Is there no small pleasure in seeing all that patience come to fruition, watching the jaws of that trap close at last around mortal necks? Will it not be all the sweeter for watching the arrogance crushed from these invaders at the very cusp of their triumph?’

‘No,’ said Mundvard quietly. ‘It is not ready.’

‘You would push pawns around your board for eternity!’ Alicia hissed. ‘It is time we stepped out of the shadows, *master*. Our Sylvanian kindred rise again. Lady van Mariense whispers to me that Vlad himself fights this same scourge in the north.’ Her claws closed over her hips and she pushed out her chest with a repugnant pout. ‘Now there is a man.’

‘Insolence,’ said Mundvard, raising a hand ready to strike her and baring his fangs as Alicia presented an alabaster palm and slipped back. She ran her claws along the spines of Mundvard’s books. He snarled at the disturbance to the carefully cultivated pattern of dust. ‘Do you think I dote here, senile and blind? Was it mere chance that sent a ship and captain indebted to me following the elf fleet into the Sea of Claws? There was no guarantee that the elves would soon return to bring word of their triumph or defeat. Van Gaal however would be back as soon as he had looted enough wealth to repay the debt on his ship – if he survived.’

‘I assume he did not.’

‘And how blessed with good fortune we must be that the *Zegepraal* was on patrol this morn rather than at anchorage as was scheduled. What luck our stars shine upon us that the strength of Marienburg was already roused for exercises on the South Dock.’

Alicia shook her head. ‘It was in your power to do more than that, dear heart.’

‘And risk exposing myself? I told you, it is too soon.’

‘Marienburg is on the brink,’ Alicia spat, twisting around in a snap of lace to face him.

‘You exaggerate. The city I have built is better prepared than that which defeated Mannfred all those years ago. It will prevail, and we will continue. And I will succeed where our master faltered.’

‘It will not,’ said Alicia, fingers nestling over one red-bound volume amongst the hundreds and tilting it towards her. Count Mundvard’s cold flesh tightened as his consort slid it from the shelf, slipped off its leather exterior, and unmasked something far older and viler than anything the ignorant folk of Marienburg would believe lay within the bounds of even their sordid city.

The Black Tome of Vlad von Carstein.

‘How did you...?’ Mundvard ground his jaw shut. Knowledge was power and ignorance weakness. ‘It is too soon.’

‘Liliet van Mariense and her pale sisters are already in the dock. The beast stirs under the Rijk.’ Alicia held out the tome. ‘It is time, and if you will not act then I will.’

## II Suiddock

With a spine-splintering crash of wood, scores of Norscan longships ploughed into the docks, disgorging rabid berserkers and huge armour-clad champions onto the shore. Men dropped even as they ran, bodies marked not by arrow or spear but by blistering black abscesses on their throats. A block of Marienburger regulars fought on amongst the rushing shapes, striking out with halberds while their captain whistled furiously and their horn-blower sounded the order



to rally and reform.

Marienburg stood, but without the mercenary auxiliaries and high elf naval power on which she had come to depend she stood alone, and one by one her soldiers fell.

‘Plague!’ Cazarro cried, tearing off his helmet in a bid to clear the cotton wool fug from his head and keeping shoulder-to-shoulder with his fellow Verezzians to either side as the company withdrew. They did so with flawless discipline: pikes low, shields front. Ordinarily, Cazarro would have been proud. A mercenary could fight for many things – wealth, the honour of his regiment and the reputation of his homeland.

But no man could fight a disease.

They fell into an alley. A warehouse loomed to the right and a shipwright to their left. The cramped air smelled of guts and sawdust. Cazarro had hoped that discipline and the narrow front would confer an advantage on their retreat, but if anything it was the reverse. Man-for-man, they had nothing to contend with the might and fury of what came after them.

A Chaos warrior in bulky armour scarred by boils and verdigris hoisted a weeping axe and led a score of howling warriors in a charge. Cazarro parried a sword thrust as the Verezzian to his left was cleft in two by a downward slash of the barbarian’s axe. The man to his right met a Norscan’s blade with a *clang*, then coughed blood and black spores as he fell in the grip of some seizure. Another man took his place before he too was split open from hip to hip by a deathstroke of that infernal warrior’s axe. Men were being carved open left and right. Even those to the rear were not spared, coughing and spluttering as they fell to be trodden on by those that followed. The horror was as inescapable as the stink.

‘Retreat. Run. Back to the road.’

Alvaro Cazarro cast down his sword and helm and ran.

### III

#### Oudgeldwijk

Bats congregated above the townhouse roof. Some power compelled them, and more of them came flapping over the rooftops from all quarters of the city until their seething, squealing mass blocked out the sun and Count Mundvard threw back the doors and strode out. The riot of screams rose up in full force to assail him and he checked his stride with a grunt. The air was thick with blood, so much so that he could almost open his mouth and drink of it. It had been decades – centuries – since he had last killed with his own hands, but the sight of the Rijk running red was enough to threaten even his measured self discipline. He shook off the urge to flex his claws, walking slowly to the edge as he bore witness to the anarchy that had been unleashed upon his realm.

Alicia had been right. Curse her, she had been right.

The enemy’s shipping was so numerous that they choked the wide mouth of the Rijk with sails and a warrior so inclined could run deck-to-deck from the lighthouse-temple of Manann in the west, to the gothic sea-fort of Rijker’s Island to the north, and then on the slender spires of the Elven Quarter to the east. The mass of sails pushed further towards Hightower Bridge and the city’s heart. The river’s fortifications had been reduced to rubble, and of the *Zegepraal* and the Marienburger navy even his keen eyes could discern no sign amidst the haze of flies and spores.

Two thirds of his city had already been lost and tens of thousands had been slaughtered. Outnumbered, on the run, and under the scourge of this unnatural contagion, it was clear that the living were no longer in a position to defend their city.

‘So the defence of order must fall at last upon the undying.’

‘Did I not say, dear heart?’ said Alicia.

Offering nothing further, Count Mundvard held out an open hand, feeling an alien sensation coil like a constricting serpent through his breast as Alicia set the Black Tome in his palm.

Count Mundvard took a hard sniff of the air, disregarding now the charnel reek and focusing instead on the currents of magic that blew against and through the wind. The putrid laughter of daemons echoed through the aethyr – tiny things, mindless, too small even for a vampire's eyes to perceive, but delighting like children in the plague they spread. Such a deadly disease could only have been the work of a master of spellcraft.

No matter.

With a word of power Mundvard blasted the clasps that held the Black Tome's force sealed within and with a snarl peeled back the first page. The book held the accumulated knowledge of necromancy that Vlad, first and greatest of the Sylvanian counts, had accrued over his long life. In safeguarding the precious volume from Vlad's warring get after his death – and then masking its existence from his successors – Mundvard had gleaned enough to approach, and even surpass, his former mentor in mastery.

'Recite with me, Alicia,' he said, planting one white-bone digit onto the page and beginning his recitation of the ancient Nehekharan script. A second voice twinned itself with his. Alicia von Untervalde was a competent sorcerer only, but the addition of her power to his drove a beacon in the aethyr and set it aflame. Count Mundvard spread his hands wide to encompass *his* city and laughed as power unbound flowed from the page, through him, and out into the vastness.

And slowly, in the city's dark and foetid places, things better left buried began to stir.

## IV Paleisbuurt

The screams of children, women and men rang through the marble arches and faux-Tilean palazzos of Marienburg's centre of governance. Caspar Vosberger fought against the tide of humanity, his mind running to the stables he kept near the city's south gate even as he was dragged under and pulled along with the flood. There were rich and poor men, as well as lords and their maids.

Their blood was equal now.

The clatter of arms echoed through the ornate stonework as the elite palace guards fought with the Norscans swarming up from the harbour. Screams came from every direction. Fires cast vast, demonic shadows against the tall stone buildings. Black spores hung on the rot-scented air. People dropped like flies.

A scream started somewhere up ahead and found its way into Caspar's mouth as Hightower Bridge emerged from the fog. One corner of the indomitable keep had crumbled into the Rijk under the onslaught of a thrashing mass of sickly black vegetation and a battle raged in the breach. With every minute that passed, more longships grounded themselves on the rocks that held the bridge's struts and threw up grapnels and ladders.

Caspar's mind whirled. His world was coming apart around him.

There was another scream, this one strikingly immediate, and Caspar watched as a young maid in a cotton shawl was cleaved in two by a Norscan's axe. The warrior charged through the blood spray and more followed, streaming onto the main concourse and into the crowd with an outpouring of bloodthirsty laughter.

Heart hammering against his breast, Caspar fled into a side street with about a dozen others. It was lined with shops with fresh white walls – since Marienburg was forever being rebuilt – that hit Caspar with the sharp odour of wet paint and lime. Caspar sobbed for breath as he hurtled up the gradual climb. He wasn't accustomed to the exertion, but the screams from

behind were coming closer.

*Sigmar*, he thought, praying to the unfamiliar warrior god of the Empire, *spare me*.

An older man in front of Caspar stumbled on a barrow filled with pots of lime and ladders that had been abandoned in the path after the attack and he pushed the man aside. He was breathless and weak and in the brief second that their limbs were tangled, Caspar tripped and, with a panicked gasp, spun sideways into a shopfront wall. The fresh plastering where he hit cracked and expelled a rotten meat stench that closed Caspar's throat as if a corpse had physically reached out from the wall to choke him.

A body had been interred here, Caspar realised. Judging from the smell, more than one. He looked past the panicked mob to the row of freshly whitewashed walls and swallowed.

A lot more.

A pair of arms punched through the wall either side of Caspar's head and he dropped into a ball under a rain of plaster, squealing as a poorly coordinated hand with grey flesh hanging off its bone tore out the remaining wall from within.

*Sigmar spare me*, he repeated. *Sigmar spare me*.

## V

### Noorsstad

The Norscan stumbled from the tinder ruins of the old Norse Quarter. He wore a bullhide shirt with metal plates sewn in and a cloak with a fur trim that was clotted with gangrenous slime. His beard was coming away in clumps and the face beneath undulated with the passage of maggots. What hair remained was brittle and crisp, and his skin was puckered as if from exposure to intense heat.

Markus Goorman, herald of the merchant privy council, watched dumbstruck as the corpse reached out with coal-black fingers and roughly took the envelope that he had forgotten he was still holding. Black flakes fell from the Norscan's fingers as he clumsily broke the seal. One split eyeball and one socket that crawled with larvae examined the contents, then the zombie emitted a mournful sigh and drew an axe from his belt.

Mutely, Markus watched as more scorched bodies shambled from the mist.

There were hundreds of them, thousands, and with a collective moan that chilled Markus to his mortal soul, the army of the dead marched on the South Dock to wrest their city from the living.

## VI

### Oudgeldwijk

Count Mundvard closed the Black Tome between shaking hands and stared across the rooftops of Marienburg's old and wealthy. Flames tracked the paths of the canals, screams rising in their wake like smoke. As he watched, a canalboat caught alight, only to be crushed to kindling a moment later by the collapse of a wine shop. It had been owned by an Estalian family that Mundvard, seeing in that line a potential merchant councillor one day, had nurtured for almost fifty years.

The whole structure sank into the water in a column of sparks. Mundvard ground his teeth. Not since the defeat of Mannfred von Carstein at this city's walls had he felt anger.

*This*, however. This was fury.

He turned to Alicia, marble-hard and cold, unmoved by the terror of the bats that flapped around his face.

'Fetch my armour.'

## Noon

### I

#### Suidstrasse

From false doorways and forgotten cellars throughout the old city, Marienburg's dead rose to oppose the Norscan invaders. Skirmishes raged across nearly every street. In Hightower Keep, thousands of skeleton warriors in clinking mail rose from a mass grave to those lost in the Bretonnian occupation of 1597 in order to sally forth and drive the astounded Norscans back to their boats. It was on Suidstrasse however that the main southward push of the Chaos forces met the army of undead in pitched battle.

Before the Bretonnian civil war and the closure of the sea lanes, goods from every corner of the globe had poured in through the South Dock on their way to the markets of Altdorf. The wealth of the world had paved it, if only figuratively, with gold, and tall, brightly painted mansions and offices had risen along its way. Count Mundvard had watched it grow as an expansion of the docks as the city had risen in prominence under his stewardship as a sovereign state – a powerhouse in world trade.

He no longer recognised it.

The proud buildings were riven with varicose lines of black mould, and the highway that only yesterday had been filled with wagoners and bawdy seamen now heaved with warriors. Ranks of Norscans – more disciplined than their berserker reputation gave them credit for – pushed against a resolute cordon of skeletal warriors and zombies. The battle line bulged in the centre. There the strongest and bravest bellowed their war cries in the hope of attracting the blessings of the pestilential champions of decay that fought beside them. In the crush of combat, surrounded by screams and the rattle of bone, it was impossible to distinguish those heavily armoured warriors from the worm-eaten cadavers they waded through.

How could so many lives, so many ambitions and plans, be overturned in such a short time? Chaos, it seemed, was the sunlight in which the night's dreams were burned away.

*Well this*, thought Count Mundvard, observing with crossed arms amidst a coterie of acolytes and retainers, *is where this anarchy stops*. It was an odd feeling to be in armour after so many years and the winged scarlet plate was freckled with rust. He felt immediate, connected to the moment in a way that, for all his influence, he now realised that he had not been in a long time.

With a stab of anger he bolstered the battle line with freshly fallen warriors, delighting in the barbarians' horrified cries as their own dead rose against them. A pulse of will quickened stiff muscles and hardened bone and Mundvard watched with bared fangs as the Norscan push came to a standstill. He was tireless and the dead unlimited – a stalemate would end only one way.

The certain outcome left his blood still hot, his fury strangely unfulfilled. He knew he should have limited his intervention to the reinforcement of his lines, let the inevitable play out, but for once in his long and circumspect unlife the voice of reason found itself appealing to a dead heart.

There was no victory to be had here. Too much had already been destroyed, catspaws he had cultivated over generations slaughtered, and with the clarity of prescience he saw the future: a city shattered and leaderless, an Empire on its border that had waited seventy years to bring its wayward province to heel. He saw witch hunts, reckoners of the Imperial treasury in every counting house, the all-powerful merchant companies brought firmly under the yoke of the house of Wilhelm. He could win a crushing victory here and still be set back another five hundred years.

Mundvard extended a hand towards the battle line and turned his palm up. Anger burgeoned

into power, black eddies swirling around his arm. Then he clenched his fist with a snarl and the road split in two with a calamitous *crack* that broke the Norscan ranks and sent them reeling backwards. Mundvard voiced a command and the buildings shuddered, the fissure emitting an existential scream before ejecting a legion of rabid, inhuman spirits that tore into the terrified Norscans from below.

‘Too much,’ moaned Alicia von Untervalld. While Mundvard worked his magicks to bolster their forces, the rest of his coterie were engaged in countering the enemy’s sorcerers. His consort’s face was drawn with the effort, fingers twitching like divining rods attuned to the flows of the aethyr, and she had until now been bewitchingly silent. ‘You will draw attention.’

*Good*, thought Mundvard as the stones underfoot began to rattle and the water to churn.

He pushed his hands towards the river, then tucked them into his chest and strained as if to raise a great weight. The crimson waters frothed white and the Norscans’ longships began to groan. He hoped the Chaos warlord would come for him. Mundvard wanted to see the look on the plague-dog’s face as he tore its head from its neck with his bare hands and drank.

The vampire bared his fangs as dark energy flashed before his pallid eyes.

He had only just started.

They would learn why even Mannfred von Carstein had once seen fit to dub him *Mundvard the Cruel*.

## II Suiddock

Every sailor had his own tale of the South Dock beast, a winged horror – by some accounts, at least – that was rumoured to roost amidst the sunken wrecks at the bottom of the Rijk and to feast upon those who defied the Master of Shadows.

They were good and grisly tales. And every word was true.

The terrorgeist burst from the river in a foaming pillar of water and splintered longships, flinging out skeletal bat-wings and issuing a scream that hit the docks like the wave of an explosion. Norscans and Chaos warriors alike spasmed and bled from their eyes as their minds were blown apart. Ships bowed away from the monster as the power of its voice filled their sails.

Then the monster beat its wings, air hissing through the bare bones of its jaw as it glided to where the great hulk, *Greenwolf*, had been run aground. The decking groaned as the monster flapped onto the prow and proceeded to demolish the ship with a furious combination of teeth and claws. Hurling a length of mainmast from its jaws, the terrorgeist issued a frustrated shriek at finding only dead prey and bunched rotten muscles to launch itself into the air once more.

The violent imperative to hunt down the Chaos warlord and rend him limb from limb filled its small, dead mind. It sniffed the air, recovered the trail, and soared towards the scent of battle.

## III Suidstrasse

The large warehouse window shattered under the sudden onslaught of sound and burst inwards, showering Alvaro Cazarro and the surviving Verezzians with broken glass. The men screamed, covering their ears as the flying terror beat its wings and made the roof over their head tremble.

‘Out!’ the captain yelled, glass tinkling from his shoulders. He pulled himself from the ground and threw himself through the gaping window just as the ceiling gave way, dropping a tonne of diseased spores onto the storage chamber beneath.

He came up in the alley outside in a coughing fit. Cazarro almost choked on the stink of death and disease. It was as if the air itself had been infected and was slowly dying. The sky seemed to writhe in torment, and the mercenary captain noticed that the noonday sun had been swallowed by a cloud of bats. Their frenetic flapping left the darkness foetid and warm.

The warehouse collapsed slowly from the inside, coughing out a cloud of dust. Cazarro retreated to the other side of the alley as a column of shambling troops in the garb of Erengard kossars marched silently through the hanging dust. He glanced up as two men in tarnished breastplates brushed glass and mould from their doublets and coughed. Only two – all that remained of the Twenty-Four Ninety-Five. Even the banner of Verezzo had been lost in the rout from the docks. Their eyes were bloodshot, with pupils that seemed far too wide. Their cheeks were pox-marked, their skin laced with black veins. He laid a hand upon his own face, and brushed numb and blistered flesh.

The doomed reality of their situation finally settled. They were not going home. ‘What do we do?’ shouted one of the two between heaving coughs.

‘Fight,’ Cazarro coughed. ‘For the Lion of Verezzo and the honour of Tilea.’ Cazarro drew his cinquedeas from its scabbard and thrust the short stabbing sword into the air. He tried to deliver a war cry, but ended up spluttering into the back of his elbow as he staggered from the alley and into the madness of Suidstrasse.

It was like falling into the ocean. The bluffs of tall buildings rose high through the haze of dust and flapping shadows, flanking a turbulent cauldron of death and life. The three men fought with the strength of drowning men, as if, knowing in their hearts that they were the last men of Tilea, they sought vengeance for their own deaths in advance. One went down to an axe across the throat, another was doubled over by a spiked mace that ruined his belly. Cazarro rammed his cinquedeas through the Y-shaped split of a Norscan’s barbute helm and emitted a scream that crackled from his lungs. Through a break in the maelstrom, he saw Sergeant Goesling and the Drakwald Greyskins. They were dead. Everyone was dead. Except for those who wanted to kill him. With a cry of despair, Cazarro buried his fist-wide blade into a Norscan’s armpit.

A terrible roar shook the street to its guts and a great cry went up from the Norscans. The dead fought on, unperturbed, but Cazarro looked up to see a hideous mutant beast bull through the Norscan ranks towards the battle line.

‘*Glöt!*’ the warriors roared, shaking weapons and standards in the air as the beast stormed nearer. ‘*Glöt! Glöt!*’

Cazarro felt its footfalls through the paving slabs and as the beast finally reached the front rank he realised that this *Glöt* was not one creature but three. Between the monster’s shoulders rode a hideously obese warrior with a rusted scythe and, sheltered behind his corpulent bulk and cracked armour, a three-armed hunchback whose quivering flesh was surrounded by a halo of flies. This final figure held his crooked frame on its perch with the aid of a staff and wore fluttering green robes, woven with runes seeping with disease and gum that seemed to shut the eye that dared to try and read them.

The Glöttkin hit the undead rank like a steam tank, bones flying asunder as the skeletal warriors were smashed high and wide.

Cazarro was still watching when he felt a blow like a punch to the ribs. He looked down to find a Norscan spear spitting his chest. The warrior twisted the haft. He heard rather than felt his own ribs split and he finally produced a gasp, pulled to his knees as the blade was yanked from his diseased flesh. His eyesight glimmered out as the strength left him, but there was a prickling at the edge of consciousness, something of shadow and terror just waiting for the last spark of life to fade. To the very last Alvaro Cazarro fought the darkness, his mind living just long

enough to shiver from the unlife that suffused his dying muscles. The last of the Verezzians, he staggered to his feet to plunge his cinquedea into his killer's heart and moaned.

Like Marienburg, Cazarro was dead, but his suffering had only just begun.

#### IV Suidstrasse

'Sewer rats and festering gulls, come!'

Count Mundvard brought his hands together as his entourage retreated like whipped dogs before the onrushing mutant. Let them. He would take retribution with his own hands. Power laced through his fingers and from hand to hand, tracing a shell within that manifested a grinning black skull. The apparition screamed, shattering its magical caul, and then rocketed forwards, leaving a tail of ectoplasm in its wake. The robed hunchback on the mutant's back pointed his staff at the missile and the skull disintegrated back into the aethyr with a wail.

Mundvard snarled. Here then was the plague-sorcerer at last. A congealed stream of gibberish ran from the mage's lipless gums and a sickly green aura seeped from the pinnacle of his staff. Mundvard glared at Alicia, but his consort was too busy getting out of the way to work a counterspell. With an intricate sequence of gestures and phrases, Mundvard drove back the light with such vehemence that the staff was almost knocked from the plague-sorcerer's hands.

'I fear neither disease nor decay,' Mundvard roared as the big mutant slowed its charge, blinking in idiot confusion at its master's hiss of pain. The huge creature flexed its muscles and drooled. The corpulent champion moved protectively in front of the sorcerer and brought up his scythe. With a chuckle, Mundvard turned his gaze to a growing point of blackness in the sky behind the champion's back. 'There is nothing in your god's power to move one such as I.'

The sorcerer placed a steadying hand on the hanging meat of the warrior's shoulder and turned. As he did so, the terrorgeist dropped out of the sky further up the street, flung wide its wings just before hitting the road and ripping forward with bony claws spread through the Norscans in its path. With a hiss, the sorcerer clutched his staff, that gangrenous glow returning before Mundvard haughtily dispelled it with a wave. He turned to watch his mighty thrall-beast tear through the Norscan ranks. Soon. Soon. Even the mutant giant was a runt by comparison. Too late, Mundvard noticed the sorcerer's third hand, hidden behind the tumourous mass of boils and rolling eyeballs that hunched the sorcerer's back and frantically tracing a separate web of arcane symbols.

Count Mundvard bellowed in outrage – that he, the Master of Shadows, should be deceived by such sleight-of-hand – and spat out a counterspell, but it was too late. A nova of yellow-brown mould swallowed the terrorgeist whole and the monster shrieked as decomposition long held in abeyance ran riot: in the span of moments flesh liquefied and fell away, bones turning brown and crumbling. A second later all that fell upon the plague-sorcerer and his retainers was powder.

'Even bone must become dust,' spoke the sorcerer in the breathless wheeze of a lanced boil.

Mundvard's eyes whitened with fury. The sorcerer would die last, and in ways that Mundvard had spent centuries conceiving.

'Ghurk,' said the enemy sorcerer, sagging to his haunches and addressing the mutant beast beneath him, who responded with a sonorous belch and a dribble. 'Otto.' A grunt from the fat warrior. 'Get this over with. Then we three brothers can move on, and nurture our own garden of plagues within Altdorf's walls.'

The creature, Ghurk, lumbered forward and lashed out with its hawser-like arm while Otto struck down with his rusted scythe. Mundvard's lip curled as he danced easily from the swollen goliath's blind swipe, then parried the scythe as though it had been swung by a centenarian



knight and cut a riposte across Ghurk's neck that sent pus dribbling through the folds of its chest. The stench would have poleaxed an orc, but with neither the need to breathe nor a stomach to upset Mundvard ignored it. Otto struck again and again with strength enough to cut down a barded warhorse, but Mundvard was swift as a viper and cagey as an old fox. He fought as he had always lived – with guile and forethought, and instants of subtle incision deliberated several exchanges in advance. Driven by cold-boiling rage the vampire beat through Otto's guard in a keening blizzard of swordplay, then plunged his blade up to the hilt in Ghurk's belly. The monster grunted in pain.

'Suffer,' Mundvard hissed.

A single tear ran down the mutant's one, sad-looking eye and Mundvard twisted the blade deeper before wrenching it from the monster's guts. His cruel laugh became a snarl as a rotten tide of bile and viscera gouted from the wound and slapped him in the face. He spluttered, blinded for just one second before he could twist his head out of the torrent and clear the muck from his eyes. A rusty scythe struck towards his neck. With superhuman speed he twisted, but for the third time in one short day he had seen the danger too late.

Pain as he had forgotten he could still feel exploded in his shoulder. The warrior's scythe cracked the bone, speared his heart, and tore through the wizened organs that filled his gut.

The vampire sank to the ground with an unbreathing gasp, paralysis creeping through his body from his riven heart

*Impossible*, he thought. *Impossible*. His thoughts fractured under a pain he could not vocalise as the plague champion pulled his weapon free. Before he could fall, the monstrous Ghurk wrapped his tentacle limb around the vampire's chest. Mundvard felt his breastplate buckle and his ribs creak. Desperately, he willed blood to the damaged heart to speed its healing, but he couldn't so much as blink, and the monster dragged him towards a single eye full of hurt and opened its drooling maw.

It had been human once. Before Chaos had quashed its dreams too.

'Suffer,' Ghurk belched.

The huge mutant tightened his grip, then whirled the vampire once overhead and loosed. A foetid wind whipped through Mundvard's long white hair as he flew. On the road beneath him he saw the army five hundred years in the making collapse as his driving will abandoned them. Then there were no more fighters. He was over water, the unsettled surface whispering and calling and glittering mirthfully with firelight.

The Rijk.

Horror filled him. A stake through the heart could take a vampire's strength, the sun could claim his life, but the running water would do neither of those things. It was only torture; an evisceration of his very soul.

Count Mundvard summoned the last of his strength to drive a desperate plea into the wind of Death, but no one heard his scream as the water lapped up and took him.

## Dusk

### I

## Rijkspoort

Marienburg's south-facing walls were tall and thick, as throughout her brief dalliance with sovereignty she had feared her powerful southern neighbour more than she ever had the reavers of the distant north. How provincial that seemed to Caspar Vosberger now as he saw the banners of Carroburg borne along the Altdorf Road from the south gate and kicked his horse into a wild canter towards the gate. The terrified black stallion clattered down the cobbled

road. The scent of death filled the poor beast's nostrils and it shied at intervals to evade the corpses strewn over the street. Most of the bodies looked years old – they were rotten, some covered in plaster or brick dust while others were coated with mud as if they had dug their way out of the marsh. They showed no signs of moving now.

Men and women still alive ran to and fro, carrying their possessions in great bundles, but scattered at the passage of the nobleman and his panicked mount.

When the dead had risen, Caspar had prayed to Sigmar for his deliverance and the man-god of the Empire had spared him. He had to warn the Empire general what he was marching into. More even than that! He had to warn Altdorf before it too shared Marienburg's fate.

The horse skidded on the cobbles as Caspar pulled it around in a sharp turn, and then reared at the appearance of a figure in the middle of the road who refused to get out of the way. Caspar cursed and hurriedly shortened his grip on the reins as the horse backed up onto hind legs. The animal was a dispatch horse, not a warhorse, and its instinct remained to avoid an obstacle rather than run it down.

'Out of my way, peasant!'

The man turned drunkenly around and Caspar gasped. He was soaked from his short-trimmed dark hair to his shiny-buckled leather boots. His black damask shirt clung wetly to his narrow frame, torn and stained dark red over the chest and shoulder as if he had been grabbed by a bear. Milky eyes stared blankly through Caspar's forehead and his head lolled over a savage-looking wound in the side of his neck as he came about. It was Engel van der Zee. Or it had been.

Caspar cried out as the dead man lurched forward and grabbed his knee. He slapped the side of Engel's head, then emitted a gargling scream as he was dragged from the saddle.

Moaning over his bruised shoulder, Caspar looked up from the cobbles as a second man slid his foot into the horse's vacated stirrup and swung up into the saddle. His noble face was pale and drawn, his white hair lank against a battered suit of scarlet plate. He took up the reins in hands as bloodless as bone, hunched sideways to shield what looked to be a fatal wound in his shoulder.

'My gratitude for the horse,' spoke the man in a deathbed whisper.

'My lord, I must get away. I must warn our brothers in Altdorf.'

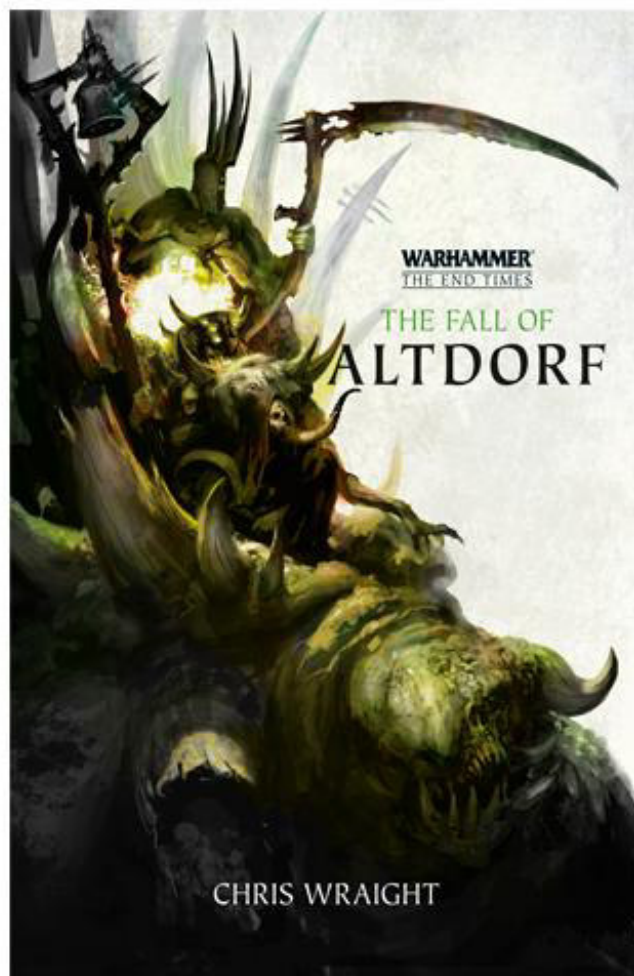
The rider chuckled. River water gurgled from his throat. His expression soured as the Carroburgers' bugles sounded a warning tattoo. Contact with the enemy made. A series of horn blasts followed, ordering units formed and battle lines drawn. The rider turned his horse back towards the south gate to leave Caspar on his back with van der Zee staring limply on.

'Powerful forces gather in Altdorf, infant. These vermin have bested the Master of Shadows once. They will not do so again.'

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**David Guymer** is the author of the Gotrek & Felix novels *Slayer*, *Kinslayer* and *City of the Damned*, along with the novella *Thorgrim* and a plethora of short stories set in the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000. He is a freelance writer and occasional scientist based in the East Riding, and was a finalist in the 2014 *David Gemmell Legend Awards* for his novel *Headtaker*.

[With the hordes of Chaos marshalling in the north, Emperor Karl Franz leads his armies in defence of his realm.](#)



**BUY NOW**



**READ IT FIRST**

EXCLUSIVE PRODUCTS | EARLY RELEASES | FREE DELIVERY

[blacklibrary.com](http://blacklibrary.com)

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

Published in 2015 by Black Library, Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK.

Cover illustration by Paul Dainton.

© Games Workshop Limited 2015. All rights reserved.

Black Library, the Black Library logo, Warhammer, the Warhammer logo, Time of Legends, the Time of Legends logo, Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo and all associated brands, names, characters, illustrations and images from the Warhammer universe are either ®, ™ and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2015, variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. All rights reserved.

A CIP record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN: 978-1-78251-816-7

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.

See Black Library on the internet at  
[blacklibrary.com](http://blacklibrary.com)

Find out more about Games Workshop's world of Warhammer and the Warhammer 40,000 universe at  
[games-workshop.com](http://games-workshop.com)

## eBook license

This license is made between:

Games Workshop Limited t/a Black Library, Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, United Kingdom ("Black Library"); and

(2) the purchaser of an e-book product from Black Library website ("You/you/Your/your")  
(jointly, "the parties")

These are the terms and conditions that apply when you purchase an e-book ("e-book") from Black Library. The parties agree that in consideration of the fee paid by you, Black Library grants you a license to use the e-book on the following terms:

\* 1. Black Library grants to you a personal, non-exclusive, non-transferable, royalty-free license to use the e-book in the following ways:

- o 1.1 to store the e-book on any number of electronic devices and/or storage media (including, by way of example only, personal computers, e-book readers, mobile phones, portable hard drives, USB flash drives, CDs or DVDs) which are personally owned by you;

- o 1.2 to access the e-book using an appropriate electronic device and/or through any appropriate storage media; and

\* 2. For the avoidance of doubt, you are ONLY licensed to use the e-book as described in paragraph 1 above. You may NOT use or store the e-book in any other way. If you do, Black Library shall be entitled to terminate this license.

\* 3. Further to the general restriction at paragraph 2, Black Library shall be entitled to terminate this license in the event that you use or store the e-book (or any part of it) in any way not expressly licensed. This includes (but is by no means limited to) the following circumstances:

- o 3.1 you provide the e-book to any company, individual or other legal person who does not possess a license to use or store it;

- o 3.2 you make the e-book available on bit-torrent sites, or are otherwise complicit in 'seeding' or sharing the e-book with any company, individual or other legal person who does not possess a license to use or store it;

- o 3.3 you print and distribute hard copies of the e-book to any company, individual or other legal person who does not possess a license to use or store it;

- o 3.4 You attempt to reverse engineer, bypass, alter, amend, remove or otherwise make any change to any copy protection technology which may be applied to the e-book.

\* 4. By purchasing an e-book, you agree for the purposes of the Consumer Protection (Distance Selling) Regulations 2000 that Black Library may commence the service (of provision of the e-book to you) prior to your ordinary cancellation period coming to an end, and that by purchasing an e-book, your cancellation rights shall end immediately upon receipt of the e-book.

\* 5. You acknowledge that all copyright, trademark and other intellectual property rights in the e-book are, shall remain, the sole property of Black Library.

\* 6. On termination of this license, howsoever effected, you shall immediately and permanently delete all copies of the e-book from your computers and storage media, and shall destroy all hard copies of the e-book which you have derived from the e-book.

\* 7. Black Library shall be entitled to amend these terms and conditions from time to time by written notice to you.

\* 8. These terms and conditions shall be governed by English law, and shall be subject only to the jurisdiction of the Courts in England and Wales.

\* 9. If any part of this license is illegal, or becomes illegal as a result of any change in the law, then that part shall be deleted, and replaced with wording that is as close to the original meaning as possible without being illegal.

\* 10. Any failure by Black Library to exercise its rights under this license for whatever reason shall not be in any way deemed to be a waiver of its rights, and in particular, Black Library reserves the right at all times to terminate this license in the event that you breach clause 2 or clause 3.



# Table of Contents

[Cover](#)

[Marienburg's Stand – David Guymer](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Legal](#)

[eBook license](#)

