

WARHAMMER
1000

DATA SLATE



BE'LAKOR
THE DARK MASTER

DATASLATE
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INTRODUCTION



DATASLATES & DATASHEETS

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

FACTION

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

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

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

FORMATIONS

A Formation presents a collection of two or more units that fight alongside one another in a particular way. When you choose an army, you can take a Formation as a special form of Detachment. Unless otherwise

stated, you can take any number of Formations in your army, and each is considered to be a completely separate Detachment, regardless of how many units make it up.

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

Allied Formations

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

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

Formation Special Rules

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

Formation Points Values

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

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

Apocalypse Formations

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



DATASLATE

BE'LAKOR

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**CHARACTER
BACKGROUND**





BE'LAKOR, THE FIRST DAEMON PRINCE

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

Ancient Evil

The origins of Be'lakor are spoken of only as legends and rumour; tales torn from the tongues of captive Daemons or forbidden lore recorded on ancient crypt walls. Crude pictographs found in the caves of dry, dead worlds or primitive statues hidden in the sunken depths of death world oceans speak to Be'lakor's immortal reign within the galaxy. Scholars have been driven mad looking for hints of the Daemon's presence woven

into the history of the universe, always lurking in the shadows behind the rise and expansion of the mortal races. Even the secretive Grey Knights Space Marine Chapter, created by the Emperor to combat the daemonic forces of the Warp, know little of Be'lakor's true history, only conflicting lies and impossible fabrications.

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

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

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

behind, ultimately returning to the Daemon Prince his lost objects of power, while also erasing his existence from history.

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

- Tech-Magos Kyber Arbastri to the Council of Chalice

Herald of the End Times

Like a petulant first-born son, Be'lakor has always had a bitter jealousy toward anything or anyone that wins the favour of the Dark Gods. For millennia, the Daemon Prince undermined the plots and schemes of the daemonic and mortal servants of Chaos. However, what Be'lakor mistook for free will, and a measure of revenge against those that have usurped his power, was merely the Great Game between the Chaos Gods. When the Daemon brought down a champion of Nurgle, invariably he was doing Tzeentch's bidding, and while laying a warrior of the Blood God low he was the fulfilling the will of Slannesh. Be'lakor remains blind to these manipulations of the gods. His own thirst for power and the pleasure of proving his mastery over rival champions of Chaos seems enough to make him forget the sorcerous tethers the gods continually try and wind tightly around his neck.

In more recent times, rumours say Be'lakor has begun shadowing a new champion of the Dark Gods: the Warmaster, Abaddon the Despoiler. Supposedly, the Daemon Prince has spent centuries watching over him and influencing events as they ebb and flow around the Warmaster, knowing on some level that their fates were bound. During each of Abaddon's Black Crusades, the Master of Shadows has been lurking in the background. During the Third Black Crusade, legends say that it was

Be'lakor who manipulated the Daemon Prince Tallomin into aiding the Despoiler and ultimately assaulting Cadia. Be'lakor was also reputed to be the one who told Abaddon of the treachery of Drecarth the Sightless, leading to the destruction of the Sons of the Eye during the Sixth Black Crusade.

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

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

'Only a fool trusts a Daemon. They are made of the very stuff of change, the raw madness of the Warp made manifest. However, like men, Daemons are creatures of

greed, pride and arrogance, and these are things I trust completely.'

- Abaddon the Despoiler



Shadow of the Beast

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

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

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

With another brutal swing of the Umbral Blade, another traitor fell, Ayran taking grim satisfaction in how easily the sword carved through ceramite and Space Marine flesh. As the Black Legionnaire fell to the blood-slick deck, the way onto the ship's bridge yawned open and Ayran led his Relictors through the breach. In the close confines of the command deck, the battle took on a deadly new aspect, point blank bolter fire illuminating the shadows as they tore apart power-armoured shapes in the darkness. His bolt pistol kicking in his left hand,

Ayran charged onto the bridge, sweeping his sidearm in a wide arc of fire. Bolts exploded as they found the hunched forms of Warp-tainted servitors and cowering cult-crew, or flared to nothing as they struck the void shielding over the cathedral-like vista panels that ringed the chamber.

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

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

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

In a blur of whirring adamantium teeth and flaming runes, the Chaos Lord hacked wildly at Ayran, each swing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

12/3
obliterate the Orgy of Sin. With another part of his plan complete, Be'lakor disappeared once more into the shadows.



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RULES



BE'LAKOR

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

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

Points Value: 350 points

Hellforged Artefact:

The Blade of Shadows

Warlord Trait:

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

Special Rules:

Daemon

Eternal Warrior

Fearless

Psyker (Mastery Level 3)

2/3

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

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

Psyker:

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

Hellforged Artefact:

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

Range - S +1 AP 2 Type - Melee, Armourbane, Fleshbane, Master-crafted, Specialist Weapon





GLOSSARY

ARMOURBANE

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

DAEMON

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

ETERNAL WARRIOR

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

FEARLESS

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

FLESHBANE

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

MASTER-CRAFTED

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

MELEE

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

SHROUDED

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

SPECIALIST WEAPON

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



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SHOWCASE



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