

Prologue: So it begins...

„And so it begins. We are finally here“ murmured Iorlus „The Pretty“ for himself.

He was standing on a small hill with the view on the encampment of Undivided. Behind him on the hill were his four companions. Friends even. They were standing silently, awaiting his next move, as their army of sixty blightkings gathered under the hill. But Iorlus stood as if frozen. But it wasn't caused by weather, however unpleasant it was. Iorlus was wondering about everything he had to overcome till now, till they finally get here.

He knew enough about the Basalt Lord he was about to meet. He knew also about Irkut “The Spineless” and finally he knew about their achievements and their failures. And he was certain: would he be there at that time, they would have achieved more. Much more. But at that time he was chasing lost souls in Grandfather's garden. Task bestowed to unwilling children. And very much needed to them. That's how he met his companions. That's where he learned to trust the Grandfather and for that lesson he was given a lot of gifts. Strength, resilience, but more importantly patience. Grandfather took his jaw for blasphemy and gave him back ability to speak after realization, how wrong he was. He received open wounds to be able to give life to maggots, from which zillions of flies were born, so Grandfather could speak to him through their buzzing. In the garden news about the advance of Undivided were getting to him and he realized, that this will be his final test to redeem himself and to earn Grandfather's favor again. Doesn't matter, that the way here was hard and they lost two thirds of the army within the process of getting here. There are still enough of them to succeed.

With that Iorlus stepped forward. *“Let's go.”*

As they approached the entrance to the camp, guards stopped them.

“Who are you and what are you up to?” asked small bloodreaver.

“We are joining your ranks, fool. Take me to the Basalt Lord.”

“Hmm. You come with me” said bloodreaver, *“but your army will wait here until the end of your hearing.”*

Iorlus turned to Amari, the bulky hag standing beside him. *“Find some place and build the camp.”*

With that he followed bloodreaver to the centre of encampment. There they let him stand for good twenty minutes. Urge to kill the reaver was soothed just by the reason of being here.

At last they invited him to the tent. There were two figures and he recognized them both.

Small funky Disciple of Tzeentch cleared his throat and announced: *“Welcome, rotbringer. We heard, that you want to pledge your loyalty to our cause. Here are our great leaders. The greatest omniscient Irkut Thousandeyes and Qarang Sarn.”* Sarn gave tzeentchian a frown, but otherwise he let the insult be. *“Say what your name rotbringer and we tell you to which leader you will report.”*

If Iorlus had jaw, he would smile. Instead he just curved his upper lip. *"I hail you Basalt Lord, the only true leader of Undivided. By the will of the Grandfather, we are here to fight by your side and serve on your command."* Iorlus focused all his speech to Qarang, not giving the spineless a single look. *"And I accept your offer"* responded Basalt Lord. *"You can go now, orders will come soon."*

"Then I will await it" said Iorlus. *"Just one last thing my lord."*

"What is it?" asked Qarang.

"What is the greatest joy, my lord?" asking that, Iorlus looked at Irkut. It was spectacular view. And Iorlus would swear, that for a brief moment he saw grin on Qarang's face.