

The logo for Warhammer Age of Sigmar, featuring the word "WARHAMMER" in large, stylized, gold-outlined letters with a blue gradient fill, and "AGE OF SIGMAR" in smaller, gold-outlined letters below it. The text is set within a decorative, spiky gold border that resembles a banner or a piece of armor. The background of the entire cover is a dark, olive-green color with faint, intricate illustrations of various creatures and warriors in a battle scene.

WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR

BROKEN REALMS

THE GOLDEN SON

THE GOLDEN SON

As his Hearthguard piled into the shrine of Grimnir and took up defensive positions, Runeson Tornjog of the Storkhar lodge turned to his Runesmiter and asked the question:

‘How long?’

How long until we die? Because, undoubtedly, they were all going to die. His siblings might still be spitting defiant oaths, but Tornjog had seen the stomach-churning ruin of flesh that the invaders had left in the lodge’s clanhalls. The legacy of the Storkhar was finished even if they somehow won this battle. Still, each inch of ground would be paid for in blood. This he so swore.

‘Seconds. Minutes, maybe,’ the priest shrugged. His flippant tone saw Tornjog chuckle. The Runeson made as if to reply and stopped dead. He was not the most handsome of his brothers, but the reflection confronting him in the priest’s gleaming mask was grotesque: sagging skin, half-split belly, swollen tongue protruding from an eyeless face. More reflections leered from the shrine’s gilded statuary, each growing more hideous with every passing moment. Heat filled the space as the Runesmiter slammed the butt of his staff against the echoing flagstones, conjuring a wall of fire before the entrance to the hexagonal chamber. Teeth gritted, Tornjog shook off the unease he felt and readied his axe.

Approaching were footsteps, not so much slow as languid, almost bored. They echoed from behind the wall of hissing flame, growing progressively closer. Tornjog felt his teeth grinding, fingers drumming on the grip of his weapon.

The footsteps stopped at the blazing barrier. The flames rippled and bulged outwards. With a roar, they burst apart before reforming, framing a tall figure with cloak billowing in his wake. Fiery light shone from him so brightly that even Tornjog was forced to look away, but the Fyreslayer recovered in time to unhook a throwing axe and add it to those hurled by his Hearthguard. Most burst in mid-air before the figure. His own spun, end over end, on its murderous path. There was a flash of golden movement and suddenly the invader was holding the axe, its blade inches from his head. As he tossed the weapon away, the Runeson beheld the intruder’s face. Despite himself, the duardin felt his arms slacken. He was beautiful. So very, very beautiful. The vile cruelty dancing in his eyes somehow intensified that fact.

‘Greetings!’ the beautiful death grinned, unsheathing a silvered rapier. ‘Rejoice, for I am about to murder every last one of you!’

‘Sixty-six... sixty-seven... sixty-eight...’

The last syllable was strained as Shardslash lodged in a screaming duardin, objecting fiercely to being forced past the sacred echo of sixty-six. The Geld-Prince tutted before ripping the sword free and letting the bisected creature topple.

A smirk crossed Sigvald’s face before he pirouetted. His blade cut true this time, severing the heads of the two duardin leaping at him from behind. Flicking their blood from the daemonforged steel, Sigvald turned to catch another blow on his mirrored shield, lashing out with its wicked rim and neatly slicing another duardin’s throat.

‘Seventy-one.’

Driving his foot through the mask of the priest he had slain moments prior, shattering the thick skull beneath, Sigvald turned to the last foe, some duardin prince. This one was clearly struggling to muster his defiance in the face of Slaanesh’s favoured son, mouth agog, eyes half-glazed. Sigvald couldn’t blame him. The Geld-Prince drew himself up and flicked his golden hair, letting the guttering wall of fire cast him into silhouette. *Give the creature a sight to remember before he dies.*

Suddenly, the duardin appeared to steel himself; flames spat from his axe as he struck, almost singeing Sigvald’s immaculate flesh. The Geld-Prince’s arm lanced forward, the tip of Shardslash punching through the duardin’s chest. The warrior went rigid as blood jetted from his mouth, eyes still alight with defiance as Sigvald hefted his impaled form. With a chuckle, the Geld-Prince flicked the tip of his blade upwards, allowing the duardin to slip down the metal right to the hilt. Being so close to the creature’s musty breath was odious, but the chance for a final cutting remark was too enticing to pass up. As Sigvald opened his mouth to

deliver just that, the duardin froze again, eyes bulging. Curling his lip in shock, the Magnificent then gave a snarl of disgust as his victim burst open, spraying him with blood and intestines.

Hurling the corpse away with a flick of Shardslash, Sigvald turned wild-eyed to the sound of the fire dying behind him. A vast shape loomed through the gloom of the duardin tunnels, obscured by clouds of thick incense. The snake-shaped head of a palanquin all but scraped the passage's roof as it was dragged forwards, surrounded by screeching warriors who fell upon the butchered duardin to devour their flesh. Sigvald cared less than nothing for them. His focus was on the palanquin – the bloated, oiled figure at its heart, to be precise.

'So,' Sigvald called out, arms splayed in a magnanimous fashion. 'At last, you're coming to offer tribute?' Glutos Orscollion, the Lord of Gluttony, offered nothing more than a snort. Leaning further back into his opulent divan, the sorcerer took a bite from a severed arm and returned to an apparently deep conversation with the head of his stave. In his place, a bald priestess stepped to the edge of the palanquin, pinched features drawn in a smile.

'The great Glutos Orscollion, he who is Grand Gourmand, already knew of your joining us in this endeavour—'

'Joining you? Hardly,' Sigvald interrupted, one perfect eyebrow arching. 'You're the ones who've come to find me, after all.' A twitch pulled at the priestess's features, but her smile did not abate.

'Where is your Decadent Host, Geld-Prince?'

'I grew bored with them,' Sigvald sighed, waving a hand. 'And I have no time for those who cannot keep up. Seventy-two.' At her frown, the Magnificent smirked, gesturing to the corpses piled around him. 'Seventy-two of these little menaces I've exterminated. You *were* keeping count, my dear Orscollion?'

'Ah. So that's the game we're playing,' came a rich baritone voice before the woman could respond. Instantly, the Hedonites surrounding the palanquin abased themselves, faces pressed to the floor. Hopes for Glutos to physically stand might have been too much, but the Lord of Gluttony managed to lean forwards from his piled satin cushions, hand resting on a meaty thigh. Even such lackadaisical motions sent every jowl and fold of glistening flesh roiling. Orscollion gave an indulgent smirk.

'A trite barb, noble Geld-Prince. And, if I may say so, somewhat desperate.' Glutos chuckled. Snapping his fingers, a stunted little wretch waddled from round the back of the palanquin, offering up a plate upon which sat a fresh-looking brain. Glutos wasted no time in taking a bite, nodding as cerebral fluid cascaded down his chins. 'Those of our master's children who revel with me whisper of your unhappy fate, stuck in a lump of glass for millennia. I appreciate that you have plenty of catching up to do, compared to we more... established, shall we say, individuals, but baiting me is beneath you.'

Sigvald was going to kill this presumptive wretch, that much the Geld-Prince had decided within seconds of laying eyes on him. The only question was when, and each word that spilled over the corpulent champion's lips brought that time closer and closer. Yet with the eyes of Glutos' host on him, he could not allow himself to lose his temper. Standards had to be maintained.

'As I said, seventy-two—'

'An impressive count, to be sure,' Glutos nodded, shuddering with a grunt of delight as he wolfed down the last of the brain and licked his fat fingers. 'But consider this: I myself have personally laid sixty-six souls upon the Dark Prince's feasting table this day. A more auspicious total by far, I am sure you will agree. Or did that slip your mind also, while you were waiting to be rescued?'

Shardslash twitched, its edge catching the low torchlight with menacing intent. In response, the Lord of Gluttony chortled and made some gesture with his staff. Sigvald's murderous smirk froze as he felt his guts begin to churn, straining against his sculpted form. As his own dark blessings warred with the rival champion's sorcery, he let out a wary chuckle, eyes narrowing.

'Now now, Glutos. Let's not do anything we regret, hmm?'

Any reply was forestalled as the effigies of the duardin warrior-god lining the chamber suddenly exploded, showering both Sigvald and the lumpen beasts that pulled Glutos' palanquin with gilded shrapnel. Blinking in surprise, Sigvald watched as the golden fragments skittered towards one another, coalescing into a singular mass. That thrashing immensity took on a sinuous shape: a two-headed serpent, one visage sleek and refined, the other an angular mass of shining horns and fangs. As the latter head moved to tear at the duardin corpses, mangling them into more twisted forms, the former cast its lidless gaze about the chamber before focusing on the two champions.

Geld-Prince. Lord of Gluttony. Enough. Your squabbles avail the Dark Prince not. Make for the howling lands, where the glimmering spear mirrors past and future. There will the banquet be laid out.

Its cryptic message delivered, the entity gave a screech as it distended from within and burst apart. This time, Sigvald was prepared, shield raised to deflect the sharp fragments. As he lowered the great burnished disc, there was silence. Even the rapturous mewling of Glutos' disciples had mercifully ceased.

Clicking his tongue, Sigvald glanced up at his opposite number. The Lord of Gluttony seemed to be recovering, but the look he shot Sigvald was no less wary for that. Something in it amused Sigvald, his vengeful anger abating if not forgotten. Snorting, the Geld-Prince sheathed his blade, moving to leave the chamber. He was tired of this place, anyway.

'Well, then... shall we?'

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