

Grimwald's chronicles part 101

Before the green tide can rush our units the plants in the center start grabbing the orcs, while a huge area on our left flank suddenly becomes a solid mass of Ugra which the orcs have to slowly cut their way out. With only our right flank in danger and our missile superiority we will crush this assault in minutes! A cheer runs through the ranks as the men become hopeful and confident in our success.

Then with a theatrical flair the Pitfiend manifests itself and steps into Reed's raging wall of flames. It appearing alone and unescorted is highly irregular and thus quite unlikely for a devil. But the men, not being blessed with the knowledge of their ancestors, are quite shaken by its sudden appearance and become frightened. Behind the Pitfiend new ranks of orcs start their menacing march forward skirting the blockades we erected. Fending of the second wave took most of what we had, such is the way when fighting endless waves of greenskins, fortunately I have held back my prayers so we have some surprises left for them. While the first two waves wore a motley array of markings, the third wave is composed of a single larger tribe. They probably forced the lesser tribes to sacrifice themselves by leading the attack.

Sensing we need a morale victory I order all ballistae to fire at the Pitfiend, we need to show the men that it can be hurt! The crews however are shaken and only one ballista strikes true. The cheers die in our throats when the Pitfiend disdainfully swats the bolt out of it's arm which heals up instantly. Unfortunately it is not merely an illusion to rattle our morale as I had fleetingly hoped. Lightning strikes once then twice, but the spectacular displays of lightning arcs and thunderclaps do not raise our morale, but rather crush it as the damage is clearly inconsequential for the Fiend and starts to heal up instantly.

Having witnessed this my companions order their platoons to disperse and I am about to do the same when a fireball erupts and tears into my unit. I order my sergeant to withdraw with the wounded. While I myself prepare to hold back the enemy as long as possible. While our left flank is secured by the plants our retreating troops are vulnerably on our right. Then Cuura suddenly appears on our right flank and her riders start pelting the approaching orcs with arrows while riding close enough to force them to bunch up for fear of being charged. Now that the enemies wild run on our right flank is slowed our troops should be able to regroup to our rear. The remnants of the first two waves regroup to join the third wave for a combined assault and we have no troops to oppose them.

We may have kept our force intact, but are about to fail our mission and thus lose our entire army to chaos and disarray as they will be set upon by all sides. To make matters worse the Pitfiend dispatches one of his elite soldiers, a horned devil to destroy Reed and Kendalan. As I rush to support them the Horned Devil lashes out with his spiked chain and with a violent snap catches Nethander in the head making him pay for his Abyssal mockeries. The devil roars in exultation and gleefully prepares to butcher the helpless Nethander who is reeling stunned by the vicious blow.

This is my chance to be rid of him, my chance to save us all from being dragged along by the doom which awaits him, my chance to save us all... Yet he is one of our group, all I have left now I lost my clan. The trial with my grandfather showed I have not dishonored myself yet and I will be damned if I lose my honor now because of him! I have to perform my duty no matter what it will cost later. I rumble in Terran for Rock to drag him into the *plant growth*. The Fiend roars in frustration as his quarry escapes him and unleashes a torrent of attacks on poor Reed who is likewise struck down. I order Rock to bring her to the safety of the plant growth while I keep the Horned Devil occupied.