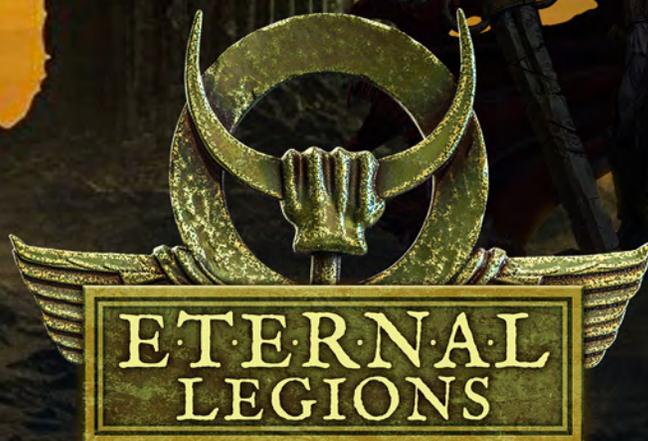


BESTIARUM GAMES



ETERNAL
LEGIONS

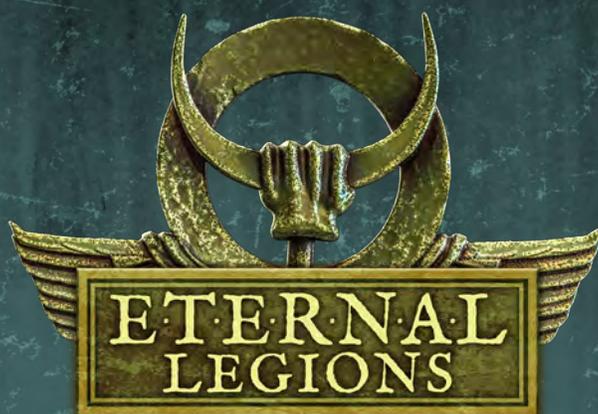
LORD OF WAR

FACTION LORE

ETERNAL LEGIONS

PART 2

FACTION LORE



THE WORLD OF DOADEN

WELCOME TO DOADEN, THE DARK FANTASY SETTING OF TAINTED LANDS AND TWISTED MONSTERS, WHERE AN EVER-CREEPING AFFLICTION CORRODES THE VERY ESSENCE OF EXISTENCE.

IT IS A WORLD OF DECAY AND DEPRAVITY WHERE ONCE-RIGHTEOUS MEN AND HEROES OF THE GLORIOUS PURPOSE NOW STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE AS CULTS AND DARK GODS VIE WITH ONE ANOTHER TO CONSUME THE LAST VESTIGES OF HUMANITY.

IT IS A WORLD OF DEATH, TRAPPED IN THE FADING DUSK OF A FALLEN EMPIRE. THE HEROES THAT WANDER THESE LANDS ARE NO GRAND ADVENTURERS TO BE HONORED IN SONGS OF MINSTRELS.

FOR THE HEAVY DEEDS AND DECISIONS THESE WANDERERS UNDERTAKE INVARIABLY LEAVE THEM DISHEARTENED, BROKEN, NOTHING MORE THAN SOULLESS HUSKS AND SHADOWS OF THEIR ONCE-GLORIOUS SELVES.

YET AS DARK AS DOADEN MAY BE, HUMANITY CLINGS TO LIFE WITH A STUBBORN TENACITY, A LAST FLICKERING FLAME WITHIN THE DARK.

A LAST HURRAH, A FINAL WAR CRY THAT SHALL ECHO IN THE BLACK ABYSS OF ETERNITY, A MOMENTARY VICTORY BEFORE THE ENDLESS NIGHT.

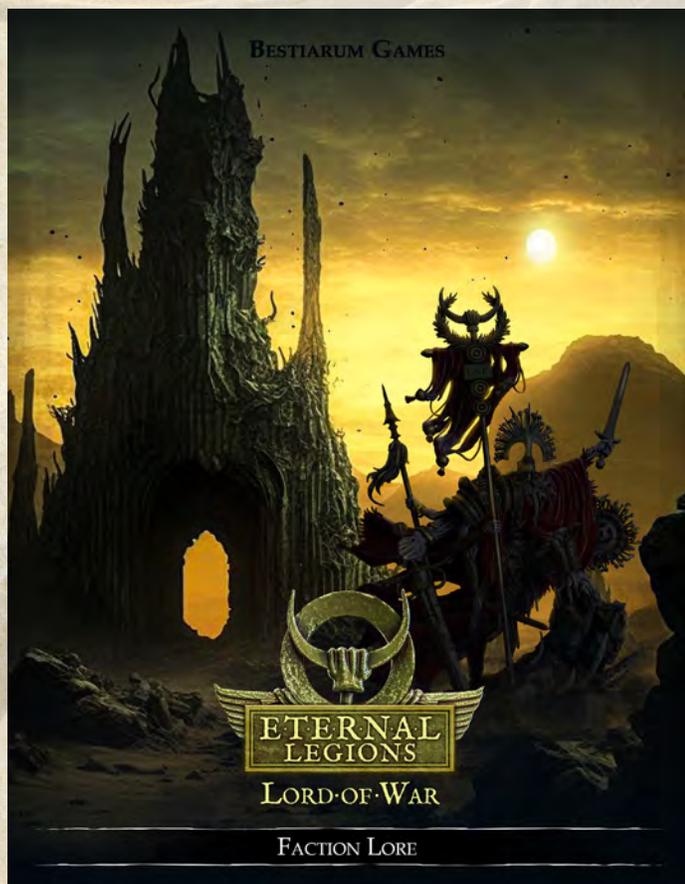
CREDITS

Developed by:
Bestiarum Games

Lead Game Designer:
Alexander Dovermann

Game Designer:
Giovani C. Fiorini

Art & Graphic Design:
Marina Jukova
Alexander Dovermann
Katarina Popovici



ON THE COVER: KOURRAKAS

“

General Kourrakas was the God Emperor's right hand, the brutal fist of his militant regime. He was the Lord of War, the unyielding conqueror, the slayer of lords and a vanquisher of kings. With the Eternal Legions under his command, Kourrakas traversed the great lands of Doaden, defeating all those who opposed the reign of his liege, toppling cities, fortresses, and kingdoms one after the next until all bowed down in service to the Holy Empire.

”

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The Eternal Legions are a skeletal army that wanders the Ashen Wastes. Always marching, always searching. They are risen and warped by the energies of the Wastes and driven by the will of the mysterious being known as the Eternal Mother. The armies traverse the vast expanse in endless retinues, accompanied by giant harvesting columbines that gouge the earth with enormous teeth, dredging up the buried bones of those that perished here long, as they churn up enormous columns of dust behind them. These vast troves of bones are recycled and reformed into new warriors and bizarre constructs, ever swelling the ranks of the Legion.

The Legions were once the God Emperor's chosen.



Hailing from the Valley of the Sun, the Emperor's own birthplace, each was a warrior was of unrivaled strength and mental will. They were forged in combat from their youth, taught never to retreat nor surrender, to kill or be killed. They fight through pain that would debilitate any other man. They are taught that fear is weakness, that fear is death. With an iron fist, the Emperor deployed the Legions to conquer the world in an age of unrivaled bloodshed and brutality. But from that devastation arose the Holy Empire, the jewel of mankind, and a prosperous age of glory and technological advancement.

Yet war never changes, and a nation birthed in blood is doomed to die in the way of its creation. The Eternal Legions are an echo of the past. Risen once again, they come now to consume the Empire. They are stronger than ever, their bones mutated to form carapace-like armor and their ranks grow in an endless tide. They slaughter all in their wake, harvesting their bones just as they do the troves buried in the dust, swelling their ranks day by day. On day, all of Doaden shall fall to their conquest once again.



ETERNAL
LEGIONS

MALFORMED CONSTRUCT

The Ossificators are architects of creation, channeling the magics of the Ashen Wastes into their work to meld and shape the many weapons, armors, and constructs of the Eternal Legions. However, occasionally, these energies are too chaotic for even the Ossificators to control. From arcane mishaps arise bizarre and imperfect constructs, malformed, contorted, grotesque things with too many or too few limbs. Shambling about like deformed infants, these misshapen constructs can barely be considered to have form at all.

Yet as awkward as these constructs are, they are blessed, or perhaps cursed, by that same mutagenic magic that led to their miscreation. Chitinous growths of ossified bone grow continually and uncontrollably, forging and reforging their bodies, quickly covering any cracks or damage they receive. The growth is a pernicious cancer but allows them to regenerate quickly from any minor damage, resulting in an incredibly durable and frustrating foe.

A Durable Foe. The regenerative bone growth makes the Malformed Construct a frustrating foe to deal with, especially when present in large numbers or when attackers are forced to diversify their fire.

For those few attacks that land on the Malformed Construct are quickly repaired and forgotten unless a concerted effort is made. But Malformed Constructs are slow, pulling themselves along haphazardly on their few misshapen limbs. Therefore, if possible, adventurers may decide to run instead of fight.

Wandering the Wastes. If Legion commanders anticipate an imminent military engagement, they retain these constructs to swell their ranks. Otherwise, they are discarded upon creation because of their imperfect nature, left to aimlessly wander the many catacombs, tomb-cities, and deserts of the Ashen Wastes. Malformed Constructs are not intelligent. Crusade scouts have observed that they seem to follow a series of rudimentary and randomized movements. In the wilds, adventurers will most often stumble upon a single one. However, the unlucky may run into a patch of five or more that have randomly stumbled together, due to their randomized movement patterns protracted over the passage of centuries. The largest group of such constructs is known among the defenders of the Black Fortress as the “Great Bone Patch”, a pool of several thousand constructs that jostles with itself, drifting slowly about the Swirling Sea, a sandy desert deep in the Ashen Wastes.



MALFORMED CONSTRUCTS



VENATORS



VENATOR

Songs and tales often embellish the glory of combat, recounting the deaths of many thousands of men under the crushing advance of an enemy. Yet these dramatizations are far from the truth. In reality, battle is tedious attrition. Front line troops may spend the day battering their weapons upon the shields and armor of their foes, giving, and taking a few meters of ground from sunrise to sunset. In these protracted exchanges, few deaths result.

Nay, the vast majority of casualties are accounted for in the route, in the moment when fear takes hold and the first soldier turns to flee. Fear is contagious that spreads quickly through the ranks, causing a mass retreat. As the broken will turn to run, they open themselves to the blades of their foe, writing their own doom. They are chased down and slaughtered as easily as sheep. The Eternal Legions understands this truth. There is nothing heroic about war. War is a methodical process, of refusing to yield and wearing your opponent down through grinding attrition until no hope remains.

Breakers of Will. Wielding devastating crossbows that require great strength and several hands to operate (of which they are blessed to have many), Venators are brought to bear when the Legions face a particularly stubborn foe that refuses to route. They are deadeye hunters that scan distant battle lines to identify high value targets from behind shielded lines of Immortals. When a target is identified, the Venators strike with exacting precision, firing massive javelin bolts over impossible distances. Their bolts pierce metal and stone, impaling enemy lieutenants, generals, and kings, wherever they may be and forcefully breaking the will of the enemy that see their commanders fall before their eyes.

Truly, no place is safe from these deadly hunters, a fact well-known to defenders of the Black Fortress. Commander Wixley of the 13th Blackwatch was infamously eliminated inside of a tower privy, whilst passing a nightly excretion on the thirteenth night of the third month of the year 913. He was found impaled to the latrine behind him, with a javelin bolt in his heart, fired through fifteen feet of solid stone wall. Needless to say, it was an unsavory mess for his soldiers to clean the morning after.



AMALGAMATION

Amalgamations are, like their lesser cousins the Malformed Constructs, the results of mishaps during Legion creation rituals. But, unlike their counterparts, the design of the Amalgamation seems intentional, a purposeful molding of various skeletal structures to create a complex weapon. These hulking constructs carry great armaments that would otherwise take four men to lift, making them difficult to approach and attack. Yet they are as awkward as they are clumsy, shambling mounds of bone and metal with little coherence in their movements.

Walking Towers. Amalgamations see more use in Legion warfare than Malformed Constructs because the great shields they carry offer cover to vulnerable troops such as archers and spellcasters. They are ambulatory towers, able to move about and reposition in the midst of combat. The true threat of facing these foes lies not from being attacked by them, as their disjointed limbs and clumsy strikes are surprisingly weak, but in the attempt to destroy them, as the dizzying array of sharp bone splints, spears, and blades jutting out of their bodies are prone to cutting their attackers.

Soulless Automatons. The Legion's various construct creations should not be confused with the undead ranks that comprise their armies. While the Immortals and other soldiers seem to retain something of their souls, demonstrating intelligence and will, and are thus true undead creations, the various constructs of the Legion are entirely mechanical, animated automatons that are driven by some rudimentary instinct, more akin to clockwork devices than undead servitors. They just so happen to be made from bone, and are not truly undead.



AMALGAMATION



CATAPHRACTS



CATAPHRACT

The Cataphract riders are an elite cavalry unit. Each soldier is personally selected by their general for their unrivaled strength, ruthlessness, indomitable will, and tactical prowess. They are few but deadly, paired with great destriers that know no fear and are trained to smash through the front or back lines of enemy formations. Armed with powerful, pole-axe lances that are effective in both mounted combat and melee, the Cataphract warriors are equipped with the finest arms and armor to suit their station.

Elite Riders. In ages past, when the Eternal Legions was still comprised of mortal men, the Cataphracts held a dreaded presence on the battlefield. They were the swift death that descended upon the flanks, or the pincer charge that separated a battlefield commander from his troops. They were used to overwhelm a foe and swiftly end combat engagements. However, in practice, the stories of the dread riders were much more prevalent than their actual use. They are most often kept in reserve due to their limited numbers, acting as an honor guard, organizing around their liege to defend him and only striking out only at key moments of battle. Yet the fearful reputation of these riders was just as effective as their combat prowess. Often, surrender came quickly upon an enemy learning of the riders' presence on the battlefield, knowing that should the Cataphracts be deployed, few of their men would survive the day.



HELLION

Hellions are the one of the most viscous and cruel of the Legion constructs, a melding of bones in the shape of a predatory avian beast. They have been given prehensile claws to grip powerful weapons, wings to fly, and animus with the intention only to main, kill, and shred apart anything that lives and breathes. These terrifying constructs stalk the ridged cliffs and mountainous passes of the Ashen Wastes, ambushing prey, and wreaking havoc on Penitent Crusade caravans.

Vanguard Ambushers. The Eternal Legions make use of these creatures regularly. Small bands of Hellions are sent to fly ahead of their marching armies and ambush the enemy, disrupting supply lines and wreaking havoc in enemy formations. The aftermath of a Hellion attack is a gruesome scene, a bloody mess of mutilated flesh and limbs, torn apart organs and strands of viscera



HELLIONS



PRAETOR



PRAETOR

Praetors are commanding officers of the Immortal legions. These heavily armed lieutenants stand at the head of the undead army, leading their troops into battle and determining priority targets and combat strategies. When engaged in combat, these leaders show incredible battle prowess. They are experienced duelists, swinging their glaives with surprising dexterity, easily parrying blows, and lacerating their opponent's flesh.

Eternal Will. The will of the Eternal Legions is indomitable. Praetors exemplify this iron and unyielding will, but all the undead troops that comprise the vast army of the Legions have a natural resilience to harmful wisdom and charisma-based effects.



SILENT EMISSARY

The Silent Emissary is a strange being, an infamous ambassador during the time of the Eternal Legion's conquest before the rise of the Empire. The Emissary would approach the walls of a besieged enemy fortress or city, signaling a final chance for its rulers to capitulate to the Emperor. For one full day, the Emissary would stand silently outside of the walls, waiting for the gates to be opened unto the Legions so the town could be taken without bloodshed. If the gates remained shut, the Legions would storm the city the next day, slaughtering all behind the walls in an indiscriminate display of brutality. This gruesome violence was a cold and calculated tactic designed to encourage the peaceably surrender as neighboring populations learned of the invariably violent fate that awaited them if they chose to oppose the will of the Emperor. Now, the Silent Emissary does just the same, but brings tidings only of war and death.

SILENT EMISSARY



LORD MAGISTRAE

Lord Magistrae were once the high judges of the Old Emperor, their task to mete out the judgment and reform local jurisdictions in the form of the new regime. They were the proverbial iron fists of the Emperor's will, implementing his rule and ensuring the compliance and subservience of the burgeoning Empire. Now under the banners of the Eternal Legion, these risen judges have become something sinister and twisted, using their arcane gifts to establish a new order and reshaping the world to the will of the Eternal Mother.



LORD MAGISTRAE



KOURRAKAS THE UNYIELDING

In age past, **General Kourrakas** was the God Emperor's right hand, the brutal fist of his militant regime. He was the Lord of War, the unyielding conqueror, the slayer of lords and a vanquisher of kings. With the Eternal Legions under his command, Kourrakas traversed the great lands of Doaden, defeating all those who opposed the reign of his liege, toppling cities, fortresses, and kingdoms one after the next until all bowed down in service to the Holy Empire. He was reviled by many and feared by all. It is said that a hundred thousand fell to his sword alone, and a million more to the spears of his troops.

It is truly distressing that Kourrakas has risen again to join the undead legions of the Eternal Legions once more, risen to serve the will of the Eternal Mother and lay conquest to the worlds they once conquered long ago.

Now, Kourrakas haunts the Ashen Wastes, a macabre giant reformed in a body of chitinous bone and wielding an arsenal of blades in his flailing multitudes of ivory white limbs. There is little hope for those that stand against him and his ever-growing army.

The Pale Death. Kourrakas is a horror that every soldier in the Black Fortress dreads. They tell stories of entire detachments of crusaders slaughtered in moments as the skeletal behemoth steps from the swirling dusts, cutting into their ranks with his flailing limbs and sharpened blades. No matter how many times they fight the dreaded general, nor how many times they destroy his body, he rises again to hunt them once again. With the legions under his control once more, the might of the Empire is challenged. If he and his armies are left to grow, the Black Fortress shall inevitably fall and the flames of war shall once again consume these lands. On that day, the Holy Empire will be no more.

Will of the Mother. Kourrakas, and the Eternal Legions all, are driven by the will of the Eternal Mother, a powerful spellcaster that traversed the great Ashen Wastes. Little is known about her, but it is believed that she was the appointed Mother of the Azerai church at the time the Demoncore detonated. In the cataclysm, she survived, or perhaps died and rose again, shaped by the powerful arcane energies that erupted throughout the area. Kourrakas, as fearsome as he may be, is but a pawn in her master plan, a tool used to accomplish her nefarious goals. It is unknown what end goal the Legions seek to achieve, but it can be certain that where Kourrakas appears, it is because the Eternal Mother has deemed it so and wishes for an important objective to be achieved.



KOURRAKAS THE
UNYIELDING



THE GRAVE KING



THE GRAVE KING

The Grave King is a strange being, a mass of skeletons merged together over countless ages, a being that predates the known history of man. It is unknown what this entity truly is, but some learned scholars of ancient texts posit that this thing is the scion of Death itself, from which all magical energies of death and undeath spring. No one knows what is truly is, or what it seeks in the Ashen Wastes. But it seems to have been drawn by the lingering horrors of the past, the echoes of suffering and the mass graves of the forgotten. It makes its hall in the Necropolis, a buried tomb city, long forgotten, hidden so deep in the twisted nether realms of the Ashen Wastes, so far into those dreaded lands of the dead, that no man it has set foot there since the Empire's fall.

Rumors & Legends. No one knows if the stories of the so-called Necropolis are real or not. The Penitent Crusade has been attempting for centuries to delve deeper and deeper into Ashen Wastes, growing steadily bolder over the centuries. But the Wastes are vast, and the farther one travels, the more bizarre, deadly, and strange the hazardous arcane phenomenon become. Safer excavations into cities closer to the border of the West have yielded parchments and documents, as well as paintings and carved pottery depicting vast imperial cities that match the Church of Azerai's official historical records. Among them, one stood out. A mighty temple city of the dead that expands deep underground, a holy place said to be the nexus between this world and the next. It is indeed possible that such a place could once have existed, yet it shall take an expedition of tremendous cost, preparation, and undertaken by a worthy band of the most heroic adventurers to find out.



DREGGER

Most people that live in Doaden would be considered unfortunate by any standard. However, there are some far worse than other, and especially those strange populations that make their home within the Ashen Wastes beyond the walls of the Black Fortress. These communities have for one reason or another, decided to inhabit the strange lands, their bodies becoming saturated with arcane fallout, and over many generations, slowly changing into malformed and strange things. The dreggers are such folk, having made claim to the Ashen Wastes for whatever reason, be it their ancestral home or having sought solitude from the Empire long ago, they are the only ones that dare reside in these parts. For many centuries they have learned learning to survive and cope with the wastes, trading knowledge and their services as guides to the Penitent Crusade at the Black Fortress in exchange for meager scraps of food and water. Over time, these strange folks have become something far less than human, but they are crucial scouts and guides for any long-ranging expedition into the wasteland.



DREGGER





ETERNAL LEGIONS



ETERNAL LEGIONS



LORD MAGISTRAE



MAILFORMED CONSTRUCT x3



HELLION x3



VENATORS x6



SILENT EMISSARY



CATAPHRACT CAVALRY x4



KOURRAKAS THE UNYIELDING



PRAETOR



DREGGER



AMALGAMATION



THE GRAVE KING

ETERNAL LEGIONS



SOME OF OUR PAST RELEASES

THE REMADE



THE N'GORROTH



PENITENT CRUSADE



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