# The Warherd of Naccaar (Beastmen Raiders)

Deep in the Forest of Shadows Naccaar heard stories of how the Chaos gods had laid waste to the once-proud city of Mordheim. Morbidly ambitious and never one to pass on a good looting, Naccaar gathered his warband and headed south to make a name for himself in the eyes of mortals and Chaos gods.

Blinded by the unlimited power the wyrdstone shards promised, Naccaar decided to hire Vorax a doom bull to strengthen his warband. Little does he suspect that the mighty creature is only waiting for a chance to usurp control over the warband himself.

Vorax

Vorax was a mercenary. Always has been. The giant minotaur realized his most defining feature early. Other were smarter than him. Faster. Sneakier and stealthier. They could master the chaos that is magic or the science that is gun powder.

He could not do any of those things. He was strong but not overly so. He was tough but not that much tougher than the common beastmen. And he didn’t need to be. More than anything he was furious! His range was the reason he was feared. It was the reason he was hired. And the reason he never was able to form a warherd of his own:

Vorax didn’t take kindly to failure or defeat or even looking at him funny. And even beastmen weren’t foolish enough to accept a psychotic axe-wielding giant as a leader. They fled his command at the latest when he would inevitably decide to make an example of some poor underling he had chosen as scapegoat.

So instead back in the Forest of Shadows he sold his axe and his anger to whichever chieftain was offering the most. As his loyalty only ever stretched as far as the purse of the chieftain he never formed any bonds with the warherds he served. He hated the beastmen for not bowing to his command and they knew it. So he never came closer to achieving his goal of commanding a fearsome warband of his own.

Then Naccaar came along with the promise of not only gold but Wyrdstone and with it unspeakable power. The power to subdue the beastmen that only saw him as an unpredictable weapon. The power to become a feared leader himself.

With his axe in hand, power in mind and the red misty curtain of bloodrage clouding his thoughts Vorax is marching towards Mordheim