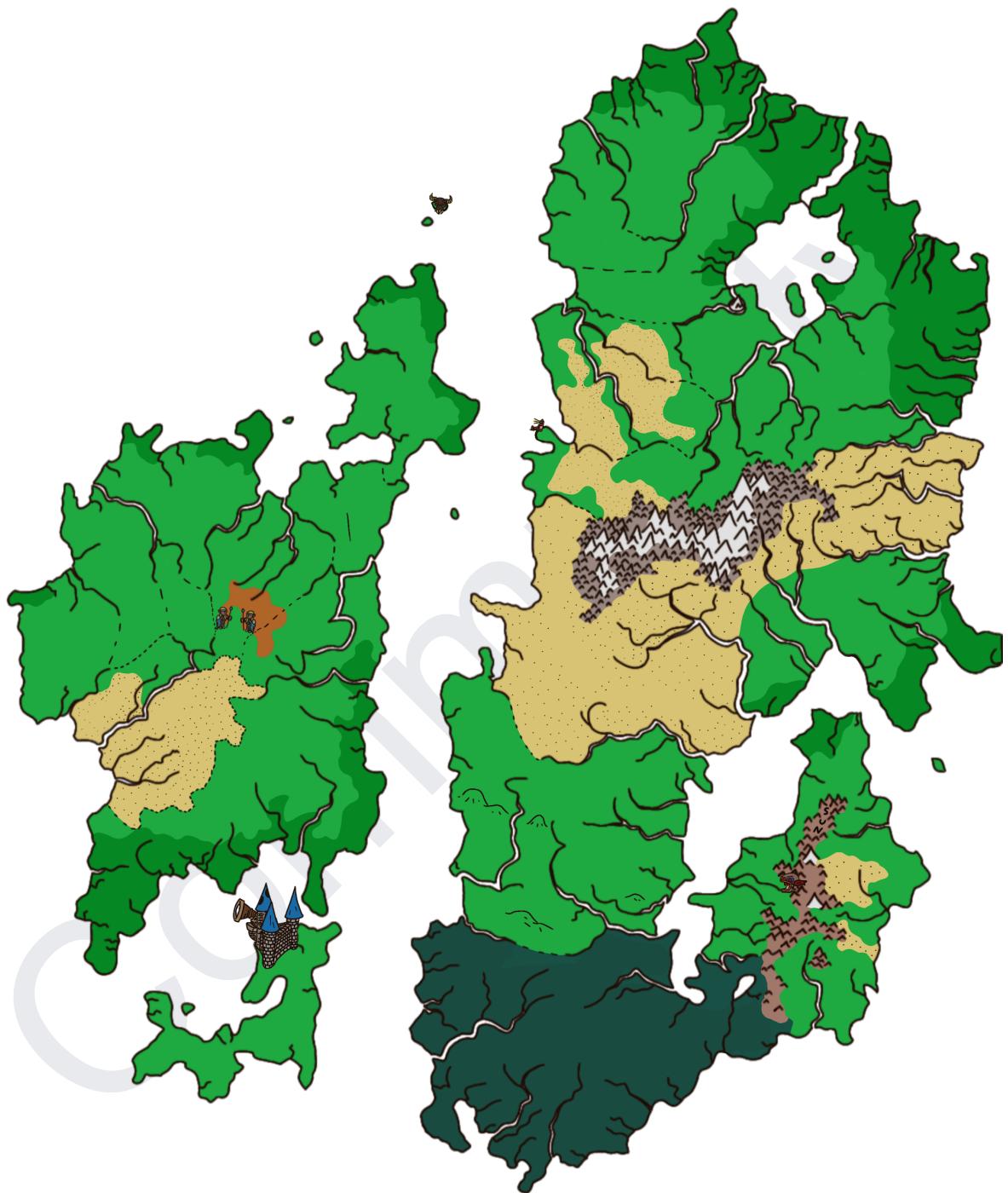


Conqueror: Community World Glossary

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The World



Premise

You are the Conqueror, the child of the king, cast aside after a brutal display of failure. With betrayal in your past and vengeance in your blood, you discover the means to bring destruction, or domination to the lands you once helped rule.

Mechanical Overview

Conqueror: Reign of Madness is a third person combat game, set in an explorable original world, that features RTS elements in the command of your kobolds, who serve the purpose of being an extension of your world interaction, they will be necessary for puzzles, boss battles, and the evolving features that scale throughout the narrative.

Locations

The Keep

After falling into the possession of the [Conqueror](#), the keep revealed its sole inhabitants, the [Kobolds](#), who are eager to serve the Conqueror's conquest.

The keep is a multi-level construct made of stone, while its appearance isn't unlike that of other noble constructs, there is something both mysterious and sinister to its purpose.

Located on a pair of towering rock spires off of the coast, the Keep is surrounded in permanent mist and showered in the salty splash of constantly crashing waves. The only land bridge, hidden regularly by the rising tide, creates a strategic choke point during invasions.

Races

Humans

{Yet to be subjugated}

Dwarves

Dwarves are short statured hardened laborers with a knack for mercantile and combat. Where vice exists, Dwarves are known to congregate. While they appear generally unassuming, Dwarves are incredibly capable fighters with intense mythology in their very true legends.

Kobolds

Kobolds make up the [Conqueror's](#) forces. They are short, bipedal, intelligent lizards who are divided into multiple races. Kobolds have an affinity for magic, with the ability to perform magical feats with ease that take other races years to define and master. While seemingly native creatures, Kobolds have only been found in the cages and spawning pits within the [Conqueror's Keep](#).

Orcs

{Yet to be subjugated}

Characters

Conqueror:

Once a member of the presiding royal family, the Conqueror, whose birth name is abandoned, now seeks to conquer the lands they once helped rule. Betrayed, outcast, and forgotten, they rally the army of [kobolds](#) at their disposal to bring ruin to all those that stand against them.

The Advisors:

Advisors to the Conqueror and generals of their forces, [Grub](#), [Chub](#), and their triplet sister [Nub](#), are in constant conflict. While each of the three siblings suffer from their own vices, it is the ones they reflect back to the Conqueror that characterizes them most. While they never leave the [keep](#), they are almost all-knowing of what lies next in the path for conquest, even if they never agree on which approach the [Conqueror](#) should take.

Grub

The smallest of the three. Despite his size, he is often the loudest and most easily angered. Grub is the most often to interrupt the other advisors, usually with comparatively sound plans for success, but most often ignored despite his advocacy. In times the [Conqueror](#) does choose their plans, Grub becomes temporarily consumed by his power advantage.

Chub

Is often seen consuming exuberant amounts of food or lounging amidst a pile of gold. Once, while particularly hungry, Chub gnawed off [Nub's](#) arm, giving her the namesake. While stout, Chub is still taller than [Grub](#), a fact he commonly reminds his triplet brother of. Chub is most likely to suggest alternative plans for victory that do not require spending valuable resources, or at least to minimize the cost. Chub is rather lazy and commonly found lounging around the [Keep](#) wherever treasure is stored.

Nub

The sister of the triplets, she lost her birth name after [Chub](#) became particularly hungry and bit off her arm. After this, something stirred within her, and she has since become hungry for more violence. Nub is generally the most calm, collected, and intelligent of the three, though she has her outbursts. She can become excited at the prospect of potential violence.

Dwarves

Jarl Stroznaeg Runemaster

Jarl Stroznaeg Runemaster was a legendary warrior and leader of the IronRune clan, known for his military prowess and mastery of runecraft. Rising to power after a decisive victory against an Orc warlord, he led his people through countless wars. However, his rule ended in betrayal, and he now wanders the land as a fallen warrior seeking either vengeance or redemption.

Early Life

Stroznaeg was born into the harsh traditions of the IronRune clan, a society built on warfare and discipline. From a young age he was trained in combat, strategy, and runic magic. By the age of twelve, he had slain his first enemy, and by twenty, he commanded warbands in battle. His intelligence and skill in warfare set him apart, and he quickly became one of the clan's most formidable warriors.

Rise to Power

Stroznaeg's ascent to the title of Jarl came after his legendary victory over **Vraggash the Ravager**, an Orc warlord who led a vast bandit army. The orc's forces threatened the eastern plains, slaughtering and razing settlements. Stroznaeg devised a strategic ambush in the Black Pass, where his disciplined forces annihilated the enemy over three days of brutal combat. With Vraggash slain, Stroznaeg was named Jarl and became the unyielding leader of the IronRune clan.

Reign as Jarl

Under his leadership, the IronRune clan became one of the most powerful warrior societies in the land, maintaining a vast and well-equipped army. He implemented strict military reforms and expanded the clan's influence through tactical warfare and alliances. His mastery of runecraft further strengthened his warriors, ensuring that they were feared on the battlefield.

Tragedy and Betrayal

Despite his successes, Stroznaeg suffered deeply personal losses. His only son, **Ragnul**, was killed in a raid, his body never recovered. His wife, **Elda**, passed away during a harsh winter, leaving him emotionally hollow. These losses weighed heavily on him, making him increasingly isolated.

His downfall came at the hands of **Torvald the Black**, a trusted war-captain whom Stroznaeg had treated as a brother. Torvald conspired with rival clans, staging a coup during a feast meant to honor the fallen. In the chaos, the great hall of the IronRune clan burned, and Stroznaeg was grievously wounded. Torvald left him for dead among the ruins.

Exile and Legacy

Though near death, Stroznaeg survived, wandering the frozen wilderness for days, sustained only by his willpower and runic enchantments. Now, he roams as a warrior without a home, his purpose uncertain. Some say he hunts those who betrayed him, exacting revenge in the shadows. Others claim he seeks redemption, attempting to atone for the bloodshed that defined his life.

The saga of Jarl Stroznaeg Runemaster remains one of glory, loss, and the harsh realities of war. His legend endures in the tales of skalds, a grim reminder that even the greatest warriors are not immune to fate.

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Jarl Lardor Fatbeard

The Legend of the Merchant, the Sailor, and the Pirate Destroyer

Before he sat upon the Gilded Throne of [Vael'Zarith](#), Lardor Fatbeard was not born into nobility—he earned his rule through steel, gold, and fire. A dwarf of ambition and unbreakable will, he was first known as a merchant, traveling across treacherous waters, forging trade routes where others saw only danger.

However, his rise in wealth did not come without hardship. As a young trader, Lardor was deceived by a group of cunning scammers, losing his entire fortune in a single disastrous deal. Stripped of his wealth, his name disgraced among the merchants of the dwarven halls, he had nowhere to turn. But instead of succumbing to despair, he turned to the sea—for while the roads of stone had failed him, the tides offered new opportunities.

He became a sailor, working under grizzled captains and ruthless traders, learning the ways of the sea. He fought off raiders, battled monstrous sea creatures, and braved storms that would shatter lesser ships. Though the scars of his losses remained, he hardened his resolve, becoming a master navigator, a cunning trader, and most importantly—a warrior of the open waters.

During his years at sea, Lardor found his true calling as a pirate hunter. He joined battle after battle, leading crews in boarding raids against notorious pirate fleets, reclaiming stolen dwarven gold, and earning the respect of seasoned warriors. Every skirmish was a victory, every battle another step toward reclaiming his name.

Through blood and fire, he amassed a fleet of his own, and his name became feared across the seas. He was no longer the cheated merchant—he was Lardor Fatbeard, the Pirate Destroyer.

By the time he returned to [Vael'Zarith](#), he was already a legend, his coffers overflowing with the gold of fallen enemies. When the time came for a new ruler to take the throne, none dared challenge him.

Lardor Fatbeard had conquered the seas—now, he would rule the land.

The Beer Battle Against the God of Death

Of all the tales sung in the Grand Feast Hall of [Vael'Zarith](#), none is greater than the night when Lardor Fatbeard drank against the god of death himself - Hermdor.

The legend says that Hermdor, grim and patient, had come to take Lardor's soul long before his time. But the Merchant-King was not ready to leave the world just yet. With a booming laugh and a slam of his tankard, he made a wager with the god:

"I'll drink ye under the table, reaper! If I fall first, ye take me to the halls o' the dead. But if I win... ye leave me be and never set foot in my city again!"

Hermdor, amused by the dwarf's defiance, accepted the challenge.

For three days and three nights, they drank—barrel after barrel of Stonefire Ale, each mug strong enough to floor lesser men. The gods themselves are said to have watched, placing bets as the contest raged on. But while the god of death remained cold and still, Lardor roared, laughed, and drank like a dwarf possessed.

On the fourth morning, Hermdor faltered, his skeletal fingers loosening, his head slumping onto the table. The god of death had lost.

And so, Hermdor honored the wager, leaving [Vael'Zarith](#) untouched. To this day, it is said that those who feast in Lardor's halls, who drink and revel in his name, are spared from untimely death—for Hermdor still honors the King's victory.

Locations

Dreg'Vorn, the Mire of Cutthroats (*The Dwarves Who Trade in Misery*)

Deep within the festering bogs of the world's most forsaken lands, where the air is thick with poison, and the water rots flesh to the bone, lies Dreg'Vorn—the last place a sane soul would ever want to be.

Dwarves were never meant to live in the swamp.
But gold changes everything.

Dreg'Vorn is not a kingdom, nor a clanhold, nor a forge-city—it is a den of filth and treachery, a swamp-throne of vice ruled by cruel, ruthless dwarves who have long abandoned honor, tradition, and steel. Here, no one is loyal, no one is honest, and no one is safe.

These dwarves do not mine nor forge, for there are no mountains to delve into. Instead, they have perfected another craft—one just as deadly as war.

They deal in misery.

Founding

Dreg'Vorn, the Mire of Cutthroats, was founded by Torvald the Black and the remnants of his gang—survivors of the brutal battle against Jarl Stroznaeg Runemaster. Fearing Torvald's wrath should he return seeking vengeance, they fled deep into the swamps, believing the treacherous terrain would keep them hidden.

At first, the settlement thrived in its own lawless way. More outcasts, bandits, and fugitives arrived, seeking refuge from the outside world. They traded, drank, and hid, turning the swamp into a den of crime and secrecy.

However, such chaos could not last. Over time, Guilds of druglords emerged, each seizing control of different parts of the city. As power struggles erupted, the city was divided into warring districts. Torvald, once the undisputed ruler, failed to maintain control and was eventually left with only a single district under his command.

Thus began the dark history of Dreg'Vorn, the Mire of Cutthroats—a city where betrayal is currency, and survival is never guaranteed.

Drugs, poisons, hallucinogens, cursed elixirs—if it can be brewed, if it can shatter the mind, if it can turn a man into a gibbering addict, the dwarves of Dreg'Vorn sell it by the barrel.

They will kill each other over a handful of gold.

They will poison a rival's entire stock just to see him drown in debt.

They will trade a brother's life for a fresh batch of rare narcotics.

Here, gold is god, and a knife in the back is as common as a handshake.

The Venom Sprawl (*The Swamp City That Breathes Poison*)

Dreg'Vorn is not built of stone, nor carved from the bones of the earth. It is a wretched thing, a city strung together from rotting wood, bone, and metal, built atop sinking, moss-choked ruins.

The streets are raised wooden walkways, slick with mud, blood, and bile, constantly being rebuilt as the swamp slowly swallows the city.

Fog hangs thick, but it is not natural—it is a concoction of narcotic fumes, drifting from the alchemical pits, seeping into the lungs of anyone foolish enough to breathe deep.

No walls guard the city, but none are needed—the swamp itself is a living prison, filled with flesh-melting bogs, venomous beasts, and water so toxic it strips skin in seconds.

Shanties lean against each other, sagging like drunkards, their foundations sinking into the bubbling filth beneath them.

At the heart of this decaying ruin lies the Venom Pit—a massive alchemical swamp-laboratory, where the most dangerous, mind-shattering brews in all the world are mixed and sold.

If a drug exists, it can be found here. If it doesn't, the dwarves will make it.

The Society of Dreg'Vorn (*Where Brotherhood is a Lie and Gold is Truth*)

Dreg'Vorn has no king, no jarl, no clan lord—only the strong, the wealthy, and the treacherous.

Guilds of druglords rule the city, each controlling a different product. Some deal in bliss, some in rage, some in dreams, and some in pure, unfiltered death.

Loyalty is a myth. A dwarf will sell his own blood for a better price, and no alliance lasts longer than a single gold coin.

Murder is business. If you want to survive, you better have gold—not for weapons, but for bribes.

Even the weakest dwarf can be deadly, for every ale mug, every piece of bread, and every breath of air could be poisoned.

There is only one rule in Dreg'Vorn:

Don't get caught without coin.

If you have gold, you live.

If you have nothing, you are nothing.

And no one in Dreg'Vorn grieves for nothing.

The Black Vein Market (*Where Vice is Sold Like Bread*)

In the very center of the city, beneath a great, rotting canopy of woven swamp-vines and bones, lies the Black Vein Market—the most infamous drug bazaar in the world.

Here, dwarves, humans, elves, and worse come to buy and sell every nightmare imaginable.

Potions of false joy, powders that make the strongest warrior a mindless slave, vapors that let one see beyond the veil of life and death—all are sold here.

Every merchant is a liar, every deal a trap, and every handshake a possible death sentence.

But the most feared thing in the Black Vein Market is not the drugs, nor the merchants, nor the cutthroats waiting in the shadows—it is the collectors.

When a buyer cannot pay his debt, his flesh pays it for him.

Eyes, tongues, hands—the dwarves of Dreg’Vorn do not waste good material.

The Brewmasters (*The Poison Lords of the Mire*)

The true rulers of Dreg’Vorn are not warlords nor clan chiefs, but Brewmasters—the twisted, brilliant alchemists who create new drugs, poisons, and mind-shattering elixirs.

Their faces are hidden beneath plague masks, their lungs long since burned by the fumes of their own creations.

They do not speak in words, but in chemical formulas, in doses and toxins.

Their hands are blackened, their veins glow with strange colors, for they are their own test subjects—always searching for the next great high, or the next great horror.

Some say the most powerful Brewmasters are no longer even dwarves—that they have drunk so deeply of their own alchemy that they have become something else entirely.

The Flesh Pits (*Where Those Who Owe Find Their Fate*)

For those who fail to pay their debts, there is one last stop—the Flesh Pits.

A massive swamp-laboratory, where the most broken, ruined addicts are brought to be used for experiments.

Their minds are already lost, so the Brewmasters see them as nothing but ingredients.

Some are pumped full of new drugs, just to see how much a body can take before it shatters.

Some are dissolved in vats, turned into alchemical reagents for new concoctions.

And some... some simply never leave.

To be taken to the Flesh Pits is to cease to be a person.

You become a test subject. A failed transaction.

You become part of the product.

A legendary alchemical formula is hidden deep in the Flesh Pits, but to retrieve it means facing the horrors that lurk within.

Final Words

Dreg'Vorn is not a city.

It is a rotting wound in the world.

A place where greed, cruelty, and addiction have replaced honor, loyalty, and kinship.

A place where gold is king, and nothing else matters.

And no one ever leaves it the same.

Because once you taste the poison of Dreg'Vorn,
it never truly leaves your veins.

Vael'Zarith – The City That Mocked Death

Vael'Zarith stands as a testament to defiance, revelry, and a deep-seated irreverence toward the god of death, Hermdor. This port city is known for its wild festivals, seafaring heritage, and above all, its unshakable belief that death itself is weaker than Lardor Fatbeard, the legendary Merchant-King.

A City That Laughs at the Reaper

Unlike most civilizations that honor or fear the god of death, Vael'Zarith openly mocks him. The famous tale of Lardor's Beer Battle with Hermdor, where the Merchant-King allegedly outranked the deity and won his own fate, has become the city's proudest legend. As a result, Hermdor's image is not one of terror or reverence here—he is a figure of mockery, commonly depicted as a drunken, stumbling fool in festival masks and effigies. Statues of him are dressed in clownish garments, with exaggerated features, bottles of ale replacing his scythe, and ale barrels replacing his traditional deathly throne.

During the Festival of the Fallen, a yearly celebration of this fabled victory, the streets are filled with laughter as actors dressed as Hermdor stumble through taverns, challenging people to drinking contests. Effigies of the god are set up in public squares, only to be playfully “defeated” by impersonators of Lardor in staged drinking duels. Even tavern signs and banners boast phrases like “Stronger Than Death, Wilder Than the Waves”, reinforcing the city’s famous disregard for the reaper.

The High-Stakes Games of Vael'Zarith

Among the city’s many pleasures, gambling is a favorite pastime.

The Golden Undertow, a famed gambling hall and casino, is where fortunes are won and lost in the blink of an eye. The most prestigious players seek out Sigfir Coins, incredibly rare.

To possess a Sigfir Coin is to be recognized as an elite in the world of high-stakes gambling, granting access to the most exclusive games and circles of power.

Those who dare to wager these coins often play for legendary stakes-some leaving the tables wealthier than Barons or Lords, others vanishing without a trace.

The House of Pleasures – Vanessa’s Domain

Among the many distractions Vael’Zarith offers, few rival the reputation of Vanessa Felliberta fon Glucken’s establishment. A dwarfess from distant lands, Vanessa sought to carve out a kingdom of her own-far from home, yet rich beyond measure. She now reigns over one of the most renowned public houses in the city, where sex workers of all kinds offer their services to sailors, merchants, and nobles alike.

Her house is a sprawling den of decadence, filled with exotic decor from all corners of the world. Those who enter seeking simple pleasures often find themselves enraptured by the intricacies of Vanessa’s business mind, for beneath the silk and candlelight, deals of great importance are whispered between sips of fine dwarven wine.

A Sailor’s Sanctuary

As one ventures deeper into the city, beyond the raucous taverns and festival streets, Vael’Zarith reveals its deep naval heritage. Lardor was a sailor first, and his past is woven into the city’s foundations.

Ships’ masts rise from the skyline, repurposed as watchtowers or street lantern posts, their sails now banners bearing Lardor’s sigil, a golden ale mug over crossed cutlasses.

Docks stretch deep into the sea, bustling with merchants, mercenaries, and seafarers from distant lands, all trading goods, tales, and challenges over mugs of spiced rum.

The ports and docks are above the surface, allowing the sailor business to operate properly.

Taverns are adorned with ship wheels, harpoons, and salvaged wreckage, each piece with its own story. The most famous inn, “The Sinking Scythe,” claims to have the remains of a pirate warship as its foundation.

The Old Lighthouse, now converted into a grand drinking hall, is rumored to have been the very tower from which Lardor once spotted a fleet of marauders he later sank.

The Deeper Mysteries of Vael’Zarith

While the city thrives on revelry and seafaring, whispers tell of darker truths lurking beneath the surface. Some claim that, despite the mockery, Hermdor hasn’t truly forgotten Vael’Zarith’s insolence. Strange happenings occur in the oldest parts of the city

Ghostly figures appear in foggy alleyways, their skeletal grins twisted in silent laughter.

Cursed coins are sometimes found in gambling dens, their owners vanishing without a trace.

The Catacombs of the Lost Sailors, beneath the city, are filled with murals depicting an ancient fate not yet fulfilled.

For now, Vael'Zarith remains defiant, its people laughing in the face of fate, drinking to victories past, and sailing ever forward-stronger than death, wilder than the waves.

Community