

KARAN-KAR, the Conqueror

« Forged in chains upon the anvil's flame, raised by war and carried by legend, he seeks no peace but a throne atop the ruins - every scar a war, every war his legend. »

FORGED IN THE FLAMES OF BLOOD-IRON

It was in the dark depths of **the Iron-Blood Forges**, where steel and pain intertwine in a macabre dance, that Karan-Kar's quest was born.

Born a slave, he grew up between chains and the hammer, his body and mind forged in raw steel like the weapons he crafted for the Warlords. But a fire burned within him - an insatiable thirst for freedom and power, waiting to be unleashed. Finally, the opportunity arose. In an outburst of rage and violence, he shattered his chains and, in a bloody carnage, freed himself from his captors.

Liberated, driven by vengeance and the hunger for a greater destiny, discovering a world as yet unknown to him, ready to carve his name among the legends of war.





THE RED OGRE OF THE BRAZEN FANGS

His path led him to **the Brazen Fangs**, a ruthless mercenary band, fighting under the banner of a Warlord eager to expand his domains - **Edrian the Calculator**. Through the harshness of battle, he forged his reputation and became known as **the Red Ogre**, a creature feared as much by his allies as by his enemies.

His legend was born on the battlefield, where his combat instincts, honed like a blade, propelled him among the greatest. But what truly made him a monster of war was his ability to transform into an unstoppable beast in the heart of the melee.



THE BEAST'S ASCENSION

Amid the fury of battle, Karan-Kar was no longer a man - he became a raging beast, a **Berserker** whose wrath devoured everything in its path. When violence consumed him, his body twisted as if seized by an otherworldly force, his eyes burned with an eerie glow, and his mind drowned in the ecstasy of destruction.

He was nothing but a hurricane of rage, screaming his hatred into the faces of his enemies. His arms became hammers of iron, and his blows were as swift and devastating as a deadly flail. His weapons became an extension of his own body, mercilessly and indiscriminately reaping everything in their path. He was no longer Karan-Kar, he was wrath incarnate.

THE BATTLE OF BLACK ROCK

It was during **the Battle of Black Rock** that his name became that of a living legend. Edrian the Calculator's army had recklessly ventured far beyond its bases and found itself surrounded by three armies of **the Lords of the North**. It was on the verge of being crushed under the enemy's weight when Karan-Kar, still cold and lucid, understood the threat that would destroy the army of the one who was still, for a time, his Lord.

He rallied a portion of the troops to his side and, in a bloodcurdling war cry, launched a charge inconceivable to any sane mind - an assault as brutal as it was reckless. His attack shattered the enemy's entire left flank, piercing the cauldron in which the army had been trapped, breaking through the enemy lines like a sharpened blade piercing chainmail. The enemy ranks crumbled under the sheer force of the impact, clearing the path to victory for his allies. Thanks to his actions, the Brazen Fangs army broke free from the trap and rushed into the gaping breach, in a counterattack of unparalleled ferocity, turning the tide of battle in the Calculator's favor.





In recognition of this feat, Edrian the Calculator named him General of the Brazen Fangs, entrusting him with command of his army.

But the Red Ogre was not satisfied with a mere title.

His ambition was insatiable, his power grew with each victory, and his influence now spread across the entire Continent.

Each battle wrote a new chapter of his legend, and every foe struck down by his hand fed his hunger for conquest.

THE CONQUEROR'S POWER AND THE WEAPON OF DESTINY

It was in the heart of the Ruins of **Myr** that Karan-Kar found the companion of his destiny. As the once-impenetrable city lay in smoldering ruins, he discovered an ancient weapon - a double-bladed axe pulsating with dark energy.

The metal seemed to whisper deep within his soul, an irresistible call to destruction. Without hesitation, Karan-Kar seized it, and from that moment on, every strike he delivered would shatter mountains, breach fortress walls, and guide his fate.

His enemies, terrified at the mere mention of his name, whispered that the weapon's soul had merged with his own - that his destiny was now entwined with **the Eternal War** ravaging the old continent.

Karan-Kar named it: **the Dark Claw**.

THE QUEST FOR THE MASK OF THE DIVINE EYE

After the victory at Black Rock, as glory was his for the taking, Karan-Kar was no longer the same. Though he was now the General of the Brazen Fangs, the thirst for power continued to consume him.

Victory was no longer enough, and the fall of Myr was merely a step on his path.

He dreamed of greater power - absolute control over his destiny.

As he brooded over his ambitions, he recalled an old tale once told by a madman when he was still a slave. The tale spoke of a legendary artifact - a mask whose power surpassed all he had ever known: **the Mask of the Divine Eye**.

According to ancient texts, this mask granted its wearer the ability to see the immediate future, to perceive what was to come before events even took shape. In his hands, such power would allow him to control everything - to always remain one step ahead of his enemies, to manipulate the course of battles and the intrigues that wove the fate of the continent.





Driven by this insatiable thirst for domination, Karan-Kar abandoned the Brazen Fangs. He left Edrian the Calculator behind, a man whose narrow vision could no longer reach him. He set off alone, crossing ravaged and forgotten lands, braving mountains and forests, in search of this mythical mask.

Some say the artefact lies hidden within the ruins of a lost civilization, where the secrets of the ancients lie beneath layers of dust and shattered stone.

THE CRIMSON SHADOW OF WAR

With time, the Red Ogre has become a force of nature, a crimson shadow spreading terror in his wake. Those who stand against him are swept away like twigs beneath the fury of his weapon. His exploits feed an unending legend, and his name has become synonymous with destruction and conquest. Some say he is not merely a warrior, but an incarnation of war itself - a higher entity whose fate is now entwined with the ancient powers of the world.

The quest for the Mask of the Divine Eye marks a turning point in Karan-Kar's destiny. He is no longer just a warrior - he is seeking ultimate power, willing to sacrifice everything for a glimpse of fate itself. But the echoes of legend warn: no man is meant to control his own future...

Today, his name is etched into the history of the continent. Wherever the war drums sound, a blood-red figure looms over the battlefields, heralding ruin for those who dare defy Karan-Kar, the Conqueror.