

Grron One-Eye Background

Background

Grron was born in the Old Kingdom among one of the most vicious tribes of the region, The Demon's Paw. The tribe frequently raided area settlements of Elves, Dwarves, and Gnomes, only occasionally launching attacks into the Empire of Sin's territories. However, Grron believed that if the sub-humans of the Old Kingdoms were to ever escape the persecution of the humans and the "pretty" races, they would have to fight back.

Unfortunately, The Demon's Paw tribal leader was satisfied with the present way of life. They picked on weaker beings and the tribe was growing in power. Grron, angered by this and yearning for greater power and an empire of his own, stormed out of the camp. He wandered the plains and foothills of the Old Kingdom. But he was not alone. Grron somehow sensed that he was being tracked and began working on evasion. He covered his tracks as best he could, but still he sensed the shadow, even caught fleeting glimpses of it as it moved through the forest around him.

He still could not see what it was. His question was answered moments later when, as Grron was working to cover his trail, the creature rushed out of the woods. It was a hideous man-wolf creature that Grron knew all too well as a werewolf. It leapt at Grron, clawing as it drew closer. Grron managed to block most, but one slash managed to get through, slashing him across the face and closing one eye forever. Grron was taken aback by the strike and stumbled over a rock, landing hard on his back. The werewolf took advantage of the temporarily helpless orc and dashed for his throat. Grron only barely saw the beast coming and, having no way to combat the beast, began praying to whatever force would listen. His call was answered by a most mysterious being that offered him power and the ability to carry on.

Grron thought quickly and decided that taking the pact would allow him to live now and take control of The Demon's Paw. He accepted the exchange. He suddenly felt a surge of power and released a bolt of energy into the hurtling werewolf, knocking it out of the air and reducing its chest to a smoking, charred mass of flesh.

Grron stood up, glaring down at the twitching body, a grin coming over his face. Determined to lead his tribe, he began his trek back to the camp. After only a couple days, he found the tribe and stomped to the foot of the leader's makeshift throne composed of the bones of humanoids they had conquered.

"Why you return?" the leader, Kheshag, demanded.

"I return to usurp your leadership," Grron replied calmly, eerily.

Kheshag's bodyguards quickly rushed in front of their charge, halberds at the ready. Grron simply smiled at this development and began muttering arcane words of power. With a shout, he released the final word of the chant. The guards tried to run, but could not get away. They were quickly burnt by the arc of fire that launched from Grron's hands. The armor heated itself and began to melt over the skin, causing excruciating pain. With the guards lying helpless, Grron strode past them, right up to the terrified chieftain. Smiling evilly, Grron placed his hand on Kheshag's forehead, unleashing another burst of magical energy, burning the skin from Kheshag's very bones. Leaving nothing more than a heap of slagged metal melted to a skeleton.

Grron spun around in victory, declaring himself leader, quickly destroying any who stood against him, which was very few. The next morning, Grron had the camp packed up and the entire tribe began its move closer to the Western Empire's borders. They quickly overcame and destroyed any "pretty" humanoids they encountered, reaching the border after two weeks.

It was as The Demon's Paw tribe camped that Grron met Neklor Darkblade, newly escaped slave and leader of a ragtag band of other escapees. Upon learning that Neklor shared his vision of the Western Empire's destruction, Grron pledged his and the Demon's Paw to Neklor, becoming the first lieutenant and the first of many additions to Neklor's "Army of Independence."

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