**The Wheel of Gold**

The Wheel of Gold spins eternally, its streets winding in endless concentric circles that disorient and ensnare. Here, commerce is a deadly game, and wealth is both shield and weapon. By day, the market hums with the feverish pulse of trade, the clinking of gold, and the sharp eyes of merchants who would kill for a better bargain. But by night, the streets are patrolled by the Accountant Birds—dark-feathered sentinels with glinting golden beaks, whose gaze is as sharp as their talons. They are not just guardians of wealth but enforcers of an ancient, unspoken law, ensuring that in the Wheel of Gold, the price of greed is always paid in full.

**The Artist Quarter**

The Artist Quarter is a place where beauty and madness intertwine, where creativity is both a gift and a curse. The air is thick with the scent of oils and blood, the streets lined with the twisted creations of minds that have stared too long into the abyss. Here, art is not just a pursuit but a compulsion, a desperate need to capture the horrors of existence in brushstrokes and sculpture. The quarter's inhabitants are possessed by their visions, their works growing more grotesque and surreal as they lose themselves to the madness that festers in the dark corners of their minds. The greatest masterpiece of all is the quarter itself, a living gallery of nightmares where the lines between the real and the imagined blur until they are indistinguishable.

**The Flesh Market**

The Flesh Market is Asocrac’s beating, diseased heart—a place where humanity is stripped to its most base components, where life is measured in pounds of flesh and the soul is a currency. Here, "pleasure" houses cater to desires that should never see the light of day, and the auction blocks creak under the weight of those sold to the highest bidder. But it is the Flesh Crafters who are the true masters of this borough, their hands skilled in the art of reshaping life itself. They work in dimly lit workshops, their tools dripping with the lifeblood of their creations, crafting horrors that defy nature and reason. The market is alive with the moans of the damned and the haggling of those who trade in bodies and nightmares, a place where the boundaries of humanity are stretched and broken.

**Von Goethe Gardens**

The Von Goethe Gardens are a twisted Eden, a place where nature's beauty has been corrupted by the whims of a madman. Elysian Von Goethe, a hopeless romantic with too much money and not enough sanity, shaped these gardens into a vision of chaotic splendor. Today, the gardens are tended by his bickering descendants, who perpetuate the madness of their ancestor. The flora here is unlike any other—exotic, dangerous, and often carnivorous. The gardens are a place of beauty that conceals deadly traps, where every blossom may hide a predator, and every path may lead to doom. In Von Goethe Gardens, life and death dance a macabre waltz, and those who wander its paths may never return.

**The Sporous Apiary**

Is a festering wound in the body of Asocrac, a district where decay has taken root and spread like a plague. The alleys and buildings are infested with purple mold and fungus, which clings to every surface and releases spores that cloud the air. The poor and the lost inhabit this decaying sprawl, their bodies and minds consumed by the creeping rot. The Apiary is a place where the sick come to die and the desperate seek shelter, only to find themselves trapped in a living nightmare. The spores infect not just the body but the soul, twisting the inhabitants into something less than human, their minds lost in the haze of fungal madness.

Amidst this sea of decay stands the manor of House Bojaxhiu, the only clean building in the entire district. This grand structure, untouched by the creeping rot that has consumed the rest of the Apiary, looms like a dark sentinel over the misery below. Its walls, made of black wood and stone, are polished and pristine, as if the corruption that surrounds it dares not encroach upon its grounds. The manor’s air is clear, free of the spore-laden miasma that chokes the rest of the district.

The clean, almost sterile, atmosphere of the manor only serves to heighten the horror of the Apiary, a stark reminder of the divide between the powerful and the powerless in Asocrac. The Bojaxhiu's untouched sanctuary is a beacon of generosity, a place where the desperate are lured in with promises of aid. In the Sporous Apiary, the contrast between the decaying district and the pristine manor of the Bojaxhiu is a testament to the corruption that lies at the essence of Asocrac

**The Emerald Pit**

At the center of Asocrac lies the Emerald Pit, a vast, gaping maw that descends into the unknown. Its walls are covered in lush ferns and grasses that cling to the edges of the abyss, reaching down as far as the light can penetrate. But beyond the reach of the sun lies only darkness, a void that has swallowed countless souls who sought to plumb its depths. The Pit is a place of ancient, unknowable evil, where official expeditions have long since been abandoned after too many failed to return. The city whispers of what lies at the bottom of the Pit—if there is a bottom at all—but those who seek the truth are never seen again.

**Lilacs**

The borough of Lilacs is a grotesque parody of beauty, a district where the soft purple hues of the buildings and gardens mask a core of violence and depravity. Here, arenas and fight dens offer spectacles of blood and death, where the line between entertainment and horror is nonexistent. Lilacs is a place where the scent of flowers mingles with the stench of blood, where the arenas are filled with the roars of the crowd and the dying screams of the combatants. It is a district where nightmares are made flesh and set loose to entertain the masses. Visit their coffee shops for the latest town gossip, though beware of those who might seek a new excentric pet.

**The Rookey of Van Moldus**

The Rookey of Van Moldus is a slum where hope goes to die, a place where the dregs of Asocrac are left to rot in squalor and despair. The streets are narrow and twisted, the buildings crumbling and overcrowded. The air is thick with the smell of filth and decay, and the only sounds are the whispers of the desperate and the cries of the forsaken. The Rookey is a place where life is cheap, and survival is a daily struggle. Those who live here have been forgotten by the city above, left to fend for themselves in a place where law and order are distant memories. The Rookey is a festering wound, a testament to the cruelty of Asocrac’s rulers, and a reminder that in this city, only the strong survive.

**The Dockmaw**

The Dockmaw is Asocrac’s gateway to the outside world, a borough of seaside views and treacherous waters. It is the only safe entry into the city by sea, but safety is a relative term in Asocrac. The docks are alive with the bustle of trade and the creak of ships, but there is an undercurrent of danger that pervades every transaction. The mist that clings to the harbor conceals more than just the waves—every night, the lights of an enormous ship can be seen out in the mist, and every morning, it is gone. Those who have gone to investigate have never returned, their fates a mystery that haunts the Dockmaw. The sea here is as treacherous as the city itself, and those who tread its waters do so at their peril.

**The Twin Nest**

The Twin Nest is a borough of towering structures and dizzying heights, built upon the ruins of ancient cities and raised outcroppings of stone. The buildings loom over their neighbors, casting long shadows that deepen the gloom of the streets below. The two halves of the borough are connected by a precarious bridge of wood and rope, swaying in the wind and threatening to snap at any moment. The Twin Nest is a place of isolation and danger, where the mad inventor Cedric De Kretser sends his winged creations plummeting from the heights, their broken bodies a common sight on the streets below. It is a borough where the past and present collide, and where the future is as uncertain as the stability of the structures that hold it aloft.

**The Library Eternal**

The Library Eternal is more than just a repository of knowledge—it is a prison for the dangerous and the forbidden. An entire borough is given over to the collection, cataloging, and study of every text that ever was or will be, but the pursuit of knowledge here is fraught with peril. The Library is a labyrinth of dusty tomes and ancient scrolls, some of which are best left unread. The guardians of the Library know that the knowledge contained within is not just power but a contagion, a force that can twist reality and unleash horrors upon the world. The Library Eternal is a place where the pursuit of knowledge can lead to madness and death, where the books themselves may be the greatest danger of all.

**The Temple District**

The Temple District is a battlefield of faiths, a chaotic collection of competing religions and shrines. The air is thick with the scent of incense and the sounds of chanting, but beneath the surface, a war is being waged for the souls of Asocrac’s citizens. The district is a place where the devout and the desperate come to bargain with the divine, where the flames of burning bone light the way for those who seek to gain favor with their chosen deity. But the gods of Asocrac are as cruel and capricious as the city itself, and their blessings often come at a terrible price.

**Corvuscult Families of Asocrac**

**House Lat-urb**

**Patrons of Grotesque Architecture and Dark Exhibits**

House Lat-urb is a family whose wealth and power are built upon the grotesque and the macabre. They are the architects of Asocrac’s most twisted structures—buildings that defy the laws of nature and geometry, their spires reaching toward the heavens in impossible angles, their foundations rooted deep in the city's darkest secrets. The Lat-urb family delights in the bizarre, commissioning statues and exhibits that are as terrifying as they are beautiful. Their house, nestled in the Lilacs district, is a sprawling, labyrinthine mansion, each room a display of horrors, from rooms filled with preserved cadavers posed in lifelike scenes to halls where the walls seem to shift and breathe with a life of their own. The Lat-urb are both revered and feared, their influence extending into the very bones of the city.

**House Bosquejos**

**Masters of Surreal Art and Brutal Music**

House Bosquejos is a family obsessed with the idea of reality pushed to its limits. Their patronage of the arts has led to the creation of paintings and music that transcend the ordinary, delving into realms of surrealism where the boundaries between the real and the imagined are blurred. The Bosquejos are known for their blood-soaked canvases and symphonies that echo with the cries of the damned. Their home in the Artist Quarter is both a gallery and a slaughterhouse, where the family’s artists work tirelessly, sometimes using human sinew and blood as their medium. The Bosquejos believe that true beauty lies in the extremities of human experience, and they are not afraid to push those limits to their darkest conclusions.

**House Malo de Mosquito**

**Guardians of Knowledge and Forbidden Lore**

House Malo de Mosquito controls the flow of knowledge within Asocrac, believing that all information is power and that anything unknown to them does not truly exist. They are the keepers of the Library Eternal, a sprawling district devoted entirely to the collection, cataloging, and study of every text ever written or imagined. Their home is a vast archive where the walls are lined with books that whisper to those who pass by, tempting them with secrets too dangerous to be known. The Malo de Mosquito family is shrouded in mystery, their members rarely seen outside the Library’s confines. They are scholars and sorcerers, their minds sharp as daggers, and their knowledge as dangerous as any weapon. To cross them is to risk being erased from existence, forgotten by the world as if you had never been.

**House Windgates**

**Manipulators of Faith and Religious Power**

House Windgates has their hands in every religious institution in Asocrac, ensuring that their influence extends to the spiritual realm as well as the material. The family is known for its cunning and its ability to place members in high-ranking positions across various faiths, subtly guiding the beliefs and actions of the populace. The Windgates reside in the Temple District, in a fortress-like mansion surrounded by shrines and altars to every god imaginable. They are masters of manipulation, using faith as a tool to control the masses, often orchestrating religious conflicts to weaken their rivals. To the Windgates, religion is not a matter of faith but of power, and they are willing to do whatever it takes to maintain their dominance.

**House Bojaxhiu**

**Masters of Charity and Benevolence**

House Bojaxhiu is revered as the most compassionate and generous of the Corvuscult families. Their influence in Asocrac is rooted in their tireless dedication to the city's most vulnerable citizens. The Bojaxhiu family manages a vast network of orphanages, soup kitchens, and asylums, offering solace and support to the poor and sick who have nowhere else to turn. Their ancestral home in the Sporous Apiary, a grand mansion of black wood and stone, stands as a beacon of hope amid the city's darkest streets.

The Bojaxhiu have long been celebrated for their unwavering commitment to the welfare of Asocrac's downtrodden, providing shelter, food, and care to those in need. Their charitable efforts have earned them a reputation as the city's protectors, the kind-hearted benefactors who ensure that no soul is left to suffer alone. The family's generosity is seen as a guiding light in a city often plagued by cruelty and indifference, making House Bojaxhiu one of the most beloved and respected families in all of Asocrac.

**House Van Moldus**

**Lords of the Slums and Masters of Deprivation**

House Van Moldus controls the Rookey, the slums of Asocrac, where the city's poorest and most desperate reside. They are a family that thrives on deprivation and despair, extracting wealth from those who have nothing. The Van Moldus family is ruthless, their methods brutal, ensuring that those who live in their domain remain under their heel. Their home is a decaying manor that overlooks the Rookey, its walls lined with the trophies of their conquests—broken lives and shattered dreams. The Van Moldus have no need for the trappings of nobility; their power comes from fear and the knowledge that in the Rookey, they are the only law. They are the grim reapers of Asocrac, harvesting souls from the darkness.

**House Von Goethe**

**Romantics of Nature and Twisted Botanists**

House Von Goethe is a family of romantics and botanists, obsessed with the beauty of nature twisted into unnatural forms. They reside in the Von Goethe Gardens, a vast botanical wonderland filled with exotic and dangerous plants. The family’s patriarch, Elysian Von Goethe, was a man of immense wealth and eccentric tastes, and his descendants have continued his legacy, creating a garden where life and death are in constant, chaotic flux. The Von Goethe family believes in the purity of nature, but they see beauty in its most dangerous and predatory forms. Their gardens are as much a death trap as they are a paradise, with plants that can kill as easily as they can bloom. The Von Goethe family is both revered and feared, their knowledge of botany unmatched, their love of nature as deadly as it is deep.

**House Vin Troot**

**Merchants of the Bazaar and Ruthless Traders**

House Vin Troot is one of the three families that vie for control over Asocrac’s trade. They are cunning merchants and ruthless traders, willing to do anything to stay on top. Their influence extends throughout the city's markets, and they are known for their sharp business acumen and their willingness to eliminate competition by any means necessary. The Vin Troot family’s home is a sprawling compound in the Wheel of Gold, where they oversee their vast network of merchants and couriers. They are a family driven by profit and power, their wealth built on the suffering of others. To do business with House Vin Troot is to walk a razor's edge, where one misstep can lead to ruin.

**House Sinclair (Mid Size Bob Sinclair)**

**King of the Docks and the Maritime Realm**

Mid Size Bob Sinclair is not a family but a force of nature in his own right. He controls the Dockmaw, the gateway to Asocrac by sea, and is the undisputed ruler of the docks. Bob Sinclair, known as "Mid Size Bob" for reasons long forgotten, is a shrewd and ruthless leader, his power derived from his control of the city’s maritime trade. He is a man of simple tastes but complex ambitions, always one step ahead of his rivals. His domain is the Dockmaw, where he oversees every transaction and every shipment that enters or leaves the city. Mid Size Bob is a figure of legend in Asocrac, his influence extending far beyond the docks, his name whispered with equal parts respect and fear. He may not have a family behind him, but his grip on the Dockmaw is unshakeable, and in Asocrac, that is enough.