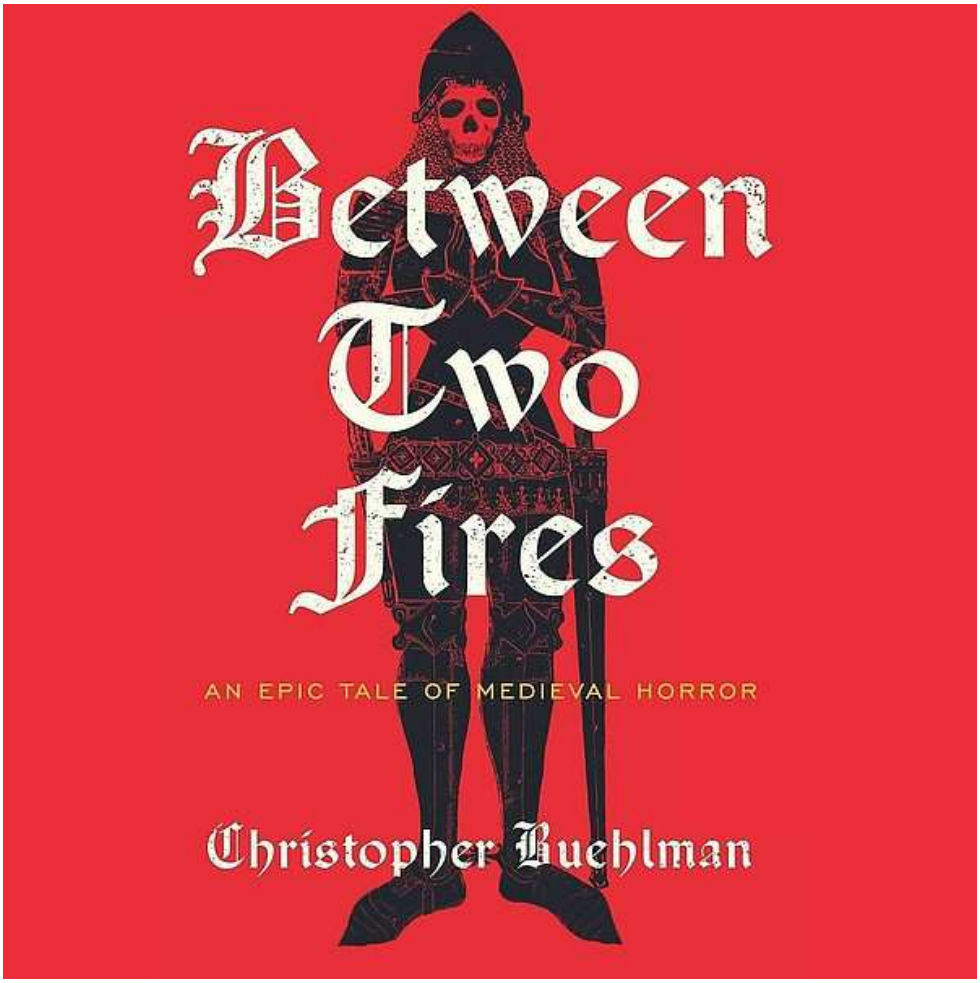
Far away in Heaven, God turns His face from humanity for reasons unknown.

The third of the angels cast down to Hell take heart, eager to vent their spite upon the creations they were overlooked in favour for. Uzziel rises from the sea and brings withering rain. The Children of Adam know hunger. Belial blows pride into the mouths of kings. The Children of Adam know senseless war.

And Lucifer, the first of the fallen, urges his brethren to pull down the walls of Heaven, seize the souls of the just and condemn the righteous angels to Hell as they claim Heaven. Spreading one final test among mankind: A Great Plague, seeded with the malice of Hell and every damned soul within it.

To those ignorant of these affairs, it must surely feel like being



It is the year 1348. The Black Death reigns across France. An embittered, deserting knight named Thomas and his band of despoilers is minutes away from coming across an unflinchingly optimistic peasant girl named Delphine. He thinks himself a brazen wretch in a broken world. She insists, against all the evidence around her, that he is better and that there is always hope.

Take 1000 CP with you on this procession of the damned.

Locations

By default, you start somewhere in the general vicinity of Delphine's farmhouse. You may however choose to start anywhere in France, though. Beware: Virtually *all* such places are befouled by the plague, haunted by demons seeking to turn brother against sister even as they vent their spite on humanity, and in such decadence or disrepair that it seems as if the End Times have truly come.

Origins and Gender

The only difference between men and women in these dark times is that one is generally better at killing and marching than the other. Choose whichever gender you desire, or remain the one you were previously.

Knight (Free): Damn them. Damn them all. And damn yourself too. It matters not which side you fought for. You are a killer, and a damned good one, to rise in the esteem of your lord and make widows and orphans out of whoever he deemed inconvenient. Now you are one more body fighting to survive in a world of the soon-to-be dead. It matters not even if you yourself are living high as some lord's lapdog, or struggling in the muck of fields abroad. In times like this, there are always uses for men willing to kill to keep others' bellies fat.

Monk (Free): You prayed every day for the plague to cease, for the wickedness of men to be rebuked. There was no answer. There will not be, in the days to come. Still you cling to your faith as tightly as your rosary, for what is a priest without faith? No more than another layabout subsisting off the charity of others. Or perhaps you lost your faith long ago. Perhaps you're just going through the motions until Heaven or Hell claim you.

Peasant (Free): You were humble. You tilled the land or spun the cloth that others grew fat and happy off. What was your reward for this? Disaster. Devastation. When the plague came, it was those like you struck down by it foremost and fastest, with no warning. Your lords have abandoned you. Your soldiers are now potentially the greatest dangers still able to chase you. Food is running short. You have to do something. But there are few choices offered to the likes of you.

Wicked Fellow (Free): Plague? What plague? Ah yes, your *career opportunity!* So what if the rest of France rots and festers? You've found a niche in which to con and abuse your fellow men or violate his women to your utmost satisfaction. You revel in the decay of society, like a maggot writhing happily in a corpse. You might be a boatman charging exorbitant tolls for passage, or a noble supping amidst finery in a court that cares little for those dying in droves outside. What you are *not* is lacking, compared to many of those around you.

Horror of Hell (Free/200/400/800 CP): You were called up from the pits of Hell to make war upon the living. To strike terror into them, to defile their works, to violate their bodies and minds until their souls are condemned to the fire below. You may relish this, burning with humiliated outrage or gleeful depravity. You may do this only because your masters below will torment you if you do not. But your time in Hell has taught you that suffering is the only constant, and that hope is a cruel lie. Even with your masters so very, very distant and occupied, it is hard to even conceive of rebellion.

Those damned to Hell vary greatly in nature and stature, with few less mighty than Heaven having the inclination or knowledge to distinguish them. The examples listed below are merely guidelines. Feel free to be an unusually powerful monstrous beast (perhaps some distant relative to Leviathan, Behemoth or Ziz?) or a particularly unlucky fallen angel.

For free, you may simply be a wraith. Or a damned soul bound to a corpse. There is little you can do beyond what mortals are already capable of and crude illusions to disguise your nature, save sustain your parody of life in places touched by the plague and horrify others with your true appearance. And sunlight, hallowed ground or true righteousness will scour and banish you fiercely.

For 200 CP, you may be a monstrous beast. Mighty enough to tear through armoured soldiers and terrorise villages, not so grand that a sufficiently skilled one couldn't butcher you like the vermin you are- and wholly mortal. In exchange for such limits though, it seems your kind do not fear the sun nearly as much.

One such creature resembles an eel many times longer than a man, with a pallid human hand on the tip of its' tail, that can mimic the voices of its' victims, and spreads a sickness (though mercifully lesser than the Black Death itself) through the wounds it inflicts.

Another, a gelatinous mass covered in stinging, venomous tentacles that can sever the heads of corpses and infest them to use as enslaved thralls. And is easily large enough to sink a boat with its' own might.

For 400 CP, you may be a demon great enough to work dark magic yet not so powerful as to truly overshadow men at arms. A blackened, formless slime curses fields to be poisonous as well as infertile. A demonic spirit possessing a statue, enjoying its' stone composition as well as enough strength to rend flesh like clay, while shrieking blasphemies into the minds of mortal men. Or even demons akin to lions or other animals walking on two legs, capable of crudely shapeshifting into the forms of men as well as creating illusory masquerades in which men are bewitched into hunting their own kind or feasting happily on rotting flesh, creating hordes of the dead compelled to perform various roles or weaving them horrifically into amalgamates that can seize the living and add them to its undying mass. For all such power, artifacts imbued with holy might and the blood of those blessed by the Lord still scald such as you like a hot knife in ice.

Finally, for 800 CP you may be one of the dread fallen angels fit to stand at Lucifer's side. Azazel. Baal'Zebuth. The world is given into the clutches of such as you, until God sees fit to reclaim it. You may fly without regard for inertia or other aerodynamic limitations, your maw may belch flame, and you may strike or evade so quickly as to defy mortal perception of the motion. Your great workings of the occult forces can visit calamities as great as the Black Death on humanity. When not playing human, you can effortlessly uproot trees with your hand in your angelic form: Six wings, six arms, twelve eyes and a spiritually nightmarish presence befitting a lord of Hell.

When your kind clash with the remaining heavenly angels thunderclaps resound across the country, swords of moonlight clash with masses of black tentacles and gouts of fire fit to ignite false stars on Hell's roofs are unfurled. Such battles can leave furloughs gouged into the ground below from clashes that start in the sky, and in these dark days the odds are not in your unfallen brethren's favour-simply because there are more of the damned outside of Hell, and at your kind's behest you have forced the damned back into dead flesh to weaken the divine grace in the world, and corrupted all manner of living things into monstrous horrors that propagate by killing. Your kind can dig dead rivers, gouge smoking seas, raise cruel hills or set forth forests of iron with your own power. But the power to *truly* engender life, rather than corrupt or control it, remains God's alone.

Perks

Perks are discounted by 50% under the relevant background header. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Knight

Your Cross To Bear (100 CP): However outwardly crusty and embittered you may appear, within you is a great reservoir of perseverance. You will keep marching through disease, you will keep fighting through fierce wounds, and monsters beyond mortal measure will not daunt you from fighting back. Though this does little for resisting your vices, even the spirits of Hell would find it harder than it should be to hijack you against your will.

A Fistful of Steel (200 CP): Even if you have long since left the saddle, there is no questioning the fact that you are one of the greatest killers in France. Your imposing build, your skill with the blade and your practice instinct for the savagery of man make you hard to cut down in surprise and harder still for most mortals to kill in a fair fight. It would be wise to remember you are still merely mortal in the end, but you have the kind of skills that could potentially drive off seven other men in an ambush. If you are not mortal, you are a similarly exemplary warrior by the standards of whatever you are.

Gracious Protector (400 CP): For someone so capable of taking lives, the Lord seems keen on rewarding you for protecting others. When you fight to protect someone you move just a little faster, strike a little harder, can take more hits before going down and are just a tad luckier. Those you strive to keep safe, in combat or otherwise, also seem to enjoy substantially more luck. Even if you yourself end up wandering from them, so long as you keep their wellbeing somewhat in mind they'll often be fine fending for themselves in the wilderness or on bandit-infested roads.

My Soul To Take (600 CP): The worst nightmare for those on a path of redemption is to stumble right before the finish line-whether by the caprice of demons spitefully stealing fallen souls, or personal weakness finally winning out. You need no longer fear such tragedies. So long as you overcome the most significant opposition in a major conflict or endeavour (ford the most violent river, slay or drive off the demon lord charged with bringing ruin to your country, or so on) you can rest assured that things will work out in a positive manner for a good long while. Assassins won't come after you, hidden demons won't hex you, and your own personal flaws won't cause you to humble the ball *until* you've had a few weeks to rest on your laurels, enjoy the good life and generally had a chance to regain peace of mind. After that, there are no guarantees in life, but at least you'll face whatever challenges come after secure in your initial victory being untarnished.

Monk

Peace of the Faithful (100 CP): There are those who are poisoned by their own shame for lusts that might seem unwholesome among fellow mortals, but which Heaven finds far more forgivable-if you were guilty at all. While you may not necessarily have the determination of a hardened knight, yours is great peace of mind and capability for self-reflection. You'll be able to remain calm amongst bickering companions, reason through your own desires and find solace even in dire straits. Likely becoming a beacon of peace to those around you, even if you have your own inner demons.

Addled Academic (200 CP): Did you train at a seminary or a brewery? You can *really* hold your liquor, drinking the fill of two or three others with your constitution and waking up fresh as a daisy. To a lesser extent this makes you more resilient to poison, disease and the like though a mortal would be well-advised to avoid it as much as possible anyway. Without convenient fonts of valuable liquor, perhaps the most important aspect of this perk is that it lets you stay heathier and more functional on an otherwise dismal diet than most men.

Thy Soul to Save (400 CP): You may not always be wise or temperate, but your experience with the human condition has taught you what to say when violent men need to be calmed, or anxious children need to be emboldened. There is something in you that makes others comfortable, willing to speak up about their inner burdens or convictions. And in turn, there is something in them that makes administering to their mental worries feel intuitive and simple. You might not be the wisest monk in France, but you're one of the most effective at keeping people happy and motivated.

Stay of Judgement (600 CP): There are those who fret all their lives that for all their meekness, all their benevolence for their fellow men, they will someday be condemned to Hell. Perhaps in answer to such suffering, Heaven has extended you a simpler mandate. So long as you earnestly do right by those who have not harmed you and do not seek more than proportionate violence upon those who attempt to, you will always be considered morally righteous in this and future settings. This may not stop a demon's fiery breath or a dread curse, but ambient spiritual corruption will find no purchase on you. Devil's bargains cannot claim your soul. And even nature and society itself will subconsciously acknowledge your beneficence, animals you don't prey upon leaving you alone and normally xenophobic strangers giving your ways the benefit of the doubt.

Peasant

Beauty of Heaven (100 CP): You are unquestionably lovely, as the angels are. Though such is their beauty that it is oft unclear if they are male, female or if the distinction even matters, you can choose to have accentuated masculine or feminine features. Rather than merely being attractive in a base manner, there is an almost spiritual refinement in your noble-seeming features and in the stateliness of your bearing that shines through the grubbiness of a peasant girl. Even a demon or damned soul with this would somehow remain angelic or saintly after being scorched by the fires of Hell, much as Lucifer remains beautiful even after the fall.

Childish Insight (200 CP):

Why is the world a bad place?

“Because it’s full of bad people”

Is that why you are a bad person?

“Yes, now fuck off”.

Do you want bad things to happen to you?

“No!”

Then stop being a bad person.

“I don’t want to!”

But you’re just hurting yourself, that way.

And so on, and so forth. Through a mix of sharp insight into the human condition and incessant pique, you can cut straight through the bullshit most spew to justify themselves and hit on how to turn their lives around. They may not listen or even thank you, but you can force them to pay attention to things in their lives they’d otherwise ignore.

Heavenly Revelations (400 CP): In your waking hours, a strange sense of intuition guides you away from danger, towards accomplishing your goals (so long as they are at least nominally positive for those around you) and grants insight into supernatural disguises or deceptions. During your sleep, omens reveal stranger knowledge like gifts of speaking different languages or insight into the spiritual conflicts around you. Thus, a measure of Heaven’s wisdom has been imparted to guide you through all your conflicts. It cannot protect you from all danger and what exact information it provides tends to be fairly limited, but following it’s advice is always sound.

Divine Providence (600 CP): There is a girl in this world, chosen to be the herald of God's great gambit against Lucifer, like unto the second coming of Jesus Christ himself. You are not that girl, but God has seen fit to bestow upon you some of His holy spirit so that you may become a conduit for salvation and perhaps lessen some of the burdens she must undertake.

You can now perform miracles in proportion to your overall level of power. A mere farmer could speak all languages fluently, greatly lessen pain or heal shallow wounds by laying on hands, and banish restless spirits with focused prayer. A fallen angel with this power would reclaim the gift of creating life (one passed down from God on high), and blaze with some of the same glory that Michael and his brothers shine with while smiting Lucifer; indeed, with great works or sincere repentance it may even be possible for one to rise back into angelic beauty free of Hell's taint.

You will be a boon to your fellow man as the prophets of old were, though as these miracles are worked in accordance to the values of God they may be unpredictable or sometimes subtler than you'd care for-though always working towards making the world overall a better place. Perhaps someday, in the right time and place, you too will be able to harrow Hell. Liberating souls damned there for subjective eternities and restoring those tortured there to wholeness.

Wicked Fellow

Conniving Cad (100 CP): Your wicked mind is well-used to swindling fools and babes out of the clothes on their back. Intimidation, running rackets, games of conmanship, many of the craven and cunning tricks used to make a dishonest living are old hat to you. Fools engage in grand quests and superlative proof of their own worth. You're an expert in cutting corners and getting maximum buck for minimum bang.

Benign Façade (200 CP): Now, who would trust a thief who presented himself as a thief, hmm? Even if you're the cruellest monster this side of demonkind themselves, you have exceptional self-control and a fine poker face for concealing your inner ugliness. This has also given you experience in sizing up potential marks, separating the rich from the merely desperate. And a sixth sense for striking when someone's guard is down. Or at least, as down as it will ever be.

Cavalier Corruption (400 CP): A little bit of this! A little bit of that! And a little bit off the top! It's just *easier* all round for you to engage in corruption, on either sides. Bribes and "gifts" make their way to you with little trouble from those normally charged to check for them, while something about you makes them more likely to be handed out for future favours. And your own generosity is in turn more likely to be repaid, and repaid better. Surely an aristo like yourself is good for his debts after all, and how better to get ahead than making a friend like you? Even the forces of Hell are more amicable to forging some manner of twisted pact in which you both come out ahead with this.

Loathsome Liar (600 CP): War is what is righteous in the eyes of God. Pestilence is merely a trial to be overcome, and those who succumb to it were wicked sinners that deserved death. As for our ongoing famine? All the Jews' fault. You need not elaborate further nor disprove the fallen angel flitting around destroying all the crops, because such is your charisma and eloquence that you can propagate hateful, rabble-rousing lies with such skill while raising your own stock in society that your mere talent alone is merely demonic. Whether by casting hate in every direction but towards yourself, or by inventing fanciful yet compelling fictions for others to believe. If Cavalier Corruption's good fortune made you a good business partner to Hell, this perk would let you convince the damned and the monsters warped by demonkind that *you* yourself are a lord of Hell.

Horror of Hell

Façade of Mortality (100 CP): Put some warmth and fleshly blush on those rotting bones. Spruce up the miasma of decay with spices. And tuck in the horns so that they only seem like a hat. Like many of Hell's forces, you are adept at casting complex illusions mainly designed to beguile and seduce others, or pretend at normality while being some manner of unearthly monster. While a mere damned soul could just about pretend to be human after dark, even demons lesser than the greatest fallen angels could conjure elaborate banquets and celebrations within a building-or disguise something much darker as such raucous celebration.

Eternal Unrest (200 CP): The dead deserve no respite from the spite of Hell. Your power over necromancy in all its' forms is bolstered by this perk, and even those without any will find greater affinity with influencing the dead. A peasant with no supernatural power at all could see and touch ghosts with this. A lesser demon would be able to raise armies of the dead while firmly trapping them in bodies they could reshape like clay, and even snatch the souls of the righteous fallen during heated battle. This dread gift is most greatly prized for its refinement and control, rather than its raw power.

Darkness Falls (400 CP): As Hell is strongest when Heaven turns it's gaze away, so do your powers become all the greater at night. An ordinary man would be empowered as night falls until in proper darkness he would be strong enough to pick up and throw another of his build a few meters or swift enough to outpace an arrow over ten feet or so. Naturally, a demon with this might ignite entire buildings at once with hellfire even if he could only manage a conical breath of it in the daytime. But be warned any light or flame at all will start to diminish these hellish blessings, with the light of the sun or anything made sacrosanct by divine intervention swiftly rescinding them altogether.

Abyssus Abyssum Invocat (600 CP): What a shame that in the worlds to come, there will be no Hell to damn those you hate to suffer forever. But with Lucifer's own fell blessing, you have been empowered to spite the works of the Almighty even beyond the land of France. There is now no force in Hell save *perhaps* the Lightbringer himself better at spreading corruption than you, that being defined as making things less inimitable to life and righteousness in exchange for unholy might and lethality. Your gift for this will scale with your overall power. As the fallen angels themselves cannot truly create life, while versatile the main limit of this is that it can only mutate or bind, not truly create. Indeed, with enough power, some creativity and some experimentation with unholy rituals you might be able to trap someone on land so vile it's virtually an outpost for Hell itself.

A peasant could touch a horse and turn it into a carnivorous horror that can wade through rains of arrows and sprout multiple gibbering maws with razor sharp teeth. Or grasp an ordinary stick and make it spread poison and plague. He could even corrupt *himself* to gain unnatural power great enough to rip heads from shoulders. And a fallen angel with this power would be able to recreate horrors such as the Black Death, or even shape the world's vices as much as Mammon may in a future where he takes the throne of Hell in lieu of Lucifer-condemning mankind to define itself around coveting wealth instead of suffering from the plague instead.

Items

All coffers are empty or else in Hell's grip. All fields are fallow, all swords and ploughs scattered on the battlefield. There are no item discounts.

Armor and a weapon (50 CP): What are you going to fight? The *plague*? Bands of men looking to loot this shit off you? Huzzah. You have a weapon. You have armor. Both fit and are balanced for you. It's of the standard used in the armies of France at this point, which is to say it'll keep you safe from others of it's like but not from anything you can't hit with a sword. Or mace. Or spear.

A skinny horse (50 CP): Oh good, someone hasn't eaten this one. While a little rangy from Hell scouring the fertility from the soil itself, this steed is in decent health, can run at a good clip, and spooks less easily than its ilk. You are now automatically one of the most mobile people in the country.

An assortment of medical tools (50 CP): Hah. If the farmer's daughter or nursemaid that pocketed these for you isn't long dead, it'll be a damned miracle. This bag has a couple poultices, a half dozen tinctures, and whatever else passes for battlefield medicine in this godforsaken century (including a bottle of strong liquor). Damned if it can do much for you against the real dangers of this land, but if you're looking to prolong your agonising life after a slash to the thigh or something, this is for you. Refreshes every week.

A crossbow (100 CP): Fantastic! The premier tool for killing men at range, limited only by armor! Now if there was only ever someone worth pointing this at, or many folk worth robbing not hidden behind solid walls and other armed men. Comes with a quiver full of bolts that replenishes weekly.

A strange key (100 CP): Well, now. This small brass key might actually have some real value. Seems like it has just a tough of the divine about it. While seemingly ordinary in every regard, it can open any lock. Any lock at all. Just rap it against the lock, and a humble miracle will part it for you. Useful if you're willing to risk going

indoors here, where many bodies fester. Or need a quick place to hide.

A hallowed farm (100 CP): Isn't this a cruel joke? Someone lived on this farm. Someone cared for it. The soil is well-tilled, the house well-swept and in working order. There's a cow, or a few goats or sheep, or something of that order. It's a peasant's idyll. Oh, and the presence of God seems to have graced this place, preventing all but the mightiest of demonic forces not allied to you from setting foot here. The catch? It does *nothing* to stop ordinary brigands from walking in and stealing everything not nailed down.

A Vial of Blood (200 CP): By God, hold that carefully. This contains if not the ichor of the Saviour, than someone very close to him. Never-clotting, never befouled, it is a potent bane against all demons, damned and other unholy foes. Simply splash it against the weapon of your choice, and that weapon will forever smite the wicked greatly, burning immortal flesh and inflicting metaphysical trauma. A bane against Hell and death forged from sacrifice.

A papal wine cellar (200 CP): Now *that's* more like it! What's the point of staying sober in times like this, eh? This wine, the finest fermented grape swill picked by the holy higher-ups themselves, is just about the best you can find in France these days. It's taste sublime, it's value as a gift or bribe immense in this land, and its' hangovers…less severe than you'd expect. Perhaps God has mercy on drunks in these dark times?

A fortune (200 CP): Hush-hush about this, lest you draw in every brigand for miles. This massive pile of gold, easily enough to fill up a castle storeroom, is hidden in a discrete cellar until such time as you find a use for it. It's the good stuff. Bite into a solid bar, and you'll leave at least an indent from the purity. What more can you do with this? It's *gold*. As long as you can avoid the worst excesses of this land, you can buy anything mortal hands can accomplish. Eventually.

A castle (300 CP): On the one hand, this building of stone and it's towers won't exactly keep the plague out. On the other hand, with how many evils roam this land shelter's a luxury too. Comes staffed with a diligent retinue of maids, guards and assorted staff maintaining their stiff upper lips despite the worst of the plague. Not to mention a great supply of food fit for a lord that never seems to run out, a well-stocked armoury and a fair few luxuries. There are worse places to ride out the ravages of Hell in.

A notable title (300 CP): Of course. Who could forget about the time-honoured tradition of purchasing your way into power and privilege, then pretending God gives a damn about your illustrious coat of arms? With this, you are no mere knight. You are a lord, a baron, a *noble* of some repute. If you are a monk, you may instead be a bishop, a cardinal, or someone else with considerable pull near the Pope's own sphere of influence. Even in future worlds, your title will hold considerable sway. Demons allow few chances for their subjects to advance despite the fallen angels' own rebellion, so if you are one assume you've somehow claimed this title through a disguise on Earth.

The Spearhead of Longinus (300 CP): This is…this is a wonder of true value. Though it is but a spearhead with a bit of broken haft at the back, the man it was used to wound bestowed even greater holiness than the blood from above-so much so that even Lucifer's greatest generals would cower from its sanctity and feel it rip into their very being should it strike at them. To slay demons or the restless dead lesser in power than the greatest fallen angels would surely result in swift annihilation of the wicked. All that truly holds it back is it's age and unsuitability as a weapon. Even in its' current state though, it is one of the greatest threats to Hell on Earth-and however it is modified, it's intrinsic balefulness to all things unholy will remain.

Companions

By the Grace of God (50/200 CP): God may not go with you, but good company is a miracle in times like this. For 50 CP apiece you may create or import a companion into this world with 600 CP to spend on anything except more companions. For 200 CP you may create or import a set of 8 at a discount.

Providence (Free/50 CP): What fortuitous joy, to find kinship and acceptance in a world where Hell allows only strife and chaos to reign. What serendipity. Can this miracle really last? Anyone who agrees to may depart this world with you as a companion for free, at the end of the jump. For 50 CP, events will line up to forge a bond between the two of you that seems as though God himself desires you to both become your best self by learning from each other.

Sister Collete (50 CP): Somewhere on the border of being curvy and truly chubby, this surprisingly raucous nun is a bit of a party animal and unsolicited disposer of worldly wisdom as well as a font of practical wisdom for surviving on the road. Though quick to down a bottle or five, she insists her vice isn't drinking, it's being shit at holding her liquor. Closer discussion with her will reveal that she was actually a respected sub-prioress with all the training that entails until she was ousted for a scandal that threatened the abbey's reputation: A sexual liaison first with another nun, then with the Mother Superior herself for career advancement. Despite the horrors she's seen on the road, she remains remarkably firm in her faith in God, insisting that He cares for sinners like herself most of all. Her greatest regret is not explaining to the poor novice nun whose heart she broke while running her mouth that she likes women *and* men.

Victoire (100 CP): Icy-eyed and her shock of blonde hair somehow coming across as permanently shadowed, this vile child is as fixated on you as Delphine will be on Thomas, seeing you as vital to her own mission. Despite her menacing demeanour, she is calculating and reserved in many respects where Delphine is exuberant and whimsical, though often softly suggesting a ruthlessly pragmatic approach. Her steely façade hides a heart as black as Hell itself, and

despite cutting up the genitals of most seeking to ravish her with unnerving calm she responds to being defiled by you simply by hiking up her skirts and fixing you with a knowing smirk. She seems to enjoy refining her normally sadistic tastes based on how you torment her body, and while dismissive of love publicly will carefully learn your habits to tempt you into shared private depravity.

You see, just as God sends forth His spirit in the form of Delphine, by choosing to bring forth this *abomination* Lucifer has decided to incarnate the Antichrist as part of his gambit against Heaven. Though at first Victoire will be capable of little more than cursing men to illness and misfortune with a glare, rotting buildings into ruin wherever she walks and damning the souls of those she slays into servitude, her powers will grow swiftly-faster as Hell wins more victories. Though it remains unknown (and unlikely) if she could stand against Delphine after the fulfilment of her martyrdom, at the very least should her power as a conduit and amplifier of malevolent spiritual forces will be capable of enfeebling much of the angelic host-enough to perhaps let the fallen angels easily take Heaven unless God turns His gaze back to it swiftly.

But despite her befouled soul, Victoire remains human. The sheer power used to corrupt her in the womb forfeits the claim Hell normally has over damned souls, and she has just as much malice for the fallen angels as for much of mankind. You may convince her to turn her powers against Hell-if only out of self-interest, and for the same stay of execution by Heaven levied on those fallen angels wise enough to flee. True redemption would be a long journey for a child as vile as this, but while utterly depraved her affection for you is sincere. She truly adores you as her only mentor, guide and protector in all the world. It is just that she also thinks driving you to abuse that role and slaking every sin on both her and others is a fitting reward for such dedication when she claims Hell's throne of power, or else remakes Earth into her plaything.

Perhaps the mere novelty of a more wholesome relationship is the quickest way to convince her there's more to life than corruption.

Drawbacks:

Seven Deadly Sins (+ 100 CP): Well, isn't this quite the classic? You are lustful, envious, greedy, prideful, gluttonous, wrathful or prone to sloth in ways that greatly shape your personality. Your common sense and good judgement isn't entirely compromised, but you're more prone to taking risks or resistant to sound advice in the name of satisfying yourself. To resist finding some outlet or other for your whims will be like asking an alcoholic to put down his bottle.

This drawback can be taken again and again, to be attuned to different sins. Be aware each opens you further to the potential influence of demons.

Blessed By Chastity (+ 100 CP): There is a divine agency that watches over you with only one purpose: To ensure your flesh is never tainted by the pursuit of pleasure. Should you attempt affection greater than a kiss on the cheek, this angelic entity will hijack your consciousness and repel your would-be lover with miraculous but generally nonlethal means. Don't expect much romance in your time here, unless you're capable of somehow expelling an angel from yourself-or perhaps, appealing to God by fulfilling some great deed in His honor.

The Cruelty of Men (+ 100 CP): Fortune and calamity sometimes protect survivors from violence on the road. Unfortunately, all of it seems to have been directed towards *you.* Expect to come across a lot of ragtag bandits, deserting soldiers or other violent and somewhat well-armed men with little more than satisfying their base urges on their mind. At least you only seem to be drawing in the louts and other disorganised wretches rather than fighters of true consequence or antagonising armies as a whole as opposed to their castoffs.

Malaise (+ 200 CP): Confound it. All hope is lost. You can feel the sickness creeping up through you, making you cough blood, bombarding you with pains and frailty, and generally making it harder to do everything. The bad news is you can barely walk, and fight at a mere shadow of your best condition. The good news is that

you *can* walk at all, and while this disease bypasses any normal immunity it is *not* the Black Death. In fact oddly it doesn't seem to be contagious at all, and both mundane care as well as prayer seem to accelerate recovery from it as if you were any other mortal sleeping off a bad flu.

Haunting Visitations (+ 200 CP): Your dreams are polluted. A lover long lost wraps her, or perhaps his, arms around you, serenading you with all the unholy pleasure of Hell. You frolic amongst other wondrous nobles, hunting pretty birds that make lovely noises when you pluck away their feathers-revealing a very different kind of featherless biped. Each time you sleep (and if you lack the need, you shall be cursed with it too), you will be exposed to the will of Hell itself, seeking to whittle down your sanity and temperance until you are little more than a gibbering pawn for its' schemes. Somewhere in France there is a demon or damned soul of scarcely greater than mortal power maintaining this curse. The nature of the curse requires them not to leave for Hell, but other than that you have little clue on where to start looking for them to either slay or otherwise coerce them into ceasing your torment.

Thou Shalt Not Kill (+ 200 CP): Shortly after your arrival, an angel of the Lord asked you to stay your hand in exchange for additional blessings. Entranced by the messenger's ethereal presence, you agreed and were justly rewarded. The cost is that **thou shalt not kill** for the duration of your stay. No weapon you form against your enemies shall prosper, and though you may knock them out, banish them or leave them helpless for others you may not slit their throats themselves. *Direct* attempts to do so simply fail, limbs locked in place as if seized by God, arrows missing as if deflected by angel wingbeats and poisons *deliberately* poured into drinks simply purifying themselves out of existence.

Ordained Torment (+ 300 CP): And lo-it was proclaimed that though the Jumper's deeds and actions may have been pure of heart, or committed in ignorance of the consequences. That he would nonetheless be condemned to Hell for them. On the last day of your

stay, you will cast low like any other sinner for demonic torture. Every wrong you committed against others will be inflicted upon you, before your torturers get *really* creative with their helpless toy. You will not die, nor cease, oh no. But the demons, sensing potential power great enough to overshadow their petty squabbles with Heaven, will make you a simple offer: Surrender your chain and all that comes with it, and the torment will cease. They have one day to convince you. They can stretch out the torments to make that day feel very, very long. You will know you are freed from Hell not by the false promises and other illusions demons may make to play with your hopes, but when the unmistakeable grace of Heaven lifts you from perdition.

There is, of course, one very simple way to avoid this otherwise inevitable fate: Destroy all of Hell, or else conquer it so thoroughly that every demon is as suborned to you as the damned are to them. Are you for that?

The Scorn of Nations (+ 300 CP): Panic in the capital, Jumper's been caught trying to stab the Pope! Or fornicate with the queen's finest horse, or to defraud the country or…you get the idea. You are now public enemy #1 to all of France, and it's mortal armies are vigilantly seeking your apprehension wherever you may be found. It would be absurd to send an entire military after one man, but the pressure will be unrelenting and you will never clear your name in the eyes of the law. This is, naturally, hilarious if slightly inconvenient to the demons pulling France's strings.

Heaven's Fury, Hell's Wrath (+ 300 CP): By and large, there is no foe that Thomas and his friends cannot slay with a trusty blade and an artifact or two consecrated by God. The demonic and damned may be greater than mortal, but *most* of them are not beyond a sufficiently determined man with a sword. Choose this drawback however, and the fallen angels themselves will be diverted from battling Heaven to destroy you themselves. They will smite hills and befoul entire rivers trying to strike you down. For all their boasts, they lack God's domain over omniscience, but their catspaws are many and they see

far beyond what mortal men can. Stay low, stay vigilant, or be prepared to fight the Lords of Hell wherever you may find them. It is a small mercy that by and large, the fallen angels seem to be occupied with their individual schemes, and it is extremely rare to face more than two at a time-unless you have the misfortune to offend Lucifer personally, who holds the loyalty of them all.

Ending options

Flee the Plague (Go home): Out, damned spot! OUT WITH YOU! Enough of this filth, these reprobates, this sour fucking wine! When's the last time since you've used a *proper* shower? How long has it been since you've spoken to anyone other than the **fucking** French?! Forget about both Heaven's negligence and Hell's degeneracy. You're going home. And you're taking everything with you. Grace of God be damned, you've had enough.

The Harrowing of Hell (Stay): Events have been set in motion that will unveil the true measure of God's wisdom, and the true depths of Lucifer's hubris. If all goes as the Lord would ordain, soon the plague shall end and Mammon will mournfully take hold of the world once four chastised fallen angels salvage the still-beautiful smouldering corpse of their leader to Hell's most hidden vaults. You may stay in this world if you wish to see what is to come in Heaven's plans, and what will become of Hell after it's chastisement. If you are true to Christendom, made an honest effort to abstain from vice and do right by mankind to the extent it was feasible, and preferably aided Delphine and Thomas against the forces of Hell, you gain 1000 CP to spend on choices here as well.

A New Life of Grace (Move on): This is not your time. It is not our place. You have been given a divine revelation: A shore farther than the world itself, a long road stretching beyond Heaven and Hell. And at its furthest end: A Spark, twinkling like the Morning Star before he fell for pride's sake. Lay down your cross, and be at peace. This trial is over. There may be more to come, but that is a worry for another day. There is another jump waiting for you.

Notes


BETWEEN
TWO
FIRES
Thomas
Father Matthieu
Delphine


Daddy?


why are
you like
this?