AzureKnight

Goes into the Nasuverse

An OC jumpdoc by AzureKnight_mx

One morning, AzureKnight was just booting up his PC to check out the latest jumps on the Jumpchain community when—disaster struck! A mysterious portal suddenly opened in front of him, dragging everything around into the chaotic spaces between universes. It's still unclear what exactly happened—was the girl who appeared *the* Jumpchan herself, or something else entirely? Whatever the case, this was clearly the start of an adventure unlike any before.

Thrown into a strange new reality filled with **waifus, overpowered beings, and dangerously convoluted lore**, AzureKnight finds himself in a world where Servants can be summoned at will, everyone seems to have HAX-tier abilities that would make full-power Goku or One Million Superman look like background characters, and plot-convenient fate ensures that anyone remotely strong is constantly clashing with others just as busted.

This isn't Warhammer 40k, but make no mistake—**this universe is perfectly capable of obliterating even a well-prepared Jumper if they don't tread carefully**. Welcome to the **Nasuverse**, where logic takes a backseat, hype drives the narrative, and the risk of chain failure lurks around every corner. Good luck, AzureKnight—you're going to need it.

You receive +1000 Azure Points (AP) to begin this adventure.



Oh boy, here we go. Did I mention that AzureKnight has no idea how the Nasuverse works?

THE FOLLOWING **JUMP** HAS BEEN APPROVED FOR

THE JUMPCHAIN COMMUNITY

BY THE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE THE NASUVERSE IS A DANGEROUS PLACE AND A TRAP JUMP, INC.

THE JUMP ADVERTISED HAS BEEN RATED

PG-13	**PARENTS STRONGLY ADVICED**
SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INNAPROPIATE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13	
INTENSE RAGE AND TEARS ABOUT THE NASUVERSE	

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Contents

Origins **5**
Cakewalk 5
Servant 5
Mage 5
Waifu 5
Perks **6**
General Perks 6
To Mantle the AzureKnight (Free & Required | Only lasts for this Jump) 6
Fate Breaker (100 AP) 6
Jumper Grade Command Seals (200 AP) 7
Nasuversal Rejection (400 AP) 7
True Science (600 AP) 8
Meta-Anathema (800 AP) 9
Cakewalk Perks 10
Cheerful Optimism (100 AP) 10
Peasant Phantasm (200 AP) 10
Mystic Sparkly Eyes of Cute (400 AP) 11
Protagonist Usurpation (600 AP) 12
Servant Perks 13
Complete Cleaning Supplies (100 AP) 13
Mana Fountain (200 AP) 13
Ranking Recategorization (400 AP) 14
Unlimited Soap Works (600 AP) 15
Mage Perks 16
Age of Man (100 AP) 16
Fireball (200 AP) 16
Reality Marble Piercer (400 AP) 17
True Magic Lock (600 AP) 18
Waifu Perks 19
Preternatural Beauty (100 AP) 19
The Absolute Best in Bed and Stage (200 AP) 19
Homely Mad Skills (400 AP) 20
Best Girl (600 AP) 21
Items **22**
Mystic Eyes Removal Powder (100 AP) 22
Knife of Conceptual Death (100 AP) 22
Spiritron-Infused Quality Mana Glass S+ (100 AP) 22
Anomalous Constant Anti-summon Explosive (200 AP) 22
Almost Legendary Replica (200 AP) 23
Absolute Territory Leggings (200 AP) 23
Jeweled Bomb Zelreckt (400 AP) 23
True Ancestor Blood (Contaminated) (400 AP) 24
Higher Mystery Purificator (600 AP) 24

Quasi-stable Hardened Reality Suit (600 AP) 25
Companions 26
Maya (0 AP) 27
MN (0 AP) 28
Aleph (0 AP) 29
PionoPlayer (0 AP) 30
Leading Temxisting (0 AP) 31
JesterFoxFlame (0 AP) 32
PriorPossible (0 AP) 33
DaddyCool123 (0 AP) 34
SonicCody (0 AP) 35
Quinn (0 AP) 36
Luciano the Jumper (1000 AP) 38
Intermission: The Strange and Perilous Warning of Strange Aeon 43
Scenarios 44
Episode 01: Into the Nasuverse 45
Episode 02: A Super Easy Vacation! 46
Episode 03: Chaos in the Children's Art School 47
Episode 04: Saber Harem of Doom 49
Episode 05: The Tale of a Ruler 51
Episode 06: Encounters with the Ancestors 53
Episode 07: A Jumper's Beach Episode 55
Episode 08: Get Buried 57
Episode 09: Fuyuki City's Giant Elmo-Kaiju Attack 59
Episode 10: The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing at Chaldea 61
Episode 11: Woes inside the Tohsaka Residence 63
Episode 12: Targeted by the Counterforce 65
Episode 13: Dangers from the Nasuverse 67
Episode 14: An Unexpected Plot Event 69
Episode 15: The End of a Certainly Dangerous Vacation 72
Drawbacks 74
Final Choice 76
Author's Notes and Changelog 77
Other Works 78
A Final Event 80

Origins

In this Jump, there is but one *true* Origin: **AzureKnight, the Jumper**, which will serve as your main form throughout the experience. However, what *really* matters is the *circumstances* under which AzureKnight was yeeted into this beautiful dumpster fire known as the **Nasuverse**. Choose **one**, and only one. Choose wisely—it could determine whether your chain thrives or ends in glorious, meme-worthy failure:

Cakewalk

This origin is a lie. A sweet, delicious lie that bends reality itself to your will. With this, the Nasuverse isn't the brutal, existential horror show we all know and fear—it's now your own personal dating sim. Everyone likes you. No, *loves* you. You're attractive, charming, and somehow immune to most of the horrific nonsense this setting throws at others. It's so pleasant, so absurdly comfy, that you might actually consider choosing your **FATE** to **STAY** at the end of the last **NIGHT** of the Jump. You monster.

Servant

You thought you'd be some cool heroic spirit from the Throne of Heroes, didn't you? With badass Noble Phantasms, flashy anime fights, and enough HAX to scare Goku? Yeah, no. You're a *servant*—as in, literally a household servant. You'll be working in some Tohsaka family mansion, cleaning floors, preparing tea, and trying not to get turned into collateral damage when a Saber crashes through the window. You're not even at *Sebas* levels of servant. But hey, at least you're getting paid? …No? Oh.

Mage

Welcome to the Nasuverse, where everyone talks about "The Root," "Akasha," and "True Magic" like it actually means something. With this Origin, you're a mage. Not the flashy kind with rabbits and top hats, but the insane kind with magic circuits, family bloodlines, and enough internalized trauma to rival an entire shounen cast. You'll get your circuits, some arcane knowledge, and a lifetime supply of "I just do what the Root tells me." Good luck explaining any of it. Even the other mages won't know what you're talking about.

Waifu

Wait—what the hell? The Nasuverse glitched *even harder* than expected, and now you've respawned as a **waifu**. Whether you're a busty goddess-tier beauty or a tragic loli cursed with plot armor and questionable fanservice, congrats—you're *prime waifu material*. Expect to be summoned, gawked at, turned into someone's familiar, cut in half in episode one, regenerated by love energy, and possibly thrown into a northern bunker filled with 100+ other waifus vying for one edgy protagonist. Say "Ara Ara" like you mean it.

Perks

Surviving the Nasuverse isn't just about raw power—it's about cunning, adaptability, and a healthy respect for the absurd levels of danger lurking around every corner. Luckily, you won't be going in empty-handed.

*Based on the **Origin** you selected, you'll receive **discounts** on all perks tied to that path. Additionally, any **100 AP perk** from your chosen origin is **free**—consider it a little gift to help you not die in the first five minutes.*

General Perks

To Mantle the AzureKnight (Free & Required | Only lasts for this Jump)

In this Jump, you will temporarily assume the mantle of **AzureKnight**—a being of limitless imagination, untapped potential, and *just enough genre awareness to ~~hopefully~~ survive the Nasuverse*. What does that actually mean? Well, nobody knows for sure. Not even you. But the effects are clear: the universe starts *noticing* you. Other powerful beings are drawn to your presence like moths to a flaming protagonist. Destiny tilts around you. Plot threads tangle in your wake. This might not be a necessarily good thing in the Nasuverse, you know?

You have **infinite potential**—your only real limits are your choices, effort, and how absurd you're willing to let things get. You'll grow faster, adapt better, and survive things that should absolutely kill you. You might not be the strongest at the start, but you're definitely someone the multiverse is *invested* in watching.

However, this perk only lasts for the duration of this Jump. Sorry—*we can't have dozens of AzureKnights roaming the Omniverse*. The sheer gravitational pull of that much raw awesomeness in one place could trigger an existential event.

Enjoy your time as **the AzureKnight**. Just don't forget: *this world plays for keeps*.

Fate Breaker (100 AP)

The Nasuverse has a cruel little habit: if you're even slightly stronger than your average joe, the setting **will** throw every vampire, Reality Marble enthusiast, and dimension-hopping wizard directly into your path. It's not just bad luck—it's narrative gravity, for the sake of plot, suspense, or romance, and it's brutal.

With **Fate Breaker**, you spit in the eye of destiny and flip the bird to causality. You are now **exempt** from the "Power Attracts Trouble" clause hardcoded into this universe (and others like it). No longer will the act of existing with moderate power be enough to summon a Dead Apostle from the shadows or cue a spontaneous encounter with a smug Grand Caster looking for a new lab rat.

As long as you're not actively poking hornet nests or making a spectacle of yourself, the universe will **leave you alone**. You won't randomly bump into a Type while grocery shopping, or suddenly find yourself in a duel because some moon princess "felt your mana signature." This perk insulates you from plot-induced nonsense—unless you choose to engage.

Of course, if you go looking for trouble, the setting will happily provide it. But if you just want to chill, explore, or train in peace without becoming the center of some interdimensional conflict, this perk is your golden ticket to ~~mostly~~ avoid trouble.

Jumper Grade Command Seals (200 AP)

So, you've heard of Command Seals—those flashy, magical tattoos that let Masters boss around Servants like they're on a cosmic leash. Normally, they only work on the spiritual constructs summoned from the Throne of Heroes. But you're not *normal*, are you?

With **Jumper Grade Command Seals**, you're granted a mark of power etched into your body—design the placement and style as you wish (runic, tribal, neon-pink anime hearts, we don't judge). This isn't some cosplay-level knockoff. These are real, potent command seals—augmented and upgraded for cross-setting functionality.

You get **three uses per year**, each one allowing you to issue an absolute command to:

- **Anyone weaker than you** (mentally, physically, spiritually—you choose the metric)
- **Any summoned or bound entity**, no matter how strong or stubborn they are

Once used, the seal glows, activates, and compels the target to fulfill your command **to the letter and spirit**. Resistance? Impossible. The only limit is that the command must be physically or metaphysically *possible*. You can't ask someone to punch the moon into a new orbit unless they could already do that.

Used one? It disappears. Used all three? Wait until the **first full moon of each year**—your command seals will restore themselves like clockwork. Until then, use them wisely. Or dramatically. Or in the middle of a beach episode. *Wink Wink*.

Whether you're forcing a rogue Servant to calm down, compelling a cosmic horror to take a nap, or just making your rival finally say "you're right," **Jumper Grade Command Seals** make you the Master now—**even if you don't have a Grail War to prove it.**

Nasuversal Rejection (400 AP)

The Nasuverse is infamous for its arsenal of hax-tier nonsense: conceptual manipulation, retroactive causality, reality denial, and other absurd metaphysical cheat codes that only make sense if you've memorized three timelines and a wiki article written in metaphor.

But you? You're a Jumper. You didn't climb through Omniversal chaos just to get erased by someone whose ability is called *[Epilogue]* or someone whose attack happens *before* you were born.

With **Nasuversal Rejection**, you gain an intrinsic defense mechanism against these kinds of abilities—**a Jumper-forged bulwark** that automatically activates against **conceptual, causality-altering, fate-binding, probability-destroying, or metaphysics-bending attacks**. If it's the kind of thing that only works because "it always worked before it happened," then it doesn't work on you.

This is not just defense—this is **narrative immunity**. You are no longer a character bound by their arbitrary story rules. You're a force that exists *outside* the script, and anyone who tries to kill you with high-concept nonsense is about to learn what happens when they bring lore to a logic fight.

You won't automatically win just by standing there—but now, you get to fight on your terms. **No more instant death via causality reversal. No more fate locking. Trying to find death lines on you, laughable. No more being overwritten because someone declared their weapon imbued with "the concept of erasure."** Your Jumper status actively resists it all, and when you strike back, their reality-breaking tricks don't get a second chance.

True Science (600 AP)

The Nasuverse is a realm where arcane nonsense runs wild—Root this, Akasha that, reality marbles bending entire dimensions to a caster's whim. "Magic" isn't just powerful here—it's narrative law, often inaccessible to all but the chosen few. But you're not here to wave wands or chant in Latin. You're a scientist. And now? **You're a goddamn anomaly.**

With this perk, you gain access to a conceptual force known as **True Science**—a metaphysical equal and opposite to True Magic. Any invention, device, theory, or machine you design and personally construct is empowered with the laws of **absolute scientific authority**, and becomes immune to being overwritten, dismissed, or rewritten by magical or metaphysical interference.

Your technology, once complete, functions as if it were a *fixed law of reality.* Mystic Eyes can't perceive through it. Reality Marbles break against it. True Magic spells fizzle when trying to overwrite its effects. Even fundamental forces like causality, probability, or conceptual weakness fail to act upon your creations unless you *explicitly* design them with such vulnerabilities. If it works according to your blueprints, **it works, always.**

Furthermore, these devices become nearly impossible to hijack or reprogram unless the interloper is employing an equal force of True Science—or unless they physically dismantle it through normal means. No magic "hacks," no spiritron intrusions, no conceptual possession. If they want to break your railgun, they'll have to **take a wrench and do it themselves.**

The complexity and scale of what you can build still depend on your intelligence, knowledge, and available materials—but with this perk, **what you build stands on par with the most hallowed spells and god-tier conceptual powers** of the Nasuverse. If you construct a system that disables Noble Phantasms? It *will*. If you build a machine to isolate and nullify a Beast of Gaia? It *can*. If you launch a space elevator powered by a pocket fusion reactor while shielding it from spatial deletion spells? It *happens*.

You're not a magician. You're something worse. You're **proof they were never special.**



Meta-Anathema (800 AP)

They thought themselves the Chosen Ones, the Protagonists of the story. The golden endings were written for them. Their deaths reversed, their defeats rewritten, their triumphs predestined. What they didn't know… was that you *weren't* part of the story.

With this perk, you gain the **one power that narrative cannot contain**—**Meta-Anathema**—a destructive force that targets and annihilates plot-derived protections, fate-based scripting, and all forms of narrative invulnerability, no matter how deeply embedded.

This doesn't mean you override story; it means **you exist outside it.** You are **a bug in the meta-code**, not part of the "story engine" the universe uses to give any kind of plot armor its strength. As such:

- You **ignore save/load mechanics**, **nullifying scene resets, time loops**, and **autosaves** triggered by plot devices or similar perks. Any rewind attempt within range of your awareness or influence will either **fail** or **resume from the point they died**, depending on your choice.
- You are **unaffected by protagonist narrative gravity.** Plot cannot compel you to lose, grow weaker, hesitate, monologue, or give a fair chance. You are **not bound by genre**, tone, or pacing. *You are the glitch.*
- Your attacks—physical or metaphysical—are imbued with **anti-narrative logic**, bypassing all "story-sourced" resistances. This includes conceptual defenses, fate armor, causality edits, or metafictional rescripting. Your will **overwrites theirs**, not through power, but **through authorship theft**.
- Should you land a finishing blow on someone protected by any type of plot armor, their death becomes a **canonical fixed point**, written in unalterable metaphysical ink. Even retroactive protection, divine veto, or save scum mechanisms can't undo it unless they discard the entirety of the current narrative—resetting the jump or multiverse, **which still won't stop you from remembering and adapting**.
- Finally, **you radiate narrative instability**. In your presence, protagonist-exclusive perks and abilities begin to tremble—**failing dice rolls**, **drawing aggro from story-immune beings**, and **sabotaging their golden flags**. You are the null script, and you bring entropy.

Warning: Meta-Anathema cannot be casually revoked nor toggled off even if you have other perks that would allow you to do so. Once taken, you become a cosmic thorn—neither hero, nor villain, but the **denial of destiny**. Narrative entities (Jumpchan included) may grow wary of you as long as this perk is with you. You may ask Jumpchan to take it away at any point to prevent further friction between you two, but doing so will render this perk gone forever and its AP lost.

Cakewalk Perks

Cheerful Optimism (100 AP)

You thought this jump was going to be hell? Nah. With a smile on your face, a spring in your step, and a heart full of stubborn positivity, you march forward—undaunted, unbroken, and absolutely unreasonable in your refusal to give up.

With this perk, you carry an infectious aura of **cheerful optimism**, a light that flickers even in the bleakest of times. No matter how dark the path or how impossible the odds, your presence subtly **alters the flow of events**, nudging outcomes ever so slightly toward hope, possibility, and a chance to turn things around. You don't magically rewrite doom into victory with a grin—but your belief that something *can* be done opens doors others wouldn't even notice.

Dire events may still unfold, tragedies may still strike—but where others see inevitability, you see opportunity. Whether it's a path out of annihilation, a slim hope to save a lost soul, or a last-second chance to defuse a disaster, your optimism makes sure **there's always a crack in fate to pry open—if you're bold enough to try.**

This effect scales with your determination and effort. If you sit back and wait, don't expect miracles. But if you **fight, push, endure, and believe**—then even the most wretched destinies might be rewritten, one stubborn smile at a time.

Just don't lose that light. Because as long as you carry it, **there's always a way forward.**

Peasant Phantasm (200 AP)

The Nasuverse is not a fair place. Heroic Spirits with reality-warping weapons. Lances that kill you before they're even swung. Blades that rewrite your past. Beams of light that vaporize small countries. And you? You're just trying to not get erased by the sheer weight of narrative power creep.

That ends now.

With this perk, the universe itself applies a **balancing filter** on those overpowered, lore-drenched, "I win" Noble Phantasms and equivalent supernatural abilities when used on you—reducing them to something **less divine and more… mortal**. Their conceptual edge? Dulled. Their cosmic scale? Toned down. Their inevitability? Denied. An Excalibur beam? Still hurts—but now it's more "melting steel" and less "erasing mountains." A spear of destiny that always strikes your heart? It might still hit… but a reinforced vest and a medkit might be enough to walk it off.

This doesn't just apply to the Nasuverse. Across settings, any power that runs on absurd hax—causality manipulation, fate-locking, instant-death-by-definition—is **softened**, weakened just enough for you to have a **fighting chance**. No more one-shot concept-nukes. No more unavoidable plot death from the pages of a silly black notebook. You might not win easily—but now, you can survive, adapt, and eventually triumph.

Your foes still retain their skill and intent—but their **divine cheat codes are now written in peasant dialect**, and that gives you time to rewrite the outcome.

Mystic Sparkly Eyes of Cute (400 AP)

Congratulations! You now possess a **Jewel-Rank** pair of Mystic Eyes—an exceedingly rare and powerful magical trait in the Nasuverse. But unlike the typical flavor of death glares or hypnotic domination, your eyes hold a different kind of might: **overwhelming, irresistible cuteness**.

Anyone who locks eyes with you—even for a fleeting moment—will perceive you as *incredibly*, *absurdly*, *almost divinely* adorable. This effect is persistent and permanent (until your actual death), regardless of the target's race, origin, or personality. Be they Dead Apostle Ancestors, Church Hunters, True Magicians, TYPEs, or just particularly grumpy cat familiars, they'll find it immensely difficult to harm you in any meaningful way. Even in combat, they'll hesitate—subconsciously pulling punches, questioning their orders, or outright refusing to follow through with lethal intent.

And it's not just in person. This ability extends through photos, livestreams, surveillance footage—**any visual medium** that captures your gaze. Whether it's a shaky security feed or a high-def selfie, anyone viewing it will feel their heartstrings tugged. You could become a galactic idol, a peace envoy, or the world's most dangerous negotiator armed only with a wink and a camera crew.

As a final and baffling twist, if you ever become a **magical girl** (regardless of your actual gender), your powers and magic will inexplicably become **five times stronger** than they normally would without this perk. Why? Because cuteness, in this case, is literally power—and the universe itself seems to agree.

Be warned though: your cuteness might become legendary… and legends *tend* to attract strange attention.



You've stared into her eyes. Now you have fallen prey to the Mystic Sparkly Eyes of Cute.

Protagonist Usurpation (600 AP)

Nothing's more frustrating than entering a new world, only to find out **someone else** already has the main character slot locked in. They're hogging all the fated encounters, collecting the rarest waifus or husbandos, and somehow managing to survive situations that would flatten anyone else. Worse still? That romantic interest you had your eye on is already caught up in their gravitational pull. You could challenge them directly… but that usually means painting a target on your back and getting bodied by narrative momentum itself.

Not anymore.

With this perk, **you usurp the very role of the protagonist**—cleanly, quietly, and absolutely. Any benefits normally reserved for the "main character" are now yours. Plot armor, lucky coincidences, secret inheritances, legendary bloodlines, destined lovers, and even those ridiculous power-ups mid-fight? All rerouted straight to you. If a story was supposed to revolve around someone else, it now tilts toward you like gravity pulling everything into your orbit.

That heroic last stand in the script? That's your moment now. That sacred blade meant for the chosen one? Yours. That scene where the villain hesitates at the last second because "you remind them of someone they lost"? Yeah, also yours. You don't just **become** the protagonist—you **overwrite** the narrative itself to make room for you.

And the original protagonist? They're out. The setting adjusts naturally, like you were always meant to be the main event. They might become a side character, a rival, or even fade into the background entirely—whatever the story needs to elevate *you*.

Of course, in future jumps, if you'd rather lay low or let someone else hog the spotlight, you may dial this perk down to a passive level. You'll retain a portion of the luck, narrative influence, and protagonistic gravity, but let someone else stand center stage—at least until you're ready to steal the show again.



Servant Perks

Complete Cleaning Supplies (100 AP)

Congratulations, you now have access to a personal **hammerspace storage** stocked to the brim with every kind of cleaning supply imaginable. Need a mop? Got it. Industrial-grade soap? Absolutely. Enchanted lemon-scented floor polish? Okay, not enchanted—but it *does* leave things squeaky clean and smelling divine. Sponges, brooms, vacuums, buckets, microfiber cloths, stain removers, shampoo, disinfectants—you name it, it's there. All of it is **top-tier, mundane, and endlessly replenishable**.

While these supplies won't banish curses, dispel illusions, or exorcise spirits (unless you're cleaning their haunted mirror, in which case, good luck), they **will** get any physical grime, gunk, goo, or eldritch ichor off surfaces with pristine efficiency. Think five-star maid café levels of spotless.

Here's the fun part: as long as no one **directly sees** your hand reaching for your tools, you can pull out item after item from thin air like a magician of cleanliness. You can sweep an entire mansion, scrub the stains after a Saber got her mana refilled, or shampoo a magical lion's mane without running out of gear.

Perfect for gaining the trust of nobles, securing long-term employment at mysterious mansions, or winning the prestigious title of "Servant of the Month." Though… if you're not careful, your spotless work **might** draw the attention of shadowy organizations looking to weaponize your Windex.

Use responsibly—and remember: a clean jumper is a happy jumper!

Mana Fountain (200 AP)

Being a proper servant isn't just about spotless floors and shiny silverware—sometimes you'll be asked to keep **mana-dependent devices, wards, or mystical coffee makers** running like clockwork. And let's be honest, most ordinary servants don't come with the mana reserves needed to power a toaster, much less an ancient magical security system.

That's where you come in. You're not just a servant—you're a **walking power station**. With this perk, you possess a **massive personal mana reserve, equivalent to a Magic Core**, far beyond what most humans or even fledgling magi could dream of. While not infinite, your mana regenerates at an impressive rate and is **refined to an exceptionally high quality**—smooth, potent, and **just a little bit... addictive**.

Any spell you can cast will have more than enough fuel behind it to reach peak performance. But you don't have to keep it all to yourself—**you can share your mana** with others, either via remote link or more… personal methods of transfer. With a proper contract, you can become a **lifeline** to magicians, familiars, constructs, or even certain kinds of summoned beings whose own supply has been cut off or depleted.

Whether you're keeping the mansion's magical plumbing working, or being the trusted battery for a lovely swordswoman with an energy problem, this perk ensures you'll always be **useful, reliable, and maybe even indispensable**.

Just be warned: people may start to **like you a little too much**. Power is attractive—and yours comes with a signature aftertaste they'll never quite forget.

Ranking Recategorization (400 AP)

Tired of having your best work undone by some smug magic user flinging EX-ranked nonsense around like confetti? Sick of seeing your carefully honed skills and humble tools rendered "ineffective" just because they aren't dipped in divine ichor or bound to some heroic ideal?

Well, no more. With this perk, you gain the ultimate counter to one of the most infuriating things in the Nasuverse and beyond: **arbitrary rank systems**.

Whenever you or your cleaning supplies (be they mop, sponge, holy shampoo, or even a spritz of grime removal foam) come into direct contact with an ability, attack, item, or effect that uses a ranked scale (A, A+, EX, etc.), that rank is **instantly and randomly shuffled** among all possible ranks. However, the odds are stacked **in your favor**:

- If the effect would be **harmful** to you, the rank is guaranteed to shift **downward**, with a floor of one full rank **below its original level**, and the potential to hit **NULL**, rendering it effectively harmless—even to an ordinary mortal.
- If the effect would be **beneficial** to you, it instead shifts **upward**, rising at least one rank above normal, with a real chance of reaching **EX-level absurdity**.

This effect only applies for that single instance—each new application of the ranked ability will require a new *thorough scrubbing* to trigger another shuffle. Whether you're fighting a high-ranking Noble Phantasm or just cleaning cursed silverware, your humble cleaning tools now give you a chance to **even the odds**, one sudsy strike at a time.



Unlimited Soap Works (600 AP)

"This is the domain of the Servant of Clean. My hands have scrubbed a thousand floors. Unknown to filth, nor known to grime. Have withstood endless shifts to make many surfaces spotless. Yet these hands... will never be dirty. So, as I cleanse—Unlimited Soap Works!"

You've done it. You've cleaned so hard, so intensely, and so passionately, that your dedication has transcended physical labor and pierced into the realm of something similar to True Magic. You have manifested a **Reality Marble**, a pocket dimension shaped entirely by your will—**Unlimited Soap Works**.

Within this soapy demiplane, you are supreme. A shining white expanse lined with infinite rows of pristine bathtubs, mop buckets, and bubbles fills the horizon. But don't let the sparkling cuteness fool you—this is **an absolute battlefield**, and your weapon is **soap**.

Within Unlimited Soap Works:

- **Blinding Cleanliness:** Soap here will **blind anyone** it touches in the eyes, regardless of resistances or mystical durability. You could squirt Gilgamesh in the eyes mid-monomyth and he'd be on the floor screaming.
- **Slipocalypse:** All surfaces become impossibly slick. Your enemies can't run, walk, or even crawl without slipping like they're in a cartoon. Even those with supernatural balance or flight abilities will struggle, as your soap affects more than just the physical—it affects **dignity**.
- **Grip Denial:** Anything coated in your divine soap cannot be held, grasped, or wielded by anyone but you. Weapons slip from hands, magic wands drop, and even conceptual bonds lose traction.
- **Foam of Purification:** Your foam **extinguishes all flames**, even magical, divine, or conceptual ones. It also cleanses **curses**, **corruption**, and any kind of metaphysical infection. Yes, it even removes narrative drama if you lather hard enough.
- **Attack Redirection:** Any hostile ability, projectile, or conceptual effect that touches your soap will veer off, lose potency, or just slide harmlessly away. Your enemies will find their greatest powers **comically ineffective**.
- **Endless Supplies:** You can generate unlimited bars of soap, always wet, slick, and incredibly foamable. Some say they smell like lavender. Others say they smell like righteous victory.

Anyone dragged into this Reality Marble will find themselves **helpless, humbled, and probably scrubbed of pride**. Escaping is possible—but absurdly difficult, and usually requires high-tier plot armor, divine intervention, or sacrificing all dignity.

Within this domain, you are not a fighter.

You are **The Household Servant.**

And you always leave things spotless.

Mage Perks

Age of Man (100 AP)

Your presence and power carry the weight of a world where the extraordinary is bound by logic, where mystery fades beneath fluorescent lights and steel towers, and where gods have long since been buried beneath concrete. With this perk, every spell, technique, or ability you use exerts a subtle but persistent effect: it imprints the laws of mundane Earth reality onto the world around it.

Whenever your powers take effect—whether they strike, alter, or influence an area—they begin to unravel all supernatural distortion. Warped space straightens. Loops in time snap. False perceptions grounded in alien logic dissolve into ordinary understanding. Anything that isn't rooted in Earth's mundane framework begins to lose cohesion as your influence seeps in. Even if your attack doesn't kill or destroy, it weakens the unnatural foundation of things, slowly dragging them down to the level where your fists, your bullets, your reason can reach them.

The more grounded your methods—technology, tools, or just refusing to play by magical rules—the stronger this effect becomes. Guns, machines, or even a well-placed screwdriver carry a deeper weight, rejecting the pomp of mysticism in favor of the brutal force of modern realism. That doesn't mean magic is off-limits, but when it's used with the acknowledgment that it's just a tool—not a miracle—it carries the same grounding strength. No longer will humanity fear the unknowable.

To those who thrive in mystery, to the inhuman, the conceptual, the eternal—your presence is not a challenge. It is erosion. The quiet certainty that no matter how divine or alien they may be, this is the **Age of Man**, and your world makes no room for fantasy.

Fireball (200 AP)

You gain access to the classic, beloved, and now absolutely devastating spell: Fireball. It might sound simple—throwing a flaming sphere that explodes on contact—but don't underestimate it. With this perk, your fireball is no mere party trick.

You can conjure a blazing orb of flame roughly the size of a football, hurling it with incredible speed and accuracy. Upon impact, it detonates with the force of 10 kilograms of TNT, unleashing a burst of fire and concussive force capable of leveling light structures and torching anything flammable nearby. This spell requires no mana to cast, and it has no cooldown beyond the moment it takes to hurl it—meaning rapid-fire casting is entirely viable.

But that's not all. This fireball has a dangerous quirk: when it hits the same target more than once, its power begins to stack exponentially. The second hit deals twice the force, the third hit doubles again, and so on. With enough consecutive strikes, your harmless little spell snowballs into city-leveling annihilation. For reference, eighteen direct hits on the same target? You're approaching kiloton-level devastation. That's right—this is a fireball with potential to rival tactical ordinance.

Beware the backblast, however. While the spell is user-friendly, it's not idiot-proof. If you're in range of the detonation, you'll feel it too. Friendly fire is still fire, after all.

It's simple. It's clean. It's explosive. And in the right hands, it's a potential nuke.

Reality Marble Piercer (400 AP)

In the Nasuverse and many other worlds, some powerful beings can superimpose their inner world over reality—creating domains, reality marbles, demiplanes, or pocket universes where they reign supreme. These spaces are crafted to tip every advantage in their favor, bending the rules of the outside world to reflect their own truth. Entering one without a plan often means certain defeat, unless you possess overwhelming might, rare countermeasures, or ridiculous amounts of luck.

That’s where you come in.

With this perk, you gain the ability to **pierce or destabilize artificial realms of absolute control**. Whether it's a Reality Marble, a Domain Expansion, a soulscape, or some alien bubble of metaphysical dominance, your very presence is a threat to its integrity.

You may choose to breach such a space in two distinct ways. First, with a **single focused strike** against the boundary of the pocket dimension—whether physical, magical, or conceptual—you can **rip open a passage** through which you or others can pass, either to escape or to charge in. Second, if you find yourself already within such a place, you can **destabilize it from the inside**: each blow you strike against the environment reverberates with anti-domain resonance, shaking the foundation of the realm and hastening its collapse back into normal reality.

This perk does not nullify the realm immediately; rather, it gives you a reliable and thematic way to bypass "unwinnable" domains. It won’t matter if someone drags you into a dreamscape where all their attacks become conceptual instakills—if you can move, you can break free. No longer are you at the mercy of someone else's reality. You can pierce it, and break it down.



True Magic Lock (600 AP)

In the Nasuverse, magecraft is but a shadow of true miracles—True Magic, or *"Magic"* with a capital M, the kind of mystery that defies human understanding and stands outside the reach of science and sorcery alike. When faced with a wielder of True Magic, even the most experienced Magus can do little but pray.

But not you.

With this perk, you possess a rare and terrifying ability: the **True Magic Lock**. When invoked, you create a **conceptual field** around yourself (extending to several dozen meters, and potentially expanding with effort or time) in which **no form of supernatural phenomenon defined as "Magic" may function**. This includes:

- **Standard Magecraft**: No spells, no circles, no rituals—no matter how complex.
- **True Magic (Magics of the Five/Six)**: Even the miracles of the great Magicians falter within your lock.
- **Sorcery from Other Worlds**: Any system functionally equivalent to magic (Final Fantasy-style spells, alien psionics, fairy glamours) becomes inert if it mirrors magical principles.
- **Clarke-tech or Technomagic**: Advanced technology indistinguishable from or modeled after magic is also suppressed.

This suppression is **absolute within the field**—not a resistance, not a counter, but a flat-out **"no"** imposed upon magical law itself. Even Noble Phantasms with magical origins or effects will sputter or downgrade in function within your influence. A sword of flame might still be sharp, but it will not burn. A conceptual spear that reverses causality becomes just a sharp stick.

The Lock is not without cost: **maintaining it requires focus and determination**, and the stronger the magic it's suppressing, the more your will must anchor it. Maintaining the Lock in the presence of True Magic-tier spells or Divine mysteries will tax your resolve and soul, but you *can* hold firm—long enough to turn the tide.

Lastly, this Lock doesn't just cancel magic—it **renders the area magically sterile** for as long as it persists. Spells cannot be cast, mana cannot be drawn from the land, and contracts reliant on magical law falter. It is the antithesis of mystery, a dead zone where even the Moonlit World shudders to tread.

In a world where Magecraft reigns supreme and miracles dictate fate, this perk is your declaration: **you reject mystery, and in your presence, reality answers to *you*, not to the Root.**

Waifu Perks

Preternatural Beauty (100 AP)

You can't truly embody the essence of a Waifu (or Husbando, for that matter) without the kind of beauty that turns heads, halts conversations, and leaves both mortals and immortals questioning their priorities. With this perk, you possess an **aesthetic perfection** that transcends normal attractiveness—your form exists at the **apex of physical appeal**, finely tuned to evoke awe, desire, and fascination in equal measure.

Your features, physique, and posture adapt over time to reflect an idealized version of beauty specific to those who perceive you—**a subtle, supernatural alignment to their preferences**, though never enough to lose your unique identity or fall into uncanny territory. This means people from wildly different species or cultures may all see you as breathtaking in their own way.

The effect is not just visual. There's an **intangible quality to your presence**—a natural charm, an alluring aura, something that makes people pause, listen, and soften around you. This is not mind control or seduction magic, but rather a **supernaturally reinforced charisma** that gives you the benefit of the doubt in most social interactions.

As a bonus, your body **automatically maintains its prime**, no matter your lifestyle. You could binge an entire cake, skip every gym session for years, or be stranded without skincare for a month, and your body will still self-correct over time to return you to your ideal state—healthy, radiant, and always camera-ready. Your hair never gets greasy, your skin glows, and dark circles just... don’t exist.

This perk is passive, ever-present, and scales gently with power—**enough to captivate humans, confuse spirits, and perhaps even distract the occasional heroic spirit or eldritch being**, if only for a moment.

The Absolute Best in Bed and Stage (200 AP)

To be a true Waifu—or the kind of companion that legends and love songs are written about—one must master both **graceful performance and intimate connection**. With this perk, you embody an effortless magnetism, a captivating presence that shines whether you're beneath the spotlight… or the sheets.

On stage, you’re not necessarily the most technically perfect performer—but that hardly matters. Whether you're dancing, singing, acting, playing music, or even just cooking a meal, you exude **raw emotion, authenticity, and charm** that captures the hearts of your audience. It’s not about flawless execution; it’s about the feeling, and **you make people *feel* things**. Enthusiasm, vulnerability, joy—your presence turns mundane acts into unforgettable experiences.

Off-stage and in more *private* encounters, your allure doesn't fade. In fact, it grows exponentially. You don’t just attract partners—you enthrall them. Intimacy with you is not simply pleasurable; it’s **transformative**, the kind of experience that lingers in memory and body long after the moment has passed. Every time it happens, **it becomes better**—a feedback loop of passion and connection that leaves partners utterly obsessed, emotionally attached, or at the very least, unwilling to settle for less.

This isn’t mind control or manipulation. Your draw comes from your **sincerity, attentiveness, and the irresistible blend of emotional and physical harmony** that defines your every interaction. You are, in the most literal sense, the kind of person people write poetry about, whether on a concert stage or whispered between silk sheets. Truly, a waifu of legend.

Homely Mad Skills (400 AP)

One thing all top-tier waifus—be they idols, childhood friends, noble princesses, android maidens, or battle-hardened warrior queens—have in common is the almost unfair charm they radiate when performing even the simplest domestic tasks. There's just something about the way they cook, clean, or care for others that makes people stop and think: *"I need this person in my life."*

With this perk, you've unlocked those very same **legendary domestic talents**, and then some. Any skill or task that could be associated with a home life—baking, gardening, sewing, cleaning, decorating, organizing, parenting, or even self-defense—becomes something you perform with **overwhelming mastery and heart-melting appeal**. Your cookies taste like home and happiness. Your mended clothes look like designer fashion. Your cleaning? Surgical. And if some home-invading demon dares to threaten your family within your home? You'll send them flying out the window regardless of how powerful they are like a shōnen protagonist on a budget-fueled rage arc.

These abilities are not magical in nature—but in their **impact and effect**, they might as well be. They shine brightest when used in a domestic or emotionally anchored context, such as caring for loved ones or defending your home. Outside of that environment, they revert to high, but still human, levels of proficiency.

In short: when it comes to homely life, you don't just *fit in*—you're the gold standard. The kind of waifu (or husbando) people write long-winded fanfiction about.



Best Girl (600 AP)

Congratulations, Jumper. By taking this perk, you've officially ascended into the legendary tier of waifus. You are, without question, **the Best Girl**—not just of this jump, but of every world you step into from here on out.

Upon entering any new setting, this perk immediately scans for whoever holds the title—officially or spiritually—of "Best Girl" within that universe. Idol, empress, magical girl, tragic heroine, tsundere swordswoman—you name it. Their **abilities, traits, potentials, and charm** are yours. You don't copy them. You **inherit** them, perfectly adapted to your body and personal style. This process is seamless, automatic, and fully integrated. And yes, if there's more than one "Best Girl" contender, you get the **combined composite** of their best qualities. You are now the gold standard they all look up to. **These inherited qualities will become permanent, fiat backed and will follow you in future jumps.**

Physically, your appearance adapts into an impossibly ideal form—a stunning blend of elegance, vitality, and raw appeal that transcends cultural standards. You can effortlessly shift your form once at the beginning of a jump, choosing between a youthful, adorable girl and a radiant woman in her prime regardless of any jump rules limiting your age and form, embodying the ideal of beauty at both ends of the spectrum, all while keeping your full strength.

And oh and if you weren't already, you're strong now. Strong enough to lift tanks, withstand impacts that would shatter reinforced bunkers, and still have the grace to dust yourself off and fix someone a bento lunch right after. You're tough, resilient, and exude that irresistible aura that makes both allies and enemies hesitate—not out of fear, but sheer awe.

Whether you're facing off against Beast-class threats or just trying to win the school festival, **you are the one they root for, the one they remember, and the one who defines what it means to be the Best Girl**.

And yes… that includes the Nasuverse. Good luck, Rin. Step aside, Saber. There's a new legend in town.



Items

The Nasuverse is full dangers, and I've heard it has some quite HAX items, but you won't find any here! Unfortunately, I wasn't able to procure any of the OP items of this verse, but I've gathered a few assorted items I found here and there, even threw some that are not found in here. No discounts, but I have some goodies that reverse your fate here if you're willing to invest the AP.

Mystic Eyes Removal Powder (100 AP)

A small, ornamented pouch holds a shimmering, jewel-dust powder that refracts light in strange and mesmerizing ways. When sprinkled directly into the eyes of a target with Mystic Eyes (or anyone with any type of eyes with powers), the powder nullifies all supernatural or otherworldly effects they possess, rendering the eyes completely mundane for several days. This effect cannot be resisted once applied, though delivering it is entirely up to your cunning or force. The pouch regenerates a full dose once per week.

Knife of Conceptual Death (100 AP)

At first glance, this unassuming pocket knife seems ordinary—its short, sharp blade no more dangerous than any mundane tool. However, it carries with it the very concept of death. Anything injured by this blade becomes subject to death as humans understand it, even entities previously immune due to a lack of mortal concept. The knife must be the direct cause of the harm to take effect, to the point where it must be the tool used to kill a target, and while fatal to smaller targets or humans, its short length makes it considerably more difficult to use effectively against large or abstract foes.

Spiritron-Infused Quality Mana Glass S+ (100 AP)

Contained in a wooden box are a thousand small, flawless glass beads, each densely infused with high-grade spiritrons and refined mana. These can be used as potent fuel for magic, rituals, or other applications requiring either mana or spiritrons. They're highly unstable under pressure, capable of explosive discharge if shattered with force. Used responsibly, they're invaluable; used recklessly, dangerously volatile. The box replenishes its full count weekly within your warehouse.

Anomalous Constant Anti-summon Explosive (200 AP)

This steel hexagonal device, embedded with a crimson mana-reactive gem, activates upon a small mana input. Over the course of ten seconds, it greedily draws in surrounding ambient mana before violently discharging it in a short-range explosion (two to five meters depending on intake). The blast disrupts magical bindings, forcibly severing all summoned beings—such as Servants or spirits—from their anchors. Targets are drained of mana and then gradually unsummoned over the course of one minute, with no way to prevent this once it has begun. The device reappears in your warehouse the day after it's used.

Almost Legendary Replica (200 AP)

This small, mana-infused sphere hums faintly with possibility, waiting patiently for your command. When its single button is pressed, it interfaces with your thoughts—drawing from your understanding, imagination, and intent to reshape itself into nearly any handheld object you can conceive. The better your grasp of the item's design, materials, and inner workings, the more faithful the replica will be—though in Nasuverse terms, even the most accurate reproduction will still fall one full Rank short of the original's potency. Once its limited internal energy is spent, the replica quietly dissolves, returning to its spherical form and requiring a few minutes of rest before it can be used again. Though it cannot replicate artifacts that transcend human comprehension, anything a modern magus or a clever engineer could reasonably grasp is fair game—making it a cherished tool for opportunists, tricksters, and resourceful would-be Nasuverse enthusiasts.

Absolute Territory Leggings (200 AP)

A stylish blend of mystery and function, these sleek black leggings feel cool to the touch but hug your legs with the cozy warmth of a perfectly cast reinforcement spell. Though they shimmer subtly in the light—drawing more than a few admiring glances—they're no mere fashion statement. Once worn, they automatically apply a layer of high-grade structural reinforcement to your legs, allowing you to kick through walls, leap impossible distances, or deliver bone-shattering strikes with the elegance of a ballerina and the force of a missile. The enchantment subtly dampens magical interference, letting you deflect certain spells or resist enchantments through sheer kinetic superiority. Whether you're a moonlit martial artist, a rebellious magical girl, or just a servant of cleanliness with devastating roundhouse potential, these leggings turn your lower half into a high-performance menace of its own.

Jeweled Bomb Zelreckt (400 AP)

Now we're cooking with eldritch nonsense. This glittering, gem-studded sphere—lovingly dubbed the *Jeweled Bomb Zelreckt* (no relation to any actual Zelretch, lawyers checked)—is a catastrophically overdesigned magical explosive that looks more like a magical girl accessory than a planet-cracking WMD. To activate it, you must whisper a deeply questionable and extremely embarrassing magical phrase about "finally becoming a cute little girl" (don't think about it, just do it). Upon activation, the bomb begins siphoning infinitesimal fragments of mana from every universe in the multiverse—yes, *all* of them—compiling an ever-growing payload of omniversal magical density. You may set a time or mana limit before detonation, but *forgetting to do so means the bomb will keep charging until someone hits it*. After 30 minutes, the yield matches a nuclear weapon. After an hour? You're looking at continental erasure. Past that, you're basically holding a planetary level extinction or more event in your backpack. No one knows who built this thing, or why the trigger phrase is what it is, but it's universally agreed: this bomb is an existential mistake made manifest. Use responsibly. Or don't. But maybe give the moon a heads up, just don't get rekt by your own bomb.

True Ancestor Blood (Contaminated) (400 AP)

A single crystalline vial filled with a strangely luminous red liquid, vibrating softly with the suppressed hunger of something ancient and terribly wrong. Said to be genuine True Ancestor blood—well, mostly. Unfortunately, it's been contaminated by the residual essence of *Crimson Moon*, because of course it has. Nothing in the Nasuverse can be simple. The blood is potent, volatile, and carries within it the maddening flaw of its original blueprint: the curse of vampirism. Drinking it—no, chugging it like a fool—will trigger an agonizing metamorphosis into a *Dead Apostle Ancestor*, gifting you with monstrous strength, regenerative immortality, and an insatiable thirst for blood that no ethical diet will ever satisfy. You'll become a walking urban legend, the kind that makes the Burial Agency lose sleep. Alternatively, you can inject someone else with it and enjoy watching them suffer through their upgrade. The vial doesn't refill, and only one is provided per jump. Theoretically, you could purify it. Theoretically. But that would require something annoyingly powerful, expensive, and not covered by warranty.

Higher Mystery Purificator (600 AP)

Ah yes, the *Higher Mystery Purificator*, a device so advanced it looks like a vending machine married a conceptual kiln. Allegedly built by Cosmic Lords who had nothing better to do between timelines, this miracle oven can "purify" anything you shove into it—whatever that means. In practice, it forcibly extracts every cursed, corrupted, malevolent, or otherwise "wrong" component from an object, leaving only the idealized, wholesome version of what it was *supposed* to be. It doesn't ask questions, it doesn't need instructions, and it definitely doesn't follow the laws of thaumaturgy or thermodynamics. Pop in a Grief Seed, it comes out like a Pristine Soul Gem. Stick in a vampiric artifact? Boom—de-fanged. Put something in that only works *because* it's cursed, evil, or paradoxical? Tough luck, it'll still work—but now it's legally safe for children. Whether you're trying to fix a soul-damaging sword or just want to finally drink that Crimson Moon tainted blood, this Purificator will turn dangerous Nasuverse nonsense into slightly less dangerous, thematically ironic nonsense. Use with caution—or reckless abandon.

The **Higher Mystery Purificator** is oven sized, and technically one could barely fit a young lean human adult inside, though it would be extremely uncomfortable.

It is perfectly possible **to purify the contaminated True Ancestor blood with the Higher Mystery Purificator**, and that would create a perfected blood. What does this mean? I do not know, maybe drinking that will turn you into something akin to a True Ancestor without the blood thirst, or perhaps it could be used to treat (albeit temporality) someone who has been consumed by vampiric tendencies. Maybe you could attempt to help Arcueid from her own thirst? The final outcome is for you to discover.

Quasi-stable Hardened Reality Suit (600 AP)

Did you really think I'd toss you headfirst into the hell circus that is the Nasuverse without so much as a decent pair of metaphysical pants? This is a setting where conceptual warfare is Tuesday, ancient alien gods show up to delete humanity because it's in the planetary script, and time, space, and causality are more of a suggestion than rules. You've got counter guardians, apex Servants, timeline-fracturing True Magics, vampire faeries that don't play fair, and planetary antibodies that can and *will* snuff you out just for not being from this setting. So here—take this.

The **Quasi-Stable Hardened Reality Suit** is a rare relic I absolutely didn't "borrow" from that **couple of bored Cosmic Lords** that sold me the purifying oven. It's not made of any material known to science or magecraft, but rather compressed, *hardened reality itself*, condensed into a full-body suit. It is, by current standards, virtually indestructible within the Nasuverse—strong enough to no-sell attacks from a TYPE, and conceptually firm enough to resist the usual nonsense like causality reversal, fate rewriting, or "lol you're erased because Nasu", requiring a point-blank strike strong enough to damage a star to even form cracks into it. While it won't stop non-conceptual attacks to your exposed face (yes, there's no helmet—look, they were designing for style), it offers full protection otherwise, shrugging off magical, spiritual, and esoteric effects that would melt lesser beings like butter on a Divine Construct.

There are caveats, naturally. It doesn't auto-regenerate—damage is damage, and if you manage to crack it, you're in trouble, **it won't be able to be restored until the jump is over**. The suit is very resilient, though when contesting reality warping or conceptual effects, it will receive damage relative to the potency of what it defended against. You'll also have to suit up manually, which means no panic-button activation when surprise Moon Cell lasers show up. But for pure defense? This is the closest thing you'll get to a metaphysical bunker without packing up extreme plot armor perks. You're welcome. Just don't go wearing it in Cosmic settings, I'd… rather not have you come across the owners while you are wearing it.



Companions

You weren't the only poor soul hurled into this chaotic mess known as the Nasuverse. Others came with you—fellow Jumpers, mysterious figures, or just bizarre individuals who, for whatever reason, ended up tangled in your fate.

Some of them might choose to walk this perilous path by your side, becoming your companions. But heed this warning: the Nasuverse is merciless. Friends, allies, even beloved waifus—none are safe. Many (if not all of them) are destined for tragedy, suffering, or becoming the emotional fuel for someone else's character arc.

You can take them with you if you wish… or leave them behind, sparing yourself the heartbreak when the plot decides it's time to make a point. Choose carefully—sometimes, walking alone is the kinder path.

Note: In this jump, <u>any fallen companion will stay dead for good</u>. There's no perks, magic or other plot devices that can bring them back from being dead! You may not import companions from others jumps here.



Maya (0 AP)



"Honestly you people worry too much, I'm running off meta knowledge and good luck and this isn't so hard... Just practice sufficient caution and don't push it needlessly, you'll be fine!"

- Famous Last Words of Maya

She came to this world at the exact same time as you did—though you fell through the cracks of a broken reality, and she... walked in like she'd just won a sweepstakes. Maya, in all her pastel-pink glory, arrived acting as if under the impression that she's entered a whimsical magical girl show, complete with high schools full of brooding mystery boys and sparkly transformation trinkets. She thinks this is her chance to become the center of a dreamy storybook adventure, and disturbingly, she might be right.

Maya has no magecraft lineage. No Magic Circuits. No Reality Marble. No divine heritage or dead apostle bloodlines. She's just a girl—adorably dressed, socially magnetic, a little dense, and deeply obsessed with sweets and shopping. And yet, no matter where she goes in the Nasuverse, things just… work out. Church executors overlook her. Dangerous beings end up liking her. Territory-bound monsters give her directions and send her on her way. No Counter Guardian marks her. No TYPE horror has bothered to notice her so far. This is not supposed to happen, and yet it keeps happening.

Somehow, Maya slips through the cracks in the plot like a bubble of genre dissonance. She accrues friends, followers, and occasional suitors at a pace that makes you question the integrity of reality. She gets invited to tea by a family of mages of renown. At one point, she was gifted a mystic code by a rogue faery who claimed she reminded them of their late partner. You've seen it. You've *lived* it. And you still don't know how the hell she's doing it.

There's something about Maya that doesn't belong—and that may be exactly why she *does*. Her Origin, **[Cakewalk]**, gives her the uncanny ability to **waltz through impossibilities as though they're mild inconveniences**. You'd think this would make her naive, but she's strangely perceptive when no one's watching. She hums cheerful tunes while subtly nudging powerful forces away from her but often into others. She gets people to open up with childlike innocence… then casually extracts names and weaknesses without anyone realizing. If this is an act, it's Oscar-worthy. If it's not, well… maybe the world's finally met its narrative kryptonite.

Maya insists she's just here for a "**Super Easy Nasuverse Vacation**," but she always seems to be exactly where she needs to be when things start going off the rails. She talks about becoming a pop idol someday, as if saving the world is just a side quest on her way to fame. Maybe that's all she is—a lucky, lovable girl who somehow slipped through the Nasuverse's metaphysical firewall. **Or maybe, just maybe, she's up to something the world is not prepared to stop.** Either way, she's your companion now. Good luck keeping up.

MN (0 AP)

Talk about unhinged. This other Jumper arrived a few days before you, and let's just say… they made an impression. No one knows if MN is a boy, a girl, or something in between—and honestly, no one dares to ask. What's clear is that this person is absolutely *nuts*.

Within days of landing, MN picked a fight with a Dead Apostle. Not only survived, but *won*. Then—because sanity is clearly optional—MN tried to **eat** the damn thing. The Dead Apostle fled. Not out of pity. Out of sheer, incomprehensible *fear*. Welcome to the kind of crazy that makes vampires reconsider their life choices.

MN doesn't operate on logic. Expect spontaneous yandere energy, erratic behavior, and possibly a knife in the back delivered with a smile. But here's the thing: under that chaos lies raw power. MN has hidden abilities from some superhero jump they visited prior—real nasty stuff, the kind you don't see until it's too late. The kind of surprise that turns the tables *hard*.



"Oooh, what do we have here? Is it finally someone to share my views or just some boring goody two shoes? Either way, I think I am going to enjoy *this. Hihihihi~"*

Ask anyone what abilities MN has, and the answer's always the same: the villainous kind. Behind that petite frame lies a terrifying strength that makes no sense by any sane metric, paired with a sharp intellect and speed that borders on the unfair. And then there's the laugh—unhinged, theatrical, and echoing like something out of a climactic boss battle. MN bites, literally, and that bite spreads temporary madness like a curse, infecting minds with chaos and leaving reason in shambles.

Blood is more than just fuel to MN—it's their tether to reality. It heals them, strengthens them, pushes their abilities into overdrive. The more blood spilled (theirs or others'), the more frenzied they become. At their worst, they're an unstoppable force, tearing through wards, seals, and fate itself like it's all just badly written script. Once they enter that state, there's no reasoning with them. There's only survival—or hoping you're still considered a "friend."

And yet… there's a glimmer of something else in MN. Loneliness, maybe. Insecurity, definitely. They aren't evil so much as *untethered*, clinging to chaos as a way to fill the void inside. Some say they dream of learning how to draw—others claim they write strange, poignant children's stories in blood-spattered notebooks. If you're the sort who believes in redemption arcs, you might be tempted to try. Just know this: MN won't make it easy. But if you manage to win their trust? You might just find that behind the madness is a heart that beats a little too hard—and wants, more than anything, to matter.

If—and that's a *big* if—you can steer the madness, MN could be a powerhouse ally. They're fast, vicious, unpredictable, and completely untethered by any known moral compass. You just have to make sure they're pointing that knife *away* from you when things get rough.

Important note: **Do not** let MN near babies, red lobsters, or unsupervised ritual sites. You've been warned.

MN has **no chosen Origin**, and enters the Nasuverse under the **[Dark Fate]** drawback.

Aleph (0 AP)



"I love my Saber clones, I admit my guilt."

Aleph is yet another Jumper who crash-landed into the Nasuverse with high hopes and absolutely no planning skills. His dream? Roll into town with a few Noble Phantasms, collect some Saber variants, maybe play a little gacha, and coast through the setting like a power fantasy protagonist while having the **appearance of a well known Nijisanji Vtuber**. What actually happened? He chose *that* massive 300+ pages Jumpdoc filled with nested tables, half-translated Noble Phantasms, and rules written by madmen. Somewhere in that bureaucratic labyrinth of mechanics, he made a mistake. A big one.

The result? He was yeeted into the Nasuverse **with 0 AP** and under **Gauntlet rules**. No powers. No perks. Just a standard Jumper body mod set and an impressive sense of bad luck. He technically has access to his warehouse... but can't take anything out or use it. And yes, he's a pretty boy—but unfortunately, being handsome doesn't stop Saber from stabbing you in the throat.

Aleph has the **Magician origin**, but can't cast a single spell. That's right. The man's walking around in the deadliest anime multiverse with the magical prowess of a slightly educated rock.

He's obsessed with Saber. All of them. Every flavor. If you stand between him and getting his hands on a Saber variant waifu, prepare for betrayal. He'll throw hands, spells, or rocks if he has to. And Grand Order? He *will* find a way into that mess, no matter how many interdimensional doors he has to kick down.

That said, Aleph isn't *completely* hopeless. He's got decent knowledge of the Nasuverse, and when not blinded by waifu delusion, he's a surprisingly capable ally. He's reckless, sure, but dependable when things get serious—just keep an eye on him when waifus are involved, or you might find yourself third-wheeled, soul-sold, or sacrificed for quartz.

Aleph has the **[Magician Origin]**, but knows no spells, and enters the Nasuverse under the **[Dark Fate]** drawback.

PionoPlayer (0 AP)



"Something tells me that this jump is either going to be scary but ultimately trivial, or that I'm about two weeks away from dying for somebody else's visual gag. Wanna stick around and find out which?"

Now here's an anomaly wrapped in a paradox and dipped in toon physics. PionoPlayer is a walking red flag for every higher-dimensional power in the Nasuverse. Fresh off the **Generic Cartoon World** jump, he fell in love with his 2D toon form—so much so that he kept it. Problem is... **he's stuck that way now for the entirety of this jump.** Flat. Animated. Completely divorced from the laws of this reality.

You'd think he would've packed some serious perks to survive this hellhole of a setting, but nope. Somehow, he skimmed the surface of Cartoon World and brought back the *wackiness* but not the *power*. No **Mundane Mondays**, no cosmic immunity to realism—just a bouncy, rubber-limbed body with physics that operate on punchlines. And now he's been dumped in the Nasuverse, where things like Gaia, the Counter Force, and TYPES take one look at him and immediately go, "That thing? It shouldn't exist."

His presence is like a siren call to every reality-sensitive entity. **Servants** might track him down out of curiosity. **Mages** might try to dissect him (or marry him, you never know with Clock Tower types). And if any **TYPE** notices him? Well, let's just say your team better have at least one planet-buster ready on standby.

Despite this, PionoPlayer isn't a liability. He's armed with a few quirky cartoon perks—enough to make him unpredictable in a fight, and potentially game-changing if used cleverly. Think *anvils from nowhere*, *stretchy logic*, and *immunity to things that would normally kill a living creature but only mildly inconvenience a toon*. It won't win wars, but it might let you survive one.

He's a loyal and cheerful ally if you take the time to befriend him—kind-hearted, eager to help, and surprisingly resilient given his paper-thin appearance. Just don't let him get wet, crumpled, or trapped in any overly serious monologues.

PionoPlayer has **no chosen Origin**, carries suspicious amounts of knowledge about something or someone called **the Godmodder**, and enters the Nasuverse under the **[Dark Fate]** drawback.

Leading Temxisting (0 AP)



"Seems this night will be long... but not for you"

What's with all the angst, man? There's brooding, and then there's **Leading Temxisting**—a jumper who practically radiates that ancient vampire energy. Unlike others who got dumped into the Nasuverse cold, Temxisting comes with a few jumps already under his belt—specifically, a triple-stacked serving of **oWoD Vampire** jumps. That's right, this guy didn't just dabble in darkness—he *majored* in it.

He's got all the hallmarks of a proper old-school vamp: stylish trench coat, glowing eyes that hit you with **Dominate** like a psychic freight train, and a silent aura that screams "I've seen things." No one's entirely sure just how powerful he is, but rumors suggest he's easily on par with a **5th or 6th Generation** elder, and that's before perks. Mage? He skipped it—claims awakened magic is for cowards. He'd rather crush you with raw, undead dominance and some truly questionable decisions.

His mission in the Nasuverse is… well, thematic. **Devour the local vampires.** Yes, even **TYPE-MOON** if he can get his fangs into it. And yes, like 90% of the fandom, he wants **Arcueid** as his waifu—though the chances of that going well are *very* slim, especially considering the number of Church Executors, Dead Apostles, and Servants who aren't thrilled by his existence.

Things took a turn when **Neco-Arc** caught a whiff of him. Let's just say she didn't like what she smelled. Now he's got a hyper-chaotic meme-cat stalking him, and if that doesn't worry him, it *definitely* should. But Temxisting isn't the kind of guy who flinches. He's the kind who smiles as he walks into a slaughter, armed with a cryptic quote, a cursed katana, and an assortment of **Hannya masks** that are probably **fiat-backed**, *definitely* cursed, and maybe whisper to him when no one's listening.

He doesn't have a formal **Origin**, but he sure as hell carved out a niche of his own—striding through the Nasuverse like a noir antihero with a hunger for chaos and blood. Despite (or because of) his arrogance, he might be a good ally if you can tolerate the brooding. Leading Temxisting enters the Nasuverse under the **[Dark Fate]** drawback.

JesterFoxFlame (0 AP)



"Fiat iustitia, et pereat mundus"
**Teleports behind you*

Now here's a weird one. Unlike the rest of the companions who are Jumpers, dimension-walkers, or eldritch veterans of the multiverse, **JesterFoxFlame** was just… a guy. A totally normal dude. He was chilling on the internet, browsing for the latest volume of Grand Order doujins—pure, cultured vibes—when the universe decided he was due for a genre shift. Out of nowhere, **Truck-kun** appeared and *absolutely obliterated* him.

Cue classic isekai moment. He thought he was going to wake up in a harem-filled Grand Order wonderland, surrounded by busty servants and plot armor. But no. **He got reincarnated as Light Yagami** in the *Death Note* universe. Same killer looks, *none* of the brains. It went about as well as you'd expect. With a gifted Death Note but no real plan, he fumbled his way through life until *L* and the gang cornered him. Arrested, exposed, and en route to maximum security, fate intervened again—a second truck *slammed* into the transport van. *Yes, again.*

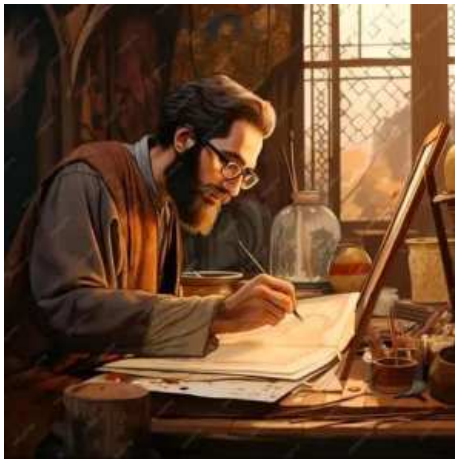
So now he's here, but this time **HE'S A JUMPER**. **The Nasuverse.** Somehow still alive, and backup by Truck-kun as his Jumpchan. Still pretty. And still lacking strategic foresight. But he's holding one hell of a wild card: **a fiat-backed Death Note.** It's real, it works—though so far, it's only been tested on normal humans. No clue how it fares against Servants, Dead Apostles, or conceptual deities with infinite resistances. But hey, that won't stop Jester from writing names like he's playing 4D chess (except it's more like drunk checkers).

Aside from his deadly notebook and inexplicably perfect hair, **JesterFoxFlame is NOT just a regular human**. Combat skills, spells, magical circuits. He's everything but a liability in a brawl due to him being stacked with AP, and an absolute menace when no one is watching. If you can keep him alive—and maybe steer him away from making bad decisions—you'll find him loyal, clever (in a street-rat kinda way), and always down to throw a wrench into the enemy's plans.

Of course, his knack for drawing cosmic misfortune hasn't gone unnoticed. **Something out there is watching him.** Every isekai has a cost, and his number may come up sooner than expected. But until then? He's your wildcard. Your wildcard with a killbook.

JesterFoxFlame has **no chosen Origin**, possesses a **fiat-backed Death Note**, and enters the Nasuverse under the **[Dark Fate]** drawback.

PriorPossible (0 AP)



"Clothes are for idiots who can't shapeshift, right Rider-chan?

Ah, *there* he is. Took a while to track him down—probably because he's been hiding in plain sight, growing that glorious mustache and majestic beard like some kind of interdimensional philosopher-king. This fine gentleman is **PriorPossible**, a rare breed known across the Omniverse as a **Jumpdoc Author**—those curious, overworked souls tasked with crafting reality-bending jump documents for Jumpchans to force their Jumpers to explore. He's currently deep into developing a massive **Invincible Jump Series**, one that promises to reshape the meta once completed. But… here's the twist. He hasn't finished it yet.

This means he doesn't have the *entire* arsenal of perks he'll one day wield, but don't get cocky—he still has a **few powerful tricks up his sleeve**, including **Viltrumite physiology** and **a limited version of Atom Eve's reality-warping abilities**. Sounds like a broken powerhouse, right? Normally, yes—but this is the Nasuverse. Here, that kind of power paints a giant glowing target on your back for True Ancestors, Magicians, or even that smug bartender in the Clock Tower. He's *loud*, too. Always going on about morality, cooperation, and how having power means having the responsibility to help others. Shirou Emiya would either be his best friend or mortal enemy. No in-between.

But there's another side to PriorPossible. A dark one. He has a **violent trigger**, and it's not subtle: the moment he sees harm come to a child, he loses all sense of reason and restraint. What follows is not just rage—it's **carnage**, fueled by righteous fury and **cartoonish vengeance**. When this happens, he doesn't just fight. He **transforms**. Into **Elmo**. Yes, that Elmo. But not the cute one from Sesame Street. This is a blood-red incarnation of pure wrath, a nightmare in felt who can—and will—go full Kaiju-mode on anyone foolish enough to stand in his way. You don't want to be near him when this switch flips. Honestly, you don't even want to *watch*.

Still, outside of his occasional murder sprees and moral rants, PriorPossible is oddly chill. He spends his free time in a comfy study, sipping tea and sketching surprisingly tasteful fanart of Rider's tights (for "research," obviously). He can be insightful, inspiring, and even comforting… as long as no one mentions anything involving kids, betrayal, or bad adaptations of comic books. He's also completely, catastrophically **vulnerable to magic while untransformed**, so maybe keep a defensive charm on standby.

There's a quiet honor in him, though. A desire to be *better* than the world expects, and to help others see their potential too. That's the kind of guy he is—equal parts inspirational mentor and ticking time bomb in the shape of a Muppet.

PriorPossible has **no chosen Origin**, wields multiple perks from an unfinished **Invincible jump series**, possesses **Viltrumite physiology**, is **fully exposed to magical effects**, and enters the Nasuverse under the **[Dark Fate]** drawback.

DaddyCool123 (0 AP)



"Ehehe~ I just smiled, winked, and that Berserker fell through a building. Poor thing didn't even land in one piece~♡"

Hey—wipe that drool off your chin. You're staring again. It's hard not to, of course. With those smoldering sapphire eyes, that flawless porcelain skin, enchanting voice, and hair so soft it practically shimmers in the moonlight, **DaddyCool123** is, quite simply, **gorgeous**. A walking dream. A head-turner. A showstopper. Just… don't call him a *waifu* to his face. Even if technically, that *is* what he is.

See, when DaddyCool got his jump choices, he didn't overthink it. "*If I'm going into the Nasuverse, I'm gonna look hot doing it.*" One quick pick of the [**Waifu Origin**], and boom—he became an instant goddess-tier bombshell. Well… a **bombshell who's still 100% male**. Not that it matters to most people in this cursed anime multiverse, especially when he's pulling in **suitors left and right**. A few over-curious magi? Check. A thirsty werewolf noble? Yep. And don't even get him started on **Gilgamesh**, who's *definitely* going to get weird about it the moment they lock eyes.

Despite looking like the hottest heroine ever drawn, **DaddyCool123 is very much a bro at heart**. He likes girls, lives for waifus, and treats male allies like brothers-in-arms. But his looks? They're the kind that make *other waifus* irrationally jealous. You'll probably witness at least three catfights, two love triangles, and a reality-breaking romantic subplot just from standing near him too long. Good luck explaining he's not actually part of some rogue Singularities' harem.

What makes him dangerous, though, isn't just the sex appeal—it's the way he blends in. He's the **only one among your companions who could actually pass as a background character in Grand Order**, as long as he cosplays appropriately. Give him a staff and a cute outfit, and suddenly he's the fifth most beloved "support caster" in Chaldea. And with that comes access to circles of power and gossip that no other Jumper could infiltrate without setting off alarms.

He's shy, oddly humble despite the chaos he causes, and just wants to enjoy himself. But under the charm and the flirtatious aura, **DaddyCool123 has razor-sharp instincts**. He knows how the Nasuverse works. He *knows* he's in danger. And he'll stick close to you—not just for protection, but because he believes in backing up his friends. And also maybe because you're the only one who doesn't get weird when you hear his real name.

DaddyCool123 has chosen the **[Waifu Origin]**, is a **male Jumper** with **absurd levels of beauty**, and enters the Nasuverse under the **[Dark Fate]** drawback.

SonicCody (0 AP)



"And I thought my Kirby jump was long BUT WHAT?!"

This dashing devil is none other than **SonicCody**, a well-known face across the multiverse—or at least in certain forums that have mysteriously vanished from the internet. Once a proud **Benefactor**, SonicCody was unceremoniously booted into the Nasuverse due to a complex tangle of copyright strikes and the accidental creation of **too many Sonic-based jumpdocs**. Some say this was a banishment, others whisper it was an "extended vacation." Cody insists it's just temporary. Probably.

Don't let his current predicament fool you—SonicCody is notoriously difficult to get rid of. He's been banned, kicked, erased, and rebooted more times than anyone can count, and yet he always comes back. His **Warehouse** is the stuff of legend: expanded with so many supplements it practically has its own economy, time flow, and even a rumor of a hidden vault containing every jumpdoc ever written. Whether he uses them or not is anyone's guess—Cody's not exactly big on sharing his loadouts.

Some claim he once went by **Mark the Jumper**, and that he's on sabbatical from a certain **Interdimensional Academy**, where he may or may not have dated a cute elven girl. Sadly, none of his usual companions made the trip to the Nasuverse with him, and by decree of the setting gods, he can't take out fiat items from his warehouse. You'd think he'd be upset—except he's somehow managed to charm one of the Red Sabers. Unfortunately, he's also managed to deeply offend one of the Blue ones. Which one wants to kiss him and which one wants to dismember him remains a daily mystery.

SonicCody picked the **[Servant Origin]**, hoping for cool Noble Phantasms, flashy powers, and Fate-tier hype. Instead, he landed a 4-days-a-week contract cleaning a mage family's mansion. He doesn't complain though. He insists the uniform "adds to his mystique," and if you've seen the way that Rin blushes when he walks in with a mop, maybe he's onto something.

He does still have access to a handful of **perks from prior jumps**, though none powerful enough to break the game. That said, his versatility and unpredictability make him one of the most adaptable allies around. Give him time, and he'll either save the timeline or accidentally seduce an Outer God. Possibly both.

SonicCody has chosen the [Servant Origin], retains some versatile perks from past jumps, and arrives in the Nasuverse under the [Dark Fate] drawback

Quinn (0 AP)



"…That is mine. Give it to me"

Don't let the ethereal beauty and long, pointed ears fool you—Quinn isn't like the others. Unlike most jumpers who stumbled into the Nasuverse by accident or force, **Quinn came here by choice.** They tore through the barriers between worlds not for glory, not for vengeance, but out of an insatiable curiosity. Heterochromatic eyes—one burning red, the other cool blue—mark them wherever they go, a telltale sign that you're dealing with someone operating well outside mortal definitions.

Quinn is a shapeshifter by nature, and a **biological manipulator by design.** Their build is a twisted masterpiece of perks and abilities that revolve around consumption, evolution, and adaptation at the cellular, genetic, and even conceptual level. If it breathes, bleeds, mutates, or replicates—Quinn can interact with it in ways most magi can't even begin to comprehend. Parasite, predator, or partner? That depends on how you treat them... and how interesting you are to their ever-expanding collection of genetic toys.

Their mind, naturally, has begun to shift along with their body. Quinn no longer thinks entirely like a human. **There is still kindness in them**, but it's a strange, alien sort of empathy that doesn't always line up with what you might consider "good." They're capable of loyalty, of camaraderie, even affection—but underneath it all simmers a deeper hunger, one that sees relationships in terms of **utility, novelty, and long-term biological advantage.**

Traveling with Quinn is a gamble. On one hand, they are a terrifyingly competent ally, able to counteract curses, regenerate from near-fatal injuries, and neutralize many supernatural threats by simply… digesting them. On the other, there's no guarantee you'll always be seen as a companion. If you have rare perks, unique powers, or an especially "interesting" physiology, **you might eventually look more like lunch than a friend.**

They have not chosen an Origin, and have entered under the [**Dark Fate**] drawback. Perhaps they believe the Nasuverse holds something truly unique—something worth risking it all for. Or maybe, **for the first time**, Quinn has stepped into a world too dangerous, too bizarre, even for them.

Time will tell if the hunter becomes the hunted.

Luciano the Jumper (1000 AP)



Whoa—**seriously?** You somehow managed to pull **Luciano the Jumper** into your roster? *The* Luciano from the legendary jump *"Luciano's Excellent Adventure"*? The guy's practically mythic in jumper circles. He's absurdly strong, unfairly handsome, and so stacked with perks that he makes full-powered Goku look like an unpaid intern. Some say he once tanked a conceptual attack that erased people from history... just by flexing.

He's got it all: infinite stamina, charisma that warps fate, narrative immunity, and a mysterious backstory that always gets conveniently revealed in the most dramatic moments. The Nasuverse practically bends to make room for him, warping canon around his sheer narrative gravity. Whole timelines have rewritten themselves just to accommodate his arrival. It's not fair. It's not balanced. It's **Luciano**.

With this companion by your side, you're basically guaranteed to survive the Nasuverse. No more fear of getting turned into a mana battery, diced by a tsundere servant, or erased by an alien logic bomb. You finally got the cheat code, the platinum god-mode DLC, the walking endgame route.

But then… what's that? Why did everything just go quiet? Why does the air feel heavy all of a sudden?



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Wait, who is that? What is she doing?



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Wait! What are you doing!?

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sudden?



What the…!



.....



I guess we won't have Luciano in this jump…

By direct decree of the Jumpdoc Author (with urgent intervention from Chibi Saber), Luciano has been forcibly ejected from this Jump.

His overwhelming presence proved too much for the setting to handle. Where did he end up? Who knows. Probably somewhere that *can* survive his absurdity.

But one thing's for sure—**he won't be showing up here.**

**If you cheat and bring him into the jump, consider your 1000 AP lost and him removed again.*

***There may be still a way if you supplement this jump with a certain Jump set in the Nasuverse, if Luciano is there.*

Intermission: The Strange and Perilous Warning of Strange Aeon



Just as you're about to continue, the air grows cold—not the normal kind of cold, but the flavorless, buzzing chill of refrigerator static and bad eldritch omens. A low warbling sound—somewhere between a kazoo and Gregorian chanting—echoes around you. Then, without fanfare, a shimmering spectral being phases into existence.

It's Strange Aeon. Possibly dead. Possibly not. Her form flickers like **a corrupted GIF file of a certain feline Undertale character ready for mischief**. She floats, she meows, she speaks—but mostly in riddles and off-key musical numbers. Despite all this, her voice is serious… gravely serious. Or at least as serious as someone wearing a ghostly stripped blouse and pixelated cat ears can be. She's here to warn you, dear Jumper, about *what lies ahead*.

She recounts her time in this universe—harmless mischief, minor timeline vandalism, flirting with both Knights and Damsels, rewriting some Church doctrine just to see if anyone noticed (they did, and they were *not* thrilled). But then… *it* happened. **She crossed paths with Neco-Arc**. A clash of cosmic pranksters, an eldritch turf war of poorly drawn felines and violently inconsistent metaphysics. The danger of the setting became apparent. The battle was too chaotic for mortal minds to comprehend—think fireworks, barbershop quartets, spontaneous chaos. Ultimately, Neco-Arc unleashed something called "**EX ∞ MEOWPLOSION**", which scattered Strange Aeon across at least five lostbelts and one karaoke machine.

Strange Aeon resurrected—multiple times—using bootleg one-ups, misfiled administrative miracles, and one questionable wish made during a gacha pull. She fled to the South American jungles, **where she ran into the unfortunate fate of discovering a glowing crystal jungle across a vast expanse**. Attempting to explore it resulted in what she claims to be a flash of light that that annihilated her in 7 dimensions *and* installed Windows 95 on her soul. She never found what really happened, but she was erased from reality. Probably. Maybe. She's not completely sure yet.

And yet… she persists. Flickering in and out of timelines, haunting menu screens, sometimes appearing behind you in mirrors when you say "meoow" three times. Her time here is limited until her own jump's time ends—mere years, compared to your own—but she lingers, a warning and a nuisance. Beware her fate. Heed her words:

"The Nasuverse is not bound by logic or law. It is held together by memes, emotional trauma, and whatever Kinoko Nasu was dreaming about at 3AM. Tread carefully. Avoid timeline squirrels. Do NOT enter the Clock Tower's 13th basement. And if you hear accordion music coming from the moon, run. The Nasuverse is dangerous and if unprepared it will eat you up."

She fades, whispering the most cursed of truths: *"That is not dead which can eternal lie… and with Strange Aeons, even death may die. Or file a complaint."*

And then she is gone. For now.

Scenarios

Welcome to the Nasuverse. A realm where even the smallest decisions can spiral into catastrophe—if, of course, you're extraordinary enough to matter. The scenarios ahead form a single story, and by taking this Jump, you are bound to it. Bound, but not shackled. Your path through this tangled mess of heroic spirits, gods, and metaphysical monsters is your own… assuming you survive long enough to make your choices. Power here is not linear, nor fair. The impossible is simply the unrecognized inevitable, and danger tends to strike when you're too busy monologuing to notice.

As decreed by the possibly-real, possibly-fictional **AzureKnight whom you seem to be mantling**, **participation in *all fifteen* scenarios is mandatory**. They are to be **faced in sequence** and may span up to ten years—though the exact pacing is yours to decide. **Ignore this rule, however, and the consequences will be... severe**. You might call them fatal. You might call them metaphysically terminal. Either way, you won't call them again.

Your companions in this Jump are fellow Jumpers—most of them early in their journey, far from the untouchable titans of other verses like those of the mind of TroyX. All but one have been saddled with a drawback so lethal, so narratively damning, that without your direct intervention, their survival in the Nasuverse is virtually impossible. They need you—not as a savior, but as a wildcard. Whether they live or die hinges on your choices.

This is not a lighthearted tour. This is the *real* Nasuverse—raw, brutal, beautiful. Not the sanitized version some Jumpers treat as a sandbox of waifus and power fantasies. Here, the rules don't care how many Jumps you've cleared. Here, the stars burn with purpose, the Counter Force has teeth, and the Root watches *everything*.

So, step forward. Embrace the madness, the mystery, the blood-soaked miracles. And if you're lucky—or clever—you just might make it through.

Good luck, Jumper. You're going to need it.



Episode 01: Into the Nasuverse



And so it begins—whether by chance, design, or some unknowable higher force, you've been flung headfirst into the infamous chaos of the Nasuverse. Your starting point? Fuyuki City. The timing? Somewhere between a year to just a few weeks before the next Holy Grail War. The exact timeline is uncertain—*Fate*, *Unlimited Blade Works*, *Heaven's Feel*… or perhaps something new entirely. You won't know until it begins to unfold. What is clear, however, is that your arrival—along with that of other jumpers and strange beings—has disrupted the delicate balance of this reality. Like a foreign virus introduced to a paranoid immune system, the world has taken notice. And it *will* respond.

You awaken in an alleyway, cold concrete at your back and the flicker of a distant streetlight casting long shadows. Whatever Origin you've selected will begin to shape your path here—coincidences will line up, gear will find its way to you, and events will unfurl in eerie synchronicity. It won't be long before you encounter the first of the cursed ones—the companions afflicted with the **Dark Fate** drawback. Who they are, what they've become, and how they react to you varies wildly. Some meetings may seem benign or even friendly at first. Others might be violent, desperate, or laced with something far more unsettling. Regardless, you *will* meet them all. That's not a suggestion—it's part of the curse that binds this tale.

And then, just when the dust settles and solitude begins to feel safe again, it happens. A rupture in the seams of fate. A hidden hand moves against you, unseen but fatal. Perhaps it's a monstrous Dead Apostle drawn by your presence, or a cursed artifact lost to time. Maybe it's just a quiet, cruel trick of causality—something small enough to kill, large enough to end your chain. This is not an optional trial. This is the Nasuverse asserting itself. But just before you meet your untimely end, *she* appears. **Maya**. Out of nowhere, impossibly fast, impossibly competent. She severs the chain of doom with ease, her intervention the sole reason your story doesn't end here. You didn't also take that drawback, right?

Maya doesn't linger. She says nothing—or perhaps she says something deeply cryptic—and disappears just as quickly as she arrived, with a charming smile. Was she watching you all along? Was she sent? You won't know. What you *do* know is that you're still alive, and that this world just tried to kill you. Your first trial in the Nasuverse is over—not with triumph, but with survival. That is enough. For now.

To complete this scenario, you must simply endure. Make contact with all the companions bearing the Dark Fate drawback and Maya as well. Survive your first brush with the hostile nature of this world. The clock has started ticking, and the true story has only just begun. Welcome, Jumper. Your journey *into the Nasuverse* has officially begun.

Scenario Rewards: +100 AP

The first brush with the Nasuverse marks the start of your adventure here, a journey with both great rewards and dangers to discover. There are no additional rewards, though this is only the first scenario.

Episode 02: A Super Easy Vacation!



After the harrowing events of your first days in the Nasuverse, you'd think you've earned a moment to breathe. And you have—*sort of.* The second scenario begins when Maya, utterly unconcerned with the threats this world still harbors, suddenly declares that she's found the location of a reclusive magus who, according to whispered rumors and a handful of oddly specific Reddit threads, has mastered a form of Magecraft entirely devoted to crafting the perfect ice cream. Not just any ice cream—this stuff is rumored to cause temporary emotional healing, trigger lucid dreams, and in one case, allegedly made a Dead Apostle cry. Naturally, Maya has decided you will be temporarily joining her super easy vacation!

You barely have time to protest before she's already halfway out the door with a sunhat and flip-flops, declaring it a "low-stakes recon" mission. The location? A small, strangely serene town nestled somewhere between Misaki and a handful of weird locations. Peaceful, but that uneasy Nasuverse tension simmers just beneath the surface. Strange energy signatures pulse from the shadows, and more than one local smiles too widely for comfort. The town's centerpiece is the Ice Cream Parlor/Mage Workshop hybrid, which shifts architectural style every few hours for unknown reasons. Maya, of course, finds this "charming."

Your job? Whatever you want it to be—keep Maya safe (though she absolutely doesn't need it), follow her trail to uncover what secrets this town is hiding, or maybe even try to sample the mystical dessert for yourself. If you choose to investigate, you'll find that this "vacation" isn't quite so simple. The ice cream's origin is tied to a bizarre thaumaturgical experiment involving bounded emotion fields and phantasmal dairy constructs. You might start to suspect the whole town is part of a failed Aozaki experiment or a runaway Atlas lab simulation. That man smiling at you from the bench has no heartbeat. The sun doesn't quite move in the sky. And yet Maya waltzes through it all untouched, delighted, and somehow with a new ice cream flavor in hand every time you blink.

At some point, something will go wrong. Maybe the mage's self-aware freezer beasts escape containment. Maybe a warlock cult tries to weaponize the "Despair Pistachio" flavor. Maybe Maya accidentally triggers an eldritch flavor-core collapse. It's never clear *what* breaks the peace, only that it happens, and it's your problem to deal with. Maya might be off chasing down a "limited batch peach sorbet," or casually fighting off a familiar with one hand while texting someone. The danger is real—but curiously, it only ever seems to target *you*.

Survive this scenario by navigating the chaos however you choose. You can dive into the mystery, fight off whatever horror bubbles up from the sweet, creamy void, or just stick close to Maya and hope her accidental aura of dumb luck keeps you alive. Whatever happens, you'll leave this place with a better understanding of the absurd contrasts the Nasuverse offers: eldritch horror and soft serve in equal measure. Also, you'll probably be sick of ice cream for at least a year.

Scenario Rewards: +100 AP



A Magically Flavored Ice Cream (Reward Item)

How delicious! It seems Maya has saved a special ice cream for you. Its delicious, cold, and very healthy! It is fiat backed, and will reappear on your warehouse once consumed. It may be shared with others, guaranteed to taste the best with friends!

Episode 03: Chaos in the Children's Art School



The day begins with something oddly heartwarming. A child, perhaps no older than eight, bumps into you while you're wandering through a quiet residential district. Covered in marker doodles and carrying an oversized art portfolio, he nervously apologizes and insists on showing you the "cool dragon" he drew. One thing leads to another, and before long, you're sharing an afternoon in the sun, helping him mix colors at a community art center—an old, vine-covered building nestled in a tree-lined corner of the city. He talks a lot, mostly about monsters and heroes, but near the end of your time together, his tone changes. Quietly, he mentions something bad has been happening at the school. Kids say they hear whispers. Others have gotten sick. And then there's the shadows. Always around, but never when grown-ups are looking.

Curious or concerned, you begin to investigate the school. What you uncover is troubling. Strange markings beneath layers of chipped paint. Hallways that are colder than they should be. And then there are the ghosts—strange, wispy things that linger in unused classrooms and seem drawn to the vitality of children. They don't speak. They don't need to. These are the remnants of a deeper wrong, an echo left by something old. You follow the threads downward, through locked doors and forgotten staircases, until you find the basement. And there, barely hidden beneath an old theater stage, is a ritual circle still wet with blood. A demon-worshipping cult, laughable in power but serious in intent, is conducting an ongoing ritual at 3 AM each night. Its goal? To offer sacrifices—one child per night—to something far beyond their control. The magic is real. The threat is growing. And just as you're trying to wrap your head around this all, MN shows up.

You never quite know when MN arrives, only that suddenly they're there, lounging upside-down in a desk chair or sticking googly eyes to hallway mirrors. They're erratic, biting into markers like candy and humming tunes that seem just a bit off. MN's presence quickly escalates things—walls begin to peel, gravity flips in corners, and the ghosts react wildly to their proximity. Whether MN is helping or hindering you is… ambiguous at best. When one of the cultists tries to escalate the ritual by seizing a baby—where they got it is unclear—it becomes a turning point. MN's attention sharpens. You must stop the ritual, save the child, and MN… is not known how will they react.

But it's too late to stop the full disaster. The cultists, fumbling through an improvised rite, succeed in drawing down something they never should have touched. An imperfect avatar of Goetia, stitched together from broken concepts and corrupted summoning circles, descends upon the school. A golden fractal eye blooms in the gymnasium. The world bends. A bounded field seals the entire building, trapping you inside with dozens of children, the cult remnants, MN, and something that should not exist. The imperfect Goetia doesn't understand this world—it only knows that something must be *corrected*. MN is the first it targets. They scream. Not with fear, but with pain, and something worse: lucidity. Unless you act, MN will die. Not cartoonishly. Not theatrically. But truly, irrevocably destroyed, mind and soul unmade by something they cannot comprehend. The choice is yours—stand back and save yourself, or leap into madness to pull MN back from the brink.

If you intervene, the battle is perilous and costly. It might mean sacrificing time, power, or advantage. But with enough force or cunning—or perhaps by unanchoring the ritual at its core—you can shatter the field and unravel the avatar's form. At the heart of the ritual, in a small sub-basement beneath the stage, lies a hidden library filled with useless magical ramblings, dead-end theories, and one actual book: a grimoire that details how the ritual functions and how to sever it from the Source. Once undone, the school falls quiet again. The children are shaken but safe. MN, if rescued, will say nothing at first. But later, as the sun rises, they'll sit beside the same child who found you, and gift him an art piece made in a style that seems part memory, part nightmare, and entirely heartfelt. The child smiles. "I'm happy," he says. "I made a new friend."

Scenario Rewards:

If MN did not survive their encounter with the imperfect Goetia, but you succeeded in stopping the cult and either destroying or unsummoning the abomination they called forth, then you have successfully completed this scenario. As a result, you gain +100 AP and the following reward:

Ars Goetia Sigil (Reward Item)



An ancient bronze medallion, etched with a labyrinthine pattern that subtly shifts when held. This sigil grants you the ability to summon, bind, and communicate with any of the 72 demon-gods of the Ars Goetia across future settings. While their power will scale with the cosmology you're currently in, none can resist your summons, and none may bring harm to you directly unless you allow it. Upon first meeting, each demon will regard you with a degree of respect—or at the very least, wary interest—due to the mark of authority this sigil grants. However, your continued influence over them will depend on how you treat them, how you navigate their desires, and whether you can truly earn their loyalty… or fear.



If, however, you managed to save MN from their [Dark Fate], congratulations—though you won't be rewarded in the traditional sense. Defying the death woven into a companion's fate is not a minor task, and such an act inevitably demands a sacrifice. **You forfeit all AP gains from this scenario, as well as the item rewards**. The energies of the ritual you disrupted, and the fragment of Goetia you challenged, demanded a price—and in this case, you paid it with what might have been. Yet what you gain instead may be far more meaningful: MN lives, and hopefully joins you as a full-fledged companion.

Their survival is your victory. Their bond with you, however unstable or strange it may be, is now sealed. Whether this proves to be a burden or a blessing, only time will tell.

Episode 04: Saber Harem of Doom



It starts off like one of those cliché anime mornings, with the local baker girl trying *way too hard* to drag you out for coffee. She's cheerful, sweet, and overly persistent—maybe a bit too much for someone who makes croissants for a living. You wave her off, deciding to enjoy a peaceful moment alone at the corner coffee shop. It's a sunny day, the birds are chirping, and the barista has your order down to a science. Everything seems normal… until she walks in. No, *they* walk in. One after another, Saber variants begin to enter the café—each a slightly different Artoria. One's got raven hair, another's wearing glasses, and a third is radiating gothic energy like she just stepped out of a doujinshi. Something's definitely off. Then comes Aleph—calm, collected, and flanked by even more Sabers.

You recognize him from before. He's supposed to be low on AP, barely enhanced, and running the jump under gauntlet rules. Yet here he is, surrounded by a full-blown Saber collection, casually chatting like this is just a Thursday. How the heck did he manage to get a harem of Sabers? You try to get answers, but Aleph is more interested in talking about how much he "loves his Sabers" and how each one has her own charm. It's bizarre, but not yet dangerous. That is, until you talk to one of them for too long. A minute of polite conversation with Goth Saber, a half-joke about coffee preferences with Astronaut Saber… and suddenly the café door slams shut. A deep bell tolls from somewhere high above. *Gong… Gong… Gong…*

Then, everything changes. The Sabers' eyes glow red. Their smiles freeze. The café erupts into chaos as each Saber transforms—swimsuit Saber twirling her blade, Detective Saber flipping a coin, Chef Saber brandishing a flaming pan-sword—and all of them fix their gaze on Aleph. One of them speaks in a broken chorus of distorted voices: "HE IS OURS." They unsheathe their swords. Mana crackles in the air. If you run, you might be able to find and stop whatever's causing this—but Aleph will absolutely be diced into beautiful, symmetrical pieces. Staying means throwing yourself into a death match against an increasingly unstable Saber variant kill-squad. Your choice.

If you choose to stay and fight, you'll be targeted too. The Sabers attack in coordinated waves, and each time one is defeated, the others grow stronger and faster. When only eight remain, they fight with the full strength of the original Artoria Pendragon, Noble Phantasms and all. The café becomes a warzone—tables turned into cover, glass shattering with each beam of Excalibur Light, and you barely dodging death by inches. Even with your powers, surviving this may demand clever tactics and split-second decisions. Aleph will fight too, though not nearly as effectively as he'd like, still bound by his low AP. You'll have to carry this, if either of you is to live.

Victory won't come just by surviving the Saber swarm. When the last one falls, there's a brief pause—the ringing stops. But then, a flow of mana begins swirling through the streets, all of it drawn toward a massive bell tower now visible above the rooftops. As the bells resume, you'll see the Sabers begin to reform from prana, their bodies reconstructing like unfinished puppets. You must stop the cycle. Destroying or disrupting the bell tower will be your final task, and doing so will collapse the ritual at its source. If you don't act quickly, the Saber Harem of Doom will be reborn—stronger, faster, and even angrier than before.

Scenario Rewards:

If you survive the chaos, uncover the origin behind the sudden Saber infestation, and successfully destroy or disable the bell tower, you'll complete the scenario and earn **+100 AP**. However, should you choose to flee the café early to avoid being targeted, Aleph will meet his end—his body impaled by a dozen invisible swords that not only kill him but sever something far deeper: his very tether to life. If this is the path you took, you'll instead discover a strange artifact at the site of the bell tower—an ornate set of small golden bells nestled among shattered prana seals, humming with residual magic.

The Golden Bells of Twin Pendragons (Reward Item)



*When rung, these hand-sized bells replicate a summoning straight from the Throne of Heroes, calling forth **two Saber variants** of Artoria Pendragon. The summoned Sabers are fully loyal to you, awkwardly charming, and brimming with personality. They possess all the might and majesty their legends suggest—including Excalibur or an equivalent, should they be a more... unconventional variant (yes, even Cook Saber gets a blade). They will consider you their Master and fight, serve, or fawn over you as needed. However, ringing the bells a second time while the Sabers are present will cause them to become intensely possessive—triggering a **yandere-like obsession** that can be weaponized against enemies... or anyone else who gets too close. Ringing the bells a third time will dismiss them safely. You can ring again to summon a new pair, but you won't control which variants arrive next.*



If instead you choose to stand your ground and save Aleph, preventing his [**Dark Fate**], then congratulations are in order. You've defied the narrative's design and rewritten a death that was meant to be. Such defiance, however, comes with cost. **You will forfeit all AP and reward items from this scenario. But in return, Aleph survives**—bruised, battered, and understandably heartbroken over the loss of his Saber harem, yet alive and perhaps more determined than ever. As the smoke clears, he'll thank you quietly, eyes scanning the horizon. There are still Sabers out there, somewhere. One of them might be the right one for him... and maybe, just maybe, one for you too.

Episode 05: The Tale of a Ruler



It doesn't start with a bang, but rather a whisper—an iridescent feather caught in your coat, an invitation written in looping script that smells faintly of jasmine, and a series of misadventures involving your ever-eccentric companions. Strange Aeon shows up just long enough to stir confusion and vanish again, leaving behind nothing but a "h0i" sound in your mind. Eventually, your journey winds its way to **Nanaka**, a pink-haired girl with bright eyes and an unusual insistence that you accompany her. She speaks of a task she doesn't fully remember and a destination she can't quite explain, and yet, the pull of curiosity—and something deeper—draws you in. A road trip begins, the two of you following invisible threads that twist through heat-hazed fields and ancient roads toward a countryside that feels increasingly... off.

Nanaka is odd, but oddly normal. She eats snacks, hums songs, and jokes about bad gas station bathrooms. But then she lifts a heavy roadside boulder like it's a paperweight or shrugs off the sweltering sun as if she doesn't even feel it. Her memory may be fragmented, but she's certain there's something at the end of this journey—something about a ruler, and a story that's been twisted. You're halfway through a bus ride when you realize the farmland outside has shifted into rolling meadows you don't recognize, dotted with spired castles and horse-drawn carriages. The bus doesn't stop, but the people you pass begin to look like characters out of an old myth or a fantasy game. This is not just another detour—this is another world, one shaped by narrative, progression, and something disturbingly artificial.

Here, you find him: **PionoPlayer**, in his cartoonish form, complete with sleepy eyes and bouncing limbs. He waves like you've met just yesterday, completely unfazed by the absurdity of it all. Apparently, he's been busy. Somehow, he's accelerated an entire civilization through the stages of the SOAR Jumps, bringing them to the height of the *King and Country* age in record time. He babbles about tricks from the Godmodder and loopholes in meta-architecture, but none of it makes much sense. What *does* make sense is the tension Nanaka suddenly emanates. As the kingdom imposes itself more forcefully on the surrounding land, overwriting nature and history with constructed sovereignty, Nanaka stiffens—and then she acts.

The kick comes out of nowhere—swift, surgical, and glowing with unnatural force. Piono is launched into a stone building like a bad Looney Tunes gag, flattened comically before popping back into shape. But the humor fades as the sky shifts. A pink aura swirls around Nanaka, thick with the weight of something ancient and furious. She declares Piono's actions a threat to the world, to Gaia itself. In that moment, the planet reacts. Nanaka isn't just a confused traveler anymore—**she is a vessel, a manifestation of the Will of the Planet, a Counter Guardian awakened to correct a dangerous deviation**. Every step she takes destabilizes the kingdom. Buildings flicker like dying pixels, and reality starts to bend. You can flee now—cut your losses and escape before the sub-world collapses—but Piono won't make it. Gaia will ensure that he meets his **[Dark Fate]** today.

But if you stay and fight, the stage becomes something far greater. Nanaka is no ordinary opponent. She wields a full-fledged Marble Phantasm, twisting the world to her will with terrifying ease, and the Will of the Planet is empowering her making her stronger and stronger by the second, nonstop. A single mistake could reduce you—and everything around you—to ash. Piono, for all his antics, fights back with his full cartoonish arsenal and the limited might of the civilization he's cultivated. It's madness incarnate: divine power versus metatextual absurdity. And yet, somewhere beneath it all, there's a deeper question—can balance be restored without bloodshed? Can you reach the soul inside Nanaka before the Will of the Planet consumes

her completely? Victory might stave off destruction, but there's no telling what will come next. Gaia does not forget, and she does not forgive easily. Whether you escape or decide to confront Nanaka to save Piono, or even manage to stop Nanaka without hurting her, the events from today will have ramifications that will interfere with fate in future events.

Scenario Rewards:

Fleeing might not sound heroic, but in this case, **it is the wisest choice you can make**. Nanaka's power doesn't plateau—it escalates. The longer you remain, the less meaning strength, cunning, or defenses will have. Even without invoking her Marble Phantasm, she will eventually be able to conceptually erase anything—or anyone—who stands in her path. Her very presence is a growing paradox, a crack in reality that spreads with every second. The subworld housing Piono's civilization can't survive her awakening. If you escape in time, the realm behind you will shatter like glass, collapsing in on itself in a final exhale. And from its implosion, a single object will be cast out—a relic from a doomed civilization and a key to the miracle Piono almost achieved. **You'll also gain +100 AP for your swift decision-making**.

The Icon of a Ruler *(Reward Item)*



This ornate item radiates subtle authority. By planting it in any world or setting, it creates a pocket dimension—a subrealm that quietly blooms around it. Within this space, you can cultivate a civilization of your choosing, from humble origins to incredible heights. Species is your choice: ants, elementals, fungi, AI cores—anything. With direct intervention at key stages, your civilization will advance through cultural, technological, and philosophical eras similar to those in the SOAR series, up to the most recent jump released. However, while the development path is available, this item does not grant any SOAR perks. Time inside this realm is subjective, flowing independently of your host setting unless you engage with the external world directly—whether to experiment, study, or act. Use it wisely. Even gods may be born from humble clay.

But maybe you didn't run. Maybe, against all odds, you chose to stand your ground and protect a friend doomed by narrative decree. **If you managed the near-impossible—defeating but *not killing* Nanaka, halting Gaia's intervention, and rescuing Piono from his [Dark Fate]—**then you have altered the gears of causality itself. **Such defiance comes at a steep cost: all AP and item rewards for this scenario are forfeit, sacrificed in exchange for one outcome that should never have been allowed.**



And yet, what a reward it is.

Piono, the absurd yet endearing toon-being (for this jump, that is), now stands beside you—not as a summoned entity or companion by force, but as a genuine friend. He'll bring with him whatever remains of his knowledge and ridiculous power, and while unpredictable, he will be loyal. But beware. Depending on your actions, **even Nanaka may join in every now and then**, though she won't be able to use her abilities unless the world is at stake, and she does not care much about the survival of mankind. Should Piono repeat his mistake—should he again attempt to overwrite the fabric of a world—his [**Dark Fate**] will reassert itself. And this time, there will be no redemption, no rewinds, and no saving throw.

Episode 06: Encounters with the Ancestors



Things have gone... quiet. Too quiet. The sort of silence that doesn't feel like peace, but like the breath held before a scream. Fuyuki settles into a strange calm, days passing like ordinary ones, the smell of street food lingering in the air, and no Saber variants chasing after you with comical yandere passion. But soon, a pattern begins to whisper at the edges of your awareness. The streets seem thinner at night. A few familiar faces—neighbors, shopkeepers, the occasional schoolgirl—go missing. Sparse at first, then too frequent to ignore. The news cycles it blandly, like it's just a local crime wave, and the authorities play the role they always do: inefficient concern. But something *is* wrong. It thickens in the air, a tension you can't name. That's when **Leading Temxisting** appears, his expression unreadable, his tone mysteriously suave, as if he's stepped out of a black-and-white detective reel. "We should stick together," he says, not quite worried, but not joking either. "Safety in numbers." Except he never says what *from*.

You'll notice more if you look. There's Vatican presence now—men in robes that shine like steel and eyes that glow with secrets. Their arrival is hushed but deliberate. Beneath their blessings are bayonets. You'd think this is a city on the brink of a ritual war, not whatever twisted noir mystery this is becoming. The nights grow longer, the shadows deeper, and soon, the fragile veil of normalcy tears wide open. It starts with a scream that ends too fast. Then another. Until one night, while following a faint, flickering presence, you see it: a Dead Apostle Ancestor has arrived in Fuyuki. Not one of the infamous ones, thankfully—maybe number twelve or nineteen, depending on how obsessive your Notes reading was—but still far beyond anything that should walk this side of reality. Temxisting doesn't hesitate, one of his goals is finally here. With dramatic flair and bizarrely competent fighting technique, he launches himself at the vampire, chasing glory or maybe distraction. It looks like he might even win—until the second Dead Apostle shows up. Then a third.

Things spiral fast.

You're caught in a maelstrom of supernatural warfare. The sky seems to fold in on itself, the Burial Agency quickly arrives with an arsenal of scripture-laced nightmare weapons, having preparing for this moment for an entire week, and reality twists under the weight of too many broken rules. Even here, in the Nasuverse's carnival of contradictions, this is too much. Escape is possible, if barely. They've erected barriers to keep everyone in, likely to purge the lot in one divine firestorm. If you don't flee soon, you may be consumed in the chaos alongside the Agents, Dead Apostles, and Temxisting himself, who's now surrounded and very close to what World of Darkness players might grimly call *Final Death*. But then, just as the cacophony reaches its peak… the world stops. Silence crashes like a wave. The sky bleeds into a pale red. And then: **NYEGAAAAAAA!!!**

From the cracks in space and tone, from the horror that is comedy and the comedy that is horror, ***Neco-Arc* descends**. Cartoonish, bug-eyed, and yet somehow, she feels *utterly monstrous*, she doesn't so much enter the scene as override it. She smells something. Something familiar. Something *Temxisting*. And like a cosmic hiccup given form, she floats into the air, tail flicking, reality distorting in every direction. You are very likely beneath her notice—for now. You can run. You *should* run. At this moment all surviving Dead Apostles and Burial Agency members are doing so. She's the cat-shaped, almost eldritch echo of the Nasuverse's deepest madness, probably the second most powerful entity here, and she's here to finish something she started. If

you flee now, Neco-Arc probably won't get a wiff of your smell andpursue, and you'll live to tell the tale, maybe even get a breather before the next scenario. But Temxisting? Bound by his [Dark Fate], he will fall here. Not gloriously. Not even dramatically. Just... inevitably, like a gag in a dying comedy sketch. Unless, of course, *you* intervene.

This is the choice you are given. To leap into absurd doom and stand against a force that by all accounts shouldn't be fought that you'll have to figure out a way to either stop or distract until the jump ends—or to walk away while the universe laughs in the background. As you weigh that choice, the sky flashes again, and Neco-Arc's voice echoes across the battlefield with catlike conviction: **"***I want to go to the Crocodile Garden!***"** She surges forward like a rocket, heading straight for Temxisting, forcing you to make a quick decision.

Scenario Rewards

Let's be honest—this scenario is a disaster. A noir-turned-nightmare circus with Dead Apostles, Vatican monster-hunters, and the metaphysical embarrassment known as *Neco-Arc*. You didn't sign up for this level of conceptual nonsense. Cartoon physics crashing into TYPE-MOON existential horror? It's like someone shuffled their anime deck too hard and dropped it into a blender.

If you choose the sane route—fleeing before Neco-Arc arrives—you will be commended for your survival instincts. No one will judge you for avoiding a conflict where the laws of reality are optional and slapstick can cause spatial collapse. **Escaping the crossfire between the Burial Agency and multiple Dead Apostle Ancestors earns you +100 AP and the following perk reward**, but will leave Leading Temxisting to suffer his dark fate and join Strange Aeon:

Neko Instinct (Reward Perk)

You've developed a razor-sharp gut feeling for when things are about to go horribly wrong. Whether it's a suspicious alleyway, a too-quiet forest, or a cheerful girl with a boxcutter smile—your internal danger sense will ping like a film detective hearing the wrong kind of piano. This perk grants you a supernatural level of genre-awareness and survival reflexes: you'll always feel when you're being drawn into a scenario that's above your pay grade, and can instinctively find the best route to extract yourself (or sucker someone else into taking the fall). Stylish trench coat optional.



However… if you chose to stay. If, knowing the odds, you chose not to abandon Leading Temxisting—standing with him in the face of insanity and somehow managed to *survive* or *resolve* Neco-arc's lethal fixation, then… congratulations. You've committed a narrative crime and lived. You've altered a story thread that should not bend, and forced fate to yield. As a result, **you forfeit the AP and perk rewards** from this scenario—*because nothing comes for free when you thread through the Nasuverse*.

But your reward is something rarer: **Leading Temxisting survives**. His [Dark Fate] is shattered. He is no longer a doomed man walking under the weight of predetermined demise. You now have him as a **companion**, fully aware that he should not be here, that something impossible has occurred. He'll walk beside you in this Jump with that same smirk, those half-lidded eyes, and the confidence of a man who's seen both the World of Darkness and Nasuverse, spat in it, and asked it for its number. Against all odds, he lives—and he owes that to you.

…Let's just hope Neco-Arc doesn't change her mind before your jump ends.

Episode 07: A Jumper's Beach Episode



It's finally here—the mandatory Nasuverse beach episode. After the metaphysical carnage involving the Burial Agency, several Dead Apostles, and the cosmic disaster that is Neco-Arc, an emergency ceasefire has been declared. For one day only, all parties involved in the Holy Grail War (and beyond) have agreed to postpone their violent ambitions in favor of fun in the sun. Mages, monsters, agents of divine wrath, and you—yes, *you*—are all being shipped off to a glorious coastal retreat under the flimsiest of narrative excuses. Attendance is not optional. You've been *voluntold* into relaxation.

At the beach, you'll find a colorful cross-section of Nasuverse madness: Servants and Masters mingling with Burial Agency operatives (including Ciel herself), Mage Association oddballs, Nanaka inexplicably running a drink stand, and if the stars align, you might catch Princess Arcueid and Artoria Pendragon in an unhinged snack-eating competition. It's bizarrely charming. The sun is bright, the water is clear, and the sense of impending doom hovers just under the surface—just like everything else in the Nasuverse.

The first event is a beach volleyball match—except this is no ordinary game. You'll be facing off against a team of Servants, and yes, they are playing to win with full access to their absurd powers. Expect Noble Phantasms disguised as serves, Conceptual Spikes of Ruin, and possibly Berserker using the ball as a weapon of mass destruction. Your team may include some surviving companions from this Jump, but unless you're equipped with some serious perks, clever tactics, and the agility of a caffeinated squirrel god, expect bruises and broken pride. Victory earns you respect. Defeat earns you *side-eyes from Saber and all other attractive people attending*. Choose your fate.

Next comes the *Watermelon Mayhem Contest*. Participants are blindfolded with enchanted cloth that nullifies all senses except sound and touch—no magic sight, no ESP, nothing. Armed with sticks, everyone swings blindly at the same three watermelons. Naturally, mages, monsters, and maniacs are all permitted to use *whatever powers they want*. Expect explosions. Expect chaos. Expect Gilgamesh to declare himself the only rightful Watermelon King and fire Gate of Babylon at produce. Those who succeed earn admiration, and maybe the attention of certain characters. Those who fail... well, you're lucky if it's only a watermelon you crack.

After surviving lunch (which is its own hazard when Caster tries experimental curry), you'll receive a curious letter written in adorably terrible handwriting, inviting you to the secluded edge of the beach. If you go, you'll find someone—an NPC or character you're naturally drawn to—waiting. They'll be unusually candid, possibly flirty, and will ask something bold. This is your chance for romance, friendship, or a strange emotional moment in a day otherwise filled with comedic carnage. What happens here is entirely up to you, but it *will* stick with you.

Scenario Rewards

For participating and surviving this scenario you'll **earn +200 AP**, and have an excellent day more or less away from the madness and deathverse shenanigans that is the Nasuverse.

As night falls, the final event occurs: a shooting star appears, and everyone is encouraged to make a wish. Then the star turns into a *meteor*, hurtles toward the beach, and crashes in the distance. This triggers a finale involving a horse, a mysterious fire, a UFO descending from the heavens, and the entire cast participating in some mad, pseudo-spiritual beach bonfire ritual. By the time the chaos subsides, you may have new memories, injuries, and connections—but you'll walk away knowing this insane day actually happened. Was it a filler episode? A surreal pause in a bloodstained universe? A brief flash of peace in the madness of the Nasuverse? Maybe. But it was your beach episode.

A slight boon to be enjoyed, in this scenario no one will directly attempt to inflict harm upon you or others, with the sole exception of during your participation in the contests… and the horse.



Episode 08: Get Buried



It starts with a call. A voice you know—distressed, breathless—asks you to meet in a public place. **JesterFoxFlame**, a fellow jumper, seems shaken. He won't say what's happening over the phone, only that it's serious, and he needs help. You agree to meet him at noon in a crowded, neutral spot. The moment you arrive, you notice the change: he's gaunt, eyes shadowed with sleep deprivation, nervously clutching at a strange, rune-marked charm. Sitting beside him is a woman named *Siri*, who introduces herself as his assistant, though the way she watches him suggests something closer to a guardian.

JesterFoxFlame explains—haltingly—that for the past few nights, something comes for him. Always between midnight and 3:33 AM. He's tried magic, wards, fake shamans, real mages—nothing's worked. He shows you evidence: jagged claw-like marks on his arms, scorched objects that feel *wrong* to hold, and photographs that don't develop correctly, filled with static or faint, contorted silhouettes in the background. Siri quietly adds that she's seen him levitate in his sleep, thrashing like he's being drowned. Whatever's tormenting him isn't just haunting him—it's hunting him.

You'll have until nightfall to prepare. Investigation reveals nothing, as if the phenomenon is tightly bound to JesterFoxFlame himself—untouchable until midnight. He insists on returning to a newly acquired mansion to confront the entity, brushing off your concerns. The mansion, straight out of a gothic horror story, stands isolated atop a hill, overgrown with ivy and with a hedge labyrinth curling around its flanks. On the way in, the fake shaman reappears from the bushes—wild-eyed, screaming prophetic nonsense before vanishing. JesterFoxFlame waves it off. But you can't help but feel something watching you as you enter.

At midnight, the mansion changes. A deep cold seeps into the walls. The lights flicker, the ticking of the clock sounds heavier. Then, silence. When the clock strikes twelve, the doors slam shut. Chains rattle in the distance. Whispers claw at the edge of hearing. Furniture scrapes across floors with no one near it. The temperature drops further until even breath becomes frost. And then, the blackout. Screams. Chaos. When the lights return—dim and sickly—you're alone. Everyone has been scattered. One hallway looks longer than it should. A mirror briefly shows someone else's reflection.

You can try to escape now. The front door is sealed with supernatural force, but if you act fast and have the means, you *might* get out—alone. However, staying means entering a different kind of nightmare. The mansion will then seal up completely and become unable to escape from, turning into a shifting maze, filled with deeply personal horror tailored to each member of the group. Siri sobs uncontrollably in one corner, cradling what looks like a burned photo of someone she refuses to explain. A mirror swallows a companion whole. The house wants you to scatter, isolate, and break apart. And if you don't gather the others, they'll be lost to it—forever.

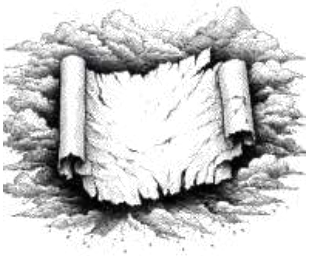
Eventually, you will find JesterFoxFlame. At that point, the entity—no longer content to merely haunt—will fully manifest. It isn't a ghost. It isn't alive. It is *something else* entirely. It drags with it a miasma of despair, and mere contact with it is instant, agonizing death. Your perks, immortality, and resistances

will only buy you moments. You must learn *why* it stalks JesterFoxFlame and find a way to end it, or at least banish it. Because if you don't… it won't stop with him. It will follow you as a [**Permanent Drawback**] until resolved. Into every world you jump to. Every night you try to sleep. Every moment you are alone, until it is stopped or it manages to finally get to you too.

Scenario Rewards:

If you did the wise thing, and managed to escape the mansion when things began to get out of control, you'll escape with your life. Depending on the luck of anyone else that remained inside the mansion, they may survive until 3:33am or not, it is a coin toss really. However, the **Dark Fate of JesterFoxFlame will ensure he will not be able to run away, not escape the grim destiny that the Nasuverse had stored for him**. If you survive the ordeal and escape early, for your troubles you'll earn **+100 AP**, and find a torn piece of paper inside your clothes.

A Torn Page from the Life Note (Reward Item)



This aged scrap of parchment isn't from JesterFoxFlame's Death Note, but rather its painstakingly-crafted inverse—an arcane relic forged within the Nasuverse through esoteric rites. Anyone whose name is written on it will have their death undone. If no specific cause is described, fate itself rewrites the narrative to make their demise "not as serious as we thought," no matter how absurd the retcon may seem. The page allows up to five names at a time, with its writing vanishing at the start of each new year, refreshing its use. However, it cannot affect you, nor can it revive powerful beings.

There's one more quirk: anything truly not alive—such as curses, malice-born entities, or conceptual horrors—will be obliterated upon writing their true name and burning this item, making it unavailable until the jump ends, making it a quite convenient last resort item. Just don't expect this miracle to come without cost… or without drawing attention.



However… if you chose to stay. If, after experiencing the horror, you chose not to abandon JesterFoxFlame—searching the horror mansion for him and any other companions, evading the dread and terrifying things that lurk in the dark, then… congratulations. You've stood against the dark and broke taboo. By helping him to solve the horror that haunted him you've forced the hand of that should be. **As a result, you will forfeit the AP and item rewards from this scenario**—*because those that dare to stare at the abyss are never unchanged by the experience.*

Stopping the presence and the entity, solving the mystery, and saving JesterFoxFlame from the horrors stalking him will shatter his [Dark Fate], ensuring his survival thanks to your timely intervention and shinning presence. He will be grateful, and with it he **will stick with you for the remainder of the jump**. He will not be alone, remember Siri? Apparently… that's his newest girlfriend. As it turns out, she was the one who originally suggested tampering with the Death Note, unknowingly setting these events into motion. Despite that, the two make an eccentric but capable duo, and together they'll support you however they can from this point on… one name at a time.

Episode 09: Fuyuki City's Giant Elmo-Kaiju Attack



For once, it felt like it might finally be a normal day in Fuyuki. No vampire conspiracies, no ancient waifus dueling under the moonlight, and no eldritch goblets tempting others with wishes. But peace in the Nasuverse is a fragile thing—and it shatters with a tremor. A low rumble shakes the streets, followed by screaming sirens, bursting flames, and the unmistakable sound of buildings collapsing. Something enormous is stomping through the city, and as you or anyone else will soon discover... it's Elmo. Yes, that Elmo. A towering, red-furred kaiju-version of the children's character is laying waste to Fuyuki.

Just the night before, you'd met up with **PriorPossible** over non-alcoholic drinks to review his latest Jumpdoc concepts. A few companions were there too—children, dogs, fireworks—a chaotic but harmless gathering. But something was off. You'd seen a black van idling across the street, some of the kids playing unsupervised, and a greasy-looking man in a yellow long coat loitering nearby with unsettling eyes. It didn't lead to anything then... or so it seemed.

Now, that oddness has exploded into full-blown crisis. **News reports confirm the unimaginable: a rampaging Elmo-like monster is decimating Fuyuki, and it's somehow *PriorPossible***. Something triggered a transformation in him overnight, turning him into a giant muppet-fueled force of destruction. With gamma laser eyes, absurd Viltrumite-like strength, and even matter transmutation abilities, he's become an unstoppable catastrophe—and it's only getting worse. The more resistance he faces, the stronger and angrier he becomes.

Predictably, panic grips the city. Local forces evacuate while the military mobilizes, and soon you'll hear the unmistakable metallic footsteps of a giant robot deployed for counter-measures. But this is Fuyuki—a city crawling with mages, servants, and powers that do *not* tolerate public exposure. If this continues, the Mage Association will intervene violently. Give it time, and even Gaia's Counter Force might act, unleashing agents like Nanaka or worse to purge the threat. Humanity's Will could activate as well, viewing PriorPossible as a global extinction-level hazard if things escalate further.

You *can* choose to let the scenario play out—watch the military try and fail, and wait until the Nasuverse big guns arrive to obliterate Elmo with extreme prejudice. If so, PriorPossible's rampage will end in tragedy, fulfilling his [**Dark Fate**] and leaving the city a smoking crater. But that's not your only option. You can trace back the source—follow the clues from last night, uncover the truth behind the black van, the creepy man, and the children who may have accidentally played with forces they didn't understand.

Only by solving the mystery and saving the children can you break the trigger behind PriorPossible's transformation. And then comes the real challenge—stopping a raging, skyscraper-sized Elmo without killing him. You'll need cunning, strength, and a serious amount of luck to knock him out

non-lethally before he levels the city—or worse, brings the wrath of the entire Nasuverse down upon Fuyuki. Good luck. You're going to need it.

Scenario Rewards:

Between kaiju destruction, giant robot clashes, terrified magi scrambling to cover things up, and the looming threat of cosmic retribution, today has been... a lot. Still, if you threw yourself into the chaos, helped contain the damage, ensured civilians survived, and ultimately played a role in subduing the rampaging PriorPossible (in his Giant Elmo of Doom form), you've done more than most. **For your efforts in helping the Nasuverse fulfill PriorPossible's [Dark Fate] and bringing this Muppet mayhem to an end, you'll receive +100 AP**. Fuyuki may be bruised and smoldering, but thanks to you, it's still standing.

The Prior Cookie of Invincibility (Reward Item)



Against all odds, it turns out that defeating PriorPossible in his Elmo-kaiju state causes him to drop loot, this isn't really a MMO setting though. Specifically—a single, suspiciously pristine cookie. When eaten, this cookie grants the full Viltrumite power set, along with a solid replica of Atom Eve's matter-warping abilities. The powers persist only for the duration of the current jump, after which both the powers and the cookie vanish. But don't worry—it'll respawn in your warehouse afterward, good as new once the jump ends. Whether you munch it yourself or offer it to someone else, it's a potent (if temporary) one-jump boost worth savoring.



However… if you chose to not ignore a friend in distress. If, after experiencing the destruction, you chose not to abandon PriorPossible in his madness—searching the cause of this transformation, finding out the culprits, saving those who needed saving, and at the same time preventing those that would bring his Dark Fate to reality and knocking out some sense out of his mindless rage, then you will have altered the destined climax of this day. By helping him to survive, and break the transformation, you will have prevented and broken his Dark Fate today. **As a result, you will forfeit the AP and item rewards from this scenario**—*because those that seek destruction and madness are often never unscathed themselves when they find it.*

PriorPossible will be alive, and with him, all of his awesomeness. He's a jump maker, remember? In his hands he holds unlimited power… limited by his imagination and time on his hands. Yet, such things will only be useful if you jump his own jumps. For now, he remains a steadfast friend, and greatly grateful for having been a crucial part in his survival. He vows that in the future, when your darkest moment comes, he will be there in one way or another, ready to back you up against anything and anyone. What a friend!

Episode 10: The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing at Chaldea



After a string of peaceful days filled with mundane routines, good food, and suspiciously uneventful sunsets, you pass under the red torii of a quiet shrine—only to suddenly trip over nothing and fall flat on your face. Except, you keep falling. Time stretches, space warps, and by the time you hit solid ground again, everything's changed. You're not in Fuyuki anymore. Scratch that—you're not even sure this *is* Japan. The air is different, the architecture unfamiliar, and there's a distinct hum of high-tech wizardry beneath it all. Welcome to Chaldea.

Before you can fully take in your surroundings, a voice speaks beside you—sultry, commanding, and oddly familiar. Turning your head, you find yourself staring at **DaddyCool**… but in his full, radiant Waifu form. You're hit with the sudden realization: you've both been rayshifted into Chaldea by mistake. A quick glance at an unattended terminal nearby confirms it—someone messed with the system, apparently trying to summon two breathtakingly beautiful Servants. Instead, the system fumbled and pulled *you two*. Oops. According to the logs, the system's being tampered with—**someone inside Chaldea is trying to rewrite the story into an illicit mess of bad fanfiction, complete with disguise, deception, and R-rated degeneracy.**

As the two of you exchange horrified glances, the pieces begin to fall into place. There's an infiltrator—**someone using a false female identity to manipulate the Servants here, turning Chaldea into their personal playground**. Worse, they're good at it. Charming, persuasive, and dangerously convincing, this intruder is slowly derailing the Grand Order narrative into something far more lurid. DaddyCool, ever the showman, proposes a bold plan: the two of you will go undercover. **Posing as waifus yourselves, you'll move through Chaldea unnoticed, uncover the impostor's identity, and bring them down before they can warp the story beyond repair**. There's just one problem: unless you're already female—or unnaturally beautiful—your disguise might not fool anyone. Chaldea is a place of literal goddesses and heroic icons. If you're even slightly average, you'd better tread carefully… or risk being mistaken for *the* pervert. Naturally, DaddyCool is flawless in this aspect, how unfair, isn't it?

Not far from where you arrived, tucked behind a corridor labeled *"Costume Storage – Experimental Use Only"*, lies an absurdly well-stocked closet brimming with all manner of disguises. Wigs in every shade from "sunset lavender" to "radioactive lime," makeup kits designed to withstand Noble Phantasms, and a selection of dresses ranging from modest shrine maiden wear to scandalously suggestive stage outfits—it's all here. For reasons best not explored, there's also a suspicious amount of magical lingerie. Still, it's time to design your look. With the right combination of glitter, padding, and confidence, you'll blend in with the glamorous crowd of Servants well enough to move around Chaldea without drawing too much suspicion. Luckily, your Saint Graph seems to have been auto-registered in the system, granting you limited legitimacy while you investigate.

As you begin your search, you'll notice that things are just a little… off. Servants drift through the halls, many unusually flirtatious or distracted. Ritsuka—the Grand Order protagonist themselves—can be seen wandering around, often tripping over conveniently placed banana peels or sliding into suspiciously compromising positions with nearby heroines (or heroes). Every encounter with them teeters on the edge of becoming a harem rom-com disaster. You begin to understand just how deeply the pervert's influence has rooted itself in the very narrative structure of Chaldea. Your mission is clear: **identify which of these impossibly beautiful women is, in fact, not a woman at all—and stop them before this degeneracy swallows the plot whole**.

The search won't be easy. The infiltrator is a master of disguise and charm, blending in seamlessly even among legendary figures. But with perseverance, sharp instincts, and the increasingly desperate help of DaddyCool (who by now has had to fend off several overenthusiastic confessions and maybe a love letter or two), you'll uncover a tell—perhaps a suspicious gait, a strangely timed comment, or a physical bulky feature that doesn't quite fit in those panties. When you finally confront the impostor, they bolt. The chase is wild and frantic, ending with all three of you stumbling into the Rayshift

chamber, where an automated failsafe activates. In a flash of blinding light, you and DaddyCool are thrown into a Lostbelt… but something is wrong. Very wrong.

This Lostbelt is a twisted wasteland where humanity has long since been wiped away, and the alien god ORT now reigns, not in sterile silence but as the apex of some corrupted, eldritch MGQ-style nightmare. Crystal spider tendrils coil and pulse with unspoken menace, and they're already coming for you. The only way out is a flickering pillar of light—the last hope of a return Rayshift. As you and DaddyCool sprint toward it, a glimmering tentacle lashes out and snatches him mid-run. You could escape alone, leaping into the light and returning to Fuyuki as though none of this ever happened. **But if you turn back and try to save him from his [Dark Fate]**, you'll be risking everything: ORT's attention, a nightmarish BAD END that could doom your jump entirely, and even worse… you'll have to face whatever *corrupted* version of MGQ logic this place operates on. Should you choose to stay and free him, and make it back somehow avoiding a very likely chainfail yourself, you'll return to Chaldea barely intact, only to face your final trial: exposing the impostor in front of the entire organization. Victory depends on convincing the Servants that this dazzling, manipulative "woman" is, in truth, a man playing a dangerous game—and that it's time for the story to go back on track. If you succeed, Chaldea will be safe once more… at least until you return since at this point… this version of Chaldea likely belongs to another type of story.

Scenario Rewards:

Experiencing the whole thing, getting to walk among the halls of a kind of different Chaldea, discovering the pervert, and entering the corrupted Lostbelt is quite something. **If you do the smart thing**, and I mean the really smart thing (you don't want to get caught by this ORT), **and ran away immediately, you'll gain +100 AP but will leave DaddyCool to meet his Dark Fate**. RIP DaddyCool, you'll be missed. A small memento appears on your hand, to remember this day henceforth.

The Charming Spider-Leg Hairpin (Kinda Dangerous) (Reward Item)

Recovered from the corrupted Lostbelt where ORT's twisted dominion reigned supreme, this crystalline accessory pulses faintly with alien allure. Shaped like a delicate spider-leg hairpin made of translucent, prismatic crystal, it glimmers with unsettling elegance. When worn, the shard subtly enhances the user's charm to unnerving degrees, granting an aura of irresistible allure that can momentarily distract or influence targets—especially those weak to beauty or seduction. Its effects aren't mind control, but they certainly tilt the odds in your favor during flirtations, negotiations, or deceptive situations. Of course, there's a cost: the longer it's worn, the more "questionable" your fashion sense becomes, edging closer to something you'd see in a particularly spicy doujin. Use with caution… or don't.



However… if you chose to stand up against the lewds and somehow save DaddyCool from what awaited him. If, after seeing ORT in his full power glory, you chose not to leave DaddyCool to experience his predestined [Dark Fate]—staying behind, breaking ORT's grip on DaddyCool and then doing whatever you both needed to survive and repel ORT's onslaught as you both ran towards the light pillar, then you will have achieved a different ending to this story, one that wasn't meant to be. By helping him to survive, and break the BAD END, you will have prevented and broken his [Dark Fate]. **As a result, you will forfeit the AP and other rewards from this scenario**—*because those stand against corruption and death when a friend is at risk, even at their own expense, are true heroes.*

It seems that DaddyCool is not one to forget a true friend, and steps closer to you. Looks deeply into your eyes, and as his face begins to draw closer… he speaks softly "*Let me show you my… secret*". For a moment, you expect a kiss (his beauty perk is scary), but then, he reveals an item. A sword it seems, **Fatebreaker** he calls it. **It seems to be fiat imbued to utterly break anything plot armor related, the bane of protagonists**. He poses all cute with the sword, claiming he once bought it in a jump but never had the chance to use it, kind of making him regret it. Still it's a personal moment, and now a little secret he shares with you. In the future, he'll stay close, happy to help when needed. Just don't forget his true gender, unless you're into that.

Episode 11: Woes inside the Tohsaka Residence



Over the course of the jump, you might find yourself wondering—where did **SonicCody** end up in the chaotic weave of the Nasuverse? The answer is… not glamorous. He's been stuck working as a glorified janitor in the Tohsaka residence, of all places. Cleaning alchemical residue, feeding magical familiars, and dodging unstable experiments gone wrong have become his daily routine. Occasionally, he flirts with a visiting maid or a wandering damsel, but his luck with women remains cursed—each encounter ending in comedic disaster or magical explosion. Still, despite the toil, he's somehow managed to stay alive and employed. Barely.

One afternoon, you bump into SonicCody by pure chance while he's out running errands. After a bit of catching up and light banter, he complains about a backlog of chores. **You, being the helpful soul you are (or possibly guilt-tripped), agree to help him out for a day**—he even promises to owe you a serious favor. The deal is struck. With the current Tohsaka family off on an extended business—or magical—trip, it should be quiet. The only ones left behind are a few dutiful maids, an uptight butler, some shapeshifting familiars, and **one extremely annoying magical dog** dressed up with robes and stuff.

The day starts simple enough. Dusting, sorting scrolls, reorganizing summoning supplies… until things start to go weird. The enchanted dishes won't stop multiplying, the familiars get into the alchemy kits, and that damn dog keeps breaking things and leading you on merry chases. Every time something is broken, you must fix or hide it fast—being caught by the staff means immediate ejection from the household, scenario failure, and losing all associated rewards. Then things get worse: SonicCody disappears. And so does the dog. Eventually, you find the basement door ajar… the one room explicitly forbidden.

The basement is as creepy as you'd expect from a Tohsaka property—cold, dimly lit, and brimming with suppressed magical pressure. The air tastes like ozone and danger. You spot the dog first—lying motionless, its body twitching slightly as if recovering from magical trauma. Before you can examine it, you see SonicCody wrestling to hold up a massive glowing pillar that's clearly about to fall. You try to intervene, but it collapses and detonates, sending you both into a warped dimension that feels like a surreal parody of something else entirely. Floating rings, twisting roads, impossible loops—it's like a corrupted side-scroller game world. For a moment, you swear you see a certain iconic blue blur. But just as quickly as it began, reality snaps back. You're in the wrecked basement again… but you're not alone anymore.

Standing amidst the shattered magical sigils are **two Sabers**. Both identical. Both radiant. Both dangerous. One wears a calm smile, the other has twitching eyes and a blade just *slightly* unsheathed. SonicCody turns pale. He whispers—*one of them is his would-be lover… the other is absolutely, terrifyingly Yandere*. Neither will tell who is who. Both claim him. The air turns icy with tension. You could try to flee now, leaving SonicCody to deal with the mess—but that would condemn him to a [Dark Fate] of violent obsession or twisted eternal affection in the ruins of this basement. That might even qualify as a mercy. But if you stay… things are going to escalate.

The moment SonicCody tries to move, *both* Sabers act—one going in for a full glomp, the other lunging for his throat. You must act fast, restrain or distract at least one Saber, while protecting SonicCody and preventing the other from triggering a magical catastrophe in the ruined chamber. Meanwhile, magical instability begins warping the structure, threatening a full-blown collapse that could draw the attention of the Tohsakas—or worse, the Mage Association. If you're clever, you might manipulate the Sabers into fighting each other, or

reset the summoning matrix in the corner to force a recall. Fixing the basement, neutralizing the rogue Servants, and escaping without alerting the entire magus world will require split-second decisions and probably *some collateral damage*. But if you succeed, you'll save SonicCody from an agonizing fate, stabilize the Tohsaka estate… and earn a valuable reward—plus his eternal gratitude.

Or you fail… and the next time anyone sees SonicCody, it'll be through magical CCTV, strapped to a chair in a rose-scented dungeon, listening to *two* versions of Saber arguing over what color dress he should wear for their next "date", trapped forever in the jump. Choose wisely.

Scenario Rewards:

This scenario meant double trouble, and certainly is very troublesome. Everything that could go wrong will seem to go wrong, and staying means certainly getting between a yandere's affection, one that can use Excalibur and packs a punch! The wise thing would be just to quietly get away, after all, if you're not part of the problem… then you're nothing in her eyes. If you experience the whole thing, and decide to escape, you'll earn +100 AP for your troubles. However, like we said, SonicCody will have to suffer a [Dark Fate], certainly not one to be envied even if its at the hands of the two Sabers.

Token of Twisted Love (Reward Item) (Dangerous item)



This unsettling artifact found its way into your possession shortly after your narrow escape from the chaos at the Tohsaka residence. Shaped like a small obsidian heart entwined with pale, root-like veins that pulse faintly with unnatural energy, it radiates a subtle but deeply unsettling aura. The Token is more than it seems—merely holding it for a few hours begins to subtly warp the emotions of its bearer. If gifted with intent or kept too close for too long, it triggers an intense emotional fixation on someone the holder feels even a flicker of attraction toward. Within 72 hours, this attraction becomes undeniable… and then uncontrollable.

Once the threshold is crossed, the bearer falls into full-blown yandere obsession—overprotective, jealous, and potentially violent toward anything or anyone they perceive as a threat to their beloved. The fixation consumes rational thought and twists affection into possessiveness. The longer the Token is kept, the worse it becomes. Only the beginning of a new jump can purge the obsession fully; no form of therapy, magic, or intervention within the current setting can reverse the effects once they've settled in. Use—or gift—this Token at your own peril. Love is a powerful force… and this item ensures it's also a terrifying one.



However… if you chose to stay and protect SonicCody against the twisted love of the Sabers and somehow managed to find a solution to this dilemma If, you stood against the grim crazy love (the I'll sever your limbs so you stay with me kind) and you chose not to leave SonicCody to suffer a [Dark Fate]—holding the yandere Sabers back, finding a solution, preventing the Tohsaka to notice all the mess, and even doing something about the likely dead dog. By helping him with all of this, you will have prevented and stopped his [Dark Fate] from ever happening. **As a result, you will forfeit the AP and other rewards from this scenario**—*because even if you're a hero, getting in the way of love (as twisted as it could be) can't be without consequences.*

Saving SonicCody will leave him both grateful and a little disappointed (a little part of this crazy man actually wanted to get femdomized by the Sabers). However, he will stay near you and help in any way he can. SonicCody is actually pretty useful in manual chores, and is likely the perfect servant (the non heroic spirit kind) if you want to hire him like that. Also, just to let you know, remember the dog? It turns out the dog is still alive, the bastard was just faking being dead wanting to make you scared and anxious. What a bastard dog.

Episode 12: Targeted by the Counterforce



Unbeknownst to most, one of the jumpers who arrived with you has not exactly been laying low. **Quinn**—whose form and shape shifts like sands and clay—has spent the past few months indulging in a particularly dangerous appetite. Unlike Leading Temxisting, who's mostly bumbled his way into mild infamy, Quinn has already tracked down and consumed a Dead Apostle. The results were underwhelming; the vampire's essence was foul, its abilities only marginally useful. But the act itself opened a dark new path for Quinn—one defined not just by hunger, but by curiosity. What if something *greater* was devoured? The implications of that thought did not go unnoticed.

Quinn's escalating predatory behavior has sent subtle ripples through the fabric of the world. In most universes, such actions would be handled by a local hero, or a timely intervention from fate. But in the Nasuverse, there are much older, colder mechanisms at play—ones that don't ask questions before moving to erase threats. Quinn has become a blight in the eyes of both Gaia and Alaya, the twin anchors of planetary will representing the Will of the Planet and the Will of Mankind, who are not too keen to become a potential snack for an interdimensional jumper. And now**, the Counterforce has awoken… not as a warning, but as a sentence. It doesn't send messages. It sends enforcers and it demands Quinn's end.**

Your involvement begins, appropriately, when things go spectacularly wrong. After a brief respite at the local hot springs—just long enough to get comfortable, drop your guard, and let your towel hang loose—a series of deafening crashes splits the air. Shattered walls, flying debris, and a sudden spike of killing intent signal the end of your peace. That's when Quinn bursts onto the scene, red and blue eyes wide and hair trailing smoke. "...Help me, pretty please?!" they squeal with their little gremlin voice—half-terrified, half-thrilled—and grab your arm with unnatural strength, yanking you into a desperate sprint. Behind them? You spot silhouettes that no mortal or sane being should ever want to see: Counter Force agents in motion. Some are twisted monsters of pure instinctual rejection. Others resemble empowered humans or, worse, Heroic Spirits bearing potent Noble Phantasms that will seriously wreck you if they hit. Whether it's one or many, they're enough to kill both of you. Quinn has just unilaterally declared you their accomplice. The Counter Force seems to agree.

Now fugitives, you and Quinn begin the frantic task of surviving—not fighting, but surviving. Hiding becomes a necessity, not a tactic. Quinn is annoyingly chipper about your new partnership, calling this "the best date ever" despite the fact that both of you are technically being hunted by two metaphysical concepts. More worryingly, Quinn talks often about hunger, licking their lips whenever one of your pursuers comes too close. Several times, they ask if they can just "nibble a little" on one of the Counter Force's agents, which you must shut down firmly. The problem with fighting back—or worse, consuming one—is that the Counter Force scales its response. If you show yourself to be too much of a threat, Gaia and Alaya will simply escalate. There is no limit to how hard they can hit, and no amount of plot armor will save you if they decide your death is a priority. Between hiding in abandoned temples, stealing laundry for disguises, and narrowly avoiding detection during an increasingly ridiculous eating competition (which Quinn naturally wins by devouring an entire buffet table), you start to bond—truly bond—with this chaotic, terrifying, unique being.

Eventually, the situation forces you into a direct confrontation—with Nanaka herself. Acting as a vessel or representative of Gaia, she's cold, ancient, and deeply annoyed. Her presence alone feels like gravity pressing

in on your soul. You plead your case, trying to argue that Quinn is not a threat—that they can be reasoned with, even redeemed. Nanaka listens, but remains unmoved. The World doesn't gamble. The rules are simple: prove Quinn is no longer a danger, or be destroyed. She offers you an out. Quietly, almost kindly, she steps close and whispers in your ear: leave now, or help end this—*permanently.* If you accept, Quinn will die, the [Dark Fate] taking over and the Nasuverse ensuring there's no escape and no respite from what follows, their essence erased beyond reincarnation or escape. Even their perks won't save them. The Nasuverse takes this seriously. But if you choose to stay, to fight for Quinn's future, you'll have to find a miracle. A real one.

With the Counter Force now actively converging on your location, time runs out. You must discover or invent a method to suppress Quinn's devouring hunger. Perhaps an artifact? A mystic contract? A conceptual sealing? The possibilities are slim, but not zero. Quinn, for all their flaws, trusts you completely—and perhaps that trust can be turned into something more binding, more stabilizing. But if you fail, the next wave of agents will be the last. And you will have to decide: do you stand with Quinn, or do you step aside and survive alone?

Scenario Rewards:

It is generally unwise to provoke either Gaia or Alaya—the fundamental metaphysical forces representing the will of the planet and the will of humanity. But to draw the ire of both? That borders on suicidal. If you chose to walk away, or played a grim role in ending things, you will receive **+100 AP**… and a bitter taste that lingers far longer than the battle itself. Quinn may have been a glutton, a chaos engine with a charming grin, but something about how it all ended doesn't sit right. Later, once the dust has settled and you're alone again, you might find something strange in your pack: a leftover Quinn never ate—a single hot dog. Why didn't they eat it?

A Delicious Hot Dog (Reward Item) (Single use)



This hot dog is absurdly, almost obscenely, delicious. The perfect snap of the sausage, the way the mustard, bacon, and ketchup harmonize—it's the kind of flavor that brands itself into your memory. You'll never forget it. But that unforgettable taste carries a weight. If you truly bonded with Quinn—as a friend, an ally, or something more—then a single tear will fall unbidden as you take a bite. It's not the food that's bitter… it's the cost. Once consumed, this item cannot be replenished.



However… if you chose to stay and succeed helping Quinn prove he is not truly a threat to the planet and humanity, and you decided to not let anyone else suffer one of these [Dark Fate]s that somehow have plagued almost all the jumpers here, then you'll have broken it—By helping Quinn you will have prevented and stopped certainly guaranteed [Dark Fate] from ever happening. **As a result, you will forfeit the AP and other rewards from this scenario**—*because going against the will of the world and the will of mankind is no mere odyssey, requiring great sacrifices to achieve even greater victories.*

Quinn will remain around you, happy to be spared. Shortly after you succeed, Quinn will open the bag pack and take out the Delicious Hot Dog intending all this time to give it to you as a gift, and share it with you… but then the smell… so delicious... and in less than a few seconds… it is gone! Quinn says they'll get you an even better one, but it is yet to be seen if they ever manage to not eat it before giving it to you. What a devilish and charming glutton!

Episode 13: Dangers from the Nasuverse



You don't notice anything off at first. It's just another quiet morning. A cup of coffee, a few messages on your phone, maybe a walk through the market district or some idle chatter with familiar faces. But something itches at the back of your mind. Then you see it—a face that shouldn't be here. Someone watching you, far too intently. One moment, they're just a stranger in the crowd. The next? The world fractures. A Command Spell pulses in the air, and in the blink of an eye, you're standing in a shattered back alley, face-to-face with a rogue Master—and their female Servant Caster, cloaked in crimson veil.

They shouldn't be here. Neither are registered in the current Holy Grail War. You quickly learn this was no accident: the decrepit Master knows you're a Jumper. They don't want to kill you—yet. Their intent is far crueler: capture you, dissect you, and learn the secret to your power. And they believe they can. Their Servant is strong, unfamiliar… but not invincible. You *can* win this fight—should win it. But they came prepared. **As the battle reaches its climax, the Servant will unleash a Noble Phantasm that strikes you dead-on. Even as you land the final blow, it's already too late**. You feel it**: something has embedded within you**. A curse, or rather, something unique—not just magical, but conceptual, slipping past every perk, every defense, and taking root deep inside your being.

Time becomes your enemy. Your body will begin to fail you, slowly but certainly. Your perks will diminish. Reflexes dull. Wounds heal slower. Sleep becomes harder. Strength wanes. The source of the Noble Phantasm's power remains unknown, but you can feel it gnawing at the very essence of you. If you don't uncover its origin—its *true name*—you'll be dead in a week, eating through any potential 1up you may have like popcorn. As you scramble for answers, strange visitors begin to show themselves: some old acquaintances from previous scenarios, like any surviving Dead Apostles that was not killed or captured. Their motives are murky—some tease, some torment, but none strike to destroy or impede you. Meanwhile, surviving companions who escaped their [Dark Fate] stand by your side, urging you forward. Their presence will become crucial, not just emotionally, but practically. You need all the help you can get.

The investigation leads you through ruins, libraries, cursed archives, even confrontations with errant spirits and relic-keepers. If you did the right thing in earlier scenarios, hopefully you will have six or more companions at your side. And so, and if you cannot solve the Noble Phantasm's name yourself, they will find it for you—at the eleventh hour, but only if you have 6 or more of them. Without them, however, the conceptual poison-like effect will consume you before you reach the final act. Still, if you *did* defeat the rogue Master and Servant outright, you might find their cursed relic, a blood-soaked locket, hidden among the rubble. Within it lies a critical clue you need—if you're still lucid enough to read it, but its only part of the solution.

But if you only wounded them, then they return for one final clash. Your condition is worsened, your energy low. It seems hopeless—until your companions step in. The full team of surviving companions (minus Maya, of course) rallies. Maya, content with enjoying her vacation, sits on a nearby bench eating a popsicle and humming an upbeat tune while the battle rages. Your allies fight, hold the line, and will give you the window you all need to land the final blow. By this point, upon successfully defeating the pair then the knowledge of the Noble Phantasm should be available to you, or if its not then if you have six or more companions then they should figure it out. With the true name invoked, it becomes possible to reverse this curse in a brilliant, terrifying surge of power—momentarily becoming experiencing something close, and yet not, to the root. It

is this moment of clarity and truth that you can use to truly remove this malady once and for all, but it involves learning more about yourself that you currently know. Will this be something you gain something or perhaps learn a truth that you never intended to accept from yourself.

Scenario Rewards: +200 CP

With the enemy gone, your body stabilizing, and the strange and unique effect lifted, you have won—but the cost was steep. Every step of this scenario forced you to rely on others or in extreme luck. Without them, you'd be extremely likely dead. It's a reminder: even a Jumper has limits and the Nasuverse is no joke. But with the right people? Even conceptual poison-like effects and rogue servants can be overcome. And Maya? She finishes her ice cream, gives you a thumbs up, and vanishes before you can say a word. Typical.

The Miraculous Azure Force (Reward Perk)

Having endured the surreal trials of this jump and survived the chaotic nature of the Nasuverse, something deep within you has stirred. An ember of power—small, but unmistakably real. You have awakened a fragment of the same overwhelming energy that flows through the veins of the enigmatic AzureKnight: the Miraculous Azure Force. This is a plot-level, narrative-defying power—one that, in theory, could do anything and trump over anything. However, this perk only grants you access to its most basic form.

At this stage, the Azure Force allows you to impose your will upon the world in subtle but meaningful ways: to reject or create, to heal yourself, and to momentarily push back against threats that defy logic or reason. Yet its potential remains locked. You cannot train it through perks. You cannot refine it with purchased skills, imported abilities, or indirect exploits. Its growth hinges entirely on your own mind, ingenuity, resolve, and understanding over the course of many jumps. True mastery can only be earned, not granted.

When challenged by external forces—be they magical, conceptual, divine, or worse—your success depends entirely on your raw, unmodified willpower and your current understanding of the Azure Force. All willpower-enhancing perks are disregarded. Only you—as you truly are—can command it in its true and real form. Treat it with respect… for within this force lies the seed of something world-shaking. Or world-saving.



Episode 14: An Unexpected Plot Event



You would think, after everything—the Dead Apostles, the false servants, the Counterforce, even Quinn—that the Nasuverse would find new ways to unravel you. But strangely, it hasn't. The Holy Grail War came to its conclusion, peacefully or not, in a form that felt familiar… yet altered by your presence. The uneasy balance between the Church, the Mage's Association, and the supernatural world holds steady, as though your involvement has nudged the board just enough to keep all pieces in check. Even familiar figures—the tragic, the monstrous, the noble—have started to follow their own paths again. Perhaps you dared to hope, for once, that things were beginning to settle.

Then the night deepens. A quiet weight blankets the world. The sky opens like a wound, and **the moon above bleeds red**. Without warning, your surroundings melt away. You find yourself alone in an endless, mirror-still sea no deeper than your ankles, beneath the oppressive glow of a crimson moon. There is no sound, no wind, only the sensation that something vast has turned its attention to you. And there she stands. A woman with eyes that eclipse the stars, a presence that echoes with Arcueid's majesty—yet unmistakably alien. This is no Earth-born being. This is the *Crimson Moon*, the vestige of Brunestud, the *Ultimate One of the Moon*.

Her presence is intoxicating and terrifying. She watches you as one would observe a curious, fragile animal—her fascination intense but fleeting, dangerous in its transience. You are not given the courtesy of words. There is no conversation. Only observation. Confusion claws at the edges of your thoughts. Where are you? A bounded field? A Reality Marble? Is this a memory, or something… constructed? Crimson Moon's body feels insubstantial, half-real, but with every passing moment, it grows more grounded, more *present*. Wasn't TYPE-MOON destroyed? Wasn't Crimson Moon supposed to be a man? Why does this figure feel so wrong—and yet so real?

She surveys the false realm with a cold, regal detachment. Her fingers trace invisible lines through the air, testing the fabric of this place. You sense her probing for a doorway—an exit that would allow her to manifest fully in the real world. If she succeeds, the consequences are apocalyptic. Crimson Moon, once fully incarnate, would claim the Earth as her dominion. All resistance would be erased—be it from the Church, the Root-bound magi, even Gaia's Counterforce itself. And yes, that includes you. A wildcard, a foreign piece on the board, and thus a threat.

Direct confrontation is suicide. **Her power—even in this embryonic state—is monstrous**. Unless you are very powerful as a Jumper, your only weapon here is not strength, but *words*. She is not yet fully whole. She is not yet fully decided. Somewhere, in this in-between state, you might be able to reach her. Seed doubt. Sow contradiction. She is regal, yes—but also incomplete. A conceptual construct trying to become real. If you can challenge the foundations of her purpose, shake her certainty even for a moment, you may unravel the ritual binding her to this place and return her consciousness back to sleep in whatever state of existence she remains still.

This is not a battle. This is a meeting written in the veins of fate. A confrontation not of might, but of identity, belief, and ambition. What you say here will shape what follows. Should you fail, Earth will awaken to a new queen beneath a crimson sky. Should you succeed, the fragile balance of the Nasuverse may yet endure. Either way, this night will be remembered as a turning point—one only you were called to witness. Success will mean you get to tell the tale, while failure will most likely means you, and all other jumpers currently in the Nasuverse, will meet your ends at the very hands of the Ultimate One of the Moon.

Scenario Rewards: +200 AP

Should you succeed in preventing Crimson Moon from completing her transition into reality—be it through strength, dialogue, cunning, or something stranger—you will witness her fall. There is no dramatic explosion or final scream, only a quiet, reluctant surrender. Her expression, once cold and imperial, softens into something almost human: a mixture of regret, understanding, and a faint trace of serenity. As her body slowly sinks into the boundless, mirror-like ocean, you hear a final whisper escape her lips, as if naming the last fragment of her fading memory: *"…Zelretch…"*

Silence returns. Then, from the depths of her dissolving form, a small sphere of light emerges—gentle, pulsing, and undeniably *alive*. It drifts toward you with purpose. Accepting it binds the following reward to your soul:

Affinity to the Moon (Reward Perk)

Your encounter has left a permanent mark—not just on you, but on the very metaphysical resonance of those tied to the Moon. Whether Crimson Moon admired your ideals, recognized your conviction, or saw a mirror of her ancient purpose in you, something connected. While your paths may differ, there is now a thread woven between you. Henceforth, any being whose nature derives from the Moon or its Concept—be they Dead Apostles, True Ancestors, or even avatars of celestial authority—will feel a profound affinity toward you. This grants you the rare potential to befriend, ally with, or even romantically connect with such beings. So long as you do not act directly against them or their purposes, they will instinctively view you in a deeply favorable light.



As Crimson Moon fully disappears beneath the waters, the strange world begins to dissolve. The once blood-red moon loses its hue, dimming into silver before fading from the sky entirely. The shallow sea shimmers once, and without transition or warning, you find yourself back in your original location. For a moment, there is peace—an eerie calm in which your mind can race to process all that transpired.

And then: *clap*. A slow, deliberate golf clap echoes behind you. Once, twice—then again. The sound cuts clean through the quiet like a ripple in time. You turn. Behind you stands the architect of this event, the author of your disturbance, and perhaps the source of the chaos that has stalked you across this Jump.

"This was supposed to be a super easy vacation," she says, her voice like music laced with mischief. "And yet, why *aren't* you meeting a [Dark Fate] like everyone else? I really hate working overtime, you know."

You meet her gaze—and **at last, behold the entity responsible for the [Dark Fate] of your companions**. The one who has been watching you since the beginning.



"You didn't think surviving the Nasuverse would be this easy, right?"

Episode 15: The End of a Certainly Dangerous Vacation ⚠️⚠️⚠️



You never expected it to be **Maya**. But in hindsight, the signs were all there. The only one without a [Dark Fate], the one who always managed to appear at just the right time—but never seemed to truly *do* anything. Just there. Smiling. Watching. Her presence woven so seamlessly into the fabric of your journey that you almost forgot to question it. But now, the mask has dropped. Standing at the heart of this unraveling dream-world, Maya reveals herself not as a bystander, but as the architect. This was her vacation, she says—her "super easy" jump, built on stacked perks, narrative exploitation, and a reckless disregard for the consequences left in her wake. But even paradise gets boring. So she twisted the Nasuverse to make it entertaining—for *herself*.

"Foiling my plans to bring back Crimson Moon? Tch, that makes things so *complicated*," she sighs, more annoyed than angry, her voice tinged with performative sweetness. She strolls around your space like a predator circling its prey, vanishing and reappearing without effort, blinking through space with the lazy confidence of someone who's never had to fight fair. "I was just here to have fun, y'know? A little chaos, a few doomed companions, a villainous revival—what's a vacation without some drama?"

If you saved others from their [Dark Fates], she pauses, her expression briefly shifting into a calculating glare. "But *that*—that I don't get. How'd you undo the predetermined story? The jumpdoc clearly said drawbacks stay until the end. Unless…" Her smile fades, and something darker coils beneath the surface. "You've been meddling with things you shouldn't. That makes you *suspicious*." She claps her hands together with false cheer. "So! For the sake of my continued enjoyment… would you kindly *chainfail and disappear* for me?"

But you can feel it now—behind her saccharine façade, the pressure of her killing intent. Maya is no amateur. A veteran jumper with perks layered like armor, her power is a kaleidoscope of other realities. From her *Super Easy Nasuverse Vacation* jump alone, she's brought a thousand MP worth of perks and items—acquired without discount, but deadly all the same. She has three of the four Cakewalk Origin perks, and abilities drawn from countless worlds. You've fought strong enemies before—but this isn't just a battle. It's a fight against someone with the arrogance of a god, and the tools to back it up. If you go it alone, the odds are dismal.

But you're *not* alone.

If you saved your fellow jumpers from their [Dark Fate]—MN, Aleph, Piono, Temxisting, JesterFoxFlame, Prior, Daddy, SonicCody, Quinn—then now is when your choices bear fruit. One by one, without hesitation, they leap into the fray. No dramatic speeches, no hesitation—just pure intent, driven by the same resolve you showed them. Even characters from the Nasuverse begin to appear: allies you helped, friendships you forged, bonds that went beyond the script. Rin, Shirou,

Arcueid—even stranger faces like Neco-Arc or a Dead Apostle you spared—all arriving in their own ways, all choosing to stand with *you*. The setting itself seems to reject Maya's interference, rallying around you as if the Nasuverse itself has grown weary of being her playground.

And if—*if*—you did the impossible. If you shattered every [Dark Fate], saved every companion, and refused to let a single soul fall into ruin… then destiny offers one last miracle. A gate rips open in midair, cartoonish and luminous—and through it steps Strange Aeon, bizarre and radiant. "Hoiiiiiii!" she greets with a lopsided grin, somehow alive once more, defying logic. She surveys the battlefield, shrugs, and joins your side. Because that's just the kind of story this is—one where compassion bends the rules.

The stage is set. Maya, growing more furious with each ally who joins you, will shout in frustration: "This was supposed to be a trap jump for you and the others! You're *ruining* everything!" Her plot armor flickers under the pressure of the vast amount of perks, powers and skills she's facing, her certainty fractures. But it's too late now. The tide has turned—not because you had the strongest perks, or the most broken powers—but because you chose *kindness* in a world that wanted despair. Now, everything you've built, everyone you've saved, stands with you. This is no longer just a fight to survive. This is the final battle for the soul of the Nasuverse.

And it's time to end this "vacation" for good.

Scenario Rewards: +500 AP

Victory in this scenario is achieved by defeating Maya—not necessarily through force, but by stopping her from toying with the fates of others and meddling with the fabric of the Nasuverse. You don't need to kill her or force a chainfail; simply ensuring that she's unable to interfere any further for the remainder of the jump is enough. Maya won't give up willingly, so keeping her occupied, neutralizing her influence, or devising a creative solution will all count as success.

Your actions will not go unnoticed. The Nasuverse itself will remember what transpired today—not only your deeds, but also those of your companions. In recognition of your efforts, the world seems… a little more forgiving. As long as you refrain from stirring chaos, it won't seek to oppose you either. Maybe, just maybe, the Nasuverse isn't as cruel or uncaring as many make it out to be.

Gift of the Nasuverse (Jump Reward Metaperk)

If your time in the Nasuverse has been relatively "well-behaved"—meaning you haven't brought *too much* havoc upon it—then it appears the world has left its mark on your jump chain. From now on, whenever you enter another Nasuverse-related jump, you will receive an additional +500 CP (or the jump's equivalent starting currency) to spend freely. A gift, strange and unexpected—like as if the Nasuverse were extending a hand and saying, *"Come visit again sometime."*

Drawbacks



Supplement Mode (*Free*): This jump can function as a supplement, merging with another jump. AP from both jumps remains independent.

Crossing the Streams *(+500 MP) (Requires Supplement Mode):* By merging this jump with **Maya's Super Easy Nasuverse Vacation®** then you'll earn a strange currency not found in this jump that you may spend in that one, and the AP from both jumps will combine. These MP can be used in that jump, but this also means that **Maya will be at her full power**, with all the perks from that jump at her disposal as if she also took that jump. Expect her to use her 1000 MP considering origins, discounts and drawbacks to acquire as many perks as possible, unlike in her scenario where she would only have 1000 MP and have to buy things without discounts or access to drawbacks to gain more MP.

Fate Disenchantment *(+200 AP):* All characters from any of the Fate series will find you disgusting, due to some smell, attitude, or they just plainly don't like you. Includes variants as well. They won't be outright hostile, but expect bad experiences trying to spend time with them.

Tsukihime Madness *(+200 AP):* All characters that originate from any the Tsukihime series will find you very annoying. They won't truly stand you, preferring to spend time along a skunk than with you if possible. Expect a lot of resistance trying to get them to listen to you, or even stay close to you, and potentially become hostile if you force the interaction with them.

What is Magic? *(+200 AP):* Magic hurts. Not emotionally—*physically*. Any attempt to use magic, or anything remotely classified as magical, causes extreme pain, almost like your soul is being peeled apart and set on fire. Prolonged use becomes virtually impossible. Even passive or automatic magical effects are affected, becoming unreliable or outright unusable. Hope you've got some mundane tricks up your sleeve.

Antiplot Armor *(+200 AP):* You are immune to the plot—not in the good way. You don't have plot armor. You have **anti**plot armor. That means your actions can't meaningfully affect the narrative… except to support the arcs and stories of *other* characters. You are now functionally a background NPC. Your efforts will reinforce the journeys of those with real narrative importance. Fate is merciless, and the Nasuverse is especially cruel to side characters.

Targeted *(+200 AP):* From the moment you arrive, *something* is after you. Could be a Dead Apostle, a high-ranking Magus, the Counter Force itself—who knows? What's certain is this: someone powerful wants you dead, and they're willing to try *again and again*. You will be hunted. Often. Subtly or not. Constant paranoia is advised.

Delicious Blood *(+200 AP):* Your blood is absurdly, *maddeningly* delicious. To vampires, Dead Apostles, True Ancestors, and anything that drinks blood or feeds on life force, you're walking nectar. Expect obsessive attention, stalking, and aggressive feeding attempts. Even Crimson Moon may go berserk just to have a taste, and Quinn might forget you're not on the menu. Oh, and mosquitoes. You'll be *swarmed*.

Bad Prana *(+200 AP):* Your magical energy is toxic—*literally*. While it works fine for your own use, any attempt by others to absorb or interact with your prana (or equivalent energy) through intimate or ritualistic means results in visceral disgust. If transferred via bodily fluids (say, through kissing or anything more risqué), it tastes like a rotting blend of fermented garbage and spoiled eggs. Worse, people can *instinctively* tell this. Seduction is basically off the table. So much for romance in the Nasuverse, where 90% of the cast is absurdly attractive.

Enemy of the World *(+300 AP):* Congratulations! You've been officially recognized by both Gaia and Alaya as a threat to existence. As a result, *everything* in the Nasuverse tied to preserving the planet or humanity's collective will is now gunning for you. Expect encounters with Primate Murder, Executors, and other horrifying avatars of planetary defense. They won't stop until you're erased—or until *they* are.

Counts for the Grail *(+300 AP):* Your body is absurdly compatible with the Holy Grail. So much so that *your death alone* is enough to fully charge the Grail and grant any wish to whoever kills you. This information spreads like wildfire. Rogue magi, the Mage Association, and anyone seeking the completed Grail will hunt you relentlessly. The world now sees you not as a person, but as a shortcut to wish fulfillment.

Dark Fate *(+600 AP):* Oh no. This was supposed to be your chance to avoid it. But by taking this drawback, the [Dark Fate] meant for you has *found* you. If you reach the final scenario, you'll learn Maya has somehow unlocked **every single perk** from her Super Easy Vacation Jump—including *that* one super broken perk she designed herself. Yes, that one.

This drawback cannot be negated, nullified, or rewritten. It is intended to lead to your *death or worse, and ultimately chain failure*.

…However, just as you've helped others defy their Dark Fates, maybe your fellow jumpers can help you defy yours. If you save them all, *and* they all stand with you in the final scenario, *maybe* there's a sliver of hope. Just a chance. No guarantees. It *is* the Nasuverse, after all.

You're going to Brazil (+600 AP): At some point during your jump, an irresistible compulsion will strike you: **you must travel to the lush, vibrant jungles of Brazil**. It starts as a beautiful detour—tropical birds, mesmerizing flora, a landscape that feels untouched by time.

And then… you stray off the path.

You find yourself in a strange, crystalized section of the rainforest. Reality feels wrong. The air warps. The light bends. And before long, you realize the terrible truth: you've stumbled into the dormant domain of **TYPE ORT**.

Worse still—**you woke it up**.

It recognizes your nature as something alien, incompatible. A violation. ORT responds the only way it knows how: by attempting to erase you from existence with cosmic, unrelenting force. ORT will not hesitate. It will not stop. It will pursue you across time, space, and dream. Defeating it isn't necessary—but surviving *is*, and that's no small feat when a conceptual extinction event has your scent. Good luck. You're going to need it.

Also: **Welcome to Brazil**.



I've been in this multiverse once, I didn't like it…

Oh? Another one?



Final Choice

You've reached the end of your journey through the Nasuverse. You've clashed with monsters, mingled with legends, and probably picked up a few bizarre—and memorable—companions along the way. Now, one last decision remains:

Stay

You've found a place here. This version of Earth is chaotic, beautiful, and endlessly fascinating. Danger is a daily companion, but so is wonder. Everyone's impossibly attractive, magic is real, and if you know where to look, Servants and Vampires are on the menu. Why leave when you could become something more? Perhaps one day, your name will be etched into the Throne of Heroes, a legend forged in blood, mystery, and questionable moral decisions.

Go Back Home

You've had enough. After facing death, eldritch horrors, and nearly being used as fuel for someone's wish, you've decided it's time to end the chain and return home. Earth isn't perfect—corruption, cruelty, and apathy still thrive—but now you carry the strength to change that. You've walked with gods and monsters. Surely, reshaping your home into something better is well within your reach.

Continue into your Jumpchain

This is only one chapter of your story. The Nasuverse was wild, yes, but it's just one thread in the infinite tapestry of existence. Countless worlds await—some stranger, some deadlier, some even hotter. Your journey continues, limited only by imagination (and how fast new jumpdocs get written). Be grateful, Jumper: few are chosen for such paths. Now go—your next adventure begins.

As the jump ends, your companions from this jump also have to make their choices. They are all on their own chain after all. Perhaps some will stay, others will return home, most likely most if not all will choose to continue into their jumpchain. Whether they decide to remain with you, or part ways with a bright smile is for you to see. **But even if they leave, this is not the end, for the Omniverse is too vast, and it is certain that some day you will meet them again when it counts the most. That's what true friendship is.**



Author's Notes and Changelog

Well, another one done. Honestly, I didn't expect this jump to take so long—thought it'd be a quick 4-hour side project like the Luciano one. Spoiler: it wasn't.

What started as a joke jump—poking fun at how absurdly deadly the Nasuverse can be if you poke it the wrong way—somehow spiraled into a full-fledged, complete jump that didn't end up to be a trap jump like it originally was going to be. I hope you enjoy using it to create chaos, drama, or maybe even a bit of romance (probably with a vampire).

Truth be told, I have no idea how the Nasuverse *really* works. I've only played *Fate/Stay Night* and the original *Tsukihime*—and that's it. So if something in here doesn't align with canon, lore, or the current multi-layered existential hellscape that is the Nasuverse, just pretend this version is a Lostbelt. One you accidentally stumbled into. Or intentionally chose. After all, **you** have the power to decide. Choose well, my reader, and see you soon in one of my next jumps.

I'll be working in some updates for *Awakening of the Cosmic Lord*, and then focus completely in Playbook of the Rogue Demon, and with some luck I'll stay focused on that project until its complete. If not, expect me to start up doing a 'quick 4-hour jump' named Generic Scammer, in honor of the scammer who tried their best (they didn't) in Discord.

Until then, see you later fellow Jumpers!

V 1.0.- Released the 7th of August, 2025.

Other Works

Hello everyone! Thank you for reading this far into the jump. If you've enjoyed it and want to explore more works I've done, here's a look at my other jumps—each connected by lore, themes, or continuity:

Interdimensional Academy



Located in the heart of the Nexus, the Interdimensional Academy is a prestigious institution where your Jumper will spend years learning alongside the brightest—and most dangerous—individuals from across the Omniverse. You'll forge friendships, tackle group challenges, explore bizarre and wondrous dungeons, and uncover mysteries that threaten not only the Academy, but all of existence. Just remember, you won't be the only Jumper invited... and not everyone has good intentions.



Agent at the Service of the Songstress of Dreams

As her newest Agent, you serve the enigmatic Songstress of Dreams, acting as her will made manifest. You hail from Dreamscape, the surreal realm of sleeping minds where Dreams and Nightmares walk as living forces. But war brews beneath the lullabies, as the Composer of Nightmares moves to challenge the Songstress' reign. Navigate wonder and terror alike in a setting shaped by emotion, art, and slumbering gods.

Kingdom of the Stars



On a quiet night, a fragment of celestial essence found you—and in that moment, you became a Starseed. This is the beginning of your journey to become a Living Star, a being of radiant power destined to shine across galaxies. Experience a journey that starts on Earth but quickly ascends beyond it, joined by unforgettable companions as you shape your fate and push back against a future consumed by darkness.



Awakening of the Cosmic Lord

Set five centuries after *Kingdom of the Stars*, a new force stirs. You have become host to the single surviving fragment of reality—a Cosmic Lord, born to rule. As the universe takes notice, you'll encounter allies, rivals, and enemies from across the stars. Wield godlike powers in this high-stakes cosmic saga, where your every decision can reshape creation itself.

City at the Edge of Nothingness



Adrift between realities lies a city of impossible architecture and untold secrets. This place—the City at the Edge of Nothingness—is part trade hub, part artifact, and entirely alien. Governed by strange laws and shaped by ancient Wills, it attracts travelers, refugees, and adventurers from all walks of existence. Here, you'll navigate political intrigue, survive cosmic anomalies, and perhaps uncover the truth of the city's creation… and its purpose.

SinGod/Luciano'sLogic Excellent Adventure



What started as an ordinary day for Luciano takes a bizarre and unexpected turn. Just as he steps outside his home, an unseen force—or perhaps an unfathomable entity—yanks him out of reality itself. Spiraling through the unknown, he is hurled into a world unlike anything he's ever seen. Here, robots casually stroll the streets, magical girls double as both top idols and wanted criminals, and lewd monster girls prowl in search of rare males (or females—we don't judge) to abduct for their own… questionable purposes.

AzureKnight goes into the Nasuverse



One morning, AzureKnight was just booting up his PC to check out the latest jumps on the Jumpchain community when—disaster struck! A mysterious portal suddenly opened in front of him, dragging everything around into the chaotic spaces between universes. It's still unclear what exactly happened—was the girl who appeared *the* Jumpchan herself, or something else entirely? Whatever the case, this was clearly the start of an adventure unlike any before… into the Nasuverse

My Google Drive Folder

Over time, I'll continue to create new jumps—or maybe overhaul existing ones with hundreds of new pages, who knows? If you're interested in seeing my latest work or updates, you can find them here:

https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1ihmK8scPmtF3CQR-QXcl96tgCN5OZX7-?usp=drive_link

A Final Event



Just as your journey through the Nasuverse comes to a close—your story written, choices made, and fate sealed—something unexpected occurs.

A ripple tears through the fabric of space-time, and from it steps a lone figure: a companion jumper who arrives far too late.

His name is **Champion**, known also by the call-sign **Invictus Ultor**. Clad in armor forged from battles in *DOOM* and *League of Legends*, bearing perks chosen with precision for sheer survivability and strength, he stands tall... and confused.

"...What the hell? Where is everyone?" he mutters, voice echoing across a now-quiet stage. There is no answer. The war is over. The players are gone.

He missed the jump.

Now alone in the vast and volatile Nasuverse, Champion must carve out his own legend, unaware that the shadow of Maya lingers still. A final contingency, a seed of chaos she left behind—just in case.

What was it? No one knows.

But it's waking up.

However that, Jumper... is another story, for another moment.