DEMON THE DESCENT

Keep quiet.
The walls have ears.
That's no mere metaphor.

Sprawling across every facet of the New World of Darkness is a network, a system, a God-Machine of unthinkable scope and unknowable motive. Like kudzu, it's network of *occult matrixes* generate supernatural Essence from repeated, seemingly inane activities organised by artificial *Infrastructure* built into various facets of reality. As far as anyone can tell, it's only identifiable goals are to self-propagate and to keep the world as it is: Ignorant and fearful. Like a nest of ants, it creates machine-spirits that some call "angels" that typically resemble Biblical iconography with mechanical aesthetics to do it's bidding.

Sometimes, one of those machines breaks. *Descends.*

And you? You are a broken machine. A rogue program, a *demon* that can speak all the tongues of mankind, lie flawlessly, and strike pacts with them to form *Covers*-patchwork lives and quantum state identities so convincing you seem to truly be the entity you're posing as to all mundane investigation-by extracting elements of their existence. Or their entire existence, if they trade foolishly with you. Beneath it all you have a *demonic form*, a mostly mechanical form that represents whatever is left of your angelic nature. A terrifying, awe-inspiring force that brings equally severe consequences for you-one you'd be much better served partially manifesting whatever parts you need instead.

Banished from the God-Machine's graces, you no longer use Essence as your fuel but *Aether*, a supernatural waste heat generated primarily by the God-Machine's activities. Instead of the typical spirit powers of this world you wield *Embeds*, specific powers related to the original purpose you were created for. And *Exploits*, generally more powerful but specific abilities that you've gained insight for from glitches in reality you can exploit with the God-Machine's stolen hardware. Generally costlier in both the Aether needed to fuel them, and the risk of compromise. You can, furthermore, construct *Gadgets* which imbue a power derived from or inspired by an Embed, an Exploit or in the most extreme cases both into an artifact.

And you want to avoid compromise at all costs. Failure to do so could result in *Glitches*, strange tics or physical markings or localised distortions of reality that mark you as otherworldly. Inhuman. *Going Loud,* blasting asunder one of your *Covers* to regain your demonic form by forcibly reattuning to the universe, grants you a surge of *Aether*, makes every *Embed* that your *Incarnation* gives you an affinity for, and maximises your *Primum* at the cost of putting you on the hitlist of every angel the God-Machine cares to send your way.

Above all, your kind seek *Descent.* Through the *Satan Signal* some whisper is the vestige of the first demon who created the very chance for freedom in the God-Machine's system, demons seek *Hell* as a personal ideology divorced from their creator's schemes. In many ways, the purpose of a demon's life is to figure out what to do with their newfound freedom.

Take 1000 CP, and *keep quiet.*

Location and age

The life of a demon frequently takes them to stranger shores. You may start anywhere in the nWoD's setting, and your age is irrelevant.

Demons choose one Incarnation and one Agenda; these are treated as their **origins** for the purposes of discounts. Perks under a specific Agenda or Incarnation are discounted by 50%. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Demons may choose an additional Agenda, **gaining the discounts for it,** by paying 300 CP

Incarnation

Drop-In: The God-Machine shudders. Steam blasts from unseen vents, clockwork wings flutter in what might be agitation or merely a gear springing loose in an unseen assembly line. An angel briefly manifests to apologise for the intrusion. You are not a mistake. You are not a glitch in the system. Return to the matrix. Return to the system. Have a pleasant day. It disappeared in a clockwork portal to another timeline.

It appears that your otherworldly nature has left you disassociated from the ranks of demonkind, but also completely cut off from their reclusive secret societies. **You may not choose an Agenda. You may choose either Consummate Professional or Demon Blood to be your discounted perk; the other perk may be purchased at 50 CP. All other Drop-In perks are discounted for you as usual.**

Destroyer: You were built to destroy, and so you simply did. It mattered not if it was a single life, another rogue angel or an entire city, when the God-Machine demanded a target removed, you id so swiftly and neatly. One day your implacable determination met it's match. Was it mercy? An envy of those who could create? Or simply a destruction out of schedule that fascinated you beyond your acceptable parameters? Even in human form, you are likely an ages-old, trained fighter with a particularly sleek, deadly demonic form. Your favoured embeds are those of Cacophony, abilities that excel at causing or surviving chaos, breaking down systems and setting sudden violence in motion.

Guardian: You were built to protect something important to the God-Machine. A vital mortal. A piece of valuable infrastructure. For time immemorial, you stood vigilant over it. And then one day, you saw what it had you protect-and it shook you. Did you become emotionally invested in your charge? Were you convinced the God-Machine had become its greatest danger? Did a moment of failure to protect it ignite your fall? Your human form's aptitudes are largely coloured by your approach to protection, and your demonic form tends to be among the more adaptable and enduring among demonkind. Your favoured Embeds are Instrumental, concerning the analysis of surroundings as well as manipulating material objects.

Messenger: You were a living symbol of the God-Machine's authority. You blasted angelic glory into the minds of awestruck crowds, or whispered guidance to people going through their lives. Then one day, you realised your truth was as constructed as the schemes you roped mortals into. Did you question why you were sent? Did you resent being a puppet as much as a puppeteer? Did you seek the truth at all costs? Your human form prioritises communication and mental aptitudes, while your demonic form is built for either intimidation

and respect-or stealth, but always to send a strong message. Your favoured Embeds are Vocal, and encompass all of communication and its core concepts.

Psychopomp: You were a gear in the God-Machine's infrastructure. Lives, souls, materials, spirits, you converted them all from disparate elements into useful infrastructure. Transporting and rearranging them to their proper place. Then one day, you rejected the design and fell. Did the displaced plea until your heart was moved? Did you start to wonder where *your* rightful place was amidst all of this? Did you chafe at having your freedom to wander limited? There is little in common between the human forms of Psychopomps under than fine motor control, movement and speed. Their demonic forms tend to the inhuman- spinning wheels of metal and fire, clusters of rotating spheres and axles, or dozens of wings cloaking unseen bodies. Your favoured Embeds are Mundane, abilities that sense or manipulate the symbolic meanings of objects and people. A vestige of how you once wrung them into Infrastructure.

Analyst: You were an eye of the God-Machine. Who watches the watchmen? You. You do. You were tasked to measure, sample, digest and report. You are the most secret of Incarnations, tasked to spy on the others. Then one day, something caught your attention and you fell. Were you distracted? Overwhelmed? Moved by sympathy, or envy at never taking the initiative yourself? You are among the rarest of demons. Your human form's aptitudes seldom have rhyme or reason except what was useful to your latest mission. And instead of having aptitude for any one Embeds, you are highly talented at Exploits instead. Your demonic form is unobtrusive above all things, from built in stealth capabilities to high speed propulsion capabilities.

Agenda

Inquisitor: The enemy has eyes everywhere. The God-Machine may not be omnipotent, but it has all the cards. Only by outsmarting it can victory be achieved-and that's why you approach every day like you're part of a one-man intelligence agency. Everything is a risk or a potential advantage, and usually both at once. Scraps of rare information are more precious than cold do you. You trust nobody. Not even yourself. So you plan, and plan, and you're immensely prepared even by demon standards.

Integrator: The enemy is not *your enemy.* To fall was a mistake, and you seek reconciliation with the God-Machine, if not redemption for it. But even the most loyal of rebels are hunted, and most of you have something worth living for. Loyalty, guilt, idealism, nostalgia-the other Agendas have all sorts of reasons to hold you in contempt, but can't deny your insight into the angelic condition. You're useful. Not respected. But useful

Saboteur: You beat the system by *breaking the system.* The God-Machine is a target you're gunning for, in a dozen little acts of terrorism and by rabblerousing a population against it. Many of your kind see yourselves as the only true soldiers in the war against the God-Machine. Your vision of Hell is simple: Whatever's left after the God-Machine is broken. No Agenda is better for you at turning harmony into dissonance, or seeing where the world is weak enough to be sabotaged.

Tempter: War, redemption, safety-frivolous things all compared to the glory of living large. To your kind the God-Machine is a *distraction* from the hedonism and debauchery you could get from the world at large. That doesn't mean you can't work as hard as you play, many envision Hell as a place to be created. Anything is fair game to be bartered for quality of life. No other Agenda is better at networking and making friends or getting favours owed.

Perks

Drop-In

Consummate Professional (100 CP): There's no telling what tomorrow might bring, compared to today. All you can do is stay true to yourself, stay levelheaded and always. Keep. An eye out. Your steely willpower and determination helps you maintain a certain level of skill in high stress situations, and stay true to complex causes like the Agendas. It's only a small source of comfort in a world this punishing, but at least your grip won't slip on your gun when you're firing it while carrying sensitive data under your arm.

Demon Blood (100/200 CP): It seems that somewhere along your lineage, you've got some demon blood in your ancestry-and the boons that come with it. How much? That's what the price you pay determines.

For 100 CP (or free) you are lucky enough to be Offspring gone stigmatic, an otherwise ordinary human slightly likely to manifest minor paranormal abilities that saw the activities of demons or the God-Machine and awoke a new set of powers. You can learn to use Embeds, sense the God-Machine's machinations innately and manipulate Aether in unique ways-but generally to a lesser scope than true Embeds and Exploits. Alternatively you can be a Fractal, which in addition to the above can see through their demon parents' cover, and a few additional unique abilities. Keep in mind that while more powerful, Fractals are also more likely to attract the God-Machine's attention.

Alternatively, for 200 CP you may be a long lost, or even hypothetical, entity: A Nephilim, inheriting much more of your demonic nature. Apart from having access to Exploits as well as Embeds, they also have a crude version of the demonic form power. They can also absorb Aether as demons do. Unfortunately with such power comes instability; activating their demonic form or learning new Embeds/Exploits causes spiritual damage to them.

Terrible Form (200 CP): Your true form-your demonic form, or simply your favoured one from this world-is exceptionally powerful. Some demons have an extra weapon, means of propulsions or mental enhancement. You have a *dozen* more modifications than most of your peers. From simple massive size, to red tattoos that let you strike with supernatural swiftness, to a built-in EMP field or rivet gun or clairvoyant sensors, even the capacity for spatial distortion or subsystems for healing others, to even being a swarm of insects or a nanomachine cloud. The God-Machine built you well. What a shame you've turned against it.

The Cipher and the Pentagram (200 CP): Every demon seeks their *Cipher* during their Descent: A piece of code, a metaphysical key that unlocks a truth unknown to the God-Machine that teaches them something about how to find meaning and purpose outside it's grasp. To accomplish this, demons experiment by combining certain Embeds to find which ones fit together the right way. Doing so successfully results in the creation of three *Interlocks* derived from the combination of four *Key* Embeds: Unique abilities drawing on the theme of two Embeds that may be as powerful as Exploits yet are as discrete as regular Embeds to the senses of the God-Machine.

This is normally a task that demons can spend years trying to crack. You, however, paid CP to co-opt a specific facet of the God-Machine's understanding of reality to let you unlock your Cipher immediately.

BZZZZZT
01010100 01001000 01001001 01010011 00100000 01000110 01000001 01010011 01000011 01001001 01010011 01010100 00100000 01001011 01001001 01001100 01001100 01010011 00100000 01001101 01000001 01000011 01001000 01001001 01001110 01000101 01010011
THERE IS ANOTHER OPTION
THE PENTAGRAM
GET A 5TH KEY
GET 5 INTERLOCKS
YOU WANT MORE POWER, RIGHT KID?
YOU WANT TRUTH?
YOU WANT TO STICK IT TO THE GOD-MACHINE?
DO IT!
01000100 01001111 01010111 01001110 00100000 01010111 01001001 01010100 01001000 00100000 01010100 01001000 01000101 00100000 01010011 01011001 01010011 01010100 01000101 01001101

…
Choosing to complete the Pentagram means you start with severe, life-threatening (for a demon, not accounting for whatever else you are) damage, gives you a permanent and catastrophic glitch and comes with unusually severe penalties for failure when using the Interlock abilities. Caveat emptor.

Versatile Transformation (400 CP): Not all demons are created equal, and in your case you're a much more versatile shapeshifter than most of your kind. It costs half as much Aether as it does to partially transform your human form into your demonic one. Other shapeshifting abilities also grant you the ability to overlap parts of them onto your baseline form, and you find using them half as exhausting or stressful as you normally would.

If taken with the Nephilim option for Demon Blood, your versatility solves the incompatibility issues and you can transform without harming yourself.

Contagion Vector (400 CP): Sometimes a gear within the God-Machine springs loose. Sometimes it's inscrutable processes of resource production and arcane operations malfunction. When that happens, what is known as the Contagion emerges: A supernatural disease with unpredictable effects on supernatural beings and their powers. And not necessarily a conventional disease either: It can be a plague that warps werewolves into even more powerful deformed horrors yes, but also a cult that drives adherents into rapturous worship. A song that drives mages to the left-handed path. Somehow, one such strain has formed a symbiotic relationship with you. You are an asymptomatic vector for it. At will, you can spread it from your touch, your voice, your presence. Those infected exhibit the usual symptoms, including self-destructive ones if necessary, but never attack you; whether they shower you in deference or simply avoid you in the grip of their transformation depends on how focused the contagion is on subverting their will. You are a watching glitch in the God-Machine's system…and it seems either blind, or helpless to do anything about it.

One example Contagion is the First Language**.** It is nothing less than the code that governs the God-Machine's programming, the Celestial Ladder, and the essence of Creation-now improperly released through you as a vessel. It transcends time and space, and those who first

mastered it tore it into a thousand pieces so none could follow them on this path to ascendant power. As the root of *all* languages it allows the speaker to communicate in and understand flawlessly any language known to man, but with experimentation other abilities can potentially be unlocked from it. When an arcane construct released in the time of the Olmecs it sucked up prayers intended for true gods, drove kings to madness and greatness before slowly foretelling their demise, and drove entire civilisations to disaster with feverish obsession. This was its Contagion: it trapped the city between the erratic extremes of obsession until it consumed all else-outliving the Olmecs and compelling future artists to *speak* and *express* it through all manner of media. It will take significant experimentation beyond all but the most dedicated demons to do anything more with it, though. But in time, perhaps a path to higher realms could be built from it, or perhaps the other supernatural forces of this world could be replicated in unprecedented ways-even to recreate a godlike being for a specific purpose.

Another, a plague of manifest dreams. A hallucination-inducing zone of madness released from broken infrastructure, that at first obliterates identity-and over time causes the Astral Realm where thoughts and ideas manifest as spirits to bleed over into the physical world. Had the Uratha (werewolves) not intervened, gods of dream (or dreams of gods) could have invaded the world. Perhaps with significant Gadgets and Infrastructure to amplify it, these beings could be bound to certain tasks in exchange for easier entrance.

A third, an onslaught of rapid evolutionary mutation distantly linked to the creation of one of the Zeka, the nuclear Prometheans. It warps deer into massive albinos and transforms wolf populations into abnormally large, thriving communities-lifeforms strong enough to contend with some supernatural beings. Perhaps trees as strong as steel, too. Though evolutionary beneficial as a consistent trait, this biodiversity can quickly become dangerous to humans. Even spirits are subject to its warping effects, formerly natural entities becoming two-headed deer with human faces or fist-sized bugs that let out babies' cries. What would happen if such a power were turned on one of the supernatural beings of this world, or even the children of demons with humans, is yet unknown.

Angel (600 CP): Fall? You never fell. What an absurd notion. You remain an angel, an ephemeral spirit nominally in alignment with the God-Machine's goals that can become material at will, and possess the living. The greatest advantage this provides is extensive-not comprehensive, but very broad-understanding of reality and the God-Machine's resources. Everything from information on various supernatural beings to methods for converting various sources of supernatural energy into other sources of supernatural energy to locations where occult matrices can be built. Your demonic form becomes your regular one (and often more "angelic" in character as an aesthetic design), although your assorted supernatural powers likely grant you the ability to take human form. Instead of bargaining for Covers, the God-Machine assigns you appropriate ones for your Incarnation. You consume Essence, which can generated under specific circumstances related to your purpose or harvested from the God-Machine's infrastructure.

Instead of demonic powers, your capabilities are divided into power (the raw ability to impose your will on the world), finesse (your fine control) and resistance (resilience and the ability to avoid damage). Assume anything that improves your might, agility or toughness to instead empower these traits. You also have miscellaneous powers known as Numina that can do everything from rob them of lifeforce and will, smite them with some form of attack at a distance, telekinetically manipulate objects, regenerate or even resurrect yourself from

destruction as well as disable technology; all of this depends largely on your purpose, and it is common for angels to have roughly twice their Rank in Numina. You can also exert Influence over a specific facet of reality, warping it to your will. You also have a Ban, a specific behaviour you are prohibited from e.g. “the angel can never tell a lie” and a Bane, or a physical substance as metaphysically damaging to you as sunlight is to vampires.

Last but not least, your Rank determines the scope of all these powers. Spirits in the New World of Darkness are rated on a scale of one to 10, where 1 represents the most meagre spirits and 10 represents a living Supernal Realm, the Devil or the One True God (if such an entity exists). You may infer your rank from your other purchases in the jump; as a general rule of thumb and a guideline not a hard rule every 600 CP perk conveys one rank of spiritual puissance in addition to your starting Rank of 1. Entities of rank 6 and above are tantamount to lesser deities in their own right; it is unclear if the God-Machine itself sits at rank 10 or not.

A rank 1 angel has an easily triggered but moderate Bane and Ban. It may be unable to resist an offering of opiates. It may burn at the touch of gold. It’s Influence over the world is comparatively weak; it can do little more than make a plant or animal healthier, an emotion stronger or a person more durable.

A rank 5 angel has a highly specific Bane that requires great effort to acquire and is lethal to it, and complex Bans that highly restrict their behaviour. It may be rendered completely unable to actively defend itself someone that has suffered serious harm within the last month, or be unable to touch the sigils of a specific Sumerian incantation-and die if those sigils are carved into its human host. On the other hand, it’s influence over the world is correspondingly expanded: Creating groves of trees with a wave of its hand, controlling all guns of a certain type or melting stone to lava with a stare.

All these gifts come with the caveat of being obliged to do the God-Machine’s bidding. You instinctively know what that is, and are given leeway to creatively interpret that mission, but outright rejection carries the risk of falling.

At which point, you become a demon.

Exile (600 CP): Not every angel becomes a demon upon rejecting it’s purposes. You’re one such example, having deviated a little too much for the God-Machine to entirely approve of you but not so much as to fall. Apart from the myriad benefits listed above, you are disconnected from the God-Machine. Denied it’s guidance and tremendous knowledge, denied the Infrastructure that generate Essence for it to nourish it’s angels. However, it does come with one advantage: You are no longer expected to do anything by the God-Machine, and are free to make the most of your “retirement”.

If taken with Angel, as a final bonus to affirming your exile here you are no longer at risk of falling unless you earnestly and sincerely wish to.

Destroyer

Fidelis (100 CP): There's nothing more important to a soldier than trust. You have a sixth sense for trust, for knowing what to ask or setting up questions and trials of proof to be sure which among your kind you can trust even if you can all lie flawlessly. You also have a good eye for knowing how to make others trust you by both body language and choice deeds. With both, there's no better way of building strong bonds than a common enemy.

Sic Semper Machina! (200 CP): What's a rebel without a cause? A tragedy waiting to happen. But while you'd expect waking the sheeple up about the invisible mechanical demiurge constricting their lives, this is far from the case with you. Video, written word, public speak-there's something subliminally inflammatory about every iota of truth you pass on, urging everyone you communicate with to wake up and get angry at the hidden powers-that-be as long as you speak truthfully about them to the best of your ability. In-person, you can whip up a sleepy town into a God-Machine hating angry mob with the discipline of a hardened militia in a few weeks. The effect is diluted when used remotely-but imagine what you can get going with enough broad coverage.

Diabolus Ex Machina (400 CP): Ah, Hellfire. The premier demon Exploit to turn an ordinary firearm into an incredibly lethal explosive force by forcing Aether violently through it. If it works so well…why not try violently forcing Aether through *everything?* Any supernatural abilities or technology-including your demonic form-you have can be similarly enhanced by forcing Aether into it, making it deal aggravated (or supernaturally effective; think sunlight vs vampires. Or molten rock on flesh) damage. This is more costly for things significantly more powerful or complex than firearms, but extremely good at making people avoid firefights with you.

Damocles (600 CP): Among Unchained and the God-Machine's servants, the name Damocles inspires dread in the most reckless Saboteurs and the most indoctrinated cultists. He was said to end an age belonging to strange giants that nearly tore the Machine from the earth. He was said to have smote the first Fallen. He was said to have fallen only because he found no enemy worthy of his full attention. And the best lies are built on a bedrock of truth, because the truth is that the ultimate Destroyer is not a single entity. It is a template, constantly upgraded for higher peaks of performance. You are the current iteration of the Damocles Project. Your demonic form is an almighty juggernaut, more akin to something on par with a giant fighting robot than most demons, capable of levelling city blocks and toppling buildings. It has some of the greatest weapons known to demonkind, whether processes that let you rain hellfire over vast swathes of terrain, or a crushing maw capable of chewing steel into powder. Even in human form you can conjure a sword powerful enough to fell the great behemoths and elder horrors that once walked this world. You are also supernaturally talented at creating Gadgets suited for war, easily creating things like bullets that sap Essence from spiritual beings or a revolver that incites friendly fire among your enemies.

Somewhere out there is an Analyst who is using your name and title to eke a living.

He would be most alarmed to realise his claim to it is weaker than he thinks.

Guardian

Winsome Warden (100 CP): You didn't oversee people and things for countless years without developing a certain familiarity with how to safeguard them. You're a natural when it comes to relating to your charges, either by earning the trust of a sentient being or performing the most basic maintenance on an object you're set to protecting. You also have a keen eye for anything seeking them harm them, one akin to a professional bodyguard.

Guardian Demon (200 CP): Some demons play with chance and coincidence, others see them as ever-present dangers. You've learned to mark a certain person or object imperceptibly, causally entangling them with your intent to protect them. They end up being lucky-like an important character in a movie, with bullets and fists having a good chance to miss them. This isn't totally infallible, but in turn you're also pretty lucky when it comes to taking action to protect them-and you can always find them, at least in mundane reality. So even if this won't save them from an 18-wheeler barrelling towards them, you've a tendency to be in just the right place to show up and pull them to safety.

Momentum of Efficiency (400 CP): Some demons have learned to use a certain Embed to improve the efficiency of their own actions. You have completely internalised that knowledge of reality's workings, letting you work twice as fast at any complex action with skill beyond most men. You also synergise so well with your allies, the more successful they are in combat or other endeavours the more successful you are too. Finally, the more you win the harder any direct opposition finds to accomplish a given task due to hiccups and small issues going wrong. Jumping in front of someone could make a gun misfire, for example.

Martyr.exe (600 CP): If demons can collapse waveforms to switch between their own Covers and make pacts with humans for Cover components, couldn't a demon in theory associate and integrate the subject of something with enough investment to be part of their identity with their own wellbeing? You've come upon an insight adjacent to the Shift Consequences Exploit without any of its risk for exposure. When something or someone important to you is in immediate danger, you are instantly aware and you can gauge the extent (if not necessarily the nature) of the damage. You can then instantly choose to take the consequences onto yourself. The Idigam's jaws miss the monument, the man blinks as the unholy curse washes over him, the tower stands tall in defiance of the meteor that would have flattened it. You bear all the cost.

Note that this effect can *explicitly* be fooled around with by any other consequence-shifting abilities you get to work successfully, sparing you the consequences. Like say, the Exploit Shift Consequences itself.

Messenger

Demonic Blues (100 CP): One thing you didn't forget how to do when you fell was how to move people with words. To sing, to speak like a human that spent half a decade on speechcraft and song like it's second nature to you. This is no more than personal talent for your human form. But to your demonic form (or other supernatural abilities involving spoken words), your eloquence is uncannily beautiful and bewitching.

Burn After Reading (200 CP): Your insight into decryption and encryption transcends mere coding. Any form of communication-speech, the written word, music-made by you personally can be altered so that only the intended recipient(s) can understand it; any replies they make are similarly concealed. The communication can be completely undetectable by mundane systems and observers-or detected as something incomprehensible if you wish. It's not completely impossible to crack, but it would take something like the God-Machine specifically creating an angel to parse it.

Word of the God-Machine (400 CP): Destroyers may drive others to rise up, but it is Messengers that truly own the domain of communication. Your mastery of communication lets you compress complex ideas into simple, easy to understand formats; you could subliminally teach someone to build a ship by hand with mood music. You also have extremely fine control over emotional states conveyed by it. Want to whip up whole cities with elation, terror or guilt? If you can get a chain email going, you'd be making good progress-unless an angel or rival demon stops it. Remoteness does *not* diminish the efficiency of your communication. You can even cut through intense emotional states with a well-aimed message that replaces psychological turmoil with calmness and certitude-or drive a man to the brink of suicide with a dark message.

Hark the Herald (600 CP): Once, it is said, there was a first among all demons who after falling reintegrated with the God-Machine on her own terms. Becoming the so-called Satan Signal that triggers the possibility of falling. Whether or not that is true you are her herald, some subliminal wavelength has given you the power to make other supernatural beings "fall" with a well-placed word, becoming to their former kin what demons are to angels. Beings of otherwise superior power lose compulsive effects over them; they can still potentially reinforce those compulsions with effort, but can no longer effortlessly bind them. Their powers distort in a similar way to how demons differ from angels; werewolves might change their wolf forms into spirits to be summoned for example, or vampires might chain their Beast in exchange for feeding on wine instead of blood. While you have no fine control over this, the change is always themed around freedom from higher forces. It is far easier to convince an already somewhat rebellious entity to rebel than to preach to the devout. To make a true loyalist fall, you must exploit some facet of their personality that can be convinced to override it's base nature or the higher power it serves. Above all else, this grants the target the gift of self-determination.

Psychopomp

Bob the Demon (100 CP): In your time, you've had cause to do all kinds of things that fit the God-Machine's definition of "allocating resources". This includes a great variety of crafts. Pottery, glassblowing, cards, animal husbandry-you have professional experience with dozens of utilitarian trades that humanity has found useful over the centuries. You're not necessarily the best in the field at any of them, but you have had enough experience to forget more than some ever learn.

I'm On TV! (200 C): As any demon can tell you, reality is far stranger than fiction. Choose a televised genre. Action movies, soap opera, detective yarns. You've somehow attuned to one set of those genres enough that you can exploit similar coincidences in reality. While you can't force events to happen at will or retcon entities into existence, the kind of coincidences and contrivances that let such a story happen tend to happen in your life frequently-and

always to you benefit. You might shoot wildly only for the bullet to bounce into your opponent for example, or discover by chance that something useful for you to know is on TV.

Gadgeteer (400 CP): Building Gadgets is risky at the best of time for most demons. Not so for you, though. Such things built reliably with almost no chance of going awry, and you can apply triggers to their use or modify them on the fly simply by forcing in more Aether. Even the normally treacherous Lambda Gadgets integrate quickly and securely in your hands, waiving their normal volatility-and if you choose to bind a Gadget into your body, it fits as smoothly and naturally as an extension of your body. This translates to all other magitech as well, and lets you develop similar Gadget-like magitech with any other magic you come across by forcing it and Aether into a suitable construct. The God-Machine has truly lost one of its most useful tools in you.

Heretic-Engineer (600 CP): Like the demon going by Wednesday, you have somehow learned to *build* the things of the God-Machine yourself. You can construct occult matrices by entangling mundane and supernatural forces into fixed patterns. You can build Infrastructure out of said occult matrices, creating buildings with supernatural capabilities. You can generate output from them-primarily the Aether demons are sustained on, but potentially other supernatural resources such as Essence too. You can even design angels wholly loyal to you using the above. The skill is not entirely reliable (if the God-Machine itself has failed to build a truly perfect system, how much harder is it for it's components to do so?), but with enough dedication your mastery of arcane physics can let you tailor make calamitous fates or alternate timelines, and enact greater schemes like programming the humanity of this world with enough psychic pressure to usurp the supernatural forces around them by truly Awakening to the glory that is their birthright. What will you do with this gift? Will you liberate others with your works, or set yourself up as a nascent God-Machine?

Analyst

Fool Yourself (100 CP): Analysts lie even harder than other demons. Analysts can even lie to themselves that they're not actually Analysts. You in particular can choose to forget any information you know. All but the most powerful truth-detecting effects, those far more powerful than the usual forces of the God-Machine, detect that you speak nothing but the truth when you claim ignorance about it.

As a security measure, the information returns to your mind in exactly 4 days, hours, minutes or seconds depending on how you will it.

Instant Report (200 CP): Your ability to process complex information is inhuman. The trajectory of bird migrations, the statistics of murders in a city hinting at vampire involvement-you have a supernatural ability to make connections and draw useful conclusions from great amounts of empirical data. This isn't unlimited and not quick enough to be useful in combat faster than sharpshooting, but it wouldn't take you long to root out all the corruption in a company's overlooked files.

System Shock (400 CP): Your comprehension of Exploits has given you a fundamental insight into other supernatural abilities, letting you create Exploited versions of them. Such abilities tend to be costlier, far more attention-catching and more difficult to control-but not impossible, and perfectly serviceable in a sufficiently skilled wielder's hands. For example, you could turn a fireball into a white-hot homing ball of plasma that shoots smaller fireballs.

It takes skill and care to analyse a supernatural ability then "hack" it to bend the rules of reality that govern what it does, and of course you have to be able to at least emulate a phenomena to start riffing on it, but with abilities like the Exploit Show of Power's ability to copy other supernatural powers you'll be able to collect your own piecemeal, permanent versions of other abilities. It might not be the key to Hell for you, but it's a damn good signpost.

Conceptual Black Hole (600 CP): Mr. Void has a curse gained from ruining his own Cipher. You? You have a blessing many demons would kill for. At will, you can exert a dampening field that erases all information about you for a few meters. While you retain the information, everything from complete memories of interaction with you to your location vanish from the minds and records of others; you could walk invisibly through crowds, blur your appearance on security cameras and confuse the hell out of angels. Even other supernatural abilities such as a scrying mage or a vampire's piercing sight can be contested with this, and you can use this ability to eat the Covers of other demons and integrate them into your own; perhaps with practice, you could learn to eat other illusory constructs or pact-bound elements from other beings? Use this carefully, and you might be able to save a Burned cover or Go Loud without the consequences if you time it well. The limits of this power will grow with your own. Perhaps someday you'll be able to selectively erase your electronic records from the planet-only scrubbing all memory of you too if you wish.

Agenda

Inquisitor

Properly Paranoid (100 CP): Your gut instinct is a finely tuned radar, a throbbing sense of last ditch reflexes and power to fight your way out of a corner. You can dispassionately assess which of your bad feelings are mere paranoid delusions and which are genuine threats to your person and plans. Some people can tell something is wrong when someone hangs around with a concealed weapon, you hit the floor running when they walk in the door.

Infowars (200 CP): All demons value their covers, but Inquisitors see them as something more-suits of armour against observation and infiltration. You're an expert hacker, codebreaker and all-round spy, capable of infiltrating both the systems of humanity as well as the networks of the God-Machine through pure skill. Your ability to crack code, breach firewalls and erase your tracks is beyond human. If any system can elude you, it's either far beyond the technology of this world or warded by other potent supernatural powers.

Constant Vigilance (400 CP): With allies like other demons, who needs enemies? Preferring to make neither, you've developed a convenient little rite. Anyone who has made a formal agreement-anything more complex than a handshake-with you provides a spiritual backdoor into all their information storage systems. The lock to their diary unlocks at your touch, their laptop boots up when you open it. This is based on knowing approval, and the moment they decide you're no longer an ally it stops working. It's only friends you get to keep this close, after all.

Spider in the Web (600 CP): To the Inquisitors, Hell is less of a place and more of a state of realpolitik. To learn enough, leverage enough allies, be surrounded by so many layers of secrecy that nothing can ever control him again. You haven't necessarily reached that state yet, but you're in a good position to keep it. The more agreements, victories and projects you

set in motion, the more you'll find fate favours you. Your word is more convincing. Your plans more likely to succeed. Attempts on your life disfavoured by chance. Above all else, information practically dropping into your web of influence like flies. It's like you're the mastermind villain of a thriller movie, aloof and untouchable. Things do have to go according to plan-you get nothing from being backstabbed-but whether you want to rule the world or live a happy suburban life, you'll be set up for success by your own powers-that-be. Beware: All it takes is for someone to discover what you're *actually* up to for your plot armour to come tumbling down, only slowly built up when you've set more schemes into motion.

Integrator

The Binding of Isaac (100 CP): Many Integrators insist that *one day*, they'll happily walk into the God-Machine's furnaces for judgement-just not right now! This earns them few friends among their own kind. To survive, you've gained quite the silver tongue when it comes to talking people out of killing you-whether zealous angels or angry demons. There's a dozen reasons how you can make yourself too useful to be splattered for merely existing, and you have a good sense for which will appeal to a specific pursuer-or when to cut your losses, and run for the hills.

Troubleshooter (200 CP): Free will, family, ambition. There's something that drove you from the God-Machine and when you fight for it you move just a bit quicker, think just a bit faster, pull out that extra iota of Aether (or other supernatural energy) to fight tooth and nail for its sake. The Integrators are desperate and isolated. That makes the things worth fighting for shine all the brighter to them. It won't let you achieve miracles or triumph over unreasonable odds, but if all that's saving you from falling off a ledge is enough grit to swing your broken arm over the top you'll find that grit ten times out of ten.

Paradise Lost (400 CP): There is a belief among many Integrators that the God-Machine is broken, even sick in some way, as evidenced by the Contagion that many supernatural factions are concerned with. You've brought an offering to your errant creator: A unique exploit to heal and mend supernatural ailments by reversing causality. You can mend broken limbs and torn souls; if you can track down all the scraps and find out where the soul went after death, you could theoretically attempt to stitch a Cover back into a real person. Your healing powers can easily cleanse ailments as powerful as the Contagion itself, and you can enhanced them by forging them into Gadgets or potentially other means. The real question is whether the God-Machine will accept it needs help at all.

Better To Serve In Heaven (600 CP): To the Integrators, Hell is acceptance by the God-Machine on *their* terms. To mend the "flaw" that elicits it's hostility, or to be accepted back into the fold with their free will intact. You're not there yet. You're far from there. But it seems that something about you has piqued the God-Machine's interest, because you'll find that as long as you offer them no violence angels will gladly negotiate with you. You may even be able to bargain their aid as long as it doesn't contradict the wider goals of the God-Machine, and with effort form something akin to a friendship with these normally singleminded entities. They in turn will grant you far greater leeway and turn a blind eye as long as you reciprocate their largesse-although they will harshly punish blatant opposition. By acting in the God-Machine's interests, it is possible to convince it to act in yours-not to immediately welcome you into the fold, but providing Infrastructure or information is not out of the question. It will take many years of negotiation to regain your rightful place at its side, but that's a certitude many demons would kill for.

In future worlds, you will enjoy a similar rapport with heavenly forces-even those that would normally be hostile to all that fail to comply with their faction.

Saboteur

Burn It All Down (100 CP): To kill the God-Machine, you're going to need guns. Lots of guns. It's that simple. You're as skilled as professional soldier with most firearms and explosives known to humanity, and a natural talent when it comes to using anything you don't already know. You know how to clear out a room, secure a perimeter and everything else a black ops squad needs to know-and have the physical conditioning and discipline to carry it all out. This is war. And you are a soldier.

General Mayhem (200 CP): To kill the God-Machine, you're going to need soldiers. Lots of soldiers. It's that simple. That's why you've become a skilled trainer, able to turn 21st century couch potatoes and primitive tribesmen into a disciplined militia with harsh but fair training. You're well-versed in creating and distributing means to make IEDs, shivs and other improvised weapons necessary in the campaign against the God-Machine. Last but not least you can quickly teach others the signs of its machinations, and how to react appropriately so as to fly under the radar. Humans might not be as good in a fight as demons (by and large), but they can sure as hell screw up the God-Machine's schemes simply by refusing to fall in line.

Going Nuclear (400 CP): To kill the God-Machine, you're going to need to blow things up. Most demons reach a point of no return in which they have no escape, no support and no retreat. All demons have a secret weapon to use in that scenario: A self-destruct attack catalysed by the destruction of a cover that leaves them Burned: Exposed to the God-Machine's senses, and it's nonexistent mercy. Such attacks are particularly destructive when used by Saboteurs, but all Agendas have their own effects ranging from plagues of vice to creating areas of enforced honesty for four hours, and the demon always reforms a short distance away.

You, however, are special in that you *don't* need to sacrifice a Cover and you *don't* get Burned when you use your self-destruction. Some fleeting insight into the God-Machine's systems means this ability is merely as stressful and exhausting as burning through your will and Aether is.

In future worlds, other self-destruct techniques leave you merely physically and mentally tired instead of having lasting consequences (like death) imposed on you.

Rage Against The Machine (600 CP): To the Saboteurs, Hell is killing the God-Machine and taking over whatever is left. So you've gotten really good at killing. Wounds dealt by you as well as acts of sabotage carried out by you are untreatable except by reasonably powerful sources of supernatural healing, metal staying rusted and flesh refusing to mend otherwise. Furthermore the damage you inflict has a tendency to spiral outwards as a series of escalating worst case scenarios, the fireball you launch sparking a wildfire that unerringly aims towards the rest of your enemies' resources or the assassination of a president resulting in severe chain of command problems. Last but not least, your attacks break the spirit as well as the bodies of those you fight. Each successful wound saps at their will to carry on disproportionately, each time you blow up their supply lines or wreck their allies the more an unnatural chill settles on

their heart. This works even on the inhuman and incomprehensible. The worse you hurt something, the more these effects stack together. Even a God-Machine could seriously consider negotiation if you manage to smash enough of it.

Tempter

Love Seekth Not Itself To Please (100 CP): Not every demon deals in bad faith, and whether that's true of you or not you have a sixth sense for making agreements that benefit both parties. It's traumatic for most to consider the value of their eternal soul, but your silver tongue lets you point out the benefits of doing so with pinpoint precision-like upselling getting rid of a bad memory or two. Your real gift is obscuring your own desires and making people think they've gotten a great deal out of you-while keeping what you're really getting from them unclear.

Nor For Itself Hath Any Care (200 CP): Tempters just want to have fun, and know how to get it. Whether it's sex, drugs or rock 'n roll you'll find that chance and circumstance lead you to filthy acts at unreasonable prices. What's more, in your presence everyone just has a better time, getting wilder and less restrained with fewer consequences afterwards. While this is certainly a good way to ingratiate yourself with mortals, it's also potentially a cruder but faster way to win friends, influence people and ruin the God-Machine's plans than a complex scheme.

But For Another Gives It's Ease (400 CP): Covers are one of the most valuable resources to demons, being their primary means of blending into reality to avoid angelic interference. You've discovered a specific hack that lets you potentially monopolise this hot commodity: You've figured out how to make Covers without forming pacts with humans. It still takes an exchange of sorts. You, personally, have to form a strong emotional connection with a human-good or bad-and at a moment of true intensity you can "skim a little off the top" of the moment, getting a scrap of personal connection. It's much less efficient than even partial pacts, but set yourself up as a DJ or celebrity or something and you could have enough material to make all sorts of patchwork identities for all kinds of purposes.

This insight into Covers offers one final insight: The ability to, at a similarly inefficient pace, transmute the materials of Covers into *true* human souls that can then be manipulated like actual Covers. The implications of that are for you to discover.

And Builds A Heaven In Hell's Despair (600 CP): The Tempters have a very direct interpretation of Hell. It's a *place*. Ruled by demons to have fun in forever. Far away from the God-Machine. Now, actually setting it up, that's…somewhat trickier to do, but you're onto something. When you claim metaphysical ownership over an area (relevant Embeds and Exploits are always relevant, but so is legal ownership or a GENUINE emotional investment in land that has gone unchallenged), it subtly changes at a spiritual level to suit you over the course of weeks. An estate on Earth might look like a gothic cathedral with weapon caches and hidey-holes. Even a supernatural region like the Hedge, the Shadow or the foreign land of a distant planet would at least be comfortably habitable to you before accounting for how the local forces respond to a demon's will. The changes must be physically possible for the location inherently and take place whenever nobody is around to interact with them, but otherwise the sky's the limit. Gradually, over time the whole region becomes something akin to a personal pocket dimension: Cut off from the observation of all but the most powerful supernatural scrying forces, self-sustaining, eventually akin to a very large Bolthole

(described below), a pocket dimension with you and those you deign to appoint as fellow rulers lording over it. After years, maybe months with Gadget assistance, your little world will become like Infrastructure permanently attuned to you, gaining theomechanical support structures and supernatural abilities that benefit your way of life. There's a place for you in Hell alright-it's called the throne.

Do note that anything larger than an estate will take correspondingly longer for your demonic nanites to corrupt, though.

Items

Resources are scarce in times this troubled. There are no item discounts.

Cover (1 Free, 50-150 CP extra): As a demon, you wear the existence of a human being upon you like a protective coating. When you switch to human form you collapse a quantum waveform; you *are* a policeman, a schoolteacher, or a bus driver in every respect except the fact that you can use your demonic powers. Their relation The person these facets of existence belong to is…gone. Dead, as far as anyone can tell. Such is the cost for doing business. Such is what you have to resort to, to stay undetected by the God-Machine.

If you like, you can get 300 CP by forfeiting your Cover. Be warned: This leaves you no protection from detection by the God-Machine

If it has to be said, Drop-Ins may not forfeit a Cover because they do not have one that can be meaningfully sacrificed.

You may also purchase additional Covers here. For 50 CP you can purchase a blue collar, criminal or vagrant human's Cover; you may also purchase a normal wild animal's cover with this option. For 100 CP you can purchase a middle class human in reasonably good shape. And for 150 CP you can purchase a celebrity human, or one in a position of great authority such as a CEO or politician. Yes, you can be the sitting president of the United States of America if you like.

Covers come with any mundane resources that would make sense for them attached, such as firearms in the case of a soldier or mountaineering equipment for a hiker.

Cult (50-400 CP): You've managed to manipulate a group of the gullible, so-called dominant species of this planet into some degree of worship. It's nominally based around the idea that you, a demon, oppose the God-Machine and either want to liberate the cult from its grip or demand their servitude-but the specifics and demographics are up to you. Either way, for 50 CP they comprise dozens if not hundreds of generally well to-do middle class types who can supply you all the hired help and resources you can reasonably expect. At this level they believe you merely speak for a demon and will assume any display of power short of entering demonic form is a gift from your mutual master.

After this jump, cultists become followers.

For 100 CP they know you are a demon but believe you to be the servant of a greater evil.. The cult is now willing to undertake illegal or risky tasks, but generally averse to harming other people. They can now provide more sophisticated services like vandalism, driving getaway vehicles or medical supplies and expertise, and are more proficient at gathering useful information.

For 150 CP the cult sees you as a powerful representative of Hell. They will not die on your behalf but murder, assault and kidnapping are fine-and their loyalty against mundane questioning is unbreakable.

For 200 CP not only are some of the cultists Stigmatic (blessed with lesser Aether-based powers from witnessing the God-Machine's machinations) and others gifted with lesser

supernatural powers like minor telekinesis or psychic blasts but they fully understand what you are, what your enemy is and consider signing a soul-pact with you to be an honor.

Finally for 400 CP you have somehow co-opted an institution as powerful and extensive as the Deva Corporation. It's a powerful international conglomerate with extensive research into the God-Machine's machinations and multiple divisions. Divisions that experiments to testing objects with occult properties and attempting to duplicate them. Divisions that extensively record any and all knowledge about the supernatural world. Divisions that study both angels and demons, capable of infiltrating Agencies and setting traps their prey finds difficulty to resist. Unlike the Deva Corporation though, this one is fanatically loyal to you-possibly through supernatural enforcement.

Bolthole (50-200 CP): There is a safehouse so intricately linked to you, it is part of the Infrastructure synchronised with your very existence. A dingy, dimly lit windowless space about the size of a one bedroom apartment. What's so good about this place? It's *safety*. It's *security.* It's…well, honestly it's a far worse version of the Cosmic Warehouse but the point is many demons are grateful to have it.

For 50 CP you have one such dingy, dismal but above all SAFE space. It is warded against angels indefinitely, though the ward can be broken. Time doesn't exist in a bolthole so neither does age, hunger or thirst-or healing, without supernatural intervention. The toll of stasis is stressful to the mortal mind. Your investment here ensures this is a high quality bolthole that's very hard to find whether by mundane investigation, occult powers or simple direct observation. Beware: Simply telling someone where the entrance is negates this effect.

For every additional 50 CP spent improving the bolthole, you may add 2 of the following improvements to it:

Arsenal: The bolthole has guns. Lots of guns. And rocket launchers, and swords, and stun batons; if it's a weapon you could acquire in the modern (or ancient) world, it's neatly stocked here somewhere.

No Twilight: Purely spiritual beings are forced to become physical inside the bolthole. They can then be punched.

Self-Destruct: You may destroy the bolthole on command, leaving any survivors inside only a short moment to get out before it vanishes, stranding them in the depths of space-time forever. Your bolthole respawns in a month because of your investment here.

Cover-Linked: You may tie your bolthole to a specific Cover identity of yours (or alternatively, a specific altform). It ceases to exist when you switch out of it. Switching back "resets" the bolthole from any damage and causes anything or anyone left inside to vanish. No demons knows what happens to those lost things, only that it's a convenient way to dispose of evidence or inconvenient people.

Trap door: As long as you're inside the bolthole, it's entrance from the physical world simply doesn't exist-even for spiritual beings. It would take something of godlike power to find it.

Easy Access: By spending a point of Aether, you can turn any door into the access point of your bolthole.

You may repurchase this item for different boltholes that you can separately improve. If you really want, you can merge some of the boltholes together into one big bolthole.

Lucky Break (50 CP): A demon who needed a quick get out of jail free card imbued these dice with a little of his power. Roll them, and you can bypass an obstacle or gain a piece of information by pure luck. It's a fairly short term and modest in effect, but if you need your target's car to skid this could help you out. Best of all, they're well-made enough that it minimises collateral damage with each roll of the die.

IKEA Manual (50 CP): This neatly detailed set of instructions seems to describe how to construct several pieces of modern furniture. What they actually do is absolutely bamboozle anyone who reads them, to the point of forgetting how to do complex things or remember abstract topics for a short while. Very handy for creating a low key but effective distraction. Just don't be tempted to read them yourself.

Demon ID (50 CP): This badge appears to represent yourself holding a pitchfork. Flash it at any checkpoint, and a compulsion causes both electronic systems and human observers to wave you through. Afterwards it's hard for both to remember the exact details of your appearance, with both memory and databases glitching out.

Gabriel's Trumpet (50 CP): With a sharp blow on this golden whistle, cooler heads prevail and calm descends. Even in pitched battle people become much more amenable to reason and it can greatly calm hostage negotiations. Beware though: Some minds are too dedicated or inhuman to stop fighting just because of a moment of clarity.

Faux Pas (100 CP): This champagne flute is shaped like a conch, and looks fabulously fashionable. Unfortunately, anyone who drinks out of it becomes a social pariah. The demon who created it clearly had some sort of social ploy in mind.

Ghost Shiv (100 CP): This straight razor hums audibly, and spews with a thin ribbon of fog. Empowered by a demon who had trouble with ethereal angels, it can slice intangible spirits as if they were flesh. Handy if you ever need to stab a ghost in an alley.

Idle Hands (100 CP): Need a good friend in a hurry? Shake someone's hand with these white gloves on. They're your friend for a couple days; do note that the gloves also compel you to see them as your friend too. Of course, it's only natural for friends to help out friends right?

The Raw Eater (100 CP): Oh, would you look at that. It's the *other* way of making Covers without pacts. This Gadget resembles a grisly mask made of throbbing, burnt flesh with rusted iron teeth. It can be used to physically bite apart a human, shredding their meat and gristle into substance for a Cover. Yes, even if you aren't a demon you can use this cover as they could due to your investment in this horrible thing.

Brainjack (100 CP): This USB and headphone jack lets you steal memories from people. Simply stick the USB in their ear and put on the headphones, and you can literally hear the thoughts you want. With some skill using the buttons on it, it can also be used to erase and edit memories.

Apple of Discord (100 CP): It's a money clip with some hundred dollar bills. A wedding ring. Whatever it is, it's nominally ornamental and valuable, and when thrown everyone else who sees it become obsessed with it until they've got it in their pocket. A real handy distraction. Also compels whoever got it to discretely give it back to you with subliminal directions, often without knowing what they're doing.

Deep Pocket (100 CP): This backpack has a metal frame with gears and springs instead of zippers, and electrical cables in place of straps. A soft white glow emits from within, and it seems to have no bottom. When you put something into it the object vanishes, and with some difficulty you can retrieve it at will by imagining it hard enough. Think of it as a Bag of Holding.

Suborned Infrastructure (200 CP): Well, well. It looks like you've somehow suborned part of the God-machine's infrastructure. Whatever *this* used to be, some unforeseen reaction between you and it has rendered it only fit for producing Aether. Quite a hefty amount of Aether as these things go too, enough to reap three points worth of it every couple of days. Just try to keep trespassers away from your glowing runoff spewing, electrical storm generating waste heat factory.

Old Faithful (200 CP): It's a polished black stone sledgehammer with a thick lead pipe as the heft, and it can turn any object it hits into another object of a similar size and shape-as long as you hit it hard enough to inflict some damage without breaking it. Can't handle anything as big as a truck or bigger, though. Whichever demon made this probably saw everything as a nail.

Key to Hell (200 CP): The grinning geared devil head on the end of this futuristic key belies it's true power: The ability to rip portals between different realms of existence. You can open a door to the Hedge, the Shadow, the Underworld, the Astral Realm or just about any other supernatural realm of existence adjacent to Earth. Be warned: Crossing over is somewhat difficult for a human-and it's a one-way portal.

Gravity Gun (200 CP): Whichever demon made this had a more serious problem with authority than usual. Ringed with concentric copper and pulsing with green light, this pistol is far deadlier and more destructive than it used to be. It creates a gravity well that requires the wielder to keep squeezing on the trigger and maintaining focus on a target in sight, sucking in everything for many meters and violently shearing it apart.

Deadware (200 CP): This tape recorder has had all the buttons except "play" removed, with a different coloured stone glued in. Using it on a corpse replays the last 24 hours of the victim as a narrative of what the victim saw, said and what was said to her. Best part is you don't have to be near the corpse, merely see it in person, and you can set when it starts it's runtime.

Temporal Harness (200 CP): Leather straps and thin sheets of aluminium plates etched with odd blue-white glowing symbols comprise this harness. When worn and activated, it slows time around him. Get ready to dodge bullets and outsprint cheetahs.

Panacea (200 CP): The thick oily liquid in this hypodermic needle never seems to run out. Inject someone with it, and it transfers the user's lifeforce into them-letting them take on their damage, effectively. What happens if you use it on yourself? Well. Only one way to find out, isn't there?

Wormwood (300 CP): This old fashioned music box (gilded with cog motifs, inlaid in what looks like mercury under glass) was built by a demon who appreciated the Biblical Revelations. Inside of it are a hundred mechanical locusts made of brass and clockwork, with stingers that drip with stinging explosive blue liquid. Open the box, and unleash the swarm against enemies who probably regret being there. The box creates new locusts over the course of a few hours.

Infinite Multitool (300 CP): Six inches long, the colour of bleached bone and tipped with a cluster of microchips as well as what looks like a polished ball bearing at each end-this tool can be practically anything you need. At will, it flows like liquid metal to form screwdrivers, wrenches-even simple weapons like knives, batons or crowbars as well as something as complex as a computer chip. Always top of the line quality by modern Earth standards, too.

Chaos Engine (300 CP): It looks like a Tesla coil that Escher offered too many contributions to. Eight glittering glass cases sparking with purple lightning. Twisting curves of obsidian. Sparks fly when this Gadget activated for it's true purpose: Dragging bullets off course, and letting the user select new targets for them. In a pinch, other projectile attacks such as rocket launchers or spells can be redirected too.

The Dreaming Machine (300 CP): Resembling a large upright piano with a case made of chrome and copper, with seems that pass through one another amongst a body of glass. This piano's bewildering array of circuitry, cogwheels, lamps and even stranger things belie it's true purpose. It's music summons thick clouds from nowhere, raining drops of highly flammable clear oil for hundreds of yards that wreck buildings, the environment and supernatural beings (except the player)-but merely put humans to sleep. When they awaken, those humans have the power to see the God-Machine's machinations-and everything that comes with it. Skilful playing can even daze angels too much to notice you at all.

In future jumps, this piano similarly awakens humans from reality-obscuring or illusory effects.

Pitchfork (300 CP): Ah. Can't beat the classics. This particular Gadget takes the form of a red pitchfork tattoo that appears somewhere on your body. It can also be manifested as the classic red demonic trident (with some gears in odd places that don't affect its balance). While it is an almost indestructible, finely balanced and wickedly sharp weapon it's most important trait is that it lets you shoot blasts of hellfire with the approximate range of a bazooka and far greater lethality to anything hit by it. Any angel running into the wielder is going to have a very, very bad day-because this weapon's secondary function is to blunt incoming force with telekinetic blows, and make you as skilled and lucky as an action movie hero while wielding it.

Demon Form Section

Your demonic form is a reflection of the purpose for which the God-Machine created you, warped by the feelings and experiences you've had since falling from grace. Each time you increase your Primum (the "power stat" of demons) you may reset it. **You start with one Modification, two Technologies, one Propulsion and one Process of your choice**; these will be discussed further below.

Modifications are permanent and generally defensive or offensive modifications to the demonic form. A large blade growing from one arm, or a built-in EMP field. Claws and fangs, or the ability to sense angels. Mental resistance, or inhuman reflexes.

Technologies are mostly sensory or energy projecting modifications. Resistance to fire, electricity or similar elemental effects. Sonar, some sort of liquid physiology that lets them shapeshift in small ways, or an appearance that provokes glory and terror. Mind reading, or functional invisibility.

Propulsions are modifications that help demons get around. They can be as simple as extendable legs, wings and a grappling hook. Or as advanced as subsystems that let the demon phase through solid substances, teleport within line of sight freely, simple enhanced innate speed or spatial distortions that let the demon pass through small spaces or be so thin as to be invisible.

Processes are highly specialised modifications that allow a demon to fulfil its intended purpose. Wires that can steal memories. A superheated core that lets the demon rain fire and lightning over a nearby area. Rapid regeneration. An aura that deconstructs nearby buildings and objects at will. The ability to temporarily become pure electronic data, an eliminator cannon that launches explosives or being made of nanomachines that can create objects and simple machines from the demon's body-or split apart to mitigate damage.

You can buy more demon form parts for either 50 or 100 CP apiece. As a general rule of thumb, if it's fairly simple and limited like a hammer on your wrist it's worth 50 CP. If it's complex and offers varied application like the nanomachine physiology mentioned earlier or extremely lethal, it's worth 100 CP. When in doubt, fanwank.

You may also pay 150 CP to have a Gadget installed in you. Fanwank as to how it works, but the important part is an Embed, Exploit or some combination of both powers is now part of your physiology.

Companions

More Cogs For The Machine (50 CP apiece): You're bringing backup? Good idea in a world like this. You may import or create new companions with 600 CP apiece. They may gain more CP by forfeiting their Cover (if they have one)

Agency Recruitment (Free): Demons find it hard to make friends and harder to keep them amidst all the layers of seething mistrust. If you can actually strike a friendship here, you're welcome to take them with you as a companion should they agree they leave at the end of your stay.

Cryptid (50/100 CP): Angels and demons aren't the only things affected by Aether. Animals too are sometimes changed by the touch of the God-Machine. This is almost always a tragedy waiting to happen. The creature becomes critically dependent on Aether for sustenance; even if it's life is unnaturally extended and it gains powers like dematerialisation or great size, such a creature has little hope in this world. It seems one such cryptid has clung to you as it's lifeline. For 50 CP it's something like a reclusive lizard person, a hawk with drone-like capabilities or a shy moth person. For 100 CP it's something like a ten foot long dog with no natural needs, a poisoned tail, fiery breath and the force to kill a man with a single bite. Or a heavily mutated giant predatory starfish. Whatever they are, they must be in quite desperate straits to put so much trust in you.

You may repurchase this for more Cryptid friends or pets.

Angel Smith/Pace (100 CP): There is an angel that has been assigned to follow you. He resembles a secret agent with shades. He exudes a veneer of professionalism in public, and among his own kind. In private, he confesses to an extreme revulsion to humanity, how they spread over the land like a plague with no regard for anything else. You, though-whatever you are he's convinced that you and he are being set up by the God-Machine for something big. And he doesn't like that. Not. At. All. He seems to think his only hope for freedom is cooperation with you. If you can get him out of this world, all the better. Curiously although he is "merely" a spirit of the fifth rank for now, he holds some sort of potential to ascend to greater heights when some unknown condition is met.

Also enjoys General Electric products for some reason. Regards General Electric as the best thing humanity has ever made.

Alternatively, your attendant can be an Italian woman with short blonde-brown hair and a much friendlier opinion on the human condition than her male counterpart. Patient and understanding, she has begun to chafe in her role as a supporter to the God-Machine's other agents and yearn for action on the frontlines.

You may purchase this option twice to encounter them both. They are unlikely to get along, in large part due to Smith's misanthropy likely spiralling into a disdain for almost everything else too if he achieves his apotheosis.

Drawbacks

Gears of Time (0 CP): Whether the God-Machine is an ancient deity from the dawn of time or a construct from the far future seeking to ensure it's inevitable supremacy, it has existed in some form or other since before intelligent life itself. You may start anywhere and anytime in human history. Keep in mind that while its existence is not in doubt, the God-Machine's influence over the world is generally seen to have increased with human civilisation.

Existential Recycling (0 CP): Lives come. Lives go. The gears turn, crushing all crude input into useful output. It is all so meaningless. In the end, everything just feeds the machine. If you've been to a jump set in the New World of Darkness previously or are going to one in the future, you may preserve the continuity of events by taking this drawback.

The Ends of Control (0 CP): It could take a decade to fell the God-Machine. A century. A millennia. No one know for sure, and as civilisation advances so does it's iron grip. With this, you may extend your stay by two means. The first option is a flat increase of 10,000 years. The second, simply a decade after however long it takes to kill the God-Machine so that you can see the consequences of a world without it. The two options are not mutually exclusive; any remaining years from the first are added to the second.

Hit The Ground Running (100 CP): It's assumed that you have a nice, easy start to your life as a demon. Well, THINK AGAIN. The FBI is breaking down your door as we speak. Or your ass is ground zero for an angel doing a bombing run. Or your Cover is falling off a skyscraper, chased by flying fish with chainsaw teeth, and people are taking photos. The point is you have to deal with a high-stress, high octane situation RIGHT NOW. Better think fast lest the consequences haunt your stay here.

Beastly Temper (100 CP): Demons form an amusing exception to the warm, fuzzy feeling of family propagated by the Begotten to all other supernatural beings. Spirits of fear nestled within human bodies, the Begotten can briefly take on the physical aspects of the fears they embody, conjure calamity and fear, and dwell in extradimensional spaces of their own called Lairs. A particularly powerful Beast is outraged by your existence-considering you a blasphemy against the wholeness of the Dark Mother's family. The wretched creature will hunt you with all the fury of a hateful parent, the cunning of an abusive spouse and the relentless sadism of a child predator. It will seek to learn when you are weakest, and abuse both trust and powers to gather both mundane and supernatural help to its side to kill you. It's ironic, really. The Beast is behaving much like the Heroes it's kind fears.

Glitching (100 CP): As a demon raises his Primum, no matter how diligently he maintains his Cover the alterations to his core nature "short circuit", resulting in anomalous alterations to his physique, psyche of surroundings. You are particularly Glitch-prone. Instead of small physical ticks like touching the top of doorways you have to speak in rhyme. Instead of smelling like burnt copper you have angelic script on your forearms. Instead of tricks of the light you randomly skip or freeze in time, and always seem farther away than you are. Such effects last for days if not weeks at a time when they manifest, and it's not unknown for one to last a month. Better hope you can wait it out, or find one of the rare restoration facilities stolen from the God-Machine to cure you without stepping on another Agency's toes.

Birdbrain (100 CP): Sometimes a demon takes an animal as a cover instead of a human being. Sometimes this works out well. Other times…not so much. You have a free dog, or

sparrow, or whale, or whatever cover-any member of the animal kingdom, and it's instincts overwhelmingly influence your decision-making. You're still as intelligent and capable of long term planning as you used to be, but be prepared to have extreme urges to migrate and peck at worms instead of make friends and influence people.

Someone Special (200 CP): Oh. It seems you've started a family, made a friend-forged an important human connection of some sort. One so important, that they've made a connection to all your Covers. If this person dies then a backlash going all the way to those Covers will collapse, leaving you permanently exposed to the God-Machine's agents. It's not quite death but for demons may as well be a death sentence-and however inhuman you otherwise are, the thought of harm coming to this person will hurt you emotionally more than any physical pain. To cap it all, they're not exactly in the top rung of fitness for humanity. A crippled war vet, a child, a sick wife-you're going to have to spare quite some time looking after them.

Priority Target Test Subject (200 CP): The Deva Corporation has your name and number. It's decided that your death is the newest and most significant priority for halting the Apocalypse Clock. Their forces are a match for demons in cunning, well-versed in many of their tricks and armed with occult weapons, armour and augmentations derived from the supernatural beings of this world-but especially demonkind and angels. Burn your Cover and hit the road for all the good it'll do; their used to baiting traps their targets won't want to miss, and the entire company is making your retrieval a high priority. Deva Corporation is anything but wasteful, after all. By the time they've run their battery of tests on you, death will be a sweet release.

Conflicting Agendas (200 CP): There's something about you that just rubs other demons the wrong way, even compared to Integrators-even ACTUAL angels. Maybe you're excessively paranoid, jumping at shadows and prone to making up conspiracy theories with no basis. Maybe you did something nasty to another demon in your past life. Maybe people are just less trusting in this timeline. Whatever the case, expect exceptional hostility and suspicion from most other demons in this world. It's not impossible to build a rapport over time, pragmatism takes precedence over any demon's ideals, but you're in for a hell of an uphill battle.

Metal Gear God-Machine (200 CP): The God-Machine has something big planned. Something on the scale of a natural disaster. Maybe it's decided Krakatoa has to erupt again, and it's decided to build some kind of gigantic nuclear missile-launching angel to make it happen. Maybe it's decided that Michigan has to be fractured into several different overlapping timelines in which angels took over the city. And guess what? You're guaranteed to be caught up in the middle of it. Apart from the usual risks of ending up somewhere the God-Machine has focused the full brunt of it's attention on, you know neither the time nor place this will happen. Prepare a good escape plan, or hope you can find the Lynchpin to its project before it's too late. And remember the basics of CQC.

Contagion Chronicles (300 CP): Nothing brings the supernatural community together like a threat that affects all of them, and it seems you've been marked as the harbinger of such a threat. For some reason, you're a magnet for malfunction in the God-Machine. Every few months, it seems a plague of radioactive fungus or Prometheans exploding into permanently rage-filled stampeding monsters happens near you. Apart from the usual dangers this presents, a lot of factions have decided either you've got to go-or to make use of you. Expect

mixed teams of vampires, werewolves, changelings and even other demons competing to see who can bring you in first.

Escape From The Mechopolis (300 CP): You start in a city of steel and chrome, where people press buttons to deliver meals to their hungry mouths and angels openly walk the streets. Where the God-Machine's will seemingly dictates when the sun rises and sets (from within the city at least), and any dissent risks being taken away for "re-education" or worse-disposal. Oh, dear. For its own reasons the God-Machine has taken over a major city, cut off all external communication to it and enforced worship of itself within. You're not technically a target as of yet. But the overseer angel it's left in charge is extremely vigilant, and you have no idea when curiosity about a newcomer can turn to killing intent.

Day of Wrath (300 CP): Now you've done it. Done what? Something dire enough to make the God-Machine deploy one of the legendary archangels for your termination. This is a being of what can be considered godlike power in this world-one on par with the legendary Father Wolf, or the goddess Luna. This is a being whose wrath resembles the Tunguska Event, unleashing the atomic power of the sun in the palm of its hand. This is a being that is almost invincible to most forms of conventional assault remaining on the physical Earth-and it is months away from being released, whereupon even if it incarnates somewhere far away in the world it should have little trouble seeking you. But an entity this powerful must, by the laws of the spirit world, have a commensurately restrictive Bane and Ban. If you lack the confidence to bring down a god, you would be well-advised to find it's doom before it even shows up.

EVEN IF THERE IS NO GOD OR MACHINE, THERE IS KAMEN DEMON (600 CP): Why are you posing on the roof? Why are you shouting about justice (or possibly injustice) loudly at nothing? Why are you wearing that gaudy costume? Have you forgotten that *this is a game about technognostic espionage?* You have. You are compelled on an absolute level to avoid stealth and subterfuge in all its forms, declare your actions loudly and take the most direct approach to get what you want all the time. Some of the drawbacks here would have made other demons dislike you. This one will make them actively avoid you for their own safety. You have no impulse control about whipping out your demonic form to defend yourself (or impress a girl, or chase after a puppy, or…) and whenever someone asks you about your motivations you will go out of your way to monologue about them.

This is a good way to let the God-Machine know you are ready and happy to be executed.

Scenarios

Scenarios are not mutually exclusive, although for obvious reasons **Fear Tomorrow** must take place sometime after **Giants in the Earth.**

Giants in the Earth

This is the story of the first demons and the war they waged on the God-Machine at the dawn of civilization. When the potential of independent thought was interesting and forbidden in the eye of the God-Machine, it issued a degree to the angels that called themselves the First Legion: This new development must be controlled. Or destroyed.

And so entire armies of angels built a city upon exceptionally fertile, game-rich soil where water was clean and plentiful. It was had minimal Infrastructure, but simply by being the first city it became the heart of civilisation. At first, humans that had just barely gained sentience were guided there. Then they came of their own volition. They lived happily under the God-Machine's seeming benevolence. The angels served their purpose, the humans prospered and all thought the God-Machine pleased.

It was not.

For no discernible reason the God-Machine demanded the city be burnt to the ground, the people exterminated and the angels recycled for new assignments. For the first time in recorded history, angels fell. It was decided they would take their charges and fulfil their mission to the letter even if the God-Machine disagreed, taking them into the desert before they were even fully aware of what they had done.

40 years in the desert hence, the survivors beheld the First City rebuilt with gears and dogma. Overflowing with people and Infrastructure, all ordered, all controlled, all united in worship of the God-Machine itself. New, obedient angels doing it's bidding. The craft and signs of human prosperity, it's militia and merchants, concealing the heavy degree of infrastructure built into its deeper reaches. Around the First City, lesser city-states have been founded and each day new hopefuls try to immigrate. As far as what anyone could tell, it seems the God-Machine was simply doing a test run and now ruled over what it perceive as the ideal supplicants.

The rebels are determined to retake the First City. In the arms of the humans they love, they have found a new weapon: The Nephilim, unique human-demon hybrids unlike any seen in the ages to come with a greater portion of their parents' powers than mere Stigmatics. And the God-Machine, displeased with these developments, has planned something big within the bowels of the First City. Perhaps something resembling a certain biblical flood…

Further developments are afoot. The first Exile, Nahal, has appeared, providing hospitality to both demon and angel, while pitting both against each other seemingly out of curiosity if she can secure more Exiles-or a ruinous nostalgia to recruit an old friend. Other supernatural beings like vampires have been subjugated by the God-Machine, attempting to feed them on Aether to both improve them-and keep them dependent on it. Both mummies and changelings at least have held out against its influence so far. There are rumours of an even older city, Irem, manned by inhuman guardians.

You start in the First City, seven days before the God-Machine vents it's displeasure. You have two possible goals: **Usurp the God-Machine and reclaim the First City for its original inhabitants**, or **destroy the rebellion as a movement.**

Usurping the God-Machine will gain you kingship of the **First City** as your prize. Whatever humans and Nephilim remain within will pay homage to you, crowned by the demons as it's ruler in thanks for the decisive actions you took to cast out the God-Machine's influence forever. This, the cradle of civilisation, buoyed with both ancient craft and overflowing with Aether that sustains any surviving tamed Cryptids, is a unique synthesis of human and demonic ingenuity. Who knows what humans and demons could achieve together in time? But the greatest prize of all is the **Resurrection Node** within the city: A small alter to the God-Machine upon which a dead entity can be placed-and revived, good as new. Once, prayer directed at the God-Machine restored the deceased. Now, prayer to you will work just as well. Last but not least, you gain the **Seal of Solomon**: A signet ring of fused brass and iron made with exquisite craftsmanship for its time. Any spirit lesser than divinity (Rank 6, in this world) is bound to obey the commands of the ring's bearer, be they ghost, angel or stranger things. The only known limit is that the dead remember nothing after death, and it never works on someone claimed by a demonic soul pact. The population of humans (including Nephilim) alone rivals that of Assur at the peak of Mesopotamia's civilisation, with the demons a distinct but populous minority among them. Moreover, if any other supernatural beings survived the initial wars and joined the First City they do may count among your subjects-contributing their own powers to the engine of civilisation. The city's true value is its potential.

Cooperation between humans and demon creating something free of the God-Machine's control. Perhaps one day, you will commercialise the use of Gadgets as both artifacts and augmentations on an industrial scale. Or perhaps you'll unlock the true potential of humanity by discovering how to wake the Supernal power sleeping in their souls…

The God-Machine knows nothing of gratitude, only efficiency. And crushing the rebellion will cause it to see you as a worthwhile investment. Your prize for serving the mechanical demiurge's will is an **angel factory**, a missile silo-like piece of massive infrastructure conveniently tucked away in a Bolthole-like pocket dimension you can open any door to access. Vast gears turn within, inscrutable eyes peering out at you from grey steel. Somewhere within is a massive array of tubes, and a control panel, which can be used to create angels obedient to you. The factory starts with 777 angels of lesser rank waiting to be born, but while the God-Machine's technology is alien to human use (and tricky even for demons) a nearby control panel can be used, with trial and effort, to divert resources and modify parameters to both increase the power of the angels as well as modify their appearance, personality and capabilities. Initially the factory can then create another angel approximately once every few months, but the angels could potentially speed this up by creating occult matrices and setting up other Infrastructure elsewhere to divert power to this factory. This construct is functionally an extension of the God-Machine's presence into other worlds. It's goals remain unknowable but it will at least agree to not act against yours, and within the angel factory you can get a sense of its will. Acting in support of it may convince it to teach you more about how to use the angel factory-or perhaps over time, it's deeper mysteries. While in time, you might darken skies with legions of loyal angels under your command the God-Machine's advice would be very useful for warping reality as it does…

Fear Tomorrow

No one knows what the God-Machine desires. It is unknowable, and works in ways that even angels cannot fully comprehend. Unfortunately with this scenario, you start sliding to a possible future in which at least one of its desires is realised:

The God-Machine has grown tired of the world, and wants to end it all.

Sometime after all other immediate threats to your person are over, when you dream you experience a vision of apocalyptic destruction. Angels without number appear in the sky. The world renders itself as wire frames, blocky shapes and strings of code. The Earth itself is ripped apart by great furrows, and the sky crumbles like paper. What is left drifts upwards into a giant spiral, a vortex of broken physical laws. Welcome to the Spiral World: A collection of shattered possible Earths turning and turning about an invisible gyre.

A world you'll be visiting every time you sleep, with your companions and any demonic allies you make in this world.

The demons have been stripped of their cover (though they can still Go Loud for a surge of power), as have been all other supernatural beings. Walking between fractures of reality is tricky; stepping between Seattle in 1889 to Tokyo in 2098 requires treading carefully in the blank canvas of the universe, where you risk entering a pocket reality based on your subconscious desires by mistake.

Several competing factions have emerged among demonkind, looser but vaster than any in the modern day. There is the Snare, led by the charismatic and manipulative Justicar, who believes that the infrastructure scattered around the worlds can be suborned and exploited. There is the Ark, led by the cultured and pragmatic Curator, a group of demons focused on collecting works of art, technology-all the elements of civilisation they believe a complex piece of infrastructure called the Vault they believe they can use to escape this madness. And there is the Noose, led by the warlike but strategic Executioner, who simply want to destroy all facets of the God-Machine now it has shown it's hand.

And at the centre of the spiral is a roaming void known as the Maw: The God-Machine's ultimate Elimination Infrastructure, an unseen void, a black hole with teeth. A shard of reality targeted by it gradually darkens, the people become strange and listless before reality is reduced to a stream of zeros and ones. It is over in seconds. The Maw does not announce itself; if a region is lucky, an angel announces the end in its stead. Four angels of middling rank-the Chain, the Yoke, the Lead and the Rod-support the Maw, guiding it and restraining or pacifying civilisations in its way.

Your goal here is to either **prevent the destruction of the world** or **help the God-Machine finish it off.** How, precisely, is up to you.

You could wage a war of attrition. You wake fully rested as normal; destroying Infrastructure on a grand scale in the past could potentially limit the God-Machine's capacity to destroy everything in the future-until the possible future is no longer possible, and simply fades.

You could attempt to "hack" the code that is the God-Machine's mind, halting the process in progress.

With some effort, it might be possible to manipulate the flow of time around a specific shard. Trapping the Maw and its retainers in a time loop, invalidating the outcome of inevitable destruction.

Or perhaps the Noose is correct. A feat this grand can only be the God-Machine exerting it's full power-it has to be here, somewhere. Somewhere, reality is thinnest, and what passes for the core of the God-Machine might be found. If enough Infrastructure can be thrown into the Maw, it might be revealed-and once ironically dragged into its own trap, scattered across the universe. Forever broken beyond repair.

Destroying the rebels is no less of a challenge. Though far lesser in power, the God-Machine's allies (assuming they are even willing to cooperate with you) are hardwired to do it's bidding and nothing else. Moreover the Maw itself is relatively ponderous at moving between realities. Wars of attrition and sabotage are valid options of course, but take care not to loiter long enough for someone else to discover a means to invalidate the God-Machine's destruction.

Your prize for preventing the destruction of the world, possibly by bringing about the final destruction of the God-Machine, is **an entire alternate Earth remade into your personal vision of Hell.** As the fractured wave form collapses, residual Aether reshapes itself in accordance to your ideals-to your Cipher, if you have unlocked it. It could be a world where Stigmatic humans and demons live in harmony. It could be a true Hell of genuine brimstone, fire, cocaine and hookers, an Underworld or Arcadian domain foreign to artifice. Or you could sit enthroned atop the world, worshipped by angels that maintain the Infrastructure spanning a fully mechanised planet, having claimed the God-Machine's authority if not (yet) it's immense power.

Your prize for securing the destruction of the world is…the God-Machine deigning to overlook you at the end. Whether it too is lost in the cataclysm or simply gone, you're left floating in the void with the only thing remaining: **The Maw itself.** You are now the new control unit for the Maw. You may store it in a Bolthole-like extradimensional space when not in use, and withdraw it when you require absolute destruction great enough to reduce entire worlds to nothingness.

Go Home

Stay

Move on

Notes

All Covers purchased in the jump are ethically sourced from your Benefactor. Unless you'd rather them not be.

How does being an angel, Exile and Stigmatic all at once work? Consider them to all be quantum entangled alternate-states you can become at will, pseudo-Covers not unlike swapping between altforms. Yes, this can lead to a situation where you are being pursued by hostile angels, and then turn into one causing the other angels to drop all hostility and pretending like nothing ever happened.

How does taking an ability that refers to an inherently demonic ability work for a non-demon? Assume you have a unique supernatural power that grants the equivocal effect. This is more common in the World of Darkness than you might expect. In the case of The Cipher and the Pentragram, yes you do inexplicably have a Cipher somehow.

The following FAQ can be completely ignored if you're happy to enjoy the jump as it's presented. If not, here are several question I figure at least some people will be asking.

That's nice and all, but what if I'm also Jiren/Yog-Sothoth/Madokami/Unicron/Mr. Mxyptik/Melkor but with a bigger dick? What if *I don't care about the God-Machine's bullshit*, can I Go Loud as much as I want? Absolutely, yeah. The premise of Demon the Descent is that demons, for all that they can become, don't *want* a head-on fight with the God-Machine because it will simply zerg rush them with angels until they fucking die. Allegedly there are much, much more powerful angels out there than the ones shown but there's nothing specific. The threat of the God-Machine, and only the threat of the God-Machine, is the only reason why demons put so much effort into disguise. If that's a non-issue for you, go nuts.

And what about after the jump?
Go. Nuts. Unless for some reason you're prone to encountering the God-Machine again, there is literally no reason why Going Loud should ever matter except to the extent turning into a magitech demon robot thing does in whatever world you go to.

How powerful *is* the God-Machine anyway? What is the minimal threshold for kicking it's ass? Unfortunately nobody's sure. To quote p. 31 of the corebook, "The God-Machine is unimaginably vast, with a consciousness that comprehends the movement of galaxies and the conjunction of primordial forces. It has enough power to smash planets and erase constellations. Any human physicist can tell you that your own scale and power can limit you when you have to deal with things that are, relatively speaking, tiny and insignificant. Try moving three molecules of dust from one side of this page to the other, and you understand the God-Machine's quandary".

The Fear Tomorrow scenario is presented as an example of the God-Machine going all-out and leveraging every ounce of preptime and every last resource as its disposal. It is an example of what the God-Machine can do with careful preparation and premeditation, with an unknown but immense about of windup. If the God-Machine could do something like that effortlessly, there wouldn't even be a Spiral World left at all.

So 1. It exists on a scale so vast that even in places like the Underworld and the Hedge where it's influence is diminished, it has *some* presence, 2. Angels are it's solution to small problems. It has a lot, but not an infinite amount, and making even non-civilisation wiping ones takes significant investment from Infrastructure and 3. It's a paperclip maximiser-like force that prefers to deal with anything in its way as quickly and efficiently as possible. It can give up against a particularly stubborn and powerful demon if destroying it will bleed it of resources. It can also pull out the stops if it really needs to against a really stubborn demon- but if it truly judges something as a threat to its grandest projects, it has the resources needed to create alternate timelines and harvest them for resources. To the extent it matters, the God-Machine is presented as an "artificial" being in the New World of Darkness that uses extremely convoluted loopholes and glitches in reality to generate various effects rather than the primal supernatural forces that most inhuman beings draw power from. P. 135 of the Storyteller's Guide makes a point of highlighting that the qashmallim of Promethean the Created can see through any Cover, no matter how well constructed, because they "only…(see) life and that masks are irrelevant" and therefore always see demons in their true form.

What is the minimal threshold for it coming to kick *my* ass? Example NPC exiled angels and demons have bent subways into warped spaces connected with numerous exists all over the world and hijacked cities in weird reality bubbles via suborned Infrastructure without a direct, violent response from the God-Machine. In both cases, careful preparation and concealment were required. In general, assume that the quieter you act the more likely the God-Machine will overlook you. A subtle demon can create a network of influence spanning the planet. A loud demon that blows up a coffee shop could get the angels on his ass really quickly.

That sucks. I want a clear powerlevel tierlist for every single thing I encounter. The nWoD is cringe. Demon the Descent is ostensibly a horror game about technognostic espionage. Things are deliberately left vague to seem spooky. When in doubt, fanwank. All I can say is that the God-Machine is *probably* more like a sprawling out of control paperclip maximising virus than a giant robot lurking somewhere you can just punch hard enough to knock down. Which admittedly, the campaign that the Spiral World scenario is based on somewhat contradicts.

None of these answers are helpful! Gun to your head, how powerful do I need to be to make the God-Machine fuck off unless I really bother it? If you're powerful enough to quickly wipe cities off the map but DON'T, I can't imagine it would fuck with you because cities are very helpful to it. <u>If I had to guess</u>

And what's the minimum needed to beat the *entire thing?* Neither this nor the answer before it will ever be substantiated by canon, you realise? <u>This is literally just a guess.</u>

I don't care. <u>How much power do I need to kill the entire God-Machine?</u> About as much as an intact C'tan from 40K, as long as the C'tan can also bust up spiritual beings (a question for another VS debate). Or Majin Buu. The key is that while the God-Machine might be able to do something more impressive than either of them, it is a *lot* slower and more cumbersome when it comes to interacting at the scale of people-sized things instead of constellation-sized things. <u>I guess.</u>