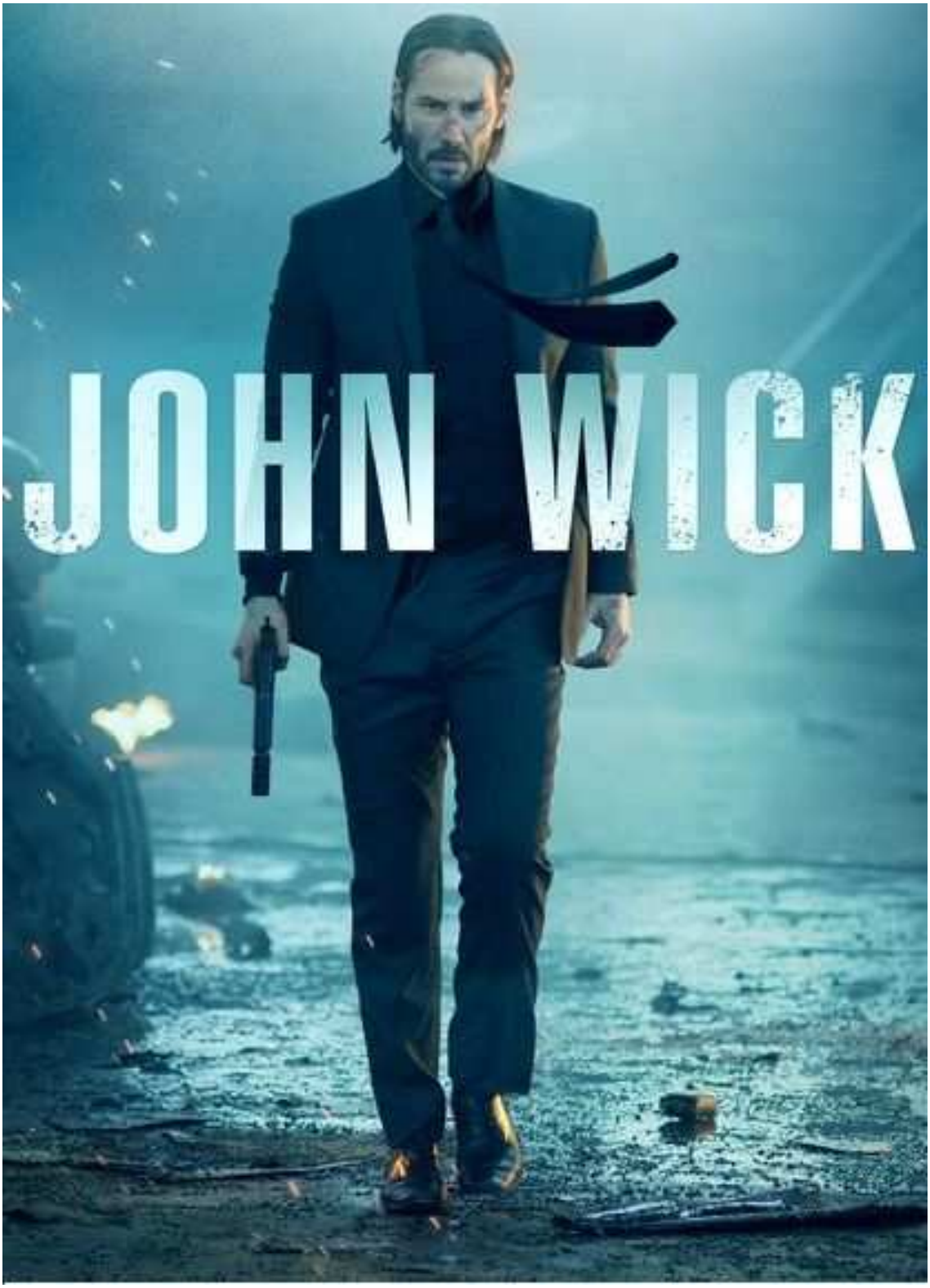


Jumpchain CYOA

Version 1.0

By blackshadow111

Introduction

Welcome to New York, jumper. The city may seem like the one you left behind, all those days ago, but let me assure you, it is not. For that matter, the whole world may seem exactly like the one you originate from. But again, it is not.

Organized crime is only organized in crime, you may have heard. Not so here. Criminals have their own rules, their own governing bodies, their own support structures. There exists a masquerade throughout the world, under which the violent and bloody of the world may do whatever they want, as long as they do it to each other and not innocents.

Even among themselves, they have the High Table, the worldwide alliance of gangs and criminal organizations that makes the rules all under their protection must live by. They are the gods of this new world.

Their tools, and often their nightmares are the incredible assassins and one-man armies, the proverbial demons and boogeymen.

And then there are those who are beyond both, who make their own rules and set their own terms, and not even the mightiest nor the most terrifying may challenge them. Those are what one calls the Titans.

And then, of course, there is You. Who will you be, jumper? A shot-caller, a boogeyman and nightmare with a gun, or a cold arbiter of affairs? Only time will tell.

Meanwhile, it's stupid to go unarmed. Take **1000 CP** with you.

Age & Gender

Roll 1d8+25 to decide your age, or pay 50 CP and choose. Your gender remains the same, but you may change it for another 50 CP.

Origins

Drop-in: What it says on the tin. You have no allies, no associates, no cred. On the other hand, you have no enemies, no rivalries and no trail.

Demon: The man with the gun. The nightmare and the boogeyman. You are a one-man army, a peerless master assassin. And not one of the crude ones, jumper. Come on, you're not an animal. No, you're the professional's professional, keeping to all the rules and codes.
Or at least, seeming to.

God: Maybe you inherited it, maybe you built it yourself. One way or the other, you are the leader of a major criminal organization, with a vast reach and immense influence. You have more money than most would know what to do with, and the wit to use it.

Titan: Or maybe you have already left all that behind. Maybe you were a hitman like no other, or maybe you ruled a mighty and great gang of your own. But those days are behind you, now. Your power is of an entirely different sort these days. You either operate entirely outside of the High Table's rules, or you are one of the ones who facilitate and enforce them. Either way, both gods and demons tend to step lightly around you.

Perks

The 100 CP perks are free for the respective origin, and the others are discounted to 50%

Drop-in

100 CP Double the Bounty: You have a gift for making people do stupid things in your interest. You know just what strings to pull, what tricks to execute, to make people commit moronic, even suicidal acts.

It can be as simple as just offering them more money, or, at worst, it can be something like arranging a favor somewhere. Just by looking at someone you get an idea as to what it would take.

200 CP That angers me so: It would be so embarrassing if you were to lose control of yourself at the wrong time. Good thing that isn't possible anymore. No matter what may be going on in your mind, how much rage or fear or hate you may be feeling, you have perfect poise and control, letting none of it show on your face or in your actions.

In future jumps, you can also fool any abilities that can suss out your thoughts or emotions or similar, magical or scientific or otherwise.

400 CP Fuckin' Nobody: Always going full-blast murder-beast can be troublesome, let's just say. Good thing you can turn it off. This perk provides you complete control over any and all powers you have, so you can reduce their effects or just switch them off, partially or completely, just by willing it so.

You can undo these changes with just a thought too, of course.

Demon

100 CP Oh: Reputation is a wonderful thing, isn't it? And yours is greater than most. All your deeds, adventures and achievements, good or bad, take a sort of mythical, possibly nightmarish status, told and retold repeatedly.

They permeate to the extent that just about anyone in the biz has heard at least *something* of you. It will never be anything that reveals your exact powers or weaknesses, but it's enough that as soon as they realize who you are, they just go 'Oh'.

200 CP With a Fuckin' Pencil!: You are a killer, plain and simple. And there is nothing you cannot use to kill with. Be it a pencil or a piece of paper or a ball of cotton, you know the exact way anything can be used to extinguish the lives of another. With a gun...well, anyone you're up against might as well jump from a bridge.

Applies to anything and everything you can get your hands on. Mind you, this doesn't make you an expert in *properly* wielding the item, you don't become a wizard if you pick up a wand. But you can still kill people with it.

400 CP Focus, Commitment, and Sheer Will: As good as you are, it's almost impossible for even the fastest, strongest of people to *completely* avoid injury when they take part in intense combat. And such injuries can easily slow them down, keep them from fulfilling what they want to do. Not you, though. You have a sort of absolute, all-consuming drive, which keeps you from succumbing to anything less than utterly debilitating, keeping yourself going through sheer will.

It's not that you don't feel or acknowledge things. Pain, injury, everything is detected, but you find yourself 'detached' from all that, remaining entirely functional until either your objective is achieved or you simply *cannot* function.

God

100 CP I Cannot Do It, She Is My Blood: It isn't anything new that the powerful can evade the consequences of their actions. Indeed, it's one of the stronger signs of real power in the first place. But you take it to ridiculous levels. As long as you have the thinnest of fig leaves to excuse your actions with, people seem to be just unwilling to make you pay for things you do. You can order murders and have the heat focus on the assassin even if your involvement is clearly known, you can thumb your nose at powerful institutions and get away as long as you stay within the letter of the rules...it's really quite ridiculous.

The only people this doesn't work are ones whom you have directly wronged in some strong, visceral way, like killing someone close to them or burning their house down or something.

200 CP The High Table: Ah, the high table. The worldwide alliance of criminal organizations that acts so very much like a state unto itself, making its own rules and administering them with ruthless efficiency. Acquiring a seat here is the dream of any good criminal. A dream that you have fulfilled, as of now. You are a member of the High Table now, leading a vast criminal organization as powerful as any megacorp. You have the skills to remain here, being ruthlessly efficient and hyper-capable as is required to run an organization of this magnitude.

In future jumps you will have an inordinately easy time getting leadership of any similar 'extra-legal' groups of organizations, and possess the skills needed to make sure they keep turning the obscene profits you're used to.

400 CP Accounts Payable: People have such a nasty habit of becoming a bother to you. They do things they shouldn't, they see things they have no business seeing, they stubbornly refuse to die even when you no longer need them alive. But you're a powerful man, and can have them removed. Except there are times when your reach isn't long enough, when your men just can't get there in time, or you just don't want to risk them. In these cases, there is always the tried and tested method, the bounty.

Using any method of communication you feel like, you can issue a bounty on anyone you think shouldn't live anymore. Just write their name, something that identifies you without doubt as the issuer, and the sum you're offering. The rest will be taken care of, and within hours everyone who might be interested will have heard of it. They will know the exact person you want, suffering no confusion, and they will get a rough idea of where the person might be. And barring exceptional circumstances, they will not reveal your name to any authorities.

Titan

100 CP Mine and Mine Alone: Powerful people have a very bad habit. They tend to be busybodies, always sticking their noses in where they are not wanted. Not so with you. As long as you don't go out of your way to cross people and remain within the bounds of your remit, you find that people are far more likely to leave you alone to conduct your affairs in peace, even if those affairs do sometimes infringe on their interests.

200 CP Now I am a King!: Suffering, pain and humiliation, your oldest trio of friends. You are self-made in a way few are, jumper. You rose from the very bottom of the world, a mere pawn being pushed around by those stronger than you, but rise you did, until you reached where you are now, a force of your own. And you can do it over and over again now.

No matter how much you lose, no matter how low you end up having to sink, you will always rise up. You will never lose patience, never give up, no matter what you may end up having to endure.

400 CP Lest Incurring Heavy Penalties: You are a king in your domain, and you may make laws just as any other king. In this jump and future jumps, you can set down certain codes or laws for interaction between people, with a very high likelihood that they will be obeyed. This requires them to be properly *neutral,* ways to act and interact dependant on certain situations where no party is obviously losing or gaining, not something like 'you all must serve me'. You can get away with bending them a little bit here and there for people you like, but any obvious bias means all bets are off.

These rules are the strongest in any locations you legally or 'de facto' own, as well as in your own presence. Besides that, there is always a chance that someone will try their luck, although it's unlikely.

Items

The 100 CP items are free for the respective origin, and the others are discounted to 50%

Drop-in

100 CP Tactical Lining: It's surprising what kind of things tailors are coming up with these days. Anyway, this is a high-quality lining that can be applied to the underside of any clothes you may wear. Simply by willing it, this renders the clothes completely immune to all cutting and piercing weapons upto the 21st century. Bludgeoning weapons work less effectively too, but they still work.

You have enough to completely upgrade one outfit, which can be done just by willing it. You can move this to any other outfit similarly.

200 CP Favorite Gun: Not necessarily a gun, this is a weapon that suits you above all others. Its grip is exactly how you like it, it doesn't run out of bullets, but most important of all, it grows and changes with you, becoming every bit as impressive as you are. Simply put, it's the best melee/shooting weapon for you in all circumstances.

You can summon this weapon to you from anywhere, including your warehouse, simply by willing it so.

400 CP The Usual Room: You have a hotel room. It's a very high quality suite, all full of soft sofas and feather beds. But the thing about it is, it's a perfect hidey hole. If you can make it here, it counts as basically a 'time out'. Only those absolutely legendary at finding people can find you here, and even then, there will inevitably be some reason or another why they can't act against you while here.

Careful, though, since these protections start deteriorating the more heat you draw, and if you start using it as a full-time base they disappears almost completely. In future jumps, you have one of this in every city.

Demon

100 CP Nice Car: A very, very sleek, impressive car. Doesn't require any fuel, holds a small armory in the boot. While it takes damage as a normal car, leave it alone for six hours and it's good as new.

200 CP I'd like to book a table: Yours is a trade that leaves behind a lot of blood and bodies, not to mention things like guns and weapons. Good thing that simply by picking up a phone and requesting a table for as many corpses as you want cleaned up, you can have every last bit of evidence disappear.

They are big, burly men who don't speak, who come in a garbage disposal van. This van can go anywhere and they can survive anywhere, be it an active volcano or the cold vacuum of space. They will clean up the bodies, the weapons and everything else too. Once you use this power, it doesn't matter what kind of evidence it is, it all goes away. Video evidence goes bad and people's memories go fuzzy too.

400 CP The Hoard: You never know just when you might end up having to urgently go back into business, do you? Thankfully, this makes it much simpler. 'This', in question, is a big trunk buried under the cement flooring of the basement of every single property you own, through Jump-fiat or otherwise. It holds several thousand dollars' equivalents in whatever the local currency might be, along with the finest weapons and armor that money can buy.

Thing is, to get to it you need to hit the flooring above it with a sledgehammer several times. It doesn't matter if you're actually strong enough to break it or not, you just have to hit it.

God

100 CP Money: It takes a lot money to maintain the kind of position you have. You have to pay for the bought cops, the guards, the weapons...lucky you have this. Ten million of whatever currency is strongest at the time. Can turn into any and all currencies of your choice in future jumps.

200 CP The Marker: This is a simple thing, made of copper with elaborate gothic designs on the cover. By pressing a small nub on the side, a needle pokes out of the top and the cover opens. Inside is just enough space to place two fingerprints. What you do with this is that whenever you do something for anyone, be they man, beast, eldritch being or whatever, you may ask them to prick their thumb on the needle and place a bloody thumbprint on the inside space. Afterwards, you may choose one task for them to perform, and they will be bound to do so.

They refuse, they die. They kill you, they die, and if they run, they die. It doesn't matter who or what they are, the Marker's power will punish them with its only punishment regardless. Additionally, they will be very unlikely to be recalcitrant anyway, seeing it as a debt to be discharged. As long as you don't mistreat them or act as too much of an asshole, they won't come after you afterwards.

Finally, the favor you extract from them must be equal or lesser effort for them than their request was for you. Asking someone to kill a country off because you got their cat out of the tree counts as mistreatment, and won't work besides.

400 CP The Organization: The Cosa Nostra of Sicily, the Camorra of Naples, the 'Ndrangheta of Calabria, the Russian Mafiya and the Japanese Yakuza...these are all powerful organizations, with hundreds, if not thousands of members and turnovers easily in the billions.

At least in this universe. You must have something similar if you are to stand among them. And you do. You have a vastly powerful crime syndicate under your thumb, easily capable of matching any of the above named gangs, or any of your typical Fortune 500 companies, for that matter. This follows you from jump to jump, and while the members are all NPCs who are all different from world to world, they will have enough of the local powers and skills that they remain as relevant as they are in this jump.

Titan

100 CP Polished Wooden Box: An elegant, fine box about the size of a big shoebox, polished so well it has a sheen on it, this box is quite the useful thing for one in your trade. You can store anything that would fit into it, and there is no power that can detect what it is.

Molecular scans, detection wards, anything and everything just slides off the box, returning the result as generic safe items it's not at all strange for you to have.

200 CP The Messengers: This is a small rooftop, slightly dirty and grimy. One side of it is entirely full of a huge collection of messenger pigeons. These are special pigeons, though. You can put anything that a pigeon can carry into tiny bags tied to their legs, and they take flight, knowing perfectly where you want them to go.

And they will get there. No matter what happens, how many people might be watching or looking to intercept or whatnot, the pigeon will reach the target and deliver the message...provided the target is willing to receive it. Pigeons can't find unwilling targets. This will never take more than 12 hours, no matter what kind of distance is involved.

400 CP The Kingdom: What is a king without a kingdom? A beggar? Lesser still? You won't have to find out, thankfully. You have a vast hotel chain just slightly lesser to the Continental, with all the attached services and agencies. Meaning, to be exact, that you have at least one hotel in every major city in the world, and in several minor ones. All of them include a gun store with an NPC sommelier, a tailor shop where you can get high-quality armor, and of course, the accounts office. Comes with you in future jumps, of course.

In addition to the normal features, you get the full benefit of 'Lest Incurring Heavy Penalties' applicable only in these hotels.

Companions

50 CP Import: Bring in one of your previous companions. They get 600 CP to spend on whatever, along with a free origin and associated freebies. They can't take any drawbacks.

Drawbacks

You may take upto 600 CP through drawbacks. More may be taken, but will not yield points.

0 CP Before: You arrive not at the time of the movie, but quite a few years before, just as John Wick is taking his first steps into the Abyss. You have a chance of seeing the legend take shape, but be careful, lest you become part of it.

0 CP Helen Lives: A woman who would have gotten an illness and died doesn't. Helen lives, and Santino d'Antonio chokes on an olive and dies without ever having a chance to call in his marker. She and John will, barring your interference, go on and live a happy life free of his past. This completely derails the movie plot, but leaves you free to do whatever in this world.

100 CP Trembling: It's all to common a trait, unfortunately, but behind whatever bluster you may put up, you're a complete coward. The thought of death or pain makes your knees weak, and actual danger sends you into a blind panic. You can overcome this, but the journey is liable to be painful and slow.

100 CP Towel: Fate conspires to embarrass you. No matter how much you prepare, what measures you take, once every six months in your stay you will end up having to run around in a crowded area wearing nothing but a towel.

300 CP Stabbing the Devil in the Back: Is something of an unfortunate habit for you. You simply can't stop betraying others, and doing it in the stupidest, crudest way possible. The more dangerous a person, the less you stand to gain from betraying them, the more the likelihood that you will do so.

And they will all survive your betrayals, and come for you seeking a pound of flesh.

300 CP I've heard the stories!: And you laugh at them. As if! You are a complete unbeliever, even when you really shouldn't be. Having a grossly overestimated view of your own abilities, you offend powerful people left and right, daring them to come at you.

600 CP Excommunicado: Oopsy daisy! You offended Winston somehow. And the King as closed the doors of his kingdom to you. All services involving the continental hotel in any way, shape or form

will not only refuse to serve you no matter what you offer them, but they will inform those hunting you.

Which there are. You have a prize on your head for over ten million, and there are a lot of very dangerous people with very big guns coming out of the woodwork to claim it. While they don't scale, they are, nonetheless, some of the deadliest people in this world.

600 CP Baba Yaga: Okay, you fucked up. Somehow you offended John Wick deeply and personally, and he is coming for you no hold barred. John has detailed information of your resources and abilities, and has prepared countermeasures to the best of his considerable abilities.

Run.

Choices

Stay: We both know you aren't going to, but you can stay here if you want.

Go Home: Really? I don't think this has ever been used in the history of Jumpchain.

The Next Contract: Here we go.