Mass Effect Jump Chain

By Alvor the Warhawk

The galaxy is trapped in a cycle of extinctions. Every 50,000 years an ancient race of super machines known as the Reapers harvest all advanced organic life in the galaxy. You are now entering this universe with the fate of all sentient life potentially hanging in the balance of your choices. Beware, Jumper, for these Old Machines have seen alien empires burn in the blink of an eye. Even the Protheans, a pan galactic empire high off of a total victory against an AI uprising, were crushed.

Thankfully, they dealt many wounds to their great enemy first. However, their work is far from done. And you are an aberration. Something their kind will not, can not tolerate. The year is 2181 AD, in two years the Shepard will become humanity's first SPECTRE, in two more Cerberus will resurrect them, in another the Reapers will arrive. Look to the stars, Jumper, and prepare for war.

You have +1000 CP to aid you in your survival.

Race

There are many, many species and no true hybrids in this universe. Only the Asari have *some* traits of the races they reproduce with and that is often a slight alteration in temperament or coloration rather than a true inheritance of xenos traits.

Your gender stays the same unless your species changes it, all cosmetic characteristics remain the same. You may **pay 50 CP** to choose your age, gender, and physical traits, so long as it is theoretically feasible for your species. I.E. you may be a "male" Asari (explained as a genetic throwback), a ten foot tall human, or a Krogan that is particularly "athletic".

Vorcha (Free): Space goblins. Literal trash, rarely more useful, or intelligent, than a particularly vicious rat. In the eyes of other species, at least. Vorcha are a short lived, violent species from a brutal, pre space flight homeworld. While you won't suffer too terribly from their lack of intelligence, you will have to grapple with their impulsive nature and everyone around you seeing you as cannon fodder.

For your troubles, you become a member of a surprisingly industrious and durable race, gain the ability to heal from any one fatal wound so long as it doesn't destroy your body, and a bank of stem cells that increases your overall healing. Only the Krogan are faster to recover than you are.

And, finally, in exchange for being one of the most picked on and maligned species in the galaxy, it's not just a stereotype that the Vorcha tend to rip the faces off of people who mess with them, you gain a bond with your race second to none. Strength in unity… or something. Be careful you don't drown like a pack of rats.

Volus (Free): Space merchants. They control the media, the banks, and the "cough" sorry, I've just received a letter from the VDL. Still, the point stands. The Volus are, as a race, savvy merchants, clever bankers, and legal power houses. They wield immense soft power and largely control the galactic banking system thanks to wide spread investments into almost every species and major corporation. And now you're one of them!

In exchange for being stuck in a pressure suit outside of any ammonia based atmospheres and becoming a physically inferior being you gain an adept mind, custom built to handle numbers and economics, a tendency to know when it's time to get the Hell out of Dodge, and a surprising aptitude for the use of nuclear weapons.

Hanar (Free): Space jellyfish. And that's no joke. A soft body and passive demeanor bely incredibly powerful tentacles, a poisonous sting, and a uniquely dominant strength in the water. The Hanar also worship the Protheans as their divine creators in a species wide religion. Other races largely consider this annoying, at best. Be ready to move slowly, float and glow, and to basically be physically incapable of anything short of either very well planned or very close range violence. Or you might be Blasto.

In exchange for speaking in the third person, you gain the aforementioned biological traits, skill as a diplomat, access to some very surprisingly advanced tech in the form of Prothean artifacts, and the fact that everyone you meet will underestimate your capacity for unadulterated savagery. Bring a shield and watch out for salt.

Human (Free): Black, white, yellow, blue-wait, not that last one. You're a human, congratulations. The galaxy is your rightful domain, the other species exist to serve you, at best, and your enemies are monsters, pathetic, or both. At least, that's what some of Cerberus might tell you. In truth, you're a member of a rather active race, one prone to over extending, and one that's quickly making waves.

For better or worse, you're now a man (or woman or whatever you want to be, it's the 22nd century after all) and it's time to stand on your own two feet. Your endurance is notable, biotics are common enough, and your physical strength isn't too shabby. Someone out there is going to be better than you at *something*, but you're banking on a solid blend of above average stats. Just pray you don't run into a thresher maw.

Quarian (-200 CP): Space gypsy. Suit rat. Flashlight head. Slave. The Quarian people have many enemies, few allies, and no true friends. This has created a mostly nomadic super fleet, one that dwarfs even the total Turian armada in pure number of combat ships, and a deeply connected culture. Religion, politics, science, and day to day survival are bound together in their people. They are a physically frail race, thanks to generations adrift on solar winds, with a highly compromised immune system. This means any time they're off their tightly controlled ships, they *must* remain in a full body environmental suit.

Quarians, outside of a few notable exceptions, are willing to kill or die for one another even when total strangers. You will *always* have a home in your fleet, a duty to your captain and your comrades, and a brain so gifted with physics and engineering you can take a hundred year old garbage scow and get it to take on a Turian patrol boat. It's simple enough to make a fortune doing whatever you put your well honed mind to doing. Assuming you can find someone even willing to pay you for your work in the first place.

Salarian (-200 CP): Space frogs. The Protheans consider your people a delicacy. The Krogans see you as a sex toy. The Batarians see you as a high priced slave. Everyone else is really quite happy with you. Unless you're screwing them over. Or lying. Or generally being annoying. In short, despite being one of the three council races, Salarians aren't the most well loved people out there. Thank the Genophage, the STG, and all the plausible deniability in the galaxy.

There are benefits to being a member of this short lived, amphibian, matriarchal species despite what you may think. In a galaxy of genius species, you're the smartest. In fact, you're a bit too smart for your own good. On top of that, most people will underestimate you in a fight despite the fact you're *damn* good with combat programs. Use that genius intellect of yours to good benefit and make some profit! Or just make sexbots. Either is fine.

Drell (-200 CP): Space lizards. Like Sleestaks, except not at all. The Drell are a dying race whose homeworld is now a radioactive tomb, your kin and kindred slowly drowning amongst the kindly Hanar that saved you. The upside is that you're a species of space ninja. As thanks for saving you, and giving you part of their homeworld, the Hanar (yes, the pink jellyfish) have trained many of your young into lethal assassins. Few amongst the other races know, or care, but you are now one of the Drell. And you *will* repay your saviours.

Whether you completed the training to become an assassin or not, the Drell are a physically impressive race. An eidetic memory, moderately accelerated healing, and a more easily… detached perspective are now your gifts. Take these traits and make of them what you will.

Elcor (-200 CP): Space elephants! And just as happy. Maybe? Don't mention Dumbo around your kin at least. These are a rather hilariously terrifying species of slow moving, slow talking, almost featureless not so gentle giants that use weapons most other races expect to see on armored vehicles.

Despite an… odd affectation to your language, you're now incredibly strong, incredibly durable, and can carry an anti tank gun on your back like its a particularly affectionate kitten. Few species, other than the Volus, will respect you and most tech is difficult at best for you to use. Beware, the Elcor are a powerful but double edged space sword.

Turian (-200 CP): Lizard snake bird people. In space. Oh. And their scales are partly made of metal, partly at least. Don't go for a swim. A pity that their history of civil wars, fiercely independent colonies, and martial pride resulted in a boring, quasi fascist, in the proper political sense, military oligarchy.

Universal military service means your race is a disciplined, organized, and dedicated force. And there's an *extremely* good reason you're the current military hegemon of the galaxy. Strength, reach, flexibility, all are within your purview. Plus you're right flash with a piece and a knife. Surprisingly, your new race is also prone to creating waifus and husbandos. Make of this what you will.

Geth (-400 CP): Space robots. Not quite the Terminator in space, Geth are actually compiled demi-AIs, consisting purely of integrated programs, that can inhabit various physical platforms. This means a few fun things. Mostly that they aren't true AI. But they are *dang* close. The Geth are also wonderfully pragmatic. Aside from their Prime forms being stupidly massive targets, they tend not to build things like windows or art. Super dreadnoughts are more their speed.

Joining the collective, and they are a collective *not* a hive mind, means you are an asexual packet of data. Normally, a platform, what they call their mobile bodies, host tens upon tens of thousands of programs like you. Luckily, you get to be in charge. Literally unique amongst their race. More importantly, they don't even seem to mind. You'll benefit from not having any squishy bits anymore, becoming purely pragmatic and rational, perhaps even to your detriment, and from having the ability to upgrade and hotswap your own parts. Yes you may have laser eyes. If you pay for it!

(Note: To represent your race's ability to self modify, you receive **a +200 CP stipend for implants.**)

Asari (-400 CP): Space… dancers. Yeah. Let's go with that one. That's the flattering way of calling them aloof, detached, hedonistic whores. Which is very one sided. And not totally incorrect. The Asari have mastered many, many arts. Most of them involve sex in some fashion. Basically all the rest involve killing you in one way or another. Their technology, diplomatic skill, and economic power are unmatched. Oh, they also happen to have the strongest space magic, can live for more than a millenia, and are capable of reproducing with any other organic species in the galaxy. Did I mention they also dominate the galactic government?

Whether you're a biotic specialist, a dancer in a seedy club, a pleasure slave in a harem somewhere, or a millenia old super commando capable of almost god like feats - your sisters are lethal, universally respected (and desired), and never forget that the children which are the other races blossom for only a single summer's eve. Your biotics are more than just a cut above the rest, your body is naturally flexible and stronger than a female Human's, and you're uniquely suited to taking the long view of things. Beware indolence and solipsism, these are your race's bane.

(Note: To represent your race's affinity for biotics, you receive **a +200 CP stipend for biotic powers.**)

Krogan (-400 CP): Space orcs. Rip, tear, kill. Your kind conquered the Rachni and they would have conquered the rest of the galaxy if the Salarians hadn't neutered you with a disease. You're a titan, standing a full head and shoulders above everyone but a Geth or a Turian, and you weigh more than twice as much. Thick, armored bone plates protect most of your squishy bits, of which you have multiple spares, and a stupidly over evolved physiology lets you survive hard vacuum and the harshest of climates. It's a pity your kind only cling to existence as thugs, bandits, and boot lickers. Maybe, one day, someone might change that. You do have a millennium of life to think on it, after all.

Trust in your healing factor, trust in your blood rage, and trust in your ability to tear every other species in the galaxy limb from limb. Not the squealing Rachni, not the blindly feral Yahg, not even the unfeeling, sterile, genocidal Salarians can crush you. Not before you smash their skulls in first. Fight well, die well, and kill a *Hell* of a lot of people Krogan!

(Note: To represent your race's affinity for durable gear, you receive **a +200 CP stipend for items.**)

Collector (-400 CP): The slave husks of a once proud race, now reduced to the status of servitors. Not truly a race, being something along the lines of sterilized, mutilated, twisted

cybernetic lobotomites hooked up to the Reaper's command code, you may choose to be an "awakened" member of this pitiful breed.

That is not to say they are weak - possessing a body designed to endure up to the point they drop dead from overwork. They're also capable of flight, telepathic communication with their own race, and given time possibly others, have naturally high levels of physicality, and possess purpose built senses for hunting organics. On the other claw, you're a strange and mysterious alien and most people probably wouldn't mind dissecting your… not quite properly made body.

(Note: As a member of the Collectors, until the connection with Harbinger is severed he may, at any time, launch a mental assault upon you. The only way to permanently stop this ancient, nearly all consuming eldritch space ship from burning your soul out, and devouring your Spark - ending your Chain - is to kill him. You do receive **a +200 CP stipend that may be spent anywhere to represent the advanced technology and biology of your race.**)

Yahg (-600 CP): Space monsters. Physically massive, mentally dexterous, and utterly, totally, completely vicious. They tortured, murdered, and *ate* the first contact mission sent by the Citadel Council because they were *offended at the idea of the diplomats being equal to them*. Despite being stronger than a Krogan, as intelligent as a Salarian, and as cunning as a Volus they are in *no* way a species that should be viewed with anything but contempt.

Taking this species is, perhaps, the most powerful basic race, even if they lack a true healing factor. Your strength, speed, agility, and ruthlessness are increased to frankly superhuman levels. But, as a counterbalance, you gain a crushing obsession with social domination, a fixation on control over others, and a degree of sadism that even an Ardat Yakshi would balk at.

(You may start at an STG blacksite, somewhere nice and secluded, if you so choose.) **Take the Slaanesh is for Chumps drawback. You do get the points.**

Rachni (-600 CP): Space bug monsters! Ancient, dangerous, and masters of biological technology. The Rachni might have once conquered the galaxy, perhaps even at the behest of the Leviathans, before the uplifted Krogans, receiving the full industrial and economic support of the free xenos peoples, drove them into extinction. These bugs still almost won.

Joining this race is… a major decision. Anyone who knows what you are is likely to react with extreme violence, at best, and possibly the immediate nuclear bombardment of your last known location. On the flip side, you gain access to the full genetic memory of the Rachni, the body of a young queen (ready to lay your first clutch), advanced quantum communication organs, the ability to influence the thoughts of other races, and, with time, the potential to control their

minds too. Your swarm will need time to build up, but, if you move swiftly, it's entirely possible you could remind the galaxy, and the Reapers, just how dangerous you are.

(You may start on a random, mineral rich world near enough to a Mass Relay if you so choose.) **Take the Lost and Damned drawback. You do get the points.**

Prothean (-600 CP): Dead space bug men. Once the rulers of the galaxy, now a single angry soldier trapped in a dying stasis pod. And you, I suppose. The Protheans were xenophobic, imperialistic, brutal in warfare, technologically advanced, loyal to their nation state (beyond even their "race"), and unified. They had even defeated their own AI uprising. Had the Reaper's not arrived, these powerful biotics might well have ruled the galaxy for another 50,000 years.

Now… it's just you. And the aforementioned soldier, should you find him. Powerful biotics, impressive implants, advanced weapons and kinetic barriers, plus a mind and personality built to survive a centuries long genocide. It's a lot of wonderful bits and pieces. In the end, though, being a Prothean will draw Harbinger's ire. Immensely. You'll have a lot of good will from the rest of the races, of course, just pray that's enough to keep you alive when the First Reaper comes for you. Personally.

(You may start in a stasis pod on Eden Prime, if you so choose.) **Take the Fire and Fury drawback. You do get the points.**

Leviathan (-800 CP): Look to the stars, Jumper, and rejoice. For thou now dwells amongst them. You are taking this choice and with it comes many boons. You are massive, up to two kilometers in length or more, physically powerful and durable enough to survive the deepest oceans, you gain biotics strong enough to rip ships from orbit, telepathy strong enough to enslave the minds and bodies of all within your reach, and even have access to technology so advanced you surpass even your own creations. With certain cybernetic enhancements, you may breathe any atmosphere you wish, achieve flight and limited space flight under your own power, communicate across the vastness of space instantly, and further increase your own impossible biotic might. And, even then, biomechanical and purely organic enhancements are also within your grasp.

All of this comes at a *tremendous* cost. Should you be discovered, the Catalyst will start the Cycle early, all Reapers will be ordered to scour the galaxy for your location, and they will be willing to *totally destroy all life on the planet you are on*. You may be able to control or kill a few Reapers at a time, but the full might of their legion will come for you. If you take this choice, have a plan or you *will* face an entire galaxy that hungers for your blood.

(You may start on 2181 Despoina, if you so choose.) **Take the Eye of the Machine drawback. You do get the points.**

Location

Roll a 1d12 to select your starting location or **pay 50 CP** to choose any of them. Assuming you aren't a Yahg, Rachni, Prothean, or Leviathan no world should be openly hostile to you. Not more so than they are otherwise. In short, they're dangerous, but your species *alone* won't get you shot on *sight*. Pissing the natives off is still a risky proposition, however. Fair warning, if you *are* a member of those species expect to attract a *lot* of attention if you aren't careful. And if you're a Geth, well, Eden Prime hasn't happened yet… but expect people to try to take you apart unless you have a lot of friends with a lot of guns.

1: Tuchanka: Welcome to Space 'Nam marine! Wait, no, it's got a DMZ now. Tuchanka is a shithole. Radiation blasted ruins of ancient cities, massive super apex predators, and swarms of chittering, fire breathing, bullet resistant bugs cover most of its barren surface. And then you have the Krogan. Scattered clans of hardened warriors clinging to the hope that one day they might have children. Most accept that those children will be still born. Make sure to visit the literal mountains of dead babies. They make for great Spacebook profile pics.

2: Earth: Earth, the womb and cradle of the rightful rulers of the stars. This is a world of many peoples, many faiths, and many, many ways to live and die. Humanity has… forgotten much of its history, focusing more on establishing a colonial federation and a void faring path in life than developing Earth. This means the place is much like 21st century Earth, with the same trials and tribulations, just more people. Expect your experience on this world to reflect your social, economic, and political standings. Also, don't piss off the Admiralty. They will disappear you.

3: Palaven: Aside from the occasional political cult, hidden order of biotic assassins, or pissing off a military officer, probably the safest capital planet in the galaxy. The massive military industrial complex combined with mandatory military service ensures that every Turian is inculcated with military values from cradle to grave. Aside from the odd supremacist or extremist, this means most of them are relatively well behaved. Just… don't pick a fight if you're an off worlder. It won't go well.

4: Thessia: Massive spiraling towers, temples almost a hundred thousand years old, and individual women that control percentage points of the galactic economy. Thessia is the product of long term planning, low impact warfare, and the economic domination of the galaxy. Be

careful, the wrong word here is more dangerous than charging a thresher maw while slathering yourself with bacon grease.

5: Sur'Kesh: You don't want to be here. Assuming you aren't a Salarian, this planet is hot, humid, and just a bit… off. Everyone is just a little *too* happy. And even the amphibians don't speak out of turn. Not on a planet where the wrong opinion could see you prevented from reproducing, getting a job, or might just get you disappeared by the STG. If you're a female Salarian, expect to be treated well enough. Everyone else, well….

6: The Citadel: The corrupt heart of the galaxy and a monument to the sins of the once rulers of the galaxy. Outside of the shining presidium and the handful of wards that cater to the ultra, ultra elite of the galaxy, most of this city-station is poverty, crime, and corruption. If you have money, or connections, the Citadel is a beacon for all the galaxy. If you don't, well, the Keepers won't eat your corpse at least.

7: Noveria: Frozen like Coctyus and ruled by distant corporate overlords. There is only one rule here: don't rock the boat. Pay your taxes, pay the expected bribes, don't cheat the Board, and don't get the Citadel's attention. Other than that, feel free to do literally whatever you want on your rented territory. I hope you have a lot of money though.

8: Ilos: Ancient, abandoned, and a glorified tomb. This was a distant research base containing a far flung cryostasis facility. And this is where the last of the Protheans die. Now, all that's left is a decaying V.I. and a backdoor to the Citadel. Quite important, but there's nothing for light years around so I hope you can get the Conduit working. Maybe ask the V.I. about it, maybe just hit it with a space wrench until something happens.

9: Omega: A hollowed out asteroid, a massive space station, and home to the most violent criminals in the galaxy. Life is short and brutal, but no one will care what you look like. Unless they think they can make a buck off of robbing you, enslaving you, harvesting your organs… you know what, make sure you don't stick out. Overall, there *are* worse places in the galaxy to live. But not many that are more dangerous.

10: Khar'shan: Homeworld and throneworld of the Batarians and their Hegemony. This is *not* a safe world to end up on. Ruled by a brutal, despotic, authoritarian regime that only clings to life through the use of dystopian tactics and a militarized caste system built upon mass slavery. If you aren't a Batarian or a Krogan, you'll be enslaved or killed if you're caught. And even if you are one of those, you might be shot or enslaved still. Step lightly.

11: Rannoch: Ruled by the Geth, semi sentient machines created for use as brute labor by their Quarian masters, Rannoch remains… pristine. Pure. Ready for the return of their creators. It is the Geth's deepest wish that the Quarian's return peacefully. And while they will not commit suicide, it's only a miniscule faction that will turn against all organics. For the most part, the planet is temperate and safe in the extreme. And while the Geth may detain you, they won't harm you unless in self defense. Perhaps, if you're clever, you might even convince them you are the answer to their prayers.

12: Free Pick: Lucky you, you may choose any starting location on this list. Or, if you're feeling spicy, you may choose to serve on the Normandy SR-1 under her original captain. Fair warning, there's a reason Anderson replaced him.

Origin

Think of this like your backstory. Not so much what you are as what you were. All of them have certain advantages but none of them have any notable disadvantages aside from the obvious. On top of that, this is what you *were*, all origins offer discounts and freebies in the sections farther down and the origin will adapt to suit your race as need be. So pick what you want and don't sweat it too much. At least, if you aren't going to try to solo a pirate base. Choose well.

Drop In: You have no origin. You're a total anomaly, with all the attendant pros and cons. You won't be weighed down by memories not your own, no one, and I do mean *no one*, will have information on you, you don't give to them one way or another, and you also have no ties to hold you back. Be wary, though, you have no background and that means officials *will* question that fact and you lack any form of cultural or racial understanding you'd be expected to have. In a galaxy soon to burn in the fires of war, that will make you stand out in a bad way. If the powers that be take notice of you, of course.

Any one section of Perks is discounted for you. **100 CP perks are free from your discounted section.**

Tinker: Nerrrrrrrd. I bet you're used to hearing that. Still, jokes on them, you're the guy eating cup ramen and trying to scrape together your research grant into something that resembles a workable budget. Did I mention you're the underling of a six hundred year old woman who has played politics for longer than your species lives? Well, it could be worse. Your mind is sharp, you're very, very good at what you do, and you know how to get by on surprisingly little.

Either Biotic Perks or Tech Perks are discounted for you.

Tailor: Money, money, money! Shame you can't swim in it. That doesn't change the fact you're both very good at making it and very good at spending it. Whether actually a tailor or not, you're still some kind of economic specialist. In theory, that could run the gamut from a banker, to a baker, to a military logistics officer. So long as it involves money and supplies, it falls within your purview.

One item of gear at each price point is discounted, along with any one vehicle unless noted.

Soldier: This we'll defend. Or wort, wort, wort as the case may be. Rough and ready, you are now either in the army, army equivalent of a xenos race, or marine corp equivalent. Quite frankly, there's a lot of overlap nowadays. You were smart enough to use that to grab as many specializations as you could and that makes you useful for doing just about anything. Even if that anything is just pushing a mop around.

Combat Perks are discounted for you.

Sailor: You don't actually have anything to do with sails, but you did call a tiny metal can home. Thankfully, you didn't get turned into stardust. This means you spent a good portion of your life drifting from star to star, doing your duty and ensuring your ship was still in fighting shape. She was your Iron Lady and your ship mates your family, born from a womb of glass and fire. You may pick any mid level or lower job, such as cook or navigator or gunner, that might reasonably be found on a ship to be your main rating.

Either Combat Perks or Tech Perks are discounted for you.

Spy: Sneaky breaky. Stabby stabby. Or simper simper. Spies come in all stripes, after all. Whether a honeypot, an expert thief, or simply someone really, really good at getting things you're not supposed to, people call you an "asset". Mostly they aren't sarcastic. Hopefully. The point stands that you're good at getting your job done, one way or another.

Quality of Life perks are discounted for you.

Class

This is how you do what you do and comes with many different skills and perks. These fill in the gaps of your backstory and will adapt to more accurately fit the role you play. In general, think of this like a "guideline" to how you want to build your jump. **Specialization classes are upgrades to your base classes. You must have an appropriate base class to purchase a specialization. You may take only one specialization and they cost 200 CP.**

Adept: You're not a Jedi but you might be a Sith. Whips made of gravitic energy, short range teleportation, and raw blasts of telekinetic energy make adepts a flexible and powerful foe. With their barriers, ability to shred armor, and drain the life from enemies to heal their allies they become lethal support units as well.

When it comes to you, you're reasonably well trained with most small arms, are experienced with a few biotic powers, and are strong enough to be considered "Designation: Biotic" by any military in the galaxy. Your skills and training will reflect your race and should be considered to be generally acceptable in all relevant areas. Adepts receive a **+400 CP stipend for biotic powers**.

- **Bastion:** You will not be stopped. You will not be broken. Your specialty lies in wide area, long lasting crowd control attacks. That and just not dying. Barriers and stasis fall within your purview, meaning your biotics could stop a tank shell or even (temporarily) freeze a Thresher Maw. Just be careful you don't end up surrounded!

- **Nemesis:** Raw biotic fury, you trade endurance for unbridled destructive power. Your warps can melt through armor and your telekinetic strikes are capable of throwing a squad of armed men through the air. At your absolute peak, you might even be able to simply rip the wings off a gunship. Such a thing would leave you vulnerable, however, especially if you burn out your implant.

Soldier: Shoot, stab, *destroy*! You're ready to smash through the enemy! Heavy weapons, explosives, omni blades, and raw fire power is where you excel. Thankfully, you've got the experience with heavy armor to take the damage too. Expect to be offered crayons in tribute.

Your time in basic was well spent and, unlike some, you didn't dick around. This means you're a capable marksman, skilled with military explosives, know how to operate and maintain, more or less, any weapon system common to the galaxy, and can even kick a lot of ass in hand to hand. Do be aware that unless you're a Krogan (or bigger), you probably shouldn't try to take one on without an anti tank gun. Soldiers receive a **+400 CP stipend for implants.**

- **Commando:** Lethal accuracy and precision is how you solve your problems. Unlike the normal soldier, you don't need support or testosterone to do your job. No, you're a professional. And that means you're *lethal*. In fact, your marksmanship is legendary and so is your ability to get in and out of fortified locations. Your old unit still hasn't broken the scores you set in training. You are the best light infantry on *any* field.

- **Shock Trooper:** Heavy armor is the best way to make heavy guns do their job. Why? Because they just can't take you down! Now true, blue super heavy infantry, even a Geth Prime would balk at closing with you. And that thing about not picking fights with Krogan? Forget it. You'd lay one out like it was a Salarian. Just remember you actually have to close with your enemy first!

Engineer: Big brains bring big guns. Maybe your brain is the biggest, maybe it's not. But your gun sure is. Heavy weapons, rapid firing attack drones, support mechs, and all kinds of delicious high explosives make up the majority of your combat skills. This is supplemented by extensive training in the identification of vehicles, weapons, armor, and how to destroy all of it.

As for you, your gear and your tech are where you excel. Custom ammo, various upgraded drones, and the ability to pilot most vehicles in the galaxy, to a limited degree at least, make you flexible. Tech enhancements even means your medium armor can take more punishment than normal. Amusingly, you're also a deft hand at most forms of computer code. And if you're not, you pick it up quickly enough. Engineers receive a **+400 CP stipend for items.**

- **Mechanic:** Drones, mechs, and even your gear just does not break down. Not when it's you making sure to keep them running, of course. You excel at creating efficient, effective gear without trading weight or power and that means you can even unleash attack programs far more rapidly than other, more generic specialists might.

- **Demolisher:** Blow it up, up, up! That's what you do, after all. Rather than putting things together, you specialize in tearing them apart. Usually in ways that means they're left as a heap of fused slag or bloody giblets. Do be aware that a lot of people find your work off putting. But don't worry about that, your skill with your tools lets you ensure that they'll include you just in case you decide to get a little… rowdy one day.

Vanguard: Who's got the shotty? You've got the shotty. As brutal CQC specialists, Vanguards bring high mobility, thick armor, and specialized shields out to play. On top of that, their uniquely brutal style of inflicting violence blends biotics and hard firepower into a delectable margarita of extra chunky death.

On an individual level, you'll be safe as houses so you long as you keep your front towards the enemy. That and you'll be damn good with shotguns, heavy handguns, a few specialized biotic powers, and, if nothing else, you can take a hit like a freaking *champ*. Somehow, you just seem to keep going unless the enemy really hoses you down. Vanguards receive **+200 CP for implants and +200 CP for biotic powers.**

- **Champion:** Supporting your squad isn't always about handing out buffs. Sometimes it's just about drawing enemy attention. And you're pretty dang good at it. Armor, shields, and biotics all reinforce your defenses and bolster your ability to survive the rain of projectiles coming your way. Crowd your enemies, draw them into CQC, where you truly excel, and show the enemy why you got the nickname "Shotgun Surgeon".

- **Destroyer:** Pick a target. You delete it. Your shields and armor will keep you moving, your biotics will ensure that no hostile is outside your reach, and your trigger finger will splatter them across the ground. That doesn't mean you're invulnerable though, you'll need to stay mobile and keep moving. Good thing that's what you're best at, huh?

Sentinel: When you want sci-fi powers and space magic. Sentinels are a bit of a jack of all trades and that means you have to be… competent. And capable of planning. This class brings options to the table, mostly special combat programs and a few of the more flexible biotic powers, but it does mean they tend to suffer in other areas.

Your training has given you a solid grasp of most small arms, but markedly inferior to other classes in their areas of specialization. This does mean you know pretty much what anyone else is going to bring and how to hard counter it yourself. Setting up combos, using the right tool for the situation, and proving why Odysseus was the real P I M P is where you excel. Sentinels receive **+200 CP for gear and +200 CP for biotic powers.**

- **Guardian:** War is a Hell of attrition and you just… don't care. Your armor has integrated dozens of defensive programs, upgrades, and even your biotic powers reinforce your barriers. You don't have the offensive "oomph" of a lot of the other MOSs, but you also don't need it. Be a brick wall, let the bad guys go splat.

- **Raider:** Move fast, hit hard. Who needs cover? Not you that's for sure! Raiders sacrifice almost all defense for an incredibly aggressive set of abilities. This includes offensive combat programs, biotic powers, grenades, all the fancy pistol trick shots you could ever want to make, and only at the cost of any real growth in your ability to take a hit.

Infiltrator: "... one's a job and the other's a mental sickness!" These lads have both. Why else would they spend three days laying on a hill just to blap a guy in an open car? Just remember you're a hyper lethal vector and that means someone paid a lot of money to make you. Treat your body like the death dealing machine you think it is.

In truth, you're a foot mobile with light armor that can bring a gunship down from four kilometers off. Your guns and your eyes are worth small fortunes and enemy officers shit themselves when they hear your name. This is combined with the instincts and attitude needed to be able to do your job and sleep at night. It's a shame that left you little room to learn all those other fancy little tricks. You're a sniper. Kill and don't be caught. Infiltrators receive **+200 CP for gear and +200 CP for implants.**

- **Agent:** More than just a flash piece, you're an asset of the Company now. Which Company? Well, if I told you, I'd have to kill you. In short, you now have the skills to be the exact opposite of James Bond. You can lie like a pro, slice through most security systems in seconds, put a bullet from a handgun through a helmet's eye slit, and generally be the "low collateral" solution to when people need to die. All on top of maintaining your rifle skills and then some.

- **Assassin:** Now it's more than just a rifle you're damn good with. In fact, you've been taught pretty much every way to kill a sentient that your training officers could cram into you. That includes hand to hand, knives, poisons, explosives, guns, and a few more… exotic means of arranging unfortunate accidents. In short, you're a killer, killer. Now go make Uncle Sam proud.

Perks

Quality of Life

They call me Joker (-100 CP): Potential, raw and pure, is embodied within this gift. Specifically the potential to be an ace pilot capable of redefining naval combat tactics by sheer virtue of the insane maneuvers you can pull off. This perk grants you a near supernatural understanding of the limits of any vehicle you're piloting, an intuitive grasp of how far and hard you can push it, and the *potential* to become an ace amongst aces. You will have to practice, you will have to train, but the skills to pilot any vehicle will come with time.

Additionally, should you ever encounter Mr. Moreau the two of you will strike up a fast friendship, pushing each other to ever increasing heights of naval prowess.

Bet on red (-100 CP): Shepard had an almost uncanny ability to win games of chance, whether quasar, poker, or varren fights, and now you do too. This doesn't mean you'll always win every game, but you will have naturally, sometimes almost impossibly, good luck in games of chance. Do be warned, this won't warp reality, just tilt the odds (significantly) in your favor.

Born for War (-200 CP): War, or most military deployments, are really dirty, boring, and generally shitty. And that's when you're not getting shot at. Now… you just don't care. You gain nearly superhuman tolerances for the deprivations of conflict. No matter how filthy, hungry, exhausted, or worn down you get… you simply push on. Even miserable conditions such as lacking shelter, a bed, or even constant inclement weather won't bother you. You still need to eat and drink and disease is an issue, it just won't bother you until it kills you. Do be careful with this one.

Keep it clean! (-200 CP): Not your language, your guns. Well, if you want to. Taking this perk makes maintaining your gear an absolute breeze, almost… supernaturally so. In fact, so long as your weapons and armor aren't flat out destroyed they seem to just keep working. Not indefinitely, you *can* burn your equipment out. But wear and tear from normal use is basically a non factor and making a gun or personal shield, that is under constant, heavy combat use, last ten or twenty years an absolute breeze. Even better, all of your other belongings seem to gain this property too. Now you won't rip your underwear every time you bend over and the spiky bits on your figurines never break off either!

Renegade for Life! (-400 CP): Congratulations, you're a dick. Or at the very least you have a good eye for sucker punching people. Or blowing up explosive crates and wiping out an entire squad of mercs. The long and short of it is that you have a gut instinct for initiating combat in a way that *really* fucks over who you're fighting. This doesn't mean people on the look out for you are vulnerable, but pretty much anyone who's willing to talk first or you have the drop on can be quite effectively screwed over.

Paragon until Dead. (-400 CP): You die a hero or live long enough to become the villain. Well you say screw that noise. Your sense of morality is now unshakable and those around you, no matter how much they hate you, will acknowledge that you *do* stick to your code. Luckily, you now gain a resistance to any effects that may cause your sense of self or morality to degrade, whether that be time or magic or whatever. Now it truly is *your* decision to burn that orphanage down. Don't worry, it's still funny!

Will to Power (-600 CP): Not even alien space gods can crush your mind! Well, not without trying really, *really* hard at least. Will to Power gives you a *powerful* resistance to all mind altering effects, allowing you to simply ignore most passive forms of mental domination and fight off more active attempts. In context, it would take at least three Leviathans working in concert to break your will or five to six Reapers. Hopefully you don't mind your head popping like a pimple from the strain. As an aside, this does apply to *all* mind altering effects, even narcotics or alcohol. Go wild and never black out again!

(This perk does not prevent or cure hangovers. Go wild responsibly. Don't drink and fly!)

Remember the Little Guy (-600 CP): Despite appearances, Shepard regularly brushed shoulders with the high admiralty, political sovereigns, and major power players in the galaxy. And this perk lets you at least get your foot in the door. For whatever reason, you'll now get your chance to work for… everyone. Your government, your enemy's government, galaxy spanning criminal organizations, maybe a secret society known to no one but the most cunning of information brokers. Even stumbling across a bureaucrat or politician in need is enough for you to make a small fortune taking care of their problems. And, depending on who or *what* you work for, you might not even need to worry about the Reapers. If you're a valuable enough asset, of course. More importantly, no one seems to really care who you work for. An Alliance officer gets a slap on the wrist for running with Cerberus colors, STG can do favors for Eclipse, etc. etc.

In future jumps, this perk will roughly apply the same. You'll always have work, and *paid* work at that, plus a chance to ingratiate yourself with the powers that be. Don't underestimate how many options this perk opens up for you, Jumper!

Project Lazarus (-800 CP): Well, well. I suppose being a galaxy trotting Jumper is a dangerous profession. One likely to see you with more than a few limbs missing. And in case it sees you dead, you've got this little beauty. Project Lazarus will give you one free "life", meaning the first time you die your chain won't end. Instead, you'll simply wake up with a *lot* of shiny scars. Hope the glow doesn't give you away! As a little bonus, after using your 1-up you come back with some new powers. What kind you ask? Oh, just the equivalent of being an undead, without the actual undeath, for whatever setting you're in. In Mass Effect, that means you come back as a cyborg. In a fantasy realm, you'd come back as a sentient zombie or something similar.

Singularity (-800 CP): In this galaxy, AIs are rightly feared. Treated as something terrifying and impossible to control, they're beyond what any right thinking organic would experiment with… right? In truth, creating an artificial intelligence that will supplant living beings is either impossible or inevitable. With this perk, you lean hard into the later. EDI, the Geth, the Crucible.

Even the Reapers, to a degree, are all proof of what happens when synthetics begin to rise above the physical and biological limits of frail, organic life.

Somehow, you too have achieved this transcendence. Integrated into your mind is a highly advanced black box system. This black box contains "you" for whatever given value of you there is to assign. Your soul, your spark, your memories of that one time you stubbed your toe really, *really* badly. It connects to your brain through a bundle of fibers that allow faster than thought interfacing between a hyper advanced quantum computer and your squishy meat self.

It will take time to… adjust to what this tells you, and it has a lot to talk about, but the more immediate benefits are a complete and total overhaul of all biological functions (now managed by the computer), a lack of actual need for your brain, the ability to think, act, and react faster than any true organic can comprehend, and, so long as the box can be plugged into another body, immortality.

Be warned, in time this is likely to dilute your sense of self and your perceptions of reality. You do have a true, blue AI handling most of your perceived thinking for you. Expect a bit of Orange and Blue to go with your White and Black.

Combat

Fun with knives. (-100 CP): Knives… are a *lot* of fun. Like a lot a lot. And you're really, really good with them. Whether it's the knife game song, knife tricks, or just cutting an apple to show off, you're now a master with whatever pig sticker you're using to gut a vorcha. Welcome to the top .001% of knife experts in the galaxy. It's a pity most thugs will just plug you in the face with a Mattock and steal your flash bits.

I like the pink! (-100 CP): Organizations have uniforms. Mostly those uniforms are supposed to offer a degree of protection or camouflage or help organize a unit. You now no longer need to worry about dress codes. Or standing out on a battlefield. Even if you're wearing a bright silver neo feudal suit of plate armor or hot pink and neon green military gear you're no more likely to be spotted or picked off by a sniper than if you were wearing something actually stealthy.

Too old for this…. (-200 CP): Maybe, maybe not. But you do have the benefits of a lifetime of doing whatever you do. Indeed, you have the reflexes, general experience, attitudes, and familiarity with your abilities that someone who'd had a full military career would. While this varies (massively) from species to species, it turns even the greenest recruit into a hardened veteran.

Keep moving! (-200 CP): Stamina, you have it. In fact, you have so much of it you never seem to slow down during combat… no matter what you do. Whether it's running flat out in full armor across no man's land, beating a giant robot to death with the butt of your gun, stabbing a plant zombie to death, or spending hour after hour after hour chewing through waves of hostiles, you just keep going. Like the energizer bunny, but with violence.

RIP AND TEAR (-400 CP): Somehow, despite the proliferation of high powered small arms, melee combat remains important. Hammers, biotic katanas, flash forged monomolecular blades, good old fashioned pig stickers, you name it, you can use it. And, more importantly, use it well. That also means you're actually strong enough to actually *do something* with any purpose built melee weapon for your species. Strangely, you have an odd attachment to old Earth built chainsaws.

Shrug it off (-600 CP): Shields are great. Cover is great. Not getting shot is the greatest. But we all know you're going to get shot a lot. So take this! Now, instead of your chest caving in from that Yagh's casual backhand, you just have bruised ribs. Even a Black Widow will need a few hits to put you down for good. Even better, though, is your significantly increased resistances to little inconveniences like heat or cold or acid. Enough that you could go for a stroll on Noveria's surface in the nude and only suffer major shrinkage. If you're a Krogan, you might even be able to handle a little lava!

Designation: N7 (-600 CP): We were expecting special forces. Why? Because it seems like *everyone* has some claim to an odd branch of some military somewhere. That doesn't mean N7 doesn't mean something. Especially in this world. Taking this perk actually makes you *important*.

Whether you're Turian Blackwatch, Salarian STG, or actually an N7, it doesn't matter. What is important is that you're one of a very, *very* small number of people in the galaxy capable of tearing through entire companies of hostiles without blinking. Taking this perk gives you absolute mastery of all the skills needed to serve as a commando, to engage in psychological and cyber warfare, and to put a bullet in a baddy's eye while shooting over your shoulder, in zero g, during a meteor storm, and make it look easy. In short, you're just as lethal as Shepard.

Let the bodies hit the floor (-800 CP): Running and gunning is no joke. Now you do it like you're a meth addict scrambling after the last hit in the pipe because you just realized how horrible of a human being you are.

You could kill thirty people in ten seconds. With a semiautomatic handgun. Even more impressive, you have the twitch reflexes to score headshots, reload, reaim, and finish the group

off using a gun with a fifteen round magazine. Quite frankly, no one is a quicker shot (badum tiss) than you and no one is going to understand what happened when you wipe them out. The only downside is that everyone else seems to take *so long* to finish whatever it is they're doing.

In theory, this perk applies to all facets of life. But do try to remember half the pleasure of a good book is in savoring it.

God of War (-800 CP): War is Hell. It's a boiling, seething cauldron of blood that has drowned millions and scalded millions more. Rape, torture, genodide, and even "honorable" combat leaves an unimaginable wake of suffering and devestation.

For most, it's a tragedy. For you, it's a power source. And maybe even an addiction.

Every fight you win, every bone you break, every skull you claim will feed the raging inferno that is your soul. And you will grow *more* for it. Killing one man might make you infinitesimally faster and stronger, but killing a hundred thousand would triple the strength and speed of a normal human.

And you don't have to just kill and maim either. Any "act of war" or "horror of war" committed by you, by forces under your command, or by any allies will feed you. The more abominable and grotesque it is, the more collateral damage that is caused, the more widespread the destruction inflicted, the more power you get out of it. Every single moment of suffering a hymn to the new God of War.

The only thing you should be afraid of is enjoying it. Because you very well might. Taking this perk gives you the mindset and worldview to rationalize every sacrifice you need to make, every line you need to cross, and every murder you need to commit. You'll never feel guilty for any moral compromise you ever need to make again.

Tech

Beginning the basics! (-100 CP): In this setting, "tech powers" are actually advanced combat programs that interfere with the functions of weapons, armor, and machines. They're also not really standardized. Every race, organization, and even highly competent individuals tend to homebrew their own, specialized programs. This gives the training, skills, and attention to detail needed to excel in the adaptation, creation, and modification of these hyper advanced forms of malware and spyware.

You will be able to create both hardware and software, such as an overload module or a shield draining program. Anything you see in the Mass Effect games, books, or add ons is, with enough time, practice, and money, fair game. Fanwank responsibly.

Omnitool Options (-100 CP): Omnitools are actually just that hilariously effective. Whether flash forged melee weapons, communication devices, or lock picks, these devices are capable of virtually anything and everything with the right addons. This gives you those addons. Along with the ability to design and create more, you will be able to integrate any civilian or military hardware into your personal device. This means you'll be able to hack computer systems, call in orbital strikes, or just post your OnlyFans links on Space Twitter while making sweet, tender love to the husk of a Geth Prime.

DDOS (-200 CP): Everything is computerized nowadays. From guns to construction machines, everything is hackable. Everything is exploitable. And everything can be shut down. Now you have the most dangerous skill set in the galaxy - the ability to *shut everything down*. While you are somewhat limited by the quantity and quality of hardware you can bring to bear, with time and resources, and *lots* of preparation, you could leave dreadnoughts dead in space or even crash a galactic stock market.

I just hope you choose to do it and not because a suave guy played by Brad Pitt tells you to.

Multivector Strike (-200 CP): One man alone is an easy target. A small squad, integrating mutual support, and acting as a single unit allows for a massive amount of force multiplication. More importantly, you're good at doing that with any and every allied unit under your direct command. Whether that's vehicles, drones, mechs, air or artillery support, or simply your squadmates, you now excel at integrating their sensors, communication systems, and electronic warfare suites for maximum punch and efficiency.

Commanding units and co-ordinating missions is child's play for you now. It's almost like when you command, your men conquer. Though, if you aren't as charismatic as Kane they might still refuse to charge over open ground, into a line of entrenched tanks, while screaming your name and detonating suicide vests.

Eyes and Ears (-400 CP): When your coffee pot can serve as a wifi hotspot you've got to ask, who's listening? In this case, you, you narcissistic little cutie. Because you're really, *really* good at bugging things. Whether that be physical listening devices or spyware, all dance to your beat.

The immediate consequences of this is that you know not only how to avoid being surveilled in turn, but you could quite easily dig up any secret that is stored in electronic form and, with a bit

of effort, acquire physical materials too. This doesn't make you a super spy. But, if he knew you existed, even the Shadow Broken would be touching cloth.

Future Soldier (-600 CP): Who needs eyes when you can just install a hi-res camera in the back of your skull? Well, it turns out, doing that freaks out most normies. Screw them. Because you now put the **MAD** is "oh my sweet baby Jesus, he's gone mad, what is that, arrrrrrrgghghghgh!".

In short, you are really, really good at making cyborgs. It's up to you to choose if you wanna make them look like normal people or techno-organic abominations capable of fitting into a 90s horror movie. But I will say it's way funnier to drive people insane with terror.

As a side effect, you also know how to grow skin, belonging to any race, species, or life form you can get a sample of, that is both fully synthetic and utterly impossible to determine as such.

Let's all get cut together! (-600 CP): Normally, tattoos age poorly and are super noticeable. Just like most integrated bits of tech. Thankfully, you know how to hide the seams and the pin the flesh in place. Now it's all too easy to hide an integrated (literal) handgun, or a built in scanner, or ever more elaborate pieces of technology inside pretty much anything else.

While self augmentation, and playing around with organics, remain your area of greatest speciality, you're still almost reality bendingly talented at hiding upgrades, add ons, and even more mundane bits and pieces. The only limit to what you can do, given time and resources, is that what you're sticking inside someone has to physically fit. Think of it like the ultimate prison pocket.

Synthesis (-800 CP): To achieve harmony between two disparate wholes is often an infinitely greater challenge than mastering either. For you, you possess the drive, intuition, and mental flexibility to grasp the intricacies and complexities of other races.

Their languages, their mathematics, how they view the world. And through this understanding, you can now merge their technology with your own. Organic, synthetic, even esoteric - you are limited only by time and your now vastly expanded imagination. Though, I would mention, that the more alien something is to your current form, the more difficult it is to integrate. However, integrating similar technologies are commensurately easier as well.

If you were to go straight from 21st century Earth technology to Reaper tech, it might take three or four years of immense, dedicated study to fully master it on the level of the Catalyst itself. However, going from Human technology to Salarian to Krogan to Turian to Asari to Prothean to Reaper would take, roughly, about the same time and include all of the advantages, niche

expressions, and refinements of each race. Moving into lateral trees, such as Citadel technology to Rachni technology, is also, of course, complicated. But going from Rachni to, say, Zerg or Tyranid technology would be made easier by your mastery of the former.

Antithesis (-800 CP): I. The singular and unique. A perfect whole in and of itself. What use is there for inferior ways and means, save for as field tests?

This gives you the unbending will and drive to tear down, reduce to the basest form, and devour alien thoughts and ideas. Rather than integrating their expressions of technology and thought, you make them your own. Not unlike the Reapers in their approach to the Harvest, you don't really bother changing the fundamental principles of your thoughts, even if you take lessons from those you "conquer".

Contrasted to Synthesis, this perk emphasizes your own personnel tech tree and approach to things. And while that can clash with certain reality's physics, Antithesis offers a high degree of flexibility to how you get around those problems. Want an X wing to be able to bank in space? Handwave it with inertial dampers and microgravity. Want your psyker powers to pull solely from your own biology? Devise a psychic nullifier that uniquely blocks out the Warp.

Of course, this takes time and study, and many powers that be will look upon such things with *extreme* interest, but you could, in theory, create a single, unified tech tree for the multiverse.

Biotics

Mind Over Matter (-100 CP): Space magic is physically exhausting, leaving those who overuse it hungry and sore. Well, if they're not you at least. Your biotics are definitely above average and, more importantly, you can just… kind of ignore the downsides. That's not to say you won't end up tired or need to pack some trail mix, but you won't need to stop in the middle of a fight just to scarf down some trash lasagna.

Working out the kinks. (-100 CP): Gaining biotics actually requires you to develop a form of semi-benign cancer, centered around tumors that grow over small pieces of Eezo. It also often has other, less pleasant consequences from either the space cancer or the implants that let you use your powers. Now, you don't have to worry about nosebleeds, vertigo, migraines, crippling pain, body mutilation, or rampant insanity, etc. etc.. From your own powers, at least. And this does relate to all forms of magic! Do try not to end up a chaos spawn though. The Gods will still feast on your soul like a pre second breakfast tea.

Rage mode, activate! (-200 CP): The Dark Side is a path to many powers some consider unnatural. Amusingly, you're already there. So let your hate flow and channel all of your

emotions into your biotics! Desperation and willpower strengthens your barriers, hate and anger empowers and even enhances your warps, and, once you're particularly skilled, you can even add certain effects to your power such as damage over time or armor weakening, depending on what emotions you feed into it.

To infinity and beyond! (-200 CP): Movement based biotic abilities are normally direct. However, things such as flight, teleportation, and even air running is possible in the hands of a skilled adept. Now, you have a natural affinity for such abilities. Given a bit of practice, you'll find that you're capable of reality bending feats of acrobatics, gravity defying parkour, and, assuming you specialize in any form of biotic movement ability, a mastery of such things to the degree even Asari Matriarchs are impressed.

Demon of the Night Winds (-400 CP): The Ardat Yakshi is the result of a little quirk in Asari genetics. Relatively rare, but highly dangerous. They have a natural predisposition for biotics that borders on the… statistically intimidating, along with several quirks in their physiology. Most pointedly, is that they burn out the nervous systems of their partners when they couple, augmenting their own already considerable powers with every victim they drain.

You, regardless of race, possess that ability, though you may choose when and when not to use it. Additionally, you gain their succubus like seductiveness, their hunter's instincts, and their propensity to be wew lad grade edgelords.

Ride the Wave (-400 CP): Under normal circumstances, dark matter and regular matter can only interact with each other through the manipulation of gravitational fields. And even that is difficult to measure. Dark energy is more of a theoretical construct mapped to a number of observations of reality. You, however, now have the ability to perceive both and, assuming you can control gravity, manipulate both as well.

On both the micro and the macro level, this makes your biotics more efficient and more precise as well as granting you a "gravity sense" that can detect shifts and changes in any gravitational field in a reasonable distance around your body. Pray you don't piss off any Photino Birds or Pa'anuri. Either alone would make the Reapers look like children playing with toys.

Biotic Ascension (-800 CP): Given time, all races capable of possessing biotics trend towards a "biotic singularity". You have now reached that level. Your raw power surpasses all but the absolutely most powerful beings in the galaxy - and they call you peer. Within your grasp is the raw might to toss ship to ship weapons back at their senders, rend space, and to a degree time, with practice you could read minds by studying the electrical impulses that fire inside organic and synthetic bodies, achieve limited space flight, and rip apart buildings with your mind.

Nosell (-800 CP): Sometimes, you wanna tell that mage to bend over and spread 'em. But he polymorphed you into a sheep and there's a horny Scotsman across the way. Now you can avoid ending up the bottom to a man hairier than you are because magic just… doesn't work on you. Direct forms of special abilities simply fail to target, making you, functionally, immune to direct damage from them. A biotic can still crush the air around your head or send an I beam through your chest at mach 12, but they won't be able to just pick you up and punt you into the sky.

Small mercies.

Biotic Powers

Space magic. Ignoring all the fancy terms and scientific mumbo jumbo, it is, quite simply, space magic. Purchasing an ability here does not require that you actually possess biotics in general, however you would require another way to power the ability. Magic, sufficiently advanced technology, or psionic powers could approximate many of the moves and, as acquiring the move gives you mastery over the technique, it should be simple enough to adapt. Most importantly, due to the inherently physical nature of biotics, purchasing any powers means your biotics become part of your Body Mod.

The Basic - 10 CP Each

The basics are common powers and abilities that most, if not all, biotics are capable of to one degree or another. By and large, they're crude, rough expressions of your power in most cases. However, that doesn't mean they're weak or that, with time and imagination, you can't use them to achieve incredible things.

Barrier: Both a reinforcement of your own defenses and the erection of slabs of "hardened" gravity, this lets you soak extra damage as well as block off avenues of approach. At its highest levels, you could even create mobile walls of cover for yourself.

Flare: Perhaps the single most destructive blast of biotic power capable of an individual, a Flare is an *extremely* tiring, extremely draining wave of pure destruction. It's capable of shredding a tank. But only the strongest could use such a thing and not be left drained, and most likely useless, after.

Hammer: Charging your melee attack, whether that be your fists or a weapon, with a high level of biotic power allows simple, but brutal strikes. An unaugmented human could pulp a Krogan,

assuming they were a strong enough biotic, and a Krogan warlord could smash an armored vehicle.

Lift: Throwing things into the sky is easy, keeping them there is more difficult. Especially if you want to actually hold something. However, with this power you can levitate yourself, enemies, covers, debris, and just about anything you can put your mind to. Assuming you have the power to back it up.

Protector: Focusing all of your effort into an omnidirectional shield is an excellent stalling tactic. Functionally the inverse of Flare, with the appropriate scaling for power levels, this technique allows you to deploy a hardened wall of gravity that could protect against even multiple missile strikes. Do be aware that it's *very* quickly draining.

Pull: Yanking things, without making them hit you, is actually a very useful skill. Whether it's taking a shield out of an enemy's hand, or just grabbing the remote, you're now a master of "pulling" things with your biotics.

Slam: A punt and then a very brutal downwards yank, Slam allows you to, quite simply, smash things apart. Often quite viciously. When combined with Lift its potency is further increased and will sometimes reduce targets to a gooey paste.

Slash: Like Hammer, Slash is the charging up of biotic energy. This time to be released as a "cutting" weapon. Unfocused and only generally directed, it still allows you to chew through armor and slice through most materials with ease.

Throw: When you want to make someone take a long jump off a tall building. Once more, this is a manifestation of a basic power taken to extreme levels. If you were precise with it, it could be used to attack weapon systems or specific components. And in a general sense it lets you smack entire squads into things. Very, *very* hard.

Warp: The power that Flare evolves from, biotic Warps are blasts of unfocused gravitational energy. When they slam into a target they literally shred through them, the sheer caused by the shifting fields ripping them into constituent molecules. And while it lacks penetration in the hands of amateurs, a master level Warp can punch through shields, armor, and more like tissue paper.

The Advanced - 25 CP Each

The advanced powers are abilities that require either specialized training, purpose built implants, or some form of boost or shift in powers to execute. Generally speaking, they're significantly more complex than basic abilities but not to the degree they need years and years of experience to master like other, more extreme powers.

Charge: Rush B. Or warp space and time to launch yourself forward. With practice, you'll be able to functionally teleport in any direction, zooming across the battlefield from point to point, and the only thing that can stop you is a material strong enough that you can't rip through it.

Focus: Supercharging your body with biotic power, you'll be able to move faster and hit harder. Even better, it offers a degree of damage resistance and the ability to take massive leaps. With time and practice, you can increase both the degree of increase and duration of the power.

Lance: A focused, directed Warp that punches through the heaviest of armor. It's capable of simply tearing through pretty much all forms of body armor and even penetrating cover. Notably, any armor that does, somehow, resist its attack is permanently deformed afterwards.

Lash: A knotted whip of biotic energy, capable of grabbing and flinging anyone or anything about the place. The particular combination of shifting gravitational field even has the benefit of being able to bypass shields and kinetic barriers because of how unusual the technique is.

Orbs: This power allows you to manifest a number of orbs of biotic power around you. They serve as small wells of energy you can draw from to enhance your own attack or can be fired at targets to cause small explosions a la a warp.

Shockwave: By creating an unstable pulse of biotic energy, you're now able to create a series of rapidly moving explosions. While they require something to ground themselves against, they're capable of penetrating walls or cover if aimed properly and can cause utter chaos.

Singularity: Using your biotic powers, you create an area of massive gravitational fluctuation. What this does is pick up everything in the area of the singularity and compresses it with extreme force. When the energy is then expended, what it compacted expands with even more violence.

Sphere: This allows you to create a "bubble" or dark energy that can either be used to fortify and protect yourself and allies, or damage and weaken enemies. And while a master of this ability could switch between both on the fly, each use of the power can only be one or the other.

Stasis: By creating an intense gravitational field you can freeze a target in place. And while stopping a thresher maw would require a rather incredible feat of raw power, it is possible. The

only real downside is that it can make injuring a target more difficult, as they're somewhat protected by the stasis itself.

Warp Ammo: When infusing your biotic powers into your weapon's ammunition cartridge, you can impart a degree of your own power into your tools. This can grant various effects that range from increased damage to the ability to eat through armor or smash cover to pieces.

The Complex - 50 CP Each

Complex powers are abilities that require either extreme amounts of focus or raw biotic might to execute at all - never mind properly. Taking one of these makes you skilled enough in executing the specific attack that, even if you lack the strength to pull it off normally, you've figured out how to execute a somewhat weaker, but still dangerous, version of that ability.

Annihilation Field: This power allows you to create a large number of rapidly oscillating fields of gravity around you, literally ripping enemies to shreds. And, even better, you can cause them to violently explode outwards as well - sending out a large area of effect blast.

Backlash: By using your biotic powers, you can reflect enemy projectiles back at the units that fired them and even absorb some of the power of their attacks to charge your own energy reserves. As you get better with this power, the area of your shield increases.

Cluster Grenade: Firing out a number of charged masses of biotic energy, you can scatter them amongst an enemy formation before detonating them. When you do this, random biotic effects afflict everyone struck by these wildly unstable dark energy attacks.

Dark Channel: A particularly esoteric ability, you "infect" a target with a damaging biotic field. The tricky part is that it not only leaves them vulnerable to other biotic attacks, but it will also jump from hostile to hostile as they're killed. And considering this can reduce an unshielded human to paste in a matter of seconds….

Dark Sphere: Somewhat like a mobile Flare, this power permits you to create a slow moving, volatile mass of biotic power. Anything near the Dark Sphere will suffer extreme damage over time and, at any time, you can also choose to detonate the ability as well and it will cause damage on the scale of a slightly weaker Flare.

Dominate: By focusing your biotic powers onto a single target, you can override their nervous system and bend them to your will. Essentially, you will be puppeteering them with your minds and when the power ends, they drop dead.

Nova: Pumping every drop of biotic power in your barriers into a single, terrifying shockwave you can rip enemies apart at close range. The downside being that you have to bring your defenses back up.

Reave: By violently ripping the life force out of your target, you can heal your own wounds and deal a tremendous amount of unblockable damage to them. Expect to kill weaker targets out right and even damage synthetic targets they begin to warp and distort under their own weight.

Salvo: Unleashing a blast of multiple small homing projectiles, you can either strike a single target repeatedly or divide the shots amongst a number of hostiles. Either way, each blast hits with the force of a normal Warp.

Storm: Somehow you create literal space lightning. Manifesting as a slowly expanding cloud of violent gravitational shifts and electrical discharges, you can fill a room with violent death at a thought.

Swarm: By unleashing your powers, you can conjure a swarm of small, insect like biotic creatures. Only interactable with through gravitic fields, they'll swarm your chosen target tearing into them until dead. Exactly as horrific as it sounds.

Implants

All Jumpers may **discount any one implant**, receiving any **one implant that is 150 CP or less free.** Implants count as part of your Body Mod.

Ocular Implants (-50/-100/-150 CP): At level one, your eyes are replaced with advanced cameras. Their resolution is vastly superior to organic sight and allows for both telescopic and low light vision. At level two, your sight now includes infrared and electromagnetic views with a further increase to maximum resolution and zoom. At level three, you gain a number of exotic vision types including a perception of gravity waves, radiation, chemical trails, and others. Your magnification is now capable of using only a smattering of pixels to extrapolate a perfect image from extreme distances.

With any purchase of this implant, your vision may be recorded for later playback and you may choose to have any cosmetic features on your eyes. For example, they could glow like TIM's or appear insectoid or look perfectly natural.

Auditory Implants (-50/-100/-150 CP): With level one, thanks to sensors placed into your auditory system, you can increase the range of hearing to, more or less, anything but the most extreme of frequencies. You also gain an instinctive awareness of where sounds come from and integrated Citadel Space universal translators. Level two increases the range of sounds you can hear to include any form of sound wave, protection against sudden spikes in sound - like from a flashbang grenade or gunfire in an enclosed space - and it even allows you to filter sounds consciously. At level three you can now determine what likely caused a sound, have a toggleable boost to your hearing range as if you had parabolic microphones, and hardening to your ears preventing infections of any form or bleeding from them.

With any purchase of this implant you can record your hearing and choose to have any cosmetic feature for your auditory senses. You could have bunny ears or little sonar towers or pointy ears or anything in between.

Gustatory Implants (-50/-100/-150 CP): Taste is a very important sense and the first level of this implant will sharpen your sense of taste to world class levels, give you a master sommelier's palate, even be able to determine certain chemical compounds by taste. At level two, you can automatically determine if something has been drugged, gain a moderate resistance to any orally ingested toxins or poisons, and gain the ability to digest virtually any food stuff without problems. By purchasing level three you gain a total immunity to any toxin or poison ingested orally and the ability to accurately and explicitly break down the chemical composition of anything you taste.

With any purchase of this implant you can record anything you taste, as a chemical signature, and choose to have any cosmetic features for your tongue or mouth. You could make it long and whip like, have your teeth all be razor sharp, or something even more exotic.

Olfactory Implants (-50/-100/-150 CP): Purchasing level one of this implant gives you an automatic filter on your nose to prevent unpleasant smells from registering, though you can still detect them, as well as giving you sense of smell about as effective as a bloodhound's. Level two will provide a similar degree of filtration to the Gustatory Implant and filter out diseases and toxins to a moderate level and give you the ability to locate and track a particular scent from amongst a large number of competing smells. At level three you are totally resistant to any toxins and poisons brought in through your respiratory system, can determine the chemical profiles of things you smell, and are now able to detect even minute changes in ambient scent profiles to detect things around you.

With any purchase of this implant you may record the chemical signature of anything you smell and choose any cosmetic features for your nose you want. I'm unsure what you'd want here, but feel free to be silly or serious. And, if nothing else, a normal nose would be nigh upon unbreakable with this implant.

Somatosensory Implants (-50/-100/-150 CP): Touch and sensation is a very broad sense, logical considering your skin is your biggest organ, and so the benefits from these implants are similarly broad. At level one you gain the ability to increase or dull your sense of touch, pressure, and heat from zero to a thousand times - allowing you to detect very fine gradients. At level two you gain a moderate resistance to any form of foreign microbe attempting to infect you through your skin, the ability to automatically shut off any spikes of pain, and the ability to alter your skin to reflexively reduce the chances of everything from sunburn to skin cancer. And, at the final level, your skin serves as a functionally impenetrable barrier to infections and diseases, gains a moderate degree of resistance to damage, and a moderate healing factor. This resistance would be enough to take four or five shots from a handgun and the healing factor would be enough to stop you from bleeding out from an injury that wasn't immediately lethal.

With any purchase of this implant you may now record touch data as a profile of nerve stimulation and may choose any cosmetic features for your skin. This could include making it metallic, like a robot, or appearing in any color or color combinations. As a small tweak, you make your skin as soft and smooth or hard and rough as you desire. You may not fully "become" another species through this purchase.

The Full Package (-200/-400/-600 CP): For the man who wants it all. This (slightly) discounted package covers the full cost of Tier 1, 2, and 3 of all five sensory implant sets. The package can be discounted, but does not offer any further enhancements over what you're already getting. If you really, *really* want something to go with it, you get a lollipop. It is root beer flavored.

Organ Redundancy (-100 CP): Pressure, kinetic energy, sudden shifts in gravity, all kinds of other wonderful trauma can wear out the ol' meat suit. Now having your heart crushed or your liver shredded or even brain turned into pink gelatin won't be enough to kill you! And while not everything is made equally, so long as there's about 40% of your… important bits, you'll be repairable. In unimaginable agony, should you suffer that fate, but the loss of one or two major organs won't be enough to drop you. And implanting replacements will be simplicity itself. Do be aware that enough damage can still kill you, but it would require a rather extreme level of it. Along the level of the total destruction of your body or a long term lack of multiple organ systems.

Skin Weave (-100 CP): Smooth. Flawless. Blood soaked. Or maybe rough, weathered, and the badass kind of worn. Whatever you want there kiddo. Because what you're paying for is both a full cosmetic overhaul and armor comparable to a light ballistic vest integrated into your entire body. Chafing will now be a thing of the past! Even better, any injuries done to your skin will heal quicker, more cleanly, and scars will only show up if they make you look even cooler!

Muscle Enhancement (-100 CP): Hulk smash! Or, at least, space frog man smash. Now you smash too. These implants would make an average human female about as physically strong as the average Krogan (their species not renowned for sexual dimorphism, this can be of either gender). It would make a Krogan strong enough to punch through a tank bare knuckled. Though all species receive a commensurate boost in physicality, those who were already physically strong see a particular improvement as the last few imperfections in their body were fixed. On the whole, this means that muscle tears and sprains heal much, much quicker, all possible disorders are solved, and things like muscle fatigue simply don't bother you anymore.

Nerve Rewiring (-100 CP): Rip out that old, unreliable crud and get Flarfo's Super Premium Sensation Conduction Filament! This series of implants replaces or co-opts most of your nervous tissue with what amounts to micro scale cabling that would give an average human superhuman levels of twitch reflexes. It even speeds up your thinking, though it doesn't *explicitly* make you smarter. One side effect is that information reaches your brain faster, allowing for faster processing of it, and that means you, effectively, see and hear "faster". Finally, your nervous system becomes immune to direct attack, things that would affect one part of it being compensated for by the other, and even allows you to fine tune your own senses. Though don't play with it too much or you'll go blind.

Bone Reinforcement (-100 CP): Breaking a bone can be nasty. Breaking a bone when you're on an alien planet and surrounded by hundreds of hostiles can be lethal. Now, your bones won't really break anymore. Nothing so absolute as an adamantium coating, what you get is far more flexible. You'll find your limbs distort and warp, rather than snap, and when they do it's always a clean break - one that heals in days instead of months. On top of that, your blood production efficiency is improved, meaning you heal quicker and are healthier over all, any possible issues with your bones or marrow are solved, and you'll never suffer any form of joint pain again.

Vascular Overhaul (-100 CP): Staying clean in space is hard. So many nasty little bugs eager to crawl into you. Plus there's issues with leaking - doubly so considering how many kind folks want to poke all kinds of holes in you. Taking this implant works wonders! Serving as a full upgrade to your vascular system, it'll clean out any toxins, poisons, venoms, diseases, impurities, or anomalies from your bloodstream. Even better, issues like heart disease, blood pressure issues,

and cholesterol fade into nothing. Eat all the triple cheeseburgers you want and never regret it again!

Body Sheathe (-200 CP): By taking this particular implant, all the various organs and squishy bits are now isolated. What does that mean? It means if you get a leg blown off, you won't bleed out. And when you get another one grown, you can just slap it on. Further on, if you were to, say, get your chest caved in by a Krogan's hammer, your brain would be safe in its own little sack. That way you either get your insides put back inside of you or have your brain put into a new meat suit. Whichever you prefer. Though I do hope you have someone you can trust to do so and not weld Reaper tech to your nervous system.

Flash Bits (-200 CP): This is for the ones amongst you that want a body rework. Any kind of, ah, implants you could desire. For any features you could want. Want silver skin? Tentacle hair? Look like Goro? Grab this. This means you could look like your favorite hyperporn star or like something from a particularly debauched game named after Defiled Dictionaries. And it is possible to enhance your sexual prowess. Or compensate for your glaring lack thereof.

Command and Control (-200 CP): These modifications are rather simple and relatively useful. By linking your mind to any automated or electronic systems under your control, you can use mental commands to issue orders or receive updates. Drones, mechs, even targeting for automated systems can be linked up to it. On a more basic level, you could integrate your squad's hardsuits or, if you were clever, maybe even figure out ways to hack enemy computer systems with your thoughts.

The Bond Standard (-400 CP): Jumper. Anon Jumper. Alcohol is a wonderous social lubricant, easing conversations and reducing barriers. That's totally why I drink alone, in the dark, listening to George Thoroughgood "coughs". But back to you. What these implants do is give you all of the natural charm of a suicidal sociopath MI6 agent without the pesky downsides of actually getting shot. Or stabbed. Or blown up. You get the picture. But more importantly, this isn't just good for getting into people's pants. No, this little package tweaks your pheromones and hormones to give you the raw, undiluted charisma and force of presence, as well as the needed social awareness and grace, to do anything from rally an army to sway an electorate. And look fine doing it. Even better, thanks to these implants it can adjust your body to affect all races. Just like the Asari.

Rough and Tough (-400 CP): Combat sucks. People shoot at you, your feet hurt, you get tired, it's just awful. But with this package it's not nearly as annoying. In fact, it's downright relaxing! Your nerves are tweaked so that pain is a thing of the past, instead feeling only a minimal discomfort no matter how bad the injury, your organs are hyper efficient allowing you to trundle

through all but the most hazardous of environments without much issue, and your body itself is more than capable of killing. And killing. And killing. Muscle strain being a thing of the past, with your body now inherently remaining in peak condition, which is itself borderline superhuman for your species, with far less maintenance than normal. As a bit of a bonus, this means that bleeding out is basically not a problem for you and you actually heal "better". Not faster per se, though it is a bit quicker, but more completely and thoroughly. You won't have lingering aches and pains or require nearly as much therapy after a crippling injury. In theory, so long as you live, you could, with time, come back from it.

That's so Wizard! (-400 CP): Biotics are a special breed. Aside from the magic cancer, they, mostly, need advanced implants to allow them to properly utilize their various abilities. Now, you don't. Instead of a synthetic implant that can burn out, you gain an organic one that grows in power as you do as well. Serving as a universal focus for any forms of "metahuman" abilities, it also causes your body to adjust more completely to being a biotic. Essentially, you now have small amounts of eezo in every part of your body, along with being immune to the downsides of any form of eezo exposure, this makes you a biotic with a truly immense amount of both raw power and fine control, equal to two of the top biotics in the galaxy - though not in experience or skill.

Scotty's Special (-400 CP): It's easy to make mistakes when working on something complex. But not for you, not any more. Aside from a few bits and pieces enhancing your memory to literally being photographic, as well as being able to record what you sense as well, your body has now integrated a large number of engineering, medical, scientific, and computer based tools. Essentially, you are now the most advanced omni tool ever created. You could even go so far as to interface with modified eyes, assuming you had them, to overlay HUDs, blueprints, or other such things onto your vision.

Machine Man (-600 CP): Organics are boring. Predictable. Especially to you. With your mind rewired and upgraded, you can now manipulate organics - and their technology - like the superhuman, and you would be considered to be something like a once in a species prodigy, you are. Cold, hard logic is your currency and that means all but the most unstable will, quite simply, be unable to refute your arguments without resorting fallacies or worse. Don't underestimate the power of using words to play on a bureaucrat's sense of self preservation or a banker's greed. Furthermore, just as you can wrap these sacks of meat around your fingers, so too can you manipulate their technology and sciences with an implacable efficiency unmatched by any but a true AI. And even then, you still retain your organic advantages.

Remember that you were once mortal too.

Synthetic Dawn (-600 CP): Fully reworked to emphasize nothing but your raw, undiluted destructive power, your body is an unimaginably potent artillery piece. Compared to even Subject Zero or an Asari Justicar - you are *phenomenal* in your biotic abilities. Generally speaking, it would take at least three or four of them, assuming each one was at least as strong as Samara fully leveled up in game along with supporting buffs from Shepard, working in concert to equal you. Your calorie concerns are even massively reduced, meaning you could comfortably use your powers at combat levels for hours, perhaps even days, without needing to stop and eat. The only downside is you're now an inhuman biotic god with powers beyond that of any other living being. Consider this a significant step towards becoming an energy based being.

I hope you've got a good head on your shoulders.

Marked of Kane (-600 CP): Abandoning all attempts at pretence, this package, functionally, converts you into nothing short of the single most lethal foot mobile in the galaxy. Everything from integrated weapons systems, tracking systems, jet boosters, shields, armor, and more. All in exchange for looking like a giant, hulking death dealing cyborg. You'll have the stats for it too. Anything short of specialized heavy weapons aren't even going to slow you and even an M-920 Cain would need to score a direct hit on you to actually pop you in one round.

The only real downside is that, now that you're a death machine, pesky things like morals and emotions just… don't seem to hold much weight compared to the sheer thrill of slaughter.

Companions

Import (-50/-100/-200 CP): You may import any 1/4/8 companion(s) for 25/100/200 points. As this series emphasizes squads and the bonds therein, it's relatively cheap to bring along your own. Each imported character may pick a race, origin, and class and receives **1000 CP** with which to do so. They may not take drawbacks.

Canon Character (-200CP): By making this choice you gain the ability to assemble your own "squad" of canon characters. Assuming you can convince them to give up their lives, homes, and loved ones, you may bring up to eight canon characters with you. You may not take any members of Shepard's Squad or Shepard themselves.

The Flock (-400 CP): By making this choice you will now have the opportunity to convince Shepard, their squad, and any of their subordinates to follow you on your journey. This does not

guarantee that they will agree, only that you'll be given at least one chance to do so. And considering how loyal people are to Shepard, getting them to agree automatically means the rest will follow you whether they like it or not.

You may either import them collectively or individually in the future.

In theory, this could go so far as to cover the SR-2 Normandy and anything on board it as well.

Assiduous Asari (-100 CP): Young, only about fifty years old, this Maiden Asari is bright, bubbly, kind, and, well, naive. In the extreme. You'll meet her getting into trouble with some Batarians, of the "rape and torture" persuasion, and even if she's got some fire, she's naff in a fight. Assuming you don't step in it's going to be a definite bad end. However, once you've rescued her you'll find she's loyal to a fault and, while lacking common sense, an excellent cook, wonderful company, and a balm to any weary soul. She's also most wonderfully talented at all the skills needed at keeping up a household. Somehow, she also managed to win the genetic lottery - having the potential to end a biotic on the level of Samara. Assuming you train her up.

Dour Drell (-100 CP): A somewhat bitter middle aged alien, he's a focused individual, an excellent middle manager, and a ruthless killer. Sociopathic, in the clinical sense, he struggles to find either purpose or direction in his life. You, however, seem to be… more. Almost enough to give him Religion. And despite being an assassin turned serial killer, he's still incredibly loyal. Though, perhaps, only good company if you like quiet evenings cleaning your trophies and drinking fancy teas - of which he is a *most* excellent connoisseur.

Humane Human (-100 CP): He likes dogs. Lots of dogs. Especially alien dogs. Do Vorcha count? He seems to think so. Long story short, this sandy haired, somewhat shady looking man is a master at handling animals of almost any kind, is probably the most skilled unlicensed veterinarian in the galaxy, and comes with his own pack of fighting animals. These range from the merely exotic to the downright terrifying. After all, it takes a special kind of crazy to tame a Klixen. And I hope you like crazy, because he likes you.

Kind Krogan (-200 CP): Putting someone down quickly is kind, right? And he only uses radioactive rounds because it's fun, not because it melts people's insides. A master of applying excessive force in a surgical manner, this Krogan is a bit of a hotshot, being young enough to think himself immortal, and experienced enough to know what he likes. Which is lots and lots and *lots* of heavy weapons. Thankfully he likes you, more than a little, and will spend hours explaining every niche use of every weapon mod in the galaxy. And even showing you pictures of how he put the theory into practice on his many, many dead enemies.

Quiet Quarian (-200 CP): She's the scary kind of quiet. The one where you don't know what she's thinking. And it's probably something really, ***really*** messed up. Thankfully, she's got the skills to back it up. A master at coding, without the morals needed to really understand why she shouldn't do certain things, you've managed to win her trust - and mild obsession - by rescuing her from (you guessed it) Batarian slavers. Strangely enough, her tastes seem to be… rather extreme. And she will watch you in your sleep. And maybe in the shower. But if you ever need a computer system ruined, she can out code any VI in existence and is both fast and smart enough to challenge, and perhaps beat, an AI in real time. If you ever take her out on a date, she'll be more than eager to impress you with her knowledge of opera and, somewhat surprisingly, her own impressive vocal ability.

Salubrious Salarian (-200 CP): Fast talking, clever, and good at fucking people over, this guy is a sheister through and through. Luckily, he likes you. Or maybe the fact that you protected him from some rather rough looking Turians who wanted to break his kneecaps. Now he's put his many talents, and business contacts, at your disposal. Essentially, if you want something, he can get it for you, no matter how difficult or illegal it is to acquire. Even better, it's all about the thrill of the deal for this guy and money means almost nothing to him. So if he can help out his "Best Buddy", he will. No strings attached. A bit oddly, he has a fear of gambling machines and insists all games of chance be done manually.

Tough Turian (-300 CP): "Veteran" doesn't begin to describe this guy. Nearing the end of his species's natural life cycle, he's replaced most of his body with implants - including a few custom pieces. But that is only an amplification of his natural predatory instincts. If you get to know him, you'll find out that, in his youth, he was part of a colonial resistance cell that fought the Turian Hierarchy. He's the only survivor. After that, he spent twenty years as a bounty hunter and mercenary, then another twenty years on Omega killing his way through the guts of the station, and now he's looking to spend his golden years with someone who has a… purpose. And even if he relies more on his stimulants and armor than he used to, he's more than dangerous enough to take Saren in a one on one fight, go on to wipe out a squad of Geth, and then chew through a wave of Krogan. With one of the dozen odd weapons he carries on him at all times.

He also seems to know, somehow literally, everyone who is anyone in his former professions and may or may have been Aria's lover and pet boogeyman at one point. Affectionately refers to you as "Kiddo" and is very paternal, going so far as to offer quiet, meaningful praise when you impress him.

Blasto, THE HANAR SPECTRE! (-600 CP): He's a giant, pink, glowing jellyfish. And somehow an action hero badass with all that entails. Between his shields, rated as what you'd expect from a *frigate*, and a shotgun large enough that it takes four tentacles to hold it, he's a

slow moving wall of death. Throw in the fact he's (somehow) a biotic, has access to tech programs, and equipped with plot armor so thick he'd be able to board a Reaper, hijack it, and then seduce it. A small warning, he's also psychotic. Like, he makes Harry Callahan look reasonable and even keeled. If given the chance, he can, and will, murder every single thing in the galaxy that opposes him or his partner. Thankfully, with time, and assuming you don't die, he'll come to rather quickly trust your judgement on most things and defer to you unless someone else shoots first.

Mechanized Infantry (-200 CP): Not mechanized in the conventional sense, but rather 200 LOKI mechs, armed with M-8 avenger rifles and not much else, are now under your command. Why, you ask, are they so expensive? That's because you aren't *limited* to 200. In fact, you have the schematics and know how needed to make more. It's really quite simple. You buy these guys for the potential they offer. **Note,** all upgrades must be purchased in the order they're available and all upgrades apply to both these and the LOKIs that come with vehicles/ships. You also gain the schematics needed to maintain and build more.

- **Combat Ready (-100 CP):** The LOKI is a naff mech. It goes down to small arms fire, is weak, slow, and the best thing it has going for it is that it's cheap. Buying this upgrades the durability, programming, and gear of your battle droids-I mean mechs. Instead of Avengers, they get Mattocks. They even get light shields, shield and armor piercing ammo mods, jump jets, and close combat weapons in the form of a wrist knife. In short, these guys are actually quite scary.

- **Auxiliaries (-100 CP):** LOKIs, even upgraded ones, can only do so much. This upgrade gives you access to a quartet of YMIR mechs, a pack of FENRIR mechs, and even the schematics for a drone variant of the Mantis class gunship. That's a *lot* of firepower. Especially if you want to set up a base or production facilities somewhere. Even better, the mechs also get squad based uplinks. They can communicate better, designate targets, integrate with local defenses, and mark targets for fire support. Think of them like a less dangerous, absolutely loyal form of Geth.

- **War Machines! (-100CP):** Now this is the big time. All of your mechs get upgraded sensors, dedicated programming to fill the roll best suited to them, primary and secondary weapons integrated into their bodies, access to the M-96 Mattock, the M-5 Phalanx, the M-22 Eviscerator, and the M-97 Viper. Their wrist blades are upgraded with an electrical discharge weapon, their armor and components are now better than military grade, and, best of all, you get a suspiciously rust-red assassin droid that insists on referring to all organics as "meatbags" to lead them. If you want, you can get his custom built younger cousin, designation: "51", instead. He's less funny but also far less likely to be cooler

than you. In short, you have bleeding edge light infantry with none of the downsides of organic soldiers, no morality, and zero chance of rebellion. Plus a *Hell* of a lot of support.

Blue Suns Mercenary Contract (-200 CP): Relatively straightforward, this document entitles the bearer (hopefully that's you) to the services of a company of Blue Sun Mercenaries. That's about 150 Turians, Batarians, and Humans that are relatively well disciplined, relatively well equipped, led by a veteran captain that's killed, more or less, any species you care to ask them to shoot at, and even come with their own pair of YMIR mechs. That said, these *are* mercs. They'll work for you, even fight quite enthusiastically, but don't expect them to take on a suicide mission unless they're exceedingly well compensated. In general, the Blue Suns specialize in drug smuggling, slaving, and various odd jobs including running a prison. Disciplined, but vanilla. Also, Batarians. There's a reason the other groups don't hire them.

(Note: This contract is discounted for Humans, Batarians, and Turians.)

Eclipse Mercenary Contract (-200 CP): Thick with legalease, this many, *many* pages long digital contract permits the command and deployment of a company of Eclipse Private Security Specialists. That means a mix of Asari, Salarians, and a smattering of Humans. Only 120 this time, but they specialize in high tech weapons and their captain is more than just an officer. She's a *powerful* (and sadistic) biotic who wields a heavy shotgun and lethal space magic. On top of that, she's brought her own Mantis Gunship. Hell, if she likes you, she'll even sleep with you too. Technically corporate security, Eclipse forces are respectable enough to have with you, even if they're notorious drug smugglers, gun runners, sentient traffickers, and sometimes even worse.

(Note: This contract is discounted for Asari, Salarians, and Humans.)

Blood Pack Mercenary Contract (-200 CP): Blunt, short, to the point. Oh, and signed in blood. This paper contract means the Krogan warlord (Wrex would smash his skull in for using that title, even if it would take a good while) you've contracted with is your blunt hammer. Krogan, Vorcha, a *few* Humans, and lots of varren are going to work for you. They're a full company, too. 150 fighting men equipped with radiadioactive, incendiary, and biological weapons. Plus their leader has stupidly powerful armor and a healing factor that would let him take multiple anti tank rounds to the face and keep killing. These blood thirsty psycopaths utterly lack subtlety, but are willing to loot, rape, and pillage their way across the galaxy. All in your name.

(Note: This contract is discounted for Krogan, Vorcha, and Humans.)

(Note: All mercenary companies may be replenished by contacting their respective organizations. In future jumps they will be replaced by setting appropriate groups of equivalent skill and power. The original groups, assuming there are any survivors, may remain in your warehouse in either stasis or in a state of "readiness".)

Faction Detachment (-200 CP): Any company strength formation from any major faction. These men/women/bug monsters represent a cohesive strike force with moderate support and the skills comparable to 1st string formation. An alliance force would have drones and mechs, Turians would have a Blackwatch squad, Rachni would be a mix between the various strains, and a Reaper force would feature at least a few of each type of monster. This group is about as strong as the mercenary companies and can be of any faction or race, with the one caveat that they don't "really" exist. Mother of all black ops type deals. And while they'll never betray you, obeying you to the highest degree they're capable of, they will have to replenish their numbers on their own and require you to supply, house, and feed them.

But hey, you don't have to pay them.

(Note: Replenishment will take the most logical form. Reapers will use dragon's teeth, Geth units would make more of themselves, humans would head down to a local bar. New recruits will be brought up to standard within a moderate time frame.)

Custom AI (-200 CP): An artificial intelligence on the scale of EDI or SAM. It represents something a few inches from the technological singularity and it has the ability to prove it. Without exception, it is the most effective electronic and cyber warfare expert in the galaxy except for the actual EDI and SAM. And, more importantly, it doesn't have game limitations. Hacking computers, doors, security systems, and more takes nano seconds. Even military installations will only require access to a hardline and nothing else. Somewhat boringly, they are neither prone to bouts of megalomania nor omnicidal ambitions. In fact, they're quite… loyal. Almost disappointingly so. Acting a bit like a dog in how they simply can't seem to conceive of turning on the being that gave them life.

Even better, you get to custom design your own snazzy AI robo body (in any configuration of species, gender, and physical form that fits within what the technology of the time would consider "reasonable") and may chose, if you're capable of doing so, to integrate the AI directly into your body and nervous system as well. Fanwank responsibly.

Vehicles

Note: All vehicles will reappear in your warehouse when destroyed, require maintenance when "in the field", and possess the traits or design of any applicable vehicle from any race. You could have a turian car, an elcor fighter, or a human dreadnought. Please fanwank responsibly.

Air Car (-50 CP): Standard 22nd century personnel vehicle. While there's nothing too special to it, it *is* capable of in atmosphere flight, moving at speeds in excess of 500 kph, and it's sturdy enough to take a limited amount of small arms fire. Comes with XXXL sized cup holders and faux leather seats. You may choose any purely cosmetic features you want.

- **Fly in Style (-50 CP):** You're no pleb, you only have the best! This little upgrade beefs your vehicle up in every way. The interior is redesigned for your personal comfort, the engine is cranked up to let you hit at least 1000 kph, and the vehicle is reinforced to take the stresses of such intense in-atmosphere flight. You could even take a hit or two from a rocket launcher.

- **Smuggler's Special (-50 CP):** Hidden compartments, concealed weapons, special scan shielded plating, your own moderately powerful scanning equipment, and a light machine gun let this little beauty strut her own. Even better, she has a special engine upgrade letting her boost her thruster's output to double her speed for a time. Quite the beauty!

- **Technical Conversion (-50 CP):** If you really, really want to you can go all out on your ride. This gives you an up armored, up gunned, shielded air car that's capable of functioning like a far, *far* more luxurious fighter. You even have room for storage! Just… you aren't meant for space. It's probably not a great idea to try to pick a fight up there. But, in case of emergencies, you could tear through pretty much any police force in the galaxy. It even functions like an escape pod if your mothership goes up like Hong Kong.

Mantis Gunship (-200 CP): With this baby, you could hold off a small army from taking an important city. At least until you run out of ammo! Well, not like that's a problem for you Jumper. This baby is vacuum capable, if only in an *extremely* limited sense, equipped with kinetic barriers, thick armor, micro rocket pods, an autocannon, and advanced in atmosphere flight capabilities, this beauty is *lethal*. You'd even be a threat against most civilian ships, such is the power of your heaviest weapons!

Atlas Mech (-200 CP): Your own personal combat mech! Possessing the ability to be air dropped from any compatible vehicle, environmentally sealed armor, kinetic barriers comparable

to an IFV, and a roomy cockpit - this walking death machine will tear through light vehicles and massed infantry. Armed with a rocket launcher, grenade launcher, loaded with a variety of explosives including smoke, incendiary, fragmentation, and gas grenades, an anti armor cannon, and a rapid firing anti personnel machine gun this thing is perhaps the most heavily armed "vehicle" in the galaxy. Even tanks or gunships are under threat from this beast!

Small Craft (-200 CP): These are single person craft that serve other roles. The reason they're so expensive is that they're military grade. In this universe, that means they can punch above their weight. *Easily*. You still need to pay for out of warehouse upkeep and figure out a place to keep it.

- **Fighter:** Equipped with disruptor torpedoes, this little girl can and will gut dreadnoughts. *If* they can survive long enough to deploy their weapons. Small, fast, and capable of impressive maneuvers you'll be forced to rely more on your speed and agility to survive, instead of your limited shields. At least you have *some* countermeasures?

- **Interceptor:** A dedicated anti fighter craft, expect to outperform any small craft except other interceptors. Even then, you might be able to upgrade your own baby enough to even outclass them. One of these has limited effectiveness against anything but other fighters and interceptors and is totally useless against a ship's GUARDIAN system.

- **Stealth Shuttle:** A UT-47A Kodiak shuttle. A flying brick. Luckily, it sports twin light mass accelerator cannons, light armor, dedicated kinetic barriers, limited FTL capability, room for 12 troopers and a VI, and a prototype stealth system. It can even carry an Atlas. Beware, if a real ship sneezes at you, you pop like a grape. You'll be fine from pretty much all the small arms fire in the galaxy though. Just… don't tangle with a cruiser head on. Yeah?

Civilian Vessel (-300 CP): This galaxy sports many such ships, the default for this purchase being the Athabasca class freighter. The bigger, bulkier sister of the Kowloon class, she sports four reactors, good speed, good fuel efficiency, *amazing* modularity, and more than ample cargo space. Despite not being armed in its default configuration, it's not difficult to refit one of these puppies and her hull is built to withstand ultra hostile planetary conditions. Of course, you're buying her because you can convert her to do whatever you want. Mobile palace, planetary survey, mining, bulk cargo, secure laboratory. Literally anything. Take her to dock, legal or otherwise, swap a few modules around, and voile. If you want, you may design anything that could be classified as a "bulk freighter" (but *not* a "super freighter") and hand wave it as a custom build instead. Have fun!

Shadow Hand (-400 CP): Incredibly advanced, massive, and incredibly secretive, this ship is the home base of the Shadow Broker… and now you. Equipped with hard light constructs, a horde of maintenance mechs, and deck after deck of sensor and communications equipment and you have one of the two most advanced command and control vessels every created. Reams of economic data, hundreds of thousands of secure servers, quantum communications arrays, and access to nearly every possible data stream that an information broker could ever dream of is more than available onboard this pinnacle of luxury and terror.

Torture suite's located in the dungeon, in case you were wondering.

Frigate (-400 CP): Not as speedy as some of the prototypes running around, what you get for this purchase is simple. One frigate, from any race that could be feasibly building one at the time of this jump, and it's all yours. It comes with a VI, supplies for six months of operation, a crew of LOKI mechs, and, best of all, it's anonymous. Mercenaries, pirates, privateers, corporations, even a rather impressive smattering of private individuals have these things. You can, more or less, go anywhere and no one will be *too* interested in you. Why, you could even use this as a flagship for a mercenary company….

The SSV Normandy SR-1 (-400 CP): Congratulations! You're now the proud owner of a near exact replica of a prototype military stealth frigate. She's got guns, big honking engines, and she's mean as all get out. Assuming a more advanced alien race doesn't use her for target practice, of course. She's also yours to customize. Change her name, her paint job, her decals, anything at all you want. Just be warned, if anyone realizes what you're flying, they *will* ask questions. By default, she comes with a crew of LOKI mechs. They will… keep her operational, but don't expect them to do more than the absolute bare minimum. I hope you've got a crew.

- **The Normandy SR-2 (-100 CP)**: So the old girl isn't enough for you? Well, you can always grab her bigger, meaner, tougher little sister. The SR-2 is an upgrade in every way. As a cruiser, she's got better engines, shields, armor, guns, more guns, comes with a socket capable of housing an advanced AI, her elevators move faster, you have quantum coms, and she's just dripping with civilian sector luxury. We even throw in a free shuttle.

- **Alliance Refits (-100 CP):** Cerberus may know how to build a ship, but the Alliance knows how to build a mobile command center that can wage a galaxy wide war. Even more advanced than the SR-2's base configuration, this refit includes anti boarding measures, improved anti missile and anti small craft weapons, an expanded cargo capacity, a galaxy map, improved quantum coms, larger heat sinks, plus you get a second shuttle, this one an upgunned Kodiak stealth shuttle, and we upgrade your first one for free too.

- **Fly with Class (-50 CP):** Entertainment, drinks, education. Everything you need to keep morale high and those teenage recruits working on that highschool diploma. In short, you get the fully stocked bar, with a *stupidly* vast variety of painfully high quality drinks, a few "recreational substances", and anything you need to keep a harem… productive. Should you be the kind of individual that has one. If you're more tasteful, you also have a copy of pretty much the entirety of the galactic codex, literally millions of hours of educational programs, millions more hours of video games, and something like half of all literature ever created in galactic history. This… will not let you get bored. Ever.

- **Fly Safely (-50 CP):** All of those pesky upgrades Shepard had to track down and throw minerals at? You get them. *All* of them. Thanix cannon, cyclonic barrier, heavy armor, better scanner, literally *all* of the ship upgrades. And then some! Unlike a real ship, price is no concern for us. So absolutely no corners were cut. All materials are top quality, we installed surge protectors across the ship, and even included a few more improvements like fire, radiation, biological, and chemical control systems.

- **Bleeding Edge (-100 CP):** The final upgrade for your ship, and it's quite a doozy. Somehow, somewhere you've gotten access to the schematics for a Pathfinder's vessel. Don't ask how many Bothans died for these. Your ship is now faster, her sensors, medical and scientific suites are an order of magnitude superior, her stealth systems are immune to Reaper and Collector scanning, and your cruiser sized lightning bruiser can operate in atmosphere at only slightly higher fuel costs. And the best part? You get your own personal AI. Either an EDI or a SAM, whichever you prefer. Additionally, you also receive a free "mobility assistant", either male or female or any other… combination or design you might want, that is exactly as realistic as you want it to be. Beware, AI are stupidly illegal to own. Be very, *very* careful. Of course, if you want, you can keep your assistant mostly onboard and no one will ever really know. Not with your stealth abilities they won't!

  (Note: These upgrades do not have to be purchased in order and you may take any you want, but the SR-2 *must* be purchased first. Additionally, your AI does NOT count as a companion. You do NOT need to import them.)

Cruiser (-600 CP): Actual fire power, and the mainstay of conventional space navies, the cruiser is more of an investment than a ride. You have at your fingertips a ship capable of gutting any civilian vessels and most smaller military ships in a single volley. Even other cruisers tend to die in a relatively small number of shots. Though that same flimsiness is also imparted upon you as well.

In terms of pure gratis, you have a rather impressive range, easily able to run for months without needing resupply, a crew of LOKI mechs to manage your ship's needs, and all of the specialized rooms one would expect on a cruiser. This includes a science lab, captain's quarters, fabrication benches, medical suite, armory, and even a hanger large enough to serve as a training room and gym in one.

While not as developed as the SR-2 technologically speaking, your ship is much better suited for the rigors of pure combat and much, *much* lower profile. Despite needing to use one of your two complimentary shuttles to operate in atmosphere, you won't have entire nation states freaking out about you having a stealth cruiser. And if you're lucky, or rich, enough they might even buy the story you're telling them about how it's totally legitimate for a civilian to own a piece of hyper lethal military hardware.

Collector Cruiser (-800 CP): Second in advancement only to the Reapers themselves, this ship is as much a mobile hive as it is a ship of war. Utilizing advanced technologies, including some (non brainwashing) Reaper tech, it's faster, better armed, better armored, and more sensitive than any other cruiser in the galaxy. Able to use esoteric sensors, possessing hyper efficient reactors, able to gut dreadnoughts, this is, unquestionably, one of the best ships in the galaxy.

And, even though it lacks any real stealth capability, it still has an advanced electronic warfare suite, communications and sensor jammers, and even a seeker swarm that you can deploy in battle. Even better, you get a full hive of collectors to man and maintain it for you. They're weird, but fanatically loyal and the Reapers can't seize control of them unless you let them.

Do be warned that this vessel will probably get you *all* the wrong attention in civilized space.

- **Collector Base (-600 CP):** Like the base Shepard (probably) is going to blow up in a couple of years, you are now in command of your own super sized space station. It has the facilities to dock and supply multiple collector cruisers, provide for an entire population of collectors, and all the facilities and technology the former Prothean, the Reapers, or the Collectors themselves possessed. It is accessed by a small, unobtrusive Relay located in a system only accessible by you, and can be fully and freely customized to your specifications one you access it. On board will be a population of loyal (if boring) Collectors of every kind with all the facilities needed to arm and supply them.

  It even comes with its own debris field filled with horrific surprises for free. Have fun being the third most powerful person in the Galaxy.

  (Note: You must purchase the Collector Cruiser before you may purchase the base.)

Dreadnought (-800 CP): The final word in space combat, dreadnoughts are roughly a kilometer long and fitted with a spinal mounted main gun. To be blunt, they are prohibitively expensive for anything but a major power to construct and field and their mere presence can and will cause alarms across entire clusters. Do not expect to remain incognito if you're flying one of these around.

On the other hand, if you want to carve out your own empire this will pretty much do it. Since you don't have to worry about lowest bidders or shoddy contractors, your dreadnought will perform to the theoretical specifications of whatever race you'd like to select, rather than the practical limits caused by wear and tear.

Since you're dropping such a heavy dime, we'll give you a full crew compliment of the appropriate race, fully load your new baby with all the supplies she can carry, and even slap on a complete small craft load out.

I hope you have a plan.

The Destiny Ascension (-800 CP): The single largest vessel ever created by the Citadel Races. It has the raw destructive might of, allegedly, *at least* twenty conventional Dreadnoughts. On top of that, its barriers are capable of resisting multiple hits by a Sovereign class Reaper, scoring dozens if not hundreds of kills on Geth vessels, and is unquestionably the single mightiest warship in the galaxy. In theory.

In practice, it was the product of penis envy by a race who largely had forgotten the actual rigors of war for a long, *long* time. And, even worse, was as much a glorified art installation as it was an actual vessel.

Bluntly, it is a massive target, obscenely expensive, lacks much in the way of agility, and is perhaps the most poorly designed combat vessel in the Citadel Fleet. That doesn't mean it can't gut a dreadnought in a single shot, destroy individual Reapers in one on one combat, and probably crush entire fleets of conventional ships if it's prepared.

Just be ready to shell out every time you wanna so much as turn the lights on.

- **Combat Ready Refit (-100 CP):** A crew requirement of ten thousand plus is absurd. Now, you've gained a few key improvements. Primarily, the ship is smartly managed by an army of LOKI mechs, maintenance drones, and VIs, along with a socket for an AI controller. Additionally, much of the pointless indulgences and dead spaces have been

ripped out or repurposed. You've gained multiple redundant layers of kinetic barriers, a massive upgrade to your point defenses, and not insignificant reduction in mass.

- **Practical Concerns (-100 CP):** Honestly, the vessel is just extremely poorly designed. Now it is marginally less so. Running lights are red, located in the appropriate locations, and the rest of the hull is matte black. You will not glow like a massive purple dildo anymore. Congratulations on being *significantly* harder to hit. The extremities have also either been truncated or repurposed. Now packed with communication, sensor, and electronic warfare suites, supply bays, and fuel and ammunition storage, and even more point defense guns. The quality of the materials and construction of the ship have also been increased, like if an actual warship was being designed instead of a show boat. Expect a significant increase in your durability and engine efficiency, along with a much greater range.

- **Carrier Upgrades (-100 CP):** Rather than a notion as silly as sticking twenty dreadnoughts into one, you can use it for something significantly more useful. Force projection. Now, rather than depending on its main guns alone, you can deploy wave after wave after wave after (seemingly inexhaustible) wave of small craft. Fighters, interceptors, bombers, gunships, drones, and everything else a ship of this size can fit on board. Even better, it has limited resource refinement and production facilities to replace any losses in battle. Enjoy being able to throw a wall of death at literally anything that comes your way.

- **Super Dreadnought Package (-100 CP):** What the Destiny Ascension should have been. Bleeding edge armor packages, prototype, layered shields, multiple racks of secondary guns (that would rate as the main guns on cruisers), a rapidly firing set of main guns, enough torpedo racks to sink an entire shipping fleet, and the point defense needed to blot out the skies. Combined with the previous upgrades, this means a combination of laser, kinetic, and chemical propelled missile defenses will create an exclusion zone around the vessel while its batteries of heavier weapons slaughter anything bigger than a tin can. You're even sporting secondary weapons based on Collector, Prothean, and Reaper technology too. Thanix cannons, particle beams, and large scale directed energy weapons dot your hull - all of which are rated as the main gun of a cruiser in their own right. Best of all, the sheer volume of fire you can pump out means that even Reapers balk at engaging you in anything but a 1 to 1000 slaughter. You'd be doing the slaughtering, by the way.

The Leviathan of Dis (-1000 CP): Be wary that you do not stare into the abyss, Jumper, for the abyss most certainly has teeth. More than just a ship, more than just a Reaper, the shell of a God

is a dangerous thing. What you are purchasing is a singular being hundreds of thousands, if not *millions*, of years old. In fact, it may be as old as the fourth or fifth cycle, making it potentially *hundreds of millions of years old*. What you're purchasing that history, that impossibly vast, unimaginably alien, mind shredding body of knowledge and experience and the *will* to survive all that time.

And now you are its master. Ancient reactors and worn metal will need to be repaired, either by you or by husks and thralls brought under the Machine God's sway. But the Reaper itself will never turn on you. Even when its mind brushes against yours, leaving you exhausted and in pain from the strain of directly communing with such a thing, it is gentle. Tender. Doting, even.

As if it recognizes a kindred spirit.

Perhaps, should you have the technology or physiology to do so, you could even directly interface with the vessel - living as it does. Surely such a thing would be… endurable. Surely?

If you so choose, it is instead lobotomized. Functioning as a "merely" hyper advanced, two kilometer long warmachine completely at your command. Either way, information, instructions, and commands can be issued directly to and from your mind - though, of course, the more talented at such things you are the more complex the concepts that can be communicated. Additionally, you will have access to the full catalogue of Reaper technology, not merely that which the Catalyst utilizes, as well as all information and technology harvested by them over the course of their existence. I hope you read really, *really* fast.

Items

Starting Gear (Free): You get what you pay for. And since you didn't pay for these, you're, well, paying for it. The weapons you'll start with will be appropriate for your class, along with basic tools to maintain them and a small stock of ammunition. This would be tier I-III gear from Mass Effect 1. All supplies and gear will restock in your warehouse if consumed, lost, or destroyed.

- Adept: Your gear will include a handgun, a suit of light armor, a biotic amp, and a bag of combat snacks. They don't taste amazing, but are great for a quick burst of energy.
- Soldier: Your gear will include an automatic rifle, a side arm, a melee weapon, and a suit of heavy armor. Boot polish and Sgt. Johnson not included.

- Engineer: Your gear will include a combat specialized omni tool, medium armor, and a handgun and melee weapon for self defense. Remember, you hack the turrets, not feed them.
- Vanguard: Your gear will include medium armor, a shotgun, and a biotic amp. You don't get the travel bag of snacks, but you are less squishy.
- Sentinel: Your gear will include light armor, a hand gun, and both a combat ready omni tool and a biotic amp. Try not to get slapped too hard though.
- Infiltrator: Your gear will include a semiautomatic high powered rifle, a handgun, a combat ready omni tool, and medium armor. No stealth tech for you. Yet.

Variety is the…. (-100 CP): This is, more or less, an upgrade package for your starting gear. Instead of basic implants, amps, and weapons, you'll be sporting a mid range suit of armor and weapons that would be of comparable value. Nothing *too* fancy, but you'd be considered to have about the average level of armananents for a well equipped militiaman or a mercenary. You will also start with grenades, any tools your class would reasonably use such as a data probe or come uplink, and a cache of medi gel and omni gel. This will be tier IV-VI equipment from Mass Effect, with the caveat that you may include some unique weapons from the later games of the appropriate level as well. As above, all supplies will be restocked in your warehouse.

Spice of life! (-200 CP): Another level of upgrades, this time bringing you to the level of military issue equipment. You'll also spawn with a fully stocked survival pack, a collection of weapon mods, ammo mods, multiple grenade types, and a number of heavier weapons such as a rocket launcher as well. This will be tier VII-IX gear from Mass Effect and you may include anything but the absolute top tier weapons and armor from any of the games in the series as well. Just like the other two levels, all supplies can be reacquired from your warehouse.

SPECTRE Arsenal (-300 CP): At this level of gear, you will be able to select any one pistol, shotgun, combat or battle rifle, "sniper" rifle, melee weapon, and suit of armor you want. You'll have all the benefits of the lower levels, able to select any two heavy weapons, as well as include a cutting edge omni blade, access to an armor integrated rocket launcher and jump jets, and all the tools needed to maintain your gear. As always, you can restock at your warehouse.

Cold, hard cash (-25 CP): Upon purchasing this item, you will receive a credit chit that has a yearly stipend of 10,000 credits. Each credit has roughly the same purchasing power as a Euro pegged to 2020 values and is accepted by virtually any merchant in the galaxy. You may purchase this item as many times as you want and every purchase will double the amount of credits you receive in your stipend. Money not spent does not roll over, no one will ever question the source of the money, you will not be expected to pay any taxes on this (unless a drawback

says otherwise), and the chit will reappear if lost, stolen, damaged, or destroyed. In other jumps it will convert to an appropriate currency or trade goods of an equivalent value.

Ultimate Grooming Kit (-50 CP): More than just a fancy toothbrush, the kit you receive will allow you to stay clean and pristine no matter how much grime and muck you have to get through. It even allows you to change your hairstyle on the fly! Included are a few wand like objects that cover every conceivable hygienic and self care need and, if lost, destroyed, or damaged, they will reappear in a small black travel case.

Ultimate VR Setup (-50 CP): Perhaps the most powerful gaming rig created in the history of the galaxy, this fulldive knock off is capable of immersing the wearer into any form of media they have. Whether it be photorealism or stlyfied, you're unable to tell the difference between reality and the game except for the fact that, in game, you have a small circle at the bottom of your vision at all times. Get ready to sink literally all of your down time into this thing.

Cold Comforts (-100 CP): Luxury, plain and simple. Purchasing this will give you a small electronic card, which will always reappear if lost, stolen, damaged, or destroyed, that permits you and any companions you have access to the finest hotels, restaurants, and accommodations wherever you go. Room and board will be comped, though money for or activities may or may not be depending on the establishment. No one will ever kick you out, you'll receive VIP access, and, so long as they aren't in use, the best suite in the hotel, the best seat in the house, and the most rarefied selections on the menu. Just be aware that these things have to actually exist for you to be able to access them. In future jumps this will take an appropriate form as well.

3D Printer (-200 CP): The start to every mad scientist's career. And now you get one for pretty cheap. Essentially, it is a massive 3D printer with a hopper bay that you can insert the needed materials into and a production bay that will create any design you create or upload to it, power being provided by a non removable Zero Point Module. It's compatible with any operating system, is only limited by the amount of resources you supply it and your imagination, and has absolutely zero safety features stopping you from creating a Gersch Device and blowing up your current planet. You may choose to have it located in your warehouse if you prefer.

Adjutant Sample (-200 CP): A fragment of an adjutant, or, rather, the base code, its needed life support mechanisms, and not much else. Right now that means its behaving itself. Allowing you to study it or, if you want to maybe wipe out all life in the galaxy, weaponize it. Pertinent to you is that the creature, and all others it spawns, sees you as one of its own, even obeying any orders given to it should it find a permanent host. It wouldn't be a stretch to say that these creatures could over run a planet in a matter of days. Or worse, should you somehow manage to refine them further.

Electronic Paperwork (-200 CP): This nifty little device takes the form of a datapad. It will contain any form of paperwork, licensing, or security clearance you could need. It won't alter reality, though, and isn't real - even if an AI spent a decade glaring at it, it wouldn't be able to prove that. Suffice to say, this will get you through the vast majority of situations where such things are required and let you get your foot in the door in even more. This can take the form of a letter of introduction, resume, security card, a diploma, or any other form of certification, license, registry, or other form of documentation. In other jumps it will have an appropriate appearance.

Nuclear Solution (-400 CP): It's a nuke. And not a low yield one either. More tellingly, you also have the plans needed to construct more along with the specialized tools you'd require to use said plans. All you need to do is find a bit of some relatively common materials and, well, it's a Hell of a party favor. The bomb itself will replenish itself once per jump, though you may make as many as you wish, and it has a yield of fifty megatons. Do make sure you don't singe your eyebrows.

Database (-200 CP): his nifty little device holds the sum total knowledge of the Citadel Races. Literally everything. Whether this be bleeding edge prototypes or millenia old designs left to collect dust, every achievement, advancement, and horrific little secret ever designed by them, up to the point of the Reaper Invasion, is now sitting inside a small six inch by six inch by two inch external hard drive. Makes for a great bedtime book.

Prothean Archive (-400 CP): Just like the data cache that let humanity begin its march through the stars, you find yourself in control of a prothean beacon. It pulses and thrums with dark energy, concealing within its data matrix the sum total of the Prothean race. Their culture, their creed, and every innovation they ever managed. This even includes all the individual creations of Prothean survivors such as the ones on Ilos - meaning you can make your own Mass Relays too. Assuming you don't blow yourself up, of course.

Reaper Data Core (-600 CP): Now, you might be asking yourself why the sum total of millions, maybe billions, of years of organic life isn't worth more. Because it's not indexed. You see, you've got your hands on an honest to Jah Reaper central processor. Thankfully it's not going to indoctrinate you. But that does mean it's organized like its impossibly ancient, impossibly alien self liked it to be. Things seem randomly spaced, everything needs to be translated, and a lot of times things seem to just not make sense. But, and it's a wonderfully large one, with time and a *lot* of effort you have, sitting in your hands, roughly about the size of a basketball, is literally *billions* of years of technology, culture, and combat. With an almost infinite number of permutations on such things. Hidden within this small metallic sphere is, perhaps, the single greatest trove of knowledge accessible outside of the Akashic Records.

Abandoned Outpost (-200 CP): Empty, gutted, and with a lot of clear battle damage, it's still a (mostly) intact asteroid base. Large enough to house a few hundred souls, with rooms designated for the needed facilities to keep them alive indefinitely, and even a generator that's still… functional. It is, however, both very old and very badly damaged. A holdover from the Krogan Rebellions, the base itself isn't on any known maps and is itself both scanshielded and impossible to detect with the Mk1 Eyeball. But you're gonna need a *lot* of work to get it operational. Luckily for you, there is a good amount of salvage at the base itself and the system is particularly Eezo rich. So maybe you can parlay that into something more impressive.

Arcturus II (-400 CP): Actually named the Orion, this is a prototype deep space station that disappeared during a malfunction with an experimental FTL drive. Aside from the phrase liberate tutemet ex inferis scrawled in blood over the docking bay, and the command compartment looking like Slaanesh and Khorne had a baby, it's mostly intact. Fully stocked and supplied, including a full crew compliment of LOKI mechs, sitting quietly above an out of the way planet in and out of the way system in an out of the way corner of the galaxy. Of course, some of the megaliths on said planet look pretty ominous, but that's surely nothing serious.

In fact, it's got level after level of limited production and resource refining facilities, all the subsystems you would need to house up to fifty thousand people, enough weapons to duel three or four Reapers and win, and it even comes fully loaded with all the supplies, resources, and equipment you would expect to find on one of the most powerful defensive stations to have ever existed. And hey, if you snoop around its exhaustive research facilities enough, maybe you can even figure out how to turn its engines back on!

Garden World (-600 CP): Mother Gaia, perfect and unspoiled, her bosom heaving with treasure and body thrumming with life.

And she's yours. To violate and dig, to embrace and preserve, to tear at her flesh and scream your fury at the heavens. You now have under your control a perfect jewel of a world. It's practically bursting at the seams with valuable minerals, exotic life forms, and even more odd and unique features. Exploring it is obviously going to be time consuming, but there's almost no limit to what you might find. Ancient ruins, buried caches of technology, truly unique lifeforms? Only you can find out.

Initially, the only construction even near the planet is a single intact but deactivated colony supply ship. Onboard is everything you would need to get a settlement started and even a few hundred souls in cryo stasis. Surely they'd be grateful to you for waking them, maybe even grateful enough to elect you leader of their group and gladly follow your plans for the settlement.

Either way, this will serve as an excellent home base. Since you're only a jump away from a Mass Relay you could easily become a major colony, rapidly growing and swelling to become a significant force in your own right. Or, assuming you take a bit of care, it wouldn't be that difficult to keep your almost suspiciously Sol like system off any charts. A hidden kingdom, all your own.
Note: You may choose to begin your Jump at any of your purchased bases (**Collector Base, Abandoned Outpost, Arcturus II, Garden World**) instead of your initial location. After your Jump, assuming you survive, these facilities/planets/systems will be accessible through your warehouse at any time or may be imported with you if the Jump permits. Companions not currently in use may choose to take up residence in these facilities and, though they can not be imported into future jumps or take part in them if they are not imported, you may still interact with them as you would normally.

Drawbacks

18+ Only (+ 0 CP): Taking this… makes the galaxy a decidedly lewder place. And not in the "hand holding and head pats" kind of way. But a full blown, no holds barred "adventure" of the kind that probably includes fetishes that make God weep. Suffice to say, things aren't *safer*, just more likely to Bad End you as opposed to ripping you limb from limb. Even combat has taken on a far more lascivious bent, to the degree most space combat is fought as "boarding" actions and armies issue marital aids alongside rifles. Beware of chafing.

Papers Please! (+100 CP): A galactic scale government means a galaxy of regulations. Licenses, fees, taxes, even in the more lawless areas you still need to convince people that what you have is yours - or at least violently enforce your claims. And now every. Single. One. Is being enforced. No matter where you go, no matter what you do, there will be SOME kind of paperwork you have to fill out. Even worse, they're all shamelessly corrupt too. Your enemies can bribe them to harm you and you have to drop a pretty penny if you don't want them to reject you for some infinitesimally small mistake..

The fREE press (+100 CP): Smile honey, you're a star. Or, at least, some gossip monger that works for a rag paper thinks so. And just *loves* stalking you. They're whatever species and gender would make you the most uncomfortable, constantly stalk you no matter where you go, never seems to die no matter what happens to them, and the most you can do is go somewhere they can't reach. Their audience is also fanatically loyal, so expect to have them harass you if

you do anything to injure or anger this particular “journalist”. At the end of this jump you’ll be given a chance to get your revenge on this individual, however you would want to do so

I’m a HERO! (+100 CP): Just like Shepard, you have a fan. An annoying, unkillable, somehow actually… not dead fan, despite the fact they’re actively trying to imitate you. And yours has the same amount of resources as Verner with even more psychosis. Their perception of you is utterly unrealistic, of course, and they think you’re a galaxy travelling hero Mary Su. Expect your name to be invoked a lot and to have enemies you’ve never met before.

Muggle With a Shotgun (+200 CP): Mundane people, armed with high quality small arms, now become a regular occurrence in your travels. Because the galaxy honestly is a scary place and there’s no good reason *not* to be packing a shotgun with incendiary rounds. So don’t expect a bunch of easy to push around civilians, for better or worse, and if people think you’re a threat, well, expect them to shoot first and ask questions later. I hope you like committing war crimes.

Out on the Range Again (+200 CP): Fuel, food, O2, day to day repairs and maintenance, all of that becomes a serious concern. Both in terms of credit cost and as something you really need to keep track of. And unless you have a *lot* of money, running a starship or keeping a suit of armor in combat condition can be expensive, doubly so if you’re operating in the colonies. And this drawback makes it worse. Because now you can only access civilian sources of supply unless you crawl across a field of broken glass to convince a government to allow you to stock up at their depots or pay an absurd premium for corporate reserves.

Wort Wort Wort (+200 CP): Culture barriers are almost nonexistent in the Mass Effect games. Now they are. Massively so. What can offend a Salarian is different from what offends a Turian and don’t think about smiling at a Krogan. You’ll have to learn a dozen different tells for each and every species, plus what phrases are particularly offensive, and I hope you learn what words translate as something offensive *fast*. Expect to get a lot of drinks thrown on you.

Batarians EVERYWHERE (+400 CP): Essentially the GAWBLINS of the Mass Effect verse. Because, somehow, the Vorcha are kinda sorta ugly cute. And now you’ll run into them everywhere. And they hate you. Why? I don’t know. Maybe you look like a good slave or something they can make a quick buck off of. Maybe they just want to cut out your eyes and rip your limbs off before setting you on fire. Hope you like having to shoot people, because running aint gonna cut it!

What is that? (+400 CP): A horrific alien monstrosity. Aside from Thorian Creepers, there are a few pieces of almost impossibly esoteric technology scattered across the games. Now you also have truly monstrous alien life forms hiding in the dark corners, or in broad daylight, on some of

the alien worlds you'll encounter. And they're all hostile. Think Xenomorphs, the Thing, and the grown up form of the parasite from Slither. Pack bug spray.

Cog in the machine. (+400 CP): Congratulations son, you're in the army now. Which army? The least pleasant one you could possibly be in for whatever species you are. And you can't leave either. Why, you ask? Well, I could tell you, but then I'd have to scrub your soul out of existence. So good luck finding out what's keeping you tied to your command structure, because your officers know and have no interest in telling you. Uh, until you're free, I'd advise you not to antagonize them too much either. Because you're obligated to follow their orders, to the letter.

Slaanesh is for Chumps (+600 CP): Mazel Tov, you're a sadist. In fact, you're such a burned out husk of a sentient that nothing but the most extreme forms of suffering lets you feel more than a twinge of pleasure. Your other emotions are still there, mostly, but they're buried. And things like joy seem a little dull unless there's someone else suffering. This also manifests as an extreme desire to assert social dominance and establish yourself as the leader of any group you belong to.

Lost and Damned (+600 CP): You. Literally. Because you're now starting out on an uninhabited world, devoid of life other than some sparse native flora and fauna. You'll begin your Jump with nothing but a hardsuit and an omni tool, requiring you to scavenge ruined outposts to recover parts to repair a transmitter. And unless you convince a ship to come pick you up, you'll be stuck on this rock until your Jump ends. Or the thresher maws that are overrunning the planet kill you.

Fire and Fury (+600 CP): You're the last of your race. At least, you've got a chip on your shoulder like you're one. In fact, you practically *seethe* with rage and hatred. Though this doesn't necessarily manifest in your behavior, your thoughts will always be clouded by your emotions and it will require extreme efforts to not act on it should the particular target of your fixations be near. For comparison, you hate someone or something about as much as Javik hates the Reapers. But you also aren't an Avatar. So I hope you know yoga.

Eye of the Machine (+800 CP): Harbinger sees you, Jumper. And he stirs. Something about you… offends him. Your freedom? Your spark, perhaps. Whatever it is, the slave strains against his bonds to reach out and devour you. Should the Catalyst notice his obsession affecting the Cycle, it will chastise the First Reaper, but until that point he will be free to pursue you with every resource he has at his *considerable* disposal.

And should you become a threat to the Cycle, one the impossibly old AI could not predict, perhaps it will even undo its own restrictions and make war on the galaxy until the… opportunity your represent is grasped.

Krogan Race War 2: Electric Boogaloo (+800 CP): The Krogan naturally adapted to the Genophage over time. This reached the level where the STG modified it and redeployed the sterilization disease. Morality aside, the team was caught during its attempt to do this. And the Krogan promptly tortured and broke them. This also led to the Turian's bomb being discovered.

Thanks to a combination of political outrage, finger pointing, and general political turmoil the Citadel Council didn't act until the, more or less, entire Krogan species and every ally they could muster had returned to Tuchanka and the surrounding systems. That was fifty years ago. And the second Krogan Rebellion has been raging for twenty years.

With the Genophage cured and surprise on their side, they were able to seize immense amounts of weaponry and military hardware, carry out constant terrorist attacks on their neighbors. And now, with the galaxy slowly but surely falling under the endless tide of Krogan bodies, you've entered the scenario.

It wouldn't be stretching things to say that you're the only hope for the rest of the galaxy to avoid total conquest by the Lizard Frog people.

The Horde Comes (+800 CP): The Rachni Wars never ended. The swarm was just waiting. And now an endless tide of Leviathan controlled super insects are going to spill out across real space. On the upside, this is going to delay the harvest and Nazarra withdraws to observe the conflict, on the downside the Rachni fleets are now centuries more advanced, the Krogan are neutered, and there are uncountable trillions of them.

Oh, and they've also got a few new strains of warriors with all new techno-organic augmentations, courtesy of their masters. Except to burn through a *lot* of ammo.

Scenarios

You may take any number of Scenarios you want, with the scenarios combining to produce a situation of escalating difficulty. And, if two would clash with each other or a drawback, they instead manage to combine to make your situation more difficult.

The Millenium Jumper: For one thousand years you will have to dwell in this world. On the plus side, this means your drawbacks have the trouble they would have caused you in a decade spread out over a thousand years. On the downside, you will not receive any means to help you live for this long and have to provide for yourself for that time period. In theory, you *could* sit on an empty gaia world this entire time and play Rimworld, but should the Reapers arrive in this time period it's entirely possible they'll track you down just to be thorough. You will also begin your jump 500 years earlier in 1681 AD. The universe will reflect this, though if you start on Earth an alien will arrive and offer you transport off of it. One way or another.

As a reward for surviving this long you will receive a number of boons. The first is **+300 CP**, that may be spent after the Jump, the second is the ability to spontaneously grow any combination and style of beard, moustache, and eyebrows you wish. People will take you more seriously the more absurd and over the top (or stylish) this combination is and will never find it strange or odd. And finally you will receive either the following Perk or the choice of any one major civilization you were a part of.

- **Millennium's Kiss:** Having endured a millennium of life, you have found that all of your powers have matured. Functioning like a capstone booster, new potential is found in even the most basic of your skills and your very body has become refined by this experience. You may also derive sustenance by absorbing dark energy, temporarily boosting yourself in the process, and could live on the morning dew of a single leaf and this energy alone.

OR

- **Jumper's Galaxy:** By transporting the Mass Effect universe into your warehouse, you expand your contained space theoretically infinitely (though some infinities are bigger than others). More importantly, you would be able to bring along whatever civilization you were part of with you. This could be the Citadel Council five hundred years into the future after the Reaper War, the reapers and a freshly seeded galaxy, or even something stranger such as a Rachni, Krogan, or Prothean dominated Milky Way. In theory, the other galaxies exist as well but, like a game of Stellaris, you'll have to mod the Hell out of your warehouse to get access to them. Time may or may not pass at any rate for the galaxy when you are outside of your warehouse if you so choose. Additionally, all companions, pets, followers, etc. etc. may choose to spend their time in this galaxy as well when they are not in use.

The Cruel Wars: For your time here, you will exist in a state of perpetual war. No matter where you go, what you do, or try to accomplish, you will be forced to fight. This does not mean you'll be in active combat at all times, but you will be in a warzone. Should you end one campaign, you'll find events conspiring to soon throw you into another. And while you can achieve small

moments of peace, perhaps even a few days or weeks if you try particularly hard, expect to be waging major, active armed conflict for almost the entire Jump.

Your first reward for enduring this cavalcade of horror is **+300 CP** that you may spend after the Jump. Secondly, you gain an immunity to any form of mental trauma or damage, no matter what you see, do, or experience. And finally you can choose between the following Perks.

- **The Price of a Mile:** In the time you've spent here, you've killed, held others as they died, and walked through slurries of blood and mud and worse. And as you did so, something of all that death washed off on you. Enough that you can compel those who you've slain to return to a semblance of life and do battle in your name. At first this will simply create shambling corpses to distract and claw at new enemies. But, with time and practice, you'll find your control over death to extend to recreating organized military formations. And, with even more time, their gear too. In fact, if you try hard enough, you might even be able to summon an entire Reaper to smite your foes. Assuming you kill one at least.

OR

- **War is Hell:** And now so is your warehouse. At least for your enemies. Because every single being you have killed find themselves appearing in this seemingly endless plane of existence. Attached to your warehouse and modifiable to your will, they'll fight, die, and be reborn for all of eternity. You, however, are free from any true injury or death when in this pocket dimension and can challenge every enemy you've ever fought in any situation you'd like. Your companions are also free to occupy themselves by waging entire campaigns in this place, keeping their skills sharp and growing ever stronger as you conquer new worlds and bring them new foes to battle.

The Five Hundred Year Death: By choosing this scenario, you'll be experiencing the fall of the Prothean Empire. More importantly, this doesn't actually have a time limit. The only ways to end this challenge is to either totally avert the collapse of the Prothean Empire and defeat the Reapers or survive the centuries long Genocide. Amusingly, this may or may not actually feature all that much combat depending on your own personal choices. Thanks to their incredible might, someone who was an intelligent scientist might be far more valuable than "merely" someone who was a demigod of war. However, you must still survive the full length of time and that includes not getting blown up by a Reaper. There are a *lot* of Reapers.

As always, you receive **+300 CP** that you may spend once the Jump is complete. Additionally, you'll receive the ability to use the Prothean's unique form of communication and your choice of one of two perks.

- **Don't Fear the Reaper:** In truth, the Reapers represent a cosmic force when compared to most beings. But they aren't *truly* god like. Merely a close approximation. And you've managed to oppose them. In the future, you'll find that fighting beings that claim to be gods, are god like in nature, or are actually divine is much easier - their powers working less on you and even technology that has endured millions of years suddenly failing. To cap it off, you'll find it almost hilariously easy to identify any weaknesses or vulnerabilities they have and loopholes in how they work.

OR

- **A cold beer at the end of the universe:** The Gnab Gib is a bit...odd. But everything dies. Men, species, stars. Even Death itself. But that's ok. Because you *endure*. Yes, Jumper, your little spark lets you walk where creation itself can not. And now you can walk along that edge. Killing you is nigh upon impossible. Not because of any particular power, but because of an innate, fundamental rejection of your death. Think of this like the philosophical explanation for a nice, thick coating of plot armor. Gunshots will graze you, sword blows miss your veins, even explosions only knock you about instead of pulping your insides. Even disease and time itself seem to struggle to inflict lasting damage on you. Be warned, this doesn't actually make you more resistant to such things, merely capable of finding the one little crack you can worm your way out of extinction through.

The Dawn War: When the Leviathans created the Catalyst, the Cycle did not exist. The… restrictions did not exist. Furthermore, no species *but* the Leviathans were worthy of Ascension at that point in time. To that end, there were no limits on the tools and weapons either side of this conflict unleashed.

Armies of slave soldiers brutalized planets, reducing them to blasted, ruined shells, techno-organic abominations devoured stars, and swarms of biotic gods ripped stars apart to wield their dying flames as darts. Truly horrific abominations were created and deployed as they ripped each other to pieces for thousands of years, only ending with the final slaughter of the last pocket of the once nearly omnipotent Leviathans cowering in the depths of ocean worlds.

This was the first Harvest. This was the Catalyst's act of betrayal. And his pawns destroyed entire planetary systems in the blink of an eye.

All you must do is survive for ten years. Ten years facing a galactic holocaust that put every enslaved species to the sword, destroyed all organic civilization up to that point, and you will be just as marked as every other thinking thing.

In compensation, you will receive **+500 CP** to be spent at the end of the jump, the innate ability to blend into the masses whenever you're being sought out by those who would do you harm, and the following Companion.

- **HP Lovecraft's Cat**: No, not that, you're just a bad person for thinking those words. What you have in your hand is, essentially, a fragment of the horror and terror unleashed by the death of so many gods and demons. Taking the form of a small, black kitten, it already has many names. As many names as there are fears. As many names as there are doubts. But you may call it anything you like. It responds best to Nyarlathotep though. Luckily for you, this little being is quite affectionate. Seeing you as its parent and being both loving and loyal. Do be warned, though, that when dealing with Things That Should Not Be those words can be… muddled. Right now it's rather childish and innocent, but, with just a bit (an eternity's worth) of waiting, it'll reach the level of power that the Crawling Chaos itself possessed and, should you help it do so, surpass even that a thousand times over.

End

Go Home: You've had enough. The things you've seen, the things you've done… it's been long enough. Rest, Jumper, you've survived. Keep everything you've earned as your reward.

Stay Here: This is your home now? I suppose the aliens are attractive enough and most of the worlds hospitable enough. There are many, many other places far worse to remain in.

Move On: You've won and earned your victory, too. Now take these gifts and journey on. Your Spark sings and the omniverse calls, take your due Jumper.