

Scenario Supplement

By Pokebrat_J

"I was born 87 years ago. For 65 years I've ruled as Tamriel's emperor, but for all these years, I've never been the ruler of my own dreams. I have seen the gates of Oblivion, beyond which no waking eye may see. Behold, in darkness, a doom sweeps the land. This is the 27th of Last Seed, the year of Akatosh, 433. These are the closing days of the third era, and the final hours of my life."

- Emperor Uriel Septim VII

The end of an era, few adventures are as fantastical as the events transpiring in Cyrodiil, during an event known as the Oblivion Crisis. When the Dragonfires went dark, allowing Oblivion Gates to open all across Tamriel. If you've wanted to take up the mantle of the Hero of this age, yet found the rewards for such a role to be lacking, then this is the supplement for you.

By attaching this Supplement to an Elder Scrolls Jumpchain with the correct requirements, then you'll be taking on the role of the Hero of Kvatch and living out the grand epic that all started in a small cell.

Items you already own can be imported into reward items in order to gain their effects.

Jaws of Oblivion

You can't even remember what you did to earn yourself a place in the Imperial Dungeons, not like it really matters. Wallowing in your misery, while a Dunmer across the hall mocks you, the sound of hurried, armored footsteps can be heard from the stairway. Opening and stepping into your cell is Emperor Uriel Septim himself, along with his Blade bodyguards! Apparently, there was a secret exit hidden within your cell, who would have thought? They will allow you to follow them, while the Emperor seems to take a strange interest in you. Soon though, the Emperor asks you for a favor seconds before an assassin somehow manages to stab him in the back. Deliver the Amulet of Kings to a man named Jauffre, a monk at Weynon Priory.

Events will only escalate from there, as you learn more of the Mythic Dawn, the cult responsible for their assassination if the Emperor, and the goals of their master, the Daedric Prince of Destruction and Revolution, Mehrunes Dagon. I hope you're ready for the troubled times ahead, and the end of an Era.

Rewards:

Because of your actions, you have come to be known as the **Hero of Kvatch**. You are someone who managed to plunge into the Oblivion Gates, to enter the very bowels of Hell, and managed to succeed. When the odds were not in your favor. As such, you now deal ten times more damage to Daedra and other demonic entities.

You have also been granted **Imperial Dragon Armor**, which has historically only been worn by Emperors. This masterfully crafted ebony armor, embedded with jewels and golden filigree, is heavily enchanted. This armor halves the effects of all hostile magic, offers potent elemental resistances, and grants an immunity to poison.

Gifted to you by an extremely thankful member of the Elder Council, the **Ruby Amulet** is a near perfect replica of the Amulet of Kings, at least physically. This necklace will greatly bolster your pool of magicka, as well as granting you troll-like regeneration, capable of rapidly healing from most wounds in a few minutes.

Finally, you have been granted the **White-Gold Tower** in its entirety, a massive tower thought to be a mile high, with all kinds of potent magical defenses. And although it will not contain its multitude of Elder Scrolls in future worlds, nor its original metaphysical properties, you will have two hundred Imperial Guards as your newest followers.

Faction Scenarios:

The following scenarios relate to the various factions you will run into during your time here.

Heist of the Century

It's quite dangerous for a thief to be working alone, but thankfully, there is a… support group of sorts. The Thieves Guild, run by the legendary and mysterious Gray Fox. Whether it's for the thrill or the gold, you have endeavored to become a great thief within this organization. Keep doing jobs, and pilfering as much loot as you can carry, and soon you may even start working directly under the Fox himself!

Rewards:

You have taken up the mantle as the **Gray Fox**, a legendary thief that many aspire to emulate. In addition to being a master thief, capable of picking any lock and taking the clothes off a man's back without their knowledge, but an eye for prices. You can tell just how valuable something is just by looking at it, from a mercantile sense at least.

The **Cowl of Nocturnal** was a cursed artifact that completely erased your identity, turning you into a nameless nobody. The curse has been lifted, though, so you can only benefit from this. While wearing this, others will only see the Gray Fox, with no one making the distinction between your two identities even if you took it off in front of them.

Of course, you'll be needing a secure place to store or sell all of your ill-gotten loot, and the **Imperial Waterfront** will do nicely. A cozy docking district of the Imperial City, it contains the secret guildhall for the Thieves Guild. Within it is numerous storage, a few merchants and fences, as well as fifty thief followers, who give you a regular cut of their profits.



Motherly Love

A murderer are you? That's fine, everyone has the urge from time to time, but few ever act on it. But if you feel like you may be judged poorly for your actions, do not worry, for family often overlooks such quirks. Yes, you will be invited to join the Dark Brotherhood, a guild of assassins who kill in the name of the Dread Father, Sithis. There are rumors of treachery within the ranks, but pay that no heed. Simply obey the tenants and fulfill your contracts, and you'll be paid. Do well enough, and you may end up becoming a finger for a member of the Black Hand.

Rewards:

Upon slaying the traitor, the Night Mother, matriarch of the Dark Brotherhood, will name you as her **Listener**. Not only are your stealth capabilities massively boosted, but you will continue to hear the whispers of your Mother in future worlds. Yes, the Black Sacrament will follow, and your Mother will direct you to who has performed it, so long as they are willing to pay your price. This can be toggled on and off, but why would you ever abandon your Mother like that?

Ever since your first assignment, the **Blade of Woe** has been by your side, drinking deeply the blood of those you've killed. It will constantly drain the health, stamina, and magicka of its target until all that's left is a shriveled-up corpse. Whatever this blade drains will go towards replenishing your own.

Of course, every family needs someplace to call home, a **Sanctuary** where they can feel safe. This Warehouse attachment is just that, a perfect place to relax between jobs and hone Your murderous skills. There will also be fifty assassins who will follow you, killing whoever you direct them towards.



So The Dead May Rest

If anyone wants a proper magical education within Cyrodiil, there are few places better than the Mages Guild. Though it has faced some inner problems due to the new baby on necromancy, it still contains access to a large amount of magical lore that few could match. The Arcane University is barred from the lower ranks, though. In order to correct this, you'll need to get the recommendations of all guild halls from the seven major cities in Cyrodiil. After that, who knows. Maybe you'll prove yourself skilled enough to be one of the higher ranked mages. Unraveling this recent necromantic conspiracy may help in that regard.

Rewards:

You have bested the King of Worms himself, Mannimarco, and have proven yourself to be a worthy **Archmage**. Your pool of magicka has been vastly bolstered, and your arcane mind will allow you to learn and master any and all kinds of magic at a ridiculous rate. You could become an undisputed master of a School of Magic within just a year.

Traditionally granted to the Archmage of Cyrodiil's branch of the guild, the **Staff of the Red Dragon** is an ornate staff, looking to be made of ebony and gold with a red diamond at the top. Not only does it reduce the cost of all spells you channel through this by half, but it makes all spells five times more potent.

Of course, the **Arcane University** will follow its Archmage. In addition to its collection of arcane lore and various facilities, it will be able to teach others magic, even if they come from mundane worlds. You will also see fifty mages agree to become your followers, ready to learn from and research new worlds.



Unfriendly Competition

If you've got a strong sword arm and are looking to make some money, then the Fighter's Guild is probably the best place to go. Warriors and fighters of all walks of life gather under these halls, making their fortune by doing contracts. Yes, this is essentially a mercenary union, but it's one with a code, and doesn't like competition. A rival group known as the Blackwood Mercenary Company has been stealing jobs, and has a reputation for taking on the contracts the Fighter's Guild won't, and will finish them no matter the cost. As you rise up in the ranks, you'll quickly realize that something needs to be done about them, and soon.

Rewards:

No matter what weapons you use, or where your morals lie, you have now been made the **Mercenary Captain** of the largest mercenary company in the province. In addition to being a master of battlefield tactics, able to eke out victories even when up against ten to one odds, but you can quickly learn to use and master any weapon you get your hands on.

Gifted to you after the nasty business with the Blackwood Company, you will be given a **Bearclaw Helm**, dunmeri in origin. Made from the skull of some long-dead beast, the wearer will find their endurance and agility greatly improved, capable of taking hits from a warhammer with no problem. That is assuming the enemy could ever hit you, that is, as you flow around their attacks like a leaf in the wind.

Of course, as the newest guildmaster, you'll need to bring along the **Fighter's Guild HQ** with you. Training here will boost the speed that combat skills improve, and the mailbox will constantly fill up with contracts and requests for your guild to do. It certainly helps when you've got fifty mercenaries as your followers, each one a highly skilled combatant, ready to earn their keep and drinks.



DLC Scenarios:

The following scenarios concern the events of the various downloadable content.

Knights of the Nine

Priests of Dibella slain within their own temple, a Prophet speaking of an approaching doom, Cyrodiil is in need of a Hero to defeat an ancient evil. Should you believe that you have what it takes, speak with the Prophet to begin your pilgrimage. Should you succeed in visiting shrines across all of Cyrodiil, the Ghost of Pelinal Whitestrake himself will appear before you, urging you to collect his artifacts and slay his ancient foe, Umaril the Unfeathered.

Rewards:

You have truly taken up the mantle of the **Divine Crusader**. You have been given blessings from each of the Nine Divines, ones that would ordinarily be bound to the armor, but are now permanent abilities of your own. Additionally, you possess a holy aura that severely weakens any demonic and undead entities, killing them outright if they're weak enough.

For your feats, the **Relics of the Crusader** are yours forevermore. The armor will make you more charismatic and skilled with Restoration, as well as rendering you immune to disease. The sword and mace are wreathed in divine flames that are especially damaging to undead and magic respectively. The shield is especially effective against magic, sending any that hit its surface back at the caster.

The **Priory of the Nine** will follow its Knight Commander into future worlds. It has a chapel containing shrines to each of the Nine Divines, a talented blacksmith, a beautiful garden, as well as being a great home for you and your eight knightley followers. In addition, by activating the graves in the undercroft, you will gain a noticeable boost to one of your attributes, based on which grave you activate.



Shivering Isles

Towards the end of your time here, a strange island with an even stranger doorway will appear in the Niben Bay. Further investigation reveals it to be an Oblivion Gate belonging to Sheogorath, Daedric Prince of Madness, and he's looking for a champion. If you think you've got what it takes, then step through the Gate into the madhouse known as the Shivering Isles, and stop the apocalyptic event known as the Greymarch from tearing this realm asunder.

Rewards:

You have done it, accomplished the impossible, and have taken on the Mantle of the **Daedric Prince of Madness**. You are a godly entity who holds dominion over Madness and Chaos, capable of feats that no mere mortal could ever hope to achieve. And yet, despite the usual circumstances surrounding Mantling, you will still remain yourself, if only a little more 'quirky.'

You can't exactly be a god without some godly gear, so to fix that you've got **Sheogorath's Set**. The finely crafted suit greatly increases your luck, charisma, and speechcraft to ludicrous heights, such that an ordinary mortal could drive almost anyone insane with just a few conversations. The staff is a great focus for your power, improving any spells or abilities channeled through it by a factor of ten.

As if a Prince wouldn't be able to take his Realm along with them. Yes, the **Shivering Isles** will follow you from here on out, within its very own pocket dimension. As if that wasn't enough, you've also got one hundred Mazkin and one hundred Aureal followers, ready to do anything for their sovereign.



Miscellaneous Scenarios:

The following scenarios regard any side content you may run across.

Daedric Champion

The Daedric Princes, some of the most powerful entities in the Elder Scrolls cosmology, are gods compared to the mortal races. And yet, they are barred from entering Mundus, through the pact made with Alessia and the final events of the Oblivion Crisis. So, they must act through mortal agents in order to affect the world on a grander scale. These agents are richly rewarded for their good work, some of the most valuable ones being gifted Daedric Artifacts, artifacts imbued with the very power of the Daedric Princes themselves. To complete this scenario, you must collect fifteen of these artifacts.

Rewards:

So, you have done it, and proven yourself to be a **Daedric Champion** like none other. For such an achievement, it's only fair that you represent what your Princes' domains are. You now possess fifteen abilities, each one based off of a different Prince. Perhaps you will fire beams of Meridia's light, or find yourself with almost unlimited stamina gifted to you by Malacath, or from Sheogorath… well, who knows with him.

After all of the effort put into collecting them, it would be a shame if you couldn't take the **Daedric Artifacts** with you. All of their effects have been boosted tremendously. Azura's Star could hold an unlimited amount of souls within it, while the Sanguine Rose would summon the best Daedra for whatever situation you are in.

And as a final token of appreciation, you now have one hundred **Daedric Summons** as followers that you can call upon at any given moment, without having to use any magicka. Though their exact makeup is largely up to you, there's at least one from each Daedric Prince you've championed.



For The Glory

Behold, one of the greatest centers of entertainment within the Imperial City for those who crave the thrill of battle. Though many will bet on the outcomes of battles, that is not the route you will take. No, you must take part in the Arena itself, becoming one of the gladiators. There, you will fight for the crowd's entertainment, in both duels and group skirmishes. Though common for death to occur in these battles, you can spare your opponents, though most enemies won't offer you the same courtesy. For weeks, you must fight and prevail, rising ever higher in rank and fame until, eventually, you can challenge the Grand Champion of the Arena, the Gray Prince Agronak gro-Malog.

Rewards:

You have defeated all foes that have stood before you, and have risen to the rank of **Grand Champion**. Your skill in battle will be bolstered, the long weeks of grueling combat granting you a sixth sense when it comes to danger. It also helps that your combat style has grown flashier, with no loss of efficiency. Need to entertain your audience, after all.

As is customary for the Grand Champion, you possess your very own **Raiment of Valor**, an enchanted set of gladiatorial armor. Wearing this will heavily boost your charisma, as well as granting you a noticeable improvement to all of your physical capabilities.

You will also be able to take the **Imperial Arena** along with you, to entertain future worlds. It will act as a great source of revenue, attracting the wealthy as well as the glory seekers of all kinds. Should you desire to give the crowds a show they'll never forget, then the arena can create magical duplicates of any enemy you have ever faced, though they are limited to just the arena.



No Place Like Home

Everyone needs a place to call home, somewhere to lay down at night and store all of their hard earned loot. Well, you don't want to live on the road or sleep in inns anymore, you've set your mind to owning your own home. At least one in every major city. But purchasing them isn't enough, as you'll need to fully furnish all eight of these homes. You're the Jumper, and you won't settle for anything less.

Rewards:

By the end of this, you will be a real **Home Owner**, at the expense of your poor, poor wallet. You're talented in all of the things a good homeowner should, like cooking, cleaning, laundry, that sort of thing. Additionally, anyplace you call home will be filled with a warm and inviting aura, becoming a soothing place where all of your worries are washed away.

But what use is a home if you haven't got any food to store within? Sure, you could go to the market, but this is a much better way. This **Endless Larder** will always refill with practically every foodstuff you could ever want, as well as holding a staggering amount of drinks, both alcoholic and not. Never worry about running out of food ever again.

It would be rather stupid if you couldnt bring all of your **Houses** with you. They will become Warehouse attachments, or you could combine them all into an enormous manor fit for someone of your station.



Rebuilding Kvatch

The first place where an Oblivion Gate opened, leaving the entire city as a burning, crumbling shell of what it used to be. But no more. Either by your own initiative or being ordered to do so, you are to direct and oversee the reconstruction of Kvatch. It will be a long and difficult process, needing to make sure to have enough gold to go towards the materials and workers, but it will all be worth it once the city is habitable again.

Rewards:

For your efforts, you have been named the new **Count of Kvatch**. A lofty title, one that improves your skills at leadership and governance, allowing even an idiot to effectively manage an entire county by himself, let alone someone with actual skill.

A symbol of your new rule over Kvatch, this **Signet Ring** is one passed down from Count to Count. In addition to granting its wearer a powerful healing factor, enough to put all trolls to shame, it also offers a stunning amount of magical protection, reducing their effects by half.

It would be quite strange if you couldn't bring **Kvatch** with you, after all of the effort put into rebuilding it. How you rebuilt the city was up to you, be it focusing on returning it to its former glory, redesigning it to be an impenetrable fortress, or focusing on doing it as cheaply and quickly as possible. Regardless of the state of the city, you will receive one hundred city guards as your followers, eager to serve their new Count.



Walking Into Oblivion

All throughout Tamriel, Oblivion Gates are popping up, wreaking havoc on anyone unfortunate enough to be nearby. Except Black March, but they're a special case. Regardless, you will inevitably run into numerous Gates on your travels, so how about a challenge. In order to complete this scenario, you need to enter and close at least twenty-five Oblivion Gates, braving the dangers of the Badlands and their strongholds.

R*ewards:*

You are one of the very few brave enough to **Walk Through Hell**, a feat that very few could match. Due to this, you have become completely immune to heat, such that standing next to lava would feel room temperature to you. It certainly helps that you ignore half of all fire damage, and can even walk on lava like it were solid ground with no side effects. Not even the soles of your feet would be singed.

In honor of your achievement, you will find a **Great Sigil Stone** within your Warehouse. This watermelon sized orb is surprisingly light, and incredibly useful. It can be used to boost the effects of enchantments, making them three times more powerful than before. And though you will only be able to do this once per item, it will be able to do this indefinitely.

Quite a strange find, you will come into possession of your own **Personal Plane**, a minor realm of Oblivion that is suited to your tastes and connected to your Warehouse. It will only be around fifteen square miles, but it will grow over time without end. At least you can design both the landscape, biome, flora and fauna however you wish.



Final Scenario:

Only those who have completed all other scenarios have access to the following.

Long Live The Empire

So, you've actually done it. You've traveled to the highest peaks to the lowest caverns, fought everything from giant rats to Daedric Princes, and have emerged victorious. For completing all other Scenarios, enduring all of their hardships and returning with all of their rewards, there's a special reward for you, someone who has gone above and beyond what anyone ever expected.

Rewards:

You shall be known forever more as the **Champion of Cyrodiil**, an undeniable Hero. Regardless of if you actually trained in it or not, you will retain the ability to utilize the magic found here as a feature of your Body Mod. Even when stripped of absolutely everything, you'll still be able to throw fireballs at your problems.

For conquering all the challenges within its borders and uncovering its numerous secrets, you will be able to take **Cyrodiil** with you in its entirety, attached to your Warehouse within its own pocket dimension. If you want, you can import it into future settings, or combine it with other properties you own. It automatically has all of the other locations you've earned here combined with this and improved them, as well as doubling the amount of followers you've received.



Notes:

-No enchanted items gained here will run out of charge.

-Just follow the general storylines from the games, and you should be able to complete all of the scenarios eventually.

-All followers will have some characters that showed up in-game among their ranks, like Raminus Polus and Tar-Meena for the Mages Guild, or Aurmazl Kaneh for the Aureals.

-If you don't want to complete one of these scenarios yourself, such as the various **[Faction Scenarios]**, then you can instead have one of your Companions do it for you. This will cause them to receive the rewards instead of you, though.

- If you're looking to complete **[Daedric Champion]** by having Companions go through certain Daedric Quests instead of you, so long as all of them are completed it won't matter. Companions will receive the blessings and artifacts of the Princes they became the champions of. The same will apply to you.

-Feel free to fanwank what abilities you get with **[Daedric Champion]**, with the only limit being that they must be related to the Princes in some way. Except for Sheogorath. Get functional butterfly wings or summon sweet rolls from him, I don't care.

-All locations will be scaled up far beyond what was seen in game, with Cyrodiil ranging in size from Texas to all of Europe. Which it actually is will be up to you.

-The pool of Magicka you get from **[Champion of Cyrodiil]** would be 200 in game terms.

-With **[Cyrodiil]**, the **[White-Gold Tower]**, **[Arcane University]**, **[Imperial Waterfront]**, **[Imperial Arena]**, and your **[Homefronts]** will upgrade the entirety of the Imperial City, making it a resplendent metropolis that few, if any, could ever hope to match.

-When in doubt, fanwank.

-Have the day that you deserve~