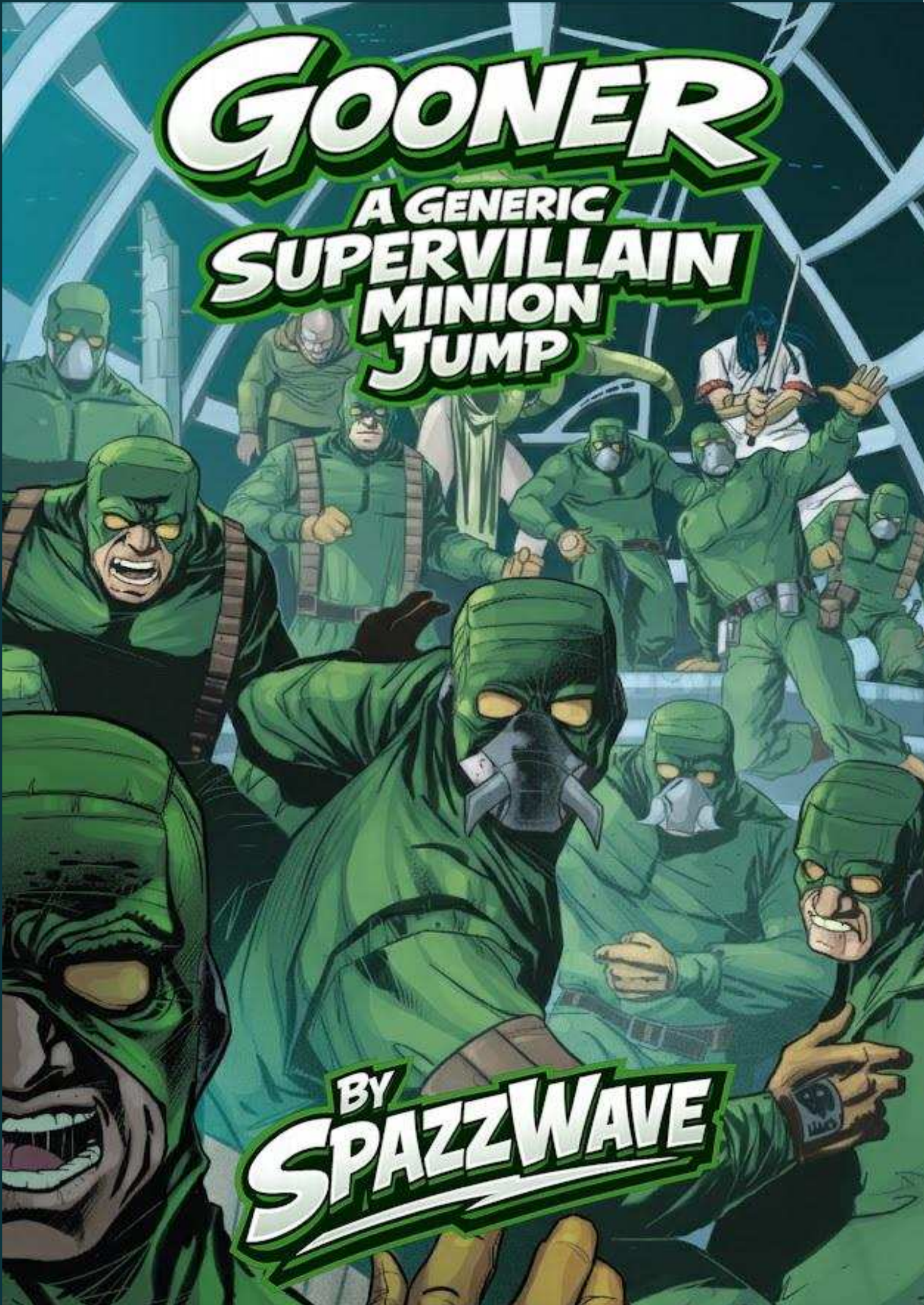

GOONER
A GENERIC
SUPERVILLAIN
MINION
JUMP
BY
SPAZZWAVE

Congratulations! You've been selected for the most thankless, dangerous, and inexplicably appealing career path in the multiverse: **Professional Supervillain Minion**.

Forget being the **hero**. Forget even being the **villain**. You're going to be the guy in the color-coded jumpsuit. The one who stands in formation. The one who gets knocked out by the hero's sidekick while your boss monologues. And you know what? You're going to be **damn good at it.**

Over the next ten years, you'll serve under a new **supervillain** each year of your choice, which means you'll have to choose ten **supervillains** to work for.
Can't decide which **villainous masterminds** deserve your loyal (and likely brief) service? Let fate decide! Simply click here: https://villains.fandom.com/wiki/Special:Random
and discover your new bosses for the year. Will you serve **Doctor Doom?** The **Joker?** Some obscure cartoon **villain** from a show you've never heard of? That's half the fun!

Sure, the dental plan is questionable, and your **boss** might be literally insane, but where else can you work in a volcano fortress one year and a space station the next, all while wearing matching uniforms with hundreds of your closest colleagues? You'll learn valuable skills like knowing when to just run when the **hero** shows up instead of getting your ass kicked, perfecting your menacing stance for maximum intimidation with minimum effort, and the ancient art of looking busy whenever your supervisor walks by.

So grab your faceless helmet, memorize this year's evil organization's motto, take these **1000 MP (Minion Points),** and remember: there's no "I" in "**expendable henchman**."



Perks

You get 4 free **Tier 1 (100) Perks**, 3 discounts for **Tier 2 (200) Perks**, 3 Discounts for **Tier 3 (400) Perks**, and 2 discounts for **Tier 4 (600) Perks**.
You may use higher-tier discounts on lower-tier perks.

I Just Work Here [Free/600 to Keep]

The Marvel and DC universes reboot themselves more often than your boss changes evil schemes, and you're frankly tired of worrying about whether reality will still exist on Tuesday because you didn't choose to start as a **goon** in a street-level **superhero** universe.
You are now protected by the ultimate power: status quo. Multiversal crisis? Not your problem. Timeline getting rewritten? You'll be fine. Universe rebooting for the fifth time this decade? Your employment contract somehow survives. The universe can explode and rebuild itself, but you'll wake up the next day with all your memories intact, your job still available, and a vague sense that something weird happened last night, but honestly, that's just Tuesday in the **superhero** business. Frankly, this is the closest thing you get to job security in comic book universes. This perk can be toggled on and off at the start of any jump in case you want to get caught up in the multiverse-ending nonsense for once.

World Building [Free]

Perhaps you just love the whole "superheroes and supervillains" dynamic, and the thought of going somewhere without it sounds boring. This perk ensures that wherever you end up next, the world will have organized superheroics and supervillainy as established parts of society if you wish to. There will be caped crusaders, dramatic villains with master plans, epic showdowns, and all that a comics fan could wish for. More importantly, there will be minions. Actual henchmen positions with job openings, villain organizations that hire goons, and evil lairs that need guards. You can toggle this on or off on each jump you visit.

Tier 1 Perks

Minion 101 [100]

Congratulations, you can do your job without being a complete disaster! This might not sound impressive until you realize the average **minion** treats "stand here and watch the door" as an insurmountable challenge. You can patrol without falling asleep, operate security equipment without breaking it, shoot a gun without hitting your own teammates, and all other basic skills a goon should have. This doesn't make you special forces material (you're still a **minion** after all), but you're the guard who actually guards, the driver who doesn't crash the getaway car into a lamp post, and the technician who reads the manual before mashing buttons randomly. The only bad news is that your **boss** certainly noticed your competency, which means getting sent to important assignments (and getting your ass beat by someone in spandex).

Severance Package [100]
Your **boss** might get arrested tomorrow. They might die in a hero fight, be banished to another dimension, or just go bankrupt from all those failed schemes. When that happens, most henchmen lose their paychecks and go home with nothing. You don't have that problem. The money you're owed finds you. Every time. Direct deposit goes through despite the organization collapsing, unmarked bills appear in your mailbox when your **employer** dies, and mysterious wire transfers show up when your boss gets erased from existence. The hazard pay is still terrible, and you're definitely not getting a raise, but at least you'll actually receive the money you earned.

Genius Plan, Boss! [100]
Do you know the difference between a **minion** and a good **minion**? A good **minion** knows that their **boss's** galaxy-brain scheme to rob a bank with trained squirrels is absolute genius and says so with a straight face. You're a master at inflating egos, particularly the fragile megalomaniacal kind. You can deliver praise and flattery that sounds completely genuine even when you're complimenting the most insane nonsense imaginable, and this makes any **supervillain** not only not vaporize you but treat you significantly better than the other disposable **minions**. This works on anyone with an ego to stroke, which in the **villain** business is basically everyone.

Minion Meditation [100]
The break room couch is occupied, there's a firefight three rooms over, and you haven't slept in twenty hours. Know what? You're taking a nap anyway. You can fall asleep anywhere, under literally any conditions, and wake up fifteen minutes later fully rested like you just had eight hours in a proper bed. Gunfire? Snoring through it. Alarm klaxons blaring because the hero broke in? You're out cold. Tied to a chair during an interrogation? The **hero** is very confused about why you keep dozing off while they're threatening you. The best part is these power naps always work: fifteen minutes and you're perfectly refreshed, even if you slept through the worst beatdown of your life. If only your **coworkers** had this power.

You Shall Not Pass (Out) [100]
Guard duty requires someone who can stare at an empty hallway for eight hours without losing their mind, and your brain has apparently decided to be excellent at this. You can maintain perfect focus on mind-numbingly boring tasks for as long as necessary without getting bored, losing concentration, or zoning out. Standing motionless, watching a door? Your attention stays sharp. Monitoring security feeds of empty rooms? You'll notice the moment something changes. This doesn't make tedious work interesting or enjoyable (it's still boring as hell), but your mind simply refuses to wander, no matter how soul-crushing the monotony becomes. You can switch this off when you want to daydream or relax, but when it's active, you're the only guard who'll actually spot the hero sneaking in at hour seven of your shift.

I Shot the Sheriff (But Not the Deputy) [100]
Being a known criminal means getting blamed for everything within a fifty-mile radius. Except when you actually didn't do it, people believe you. If you're being accused of a crime you genuinely didn't commit, the accusation just won't stick. The **hero** will believe you even when he knows you're lying about everything, and your boss will trust you even if he suspects everyone of everything. Of course, this doesn't protect you from consequences for things you actually did, and won't convince anyone you're reformed, but you will not be successfully framed or slandered.

Benefits Package [100]

Most **evil organizations** treat **minions** like disposable napkins, but your **employers** are mysteriously not like that! Any job you take comes with benefits that would make normal employees jealous. Basic **mook** work? Full medical and dental (you'll need it). Upgraded to a lab experiment? Hazard pay, life insurance, and an ironclad pension plan. Evil lieutenant? Company car and the corner office with the nice view of the lava pit. You're still expendable in combat (that's in the job description), but at least you're well-compensated expendable. You even get paid vacation days! Sure, you'll probably use them recovering from **hero**-inflicted injuries, but it's the thought that counts.

Teacher's Pet [100]

You know what's rare in the **minion** business? Job security. You know what's rarer? Your boss actually remembering your name. The longer you survive working for a **supervillain**, the more fond of you they become. Start as another faceless **goon**, but after a few weeks of not dying, your boss starts to notice you. After three months, they know your name. After almost a year, you're practically part of the family. This fondness manifests as better assignments, actual consideration for your opinions (sometimes), and protection from the usual "throw **minions** at the problem until it goes away" strategy. Your boss won't make you immune to all danger, but they'll hesitate before using you as bait. They might even give you a bonus!

Occupational Lifting [100]

Half of being a **henchman** is moving heavy objects. Be it death ray components, stolen goods, your boss's ridiculous throne, the giant mechanical spider, somebody has to haul all this stuff around, and that somebody is you. The good news? You're supernaturally good at it. Heavy objects feel lighter in your hands, your grip is stronger, and you experience no injuries from carrying heavy objects. You can carry absurdly heavy crates up three flights of stairs because the evil elevator is broken again, and you'll feel fine the next morning. Of course, **heroes** can still break your ribs and explosions can still maim you, but at least you won't be taken out by poor lifting technique.

Professional Networking [100]

The **villain** community is always hiring, and you've got connections. No matter how many times your boss gets defeated, arrested, or killed, you can always find new **supervillain** employment within a few days. You know people who know people, you've got a reputation in the underworld, and your resume of "survived working for five different **supervillains**" actually makes you more attractive to **employers**. Can you imagine if you had to fill out actual job applications like a normal person? You'd starve.

Don't Shoot The Messenger [100]

Normally, telling your **supervillain boss** that the **hero** escaped, the doomsday device exploded, or the bank vault was empty is a great way to get vaporized on the spot. Not anymore! When you deliver bad news to your **employer**, they won't kill you, fire you, or punish you for it. They might yell, they might throw things near you, they might dramatically curse the heavens, but you personally will walk away unharmed. This doesn't make the **boss** happy about hearing it, and it doesn't protect you if the disaster was actually your fault, but at least you can safely report someone else's failure.

Please, I Have Kids [100]

You have mastered the ancient and sacred art of making heroes feel absolutely terrible about themselves. When you deliver your "I have a family," "this is just a job," or "I'm only doing this because the economy is awful" speech, **heroes** actually stop and listen. Be it your defeated sincerity, your genuine exhaustion with this life, or your very real financial problems, it all comes through in a way that makes even the most righteous **hero** realize they're about to beat up someone who's basically working retail with worse benefits. They'll still arrest you or stop whatever you're doing, but they pull their punches, give you chances to surrender, sometimes even let you "escape" while looking the other way. The really soft-hearted ones will slip you business cards for legitimate employment agencies or community college programs. One **hero** felt so guilty that they paid your bail. This doesn't work on everyone (some **heroes** don't care about your sob story), but enough of them have consciences that you can usually guilt your way into gentler treatment.

Lights Out [100]

Why kill when you can just knock them out? Your attacks now have a "non-lethal" setting that renders targets unconscious instead of dead, which is perfect for when your boss wants prisoners or you don't want murder charges. A solid punch to the jaw? They're out for a few hours. Threw them into a wall? Unconscious, with minimal bruising. Even your guns seem to cooperate, dealing concussive damage instead of lethal wounds when you want them to. Sure, you're still going to lose the fight, but at least you won't be catching murder charges when it goes to trial.

People Person [100]

You're genuinely good at making friends with your fellow **henchmen**, which is rarer than you'd think in an industry built on backstabbing and expendability. You've got that social ease that lets you bond with **coworkers** over terrible cafeteria food, swap stories about crazy bosses, and actually build something resembling workplace camaraderie. Within a week at any new organization, you know everyone's names, their favorite complaints, and which guard shifts are the easiest. And yes, sometimes this even leads to romance, because apparently, some people are insane enough to seek love in a profession with a mortality rate that would make insurance adjusters weep. Your social skills won't save you from getting punched by **heroes** or yelled at by your boss, but they'll make your time as a **minion** significantly less miserable, and that's worth more than you'd think.

Street Goon [100]

You're a Renaissance man of crime, except instead of painting and sculpture, your diverse talents include extortion and doing drugs. You're competent across the entire spectrum of street-level criminal activities: cooking drugs, running protection rackets, laundering money, fencing stolen goods, loan sharking, smuggling, all of it. If it can be considered a street crime, you know how to do it without immediately getting everyone arrested. Better yet, any criminal will instantly recognize your expertise, making sure your skills and judgment are always respected. You've got the credentials, even if they're all illegal.

Academy Graduate [100/200/400]

You actually attended and graduated from a legitimate **minion** academy! These rare institutions train professional **henchmen** in various specializations. Choose one skillset (combat, technology, infiltration, intelligence, logistics, etc.). You're legitimately trained in this field with proper certifications and everything.

For **100 MP**, you have basic professional competency in your chosen field. A combat graduate can shoot straight, move properly, and avoid doing anything blatantly stupid in a fight. A tech specialist can keep things running, fix the usual problems, and generally know what all the buttons do. An infiltration expert understands security systems and knows how to move quietly. You're not exceptional, but you're good enough to be miles ahead of the average **goon** who learned everything from action movies and prayer.

For **200 MP**, you're genuinely skilled in your specialty. Combat graduates can hold their own against trained security forces and use advanced techniques. Tech specialists can reverse-engineer unfamiliar systems, improvise repairs with duct tape and spite, and actually understand the eldritch nonsense the mad scientist boss keeps building. Infiltration experts can bypass security setups that would stall most professionals and disappear from a room so smoothly that people second-guess whether you were ever there. You're the kind of specialist that competent **villains** actively recruit, and **heroes** actually have to try when dealing with you, even if you're still going to lose.

For **400 MP**, you are the best your academy has ever produced (your name is on a plaque somewhere). Combat specialists at this tier can genuinely threaten street-level heroes in a straight fight, not through superpowers but through sheer skill. Tech specialists at this level build things that make actual **supervillains** raise an eyebrow and go "huh, that's clever." Infiltration experts at this tier have walked into **hero** headquarters, stolen files off the main computer, and walked out again while making small talk with the receptionist.

You also get the alumni network, which is honestly almost as valuable as the training. Need a job after your last boss got arrested? Someone knows a guy. Need to disappear for a while? Someone has a safehouse. Need specialized equipment? Someone's cousin runs a supply operation out of a storage unit in New Jersey, and his prices are reasonable if you mention you went to the Academy.

This perk can be bought multiple times, letting you choose a different specialty each time.

THE AMAZING HENCHMAN [100]

There's a certain arachnid-themed **hero** famous for never shutting up during fights, and you've stolen his entire playbook. You have a supernatural talent for quips, banter, and one-liners that get under people's skin. More importantly, you know exactly what to say to make anyone you're fighting absolutely lose their shit, especially those you are fighting at the moment. **Heroes** lose their cool and focus entirely on you instead of your teammates. **Villains** forget about their master plans because they're too busy trying to punch your face in. Even your own **boss** gets distracted from their dramatic monologue because you made a joke about their costume (if you are suicidal enough to do that in the first place). Just remember that making everyone in the fight specifically want to murder you is only a good strategy if you're also good at not getting murdered.

Against All Odds [100]

Workplace romances are complicated enough in normal jobs. In the **villain** business, dating a **coworker** usually ends with one of you betraying the other for a promotion, or your relationship becoming leverage for the boss to exploit, or your **hero** girlfriend arresting you mid-date because duty calls. Not anymore! When you pursue romantic relationships with **coworkers**, fellow **villains**, or even **heroes** you encounter regularly, things actually work out. The relationship survives despite the insane circumstances of your profession: no weird power dynamics, no tactical betrayals, no using the relationship as leverage against each other. Your **villain girlfriend** won't sell you out to save herself when the hero shows up, and your **hero boyfriend** won't use pillow talk to gather intelligence on your organization. Even better, your significant other(s) will not get kidnapped as enemies seem to consistently overlook them as potential leverage. And look on the bright side: if your relationship can survive working for **supervillains**, getting attacked by **heroes**, and the constant threat of death or imprisonment, it can probably survive meeting each other's parents.

Research Assistant [100]

Your **boss** is a genius. You are not. But somehow, you're exactly the kind of help they need. You have a natural talent for the unglamorous but essential work that makes scientific and magical research actually function: data collection, running experiments, cataloging results, and generally keeping the research operation organized and moving forward. What makes you genuinely valuable is what happens when you work alongside other people on research: individually, everyone’s competent but unremarkable, but together with you? One person notices an anomaly, someone asks the right questions, and suddenly the group is producing results that none of them could reach working alone or working together without you. This works in any research context (mad science, magical studies, academic research), and your contribution is always the same: essential, consistent, and deeply difficult to put into a performance review.

Equal Opportunity Employer [100]

Workplace discrimination doesn't apply to you. It doesn't matter your species, gender, appearance, background, or any other factor people normally use to judge others; you will be judged purely on your competence and work performance. Want to work for **Magneto** despite not being a mutant? He'll hire you based on your skills. Work for **Voldemort** despite not being a pureblood, or even worse, being a Muggle? He will seriously evaluate your qualifications, not your lack of blood purity or mystical powers. Of course, the fact that you need a supernatural perk to make discriminatory **employers** treat you like a person probably means you should reconsider working for them in the first place, but jobs are scarce, and rent is due, so here we are.

Someone Needs to do The Taxes, After All. [100]

Masterminds come up with grand schemes. You make sure the organization doesn't collapse while they're busy being dramatic. You're an excellent administrator with a genuine talent for the unglamorous work of actually running large operations. Be it budgets, logistics, personnel management, resource allocation, or scheduling, you handle it all with remarkable competence. But more importantly, you're exceptional at dealing with bureaucracy. You can get things approved that should take months, find loopholes in regulations, and generally make the system work for you instead of against you. With this, you can easily administrate a government agency, manage a corporation, or keep the villain organization functioning despite your boss’s complete disregard for practical concerns. Because after all, villains with grand visions need someone who understands tax law and inventory management, and that someone is you.

Tier 2 Perks

It's Da Bat! [200]

"IT'S DA BAT!" These three words have saved more **minion** lives than any amount of combat training, employee benefits, or workplace safety seminars combined. When one person in your group spots danger (a **hero**, an intruder, literally anything threatening), everyone else immediately knows about it. Someone sees **Batman** in the rafters? The whole crew knows instantly. Jenkins gets grabbed from behind? His sudden silence triggers alarm bells instead of everyone assuming he's taking an unauthorized bathroom break. The perk makes the information transfer instantaneous and instinctive, which means a lot of **heroes** are going to have to seriously rethink their approach now that you destroyed their main strategy. Tough luck.



Crouching Minion, Hidden Disappointment [200]

You've mastered the ancient and respected art of **ninjutsu!** By which I mean you can do a backflip, throw a smoke bomb, and wear all black without looking ridiculous. You have genuine **ninja** mobility: wall climbing, ceiling walking, backflips, and parkour that actually works. You can disappear in clouds of smoke (and genuinely escape while people are blind, not just run away obviously), stick to surfaces indefinitely, and move silently across any terrain. You can also maintain travel speeds comparable to a sports car when moving across the city with rooftop running, wall jumping, and parkour. This is strictly travel speed, not combat speed, so you can't dodge bullets or fight at that velocity, but you can commute across town by hopping buildings and never pay for gas or deal with traffic again. The downside is that maintaining that kind of speed is exhausting, so you'll arrive at your destination slightly winded and definitely sweaty.

Following Orders [200]

Turns out being really, really good at doing what you're told can become a superpower if you commit to it hard enough. When someone with authority over you gives you a direct order, you complete it at ten times normal speed. Your **boss** tells you to clean the lab? You're done in six minutes flat, moving like a caffeinated maniac. Ordered to construct the orbital death platform? You can do the work of ten men by yourself with no problems. Of course, when your **boss** discovers how good you are, he's probably going to only hire you instead of ten other people, and not give you a bonus. Why hire ten **minions** when one hyperefficient sucker can do it all?

Work-Life Balance [200]

Your kid has a soccer game Saturday, your anniversary is next week, and your boss just scheduled world domination for both days. This is normally where you'd have to choose between disappointing your family or disappointing your evil **employer** (and ending up in the shark tank). Except you don't! The universe has decided you deserve actual work-life balance. Your patrol schedule mysteriously has gaps for the soccer game. The **hero** invasion happens after the anniversary dinner. Your boss's doomsday countdown gives you just enough time to tuck the kids into bed first. It's like reality itself has unionized on your behalf, ensuring that **villainy** stays a job instead of becoming your entire existence. You're probably the only minion in history who's never had to choose between a paycheck and actually showing up for the people who matter.

Beefcake Enforcer [200]

Sometimes a **villain** needs muscle, not **ninjas**. You can now switch between your normal appearance and an intimidating enforcer mode where you gain an extra foot of height, bulging muscles, and a presence that makes people reconsider their life choices. Your voice drops an octave, your knuckles crack ominously, and even heroes think twice before starting a fight. You're not actually stronger in this form (that would require a different perk), but you certainly look like you could bench press a car. This is excellent for intimidation, looking impressive in your boss's entourage, and making **heroes** waste their best attacks on you instead of the actually dangerous minions. The transformation is voluntary, and you can switch back when it's time to blend into a crowd or fit through normal doorways.

OSHA Violation [200]

Your **boss's** lair has fifteen different ways to accidentally kill you and exactly zero safety railings. Normal minions discover this by dying. You discover this by feeling a sudden urge not to stand there. You have a supernatural sense of danger for environmental hazards. Unstable flooring? You know before you step on it. That pipe is about to burst with acid? You're already backing away. The chandelier that's definitely going to fall? You're not standing under it. This might not help with superheroes or your **boss's** temper, but for surviving the death trap your own organization calls "headquarters"? It's invaluable. Just make sure you don't waste time explaining why you're avoiding certain areas: your **coworkers** will call you paranoid right up until the floor collapses exactly where you said it would, then they'll call you lucky instead of admitting you were right.

Business Hours [200]

Turns out **heroes** have day jobs, and you benefit from it immensely. **Spider-Man's** in school until 3 pm. **Superman's** got reporter deadlines. **Batman** has board meetings he actually attends. **Wonder Woman** has museum duties. Whatever their civilian identity does, they're doing it, which means they're not stopping your heists during those hours. You've got guaranteed windows of time where heroes simply won't show up because they're busy being normal people. You can rob a bank at 2 pm on a Thursday with zero hero interference because they're all at work or school. Of course, this doesn't mean you're safe from police, **rival villains**, or local **vigilantes** who don't have day jobs, and it doesn't tell you exactly when each **hero** is busy. But once you know when they're occupied? That time is yours.

The Best Laid Plans… [200]

You're resourceful in that special **minion** way where you're not smart enough to avoid danger, but you're clever enough to weasel out of it. Forgot your security keycard? You'll convince the guard that you left it in your other uniform. Cornered by the **hero**? You'll spot the convenient escape route through the ventilation system. Mission going sideways? You'll come up with a plan that's just barely good enough to work, probably. You can MacGyver solutions out of whatever's lying around, talk your way out of situations that should end with you arrested, and generally stumble into survival through a combination of quick thinking and dumb luck. Your plans are held together with duct tape and prayer, but somehow that's been enough to keep you alive this long.

Speed Learning [200]

Give a normal person a job guarding a secret laboratory or operating the doomsday device control panel, and they'll need weeks of training. Give you the same job, and you'll have it down in a few hours. It's not that you're particularly smart (you're still a **minion**, after all), but you have an absolutely supernatural ability to learn minion-specific skills at breakneck speed. Operating incomprehensible alien technology? You'll figure out the important buttons by lunch. Guard patrol routes through a labyrinthine base? Memorized by the end of your first shift. The weird ritual chant your dark sorcerer boss needs performed every third Tuesday? You learned it phonetically in twenty minutes, and you don't even know what language it is. This doesn't make you a genius or give you a broader education; you still can't do calculus, and you're fuzzy on world geography, but if it's a task a **henchman** might need to perform, your brain just absorbs it like a sponge. It's a shame this ability only works for things that'll probably get you killed.

Professional Courtesy [200]

Heroes hit hard when they're fighting **supervillains**, but most of them feel kind of bad about pulverizing some regular guy who's just trying to make rent. When you fight against heroes, **vigilantes**, or **antiheroes**, they instinctively pull their punches. Not enough to let you win, but enough that you're getting knocked unconscious instead of having your spine shattered. The hero who could punch through concrete walls will instead give you a solid hit that puts you down without putting you in the hospital for six months. They're still doing their job, and you're still losing the fight, but you'll wake up with bruises instead of compound fractures. This seems to work because you're seen as some poor bastard who works for the real threat, and it obviously doesn't matter if you're genuinely trying to kill them. But for standard henchman duties? You're getting the non-lethal treatment.

Off The Clock [200]

Heroes who track minions back to their homes and "visit" them off-duty are crossing a serious line. Fortunately, you're protected from that particular nightmare. You cannot be tracked, followed, or located when you're not actively on the job. **Heroes**, **vigilantes**, and anyone else trying to find your home address, identify your civilian life, or ambush you during your off hours will fail. Surveillance loses you, tracking devices malfunction, and even supernatural methods of location come up empty when you've clocked out. Thanks to this, you can actually have a personal life without worrying about some **Punisher**-type waiting in your living room when you get back from the grocery store.

Small Mercies [200]

You're not lucky. Lucky people don't become henchmen. But something out there finds you amusing and keeps throwing you bones. The **hero** attacks five minutes after your shift ends. You get assigned to guard the decoy briefcase. The cafeteria runs out of mystery meat right before your turn, so you get an actual sandwich. You find a twenty in your old jacket when rent is due. The boss vaporizes the guy standing next to you. Your patrol route conveniently avoids the corridor where the ceiling collapses. Nothing dramatic, nothing anyone would notice, just a constant stream of tiny pathetic little victories that somehow keep you alive, fed, and mildly annoyed instead of dead. This won't stop a bullet with your name on it, but it will make sure you're off duty when the shooting starts.

Learn From Their Failures [200]

You've watched a lot of **minions** die doing stupid things, and you're determined not to join them in the "Darwin Award Nominees" section of the employee memorial wall. Whenever another **mook** makes a mistake (like forgetting equipment, operating technology incorrectly, or falling asleep on duty), you instantly learn the lesson without having to suffer the consequences. Bob got electrocuted touching the glowing red button? You now know never to touch the glowing red button. Jenkins got fired for bringing his phone into the secure area? Your phone stays in your locker. This even applies to combat situations, like learning how to maintain proper spacing after three guys got their asses beat for standing too close together. Between this and your health insurance, you might actually survive long enough to see retirement.

Cassandra Complex [200]

"**Boss**, the **hero's** girlfriend is obviously a sp-" "SILENCE! My plan is FLAWLESS!" It never is. You have developed a supernatural ability to correctly identify fatal flaws in your **employer's** schemes before they blow up in everyone's faces. That new recruit? Definitely an undercover **hero**. The loyal lieutenant? Embezzling funds. The doomsday device? Has a critical design flaw. The "abandoned" warehouse? Obviously a trap. Your instincts are eerily accurate, your pattern recognition is flawless, and you can spot problems that everyone else completely misses.
The perk makes you right. It does not make you convincing. Whether your **boss** actually listens to you depends entirely on your own persuasion skills, your relationship with them, and how much they value input from **minions**. Some **villains** might take your warnings seriously if you've built up credibility. Others will vaporize you for questioning their genius. The upside is that you always know when things are about to go catastrophically wrong, which means you can prepare, position yourself safely, or just be conveniently absent when the trap springs. You might not be able to save your boss from their own stupidity, but you can definitely save yourself.

Meanwhile, At The Legion of Doom [200]

You can feel when the important people are doing important things. **Villains** forming an alliance to conquer the world? You feel it. **Heroes** doing a training montage to prepare for the final battle? You sense it happening. Your boss and their **nemesis** about to have their climactic showdown? You know it's going down right now. This works for any significant plot-relevant event involving the major players in your world. Better yet, this sense extends exactly one day forward. You can tell if something big is happening right now OR if it's scheduled for tomorrow. And why would a **minion** see value in this perk? Because **heroes** and **villains** are too busy with their big fight, they will not be paying attention to you. Excellent time to commit a crime without **heroic** interruption or just calling sick without anybody important noticing. Just make sure you're not actually supposed to be at the big fight, because finding out you were supposed to be there while you're at home watching TV is a great way to get fired.

Tier 3 Perks



That's Above My Pay Grade [400]

There's a giant monster rampaging through the base. The boss wants someone to go stop it. Everyone is looking at the floor, hoping they don't get volunteered. Except you just say it out loud: **"That's above my pay grade."** And then you leave. And nobody stops you. You can now opt out of any situation that clearly exceeds what a reasonable **minion** should handle, and everyone (even your **homicidal supervillain boss**) will just accept it. Giant robot destroying the facility? Above your pay grade. Boss wants you to personally fight the hero who benchpresses trains? Above your pay grade, obviously. Interdimensional portal threatening to consume reality? Way above your pay grade, not even your department. You can walk away from suicide missions with complete immunity, while your **coworkers** get voluntold to go fight threats they have zero chance against. They absolutely despise you for this, but they can't argue with the logic because deep down, everyone knows fighting **Godzilla** is not in the standard **henchman** job description.

Mook Shield [400]

There's safety in numbers, and you've mastered the art of being the **minion** who survives. When you're part of a group of similar people **(mooks, henchmen, soldiers, guards),** you have supernatural luck at evading death and injury. **Heroes** will target your companions instead of you, their most dangerous attacks will somehow miss you, and you'll even trip at exactly the right moment to avoid the energy blast that vaporizes three guys behind you. Of course, this protection evaporates once your group is defeated, unconscious, or dead (a single **minion** has no **mook** shield after all). Post-jump, this applies to any group identity you share (like being part of the civilians in a disaster or a scientist in a lab).

Conservation of Ninjutsu [400]

There's nothing worse than watching a group of **minions** waiting their turn to get beaten one by one by some hero with martial arts skills. Not anymore! When you're working with a group, you all move with surprising coordination, attacking together, covering each other's blind spots, and actually using basic tactics instead of running at the **hero** single-file. Your group will flank properly, set up combination attacks, and make those pesky **heroes** actually work for their victory. And the best of all? This gets stronger the more **minions** you have: ten **henchmen** fight like a professional squad, fifty fight like a small army, and a hundred become a genuine tactical nightmare. You'll still probably lose, but now the **hero** will actually remember the fight instead of forgetting you existed five minutes later.

Only a Jumper Could be so Precise [400]

You have perfect, supernatural aim with any firearm as long as you're shooting at anything that isn't a person. Ropes? Severed from a hundred yards. Chandeliers? Dropped exactly where you want them. Control panels, security cameras, door locks, and even a gun in the hand of a person? You never miss. Sure, this is worthless against actual people, but when your **boss** has secret reasons to not kill the **hero** (he's my son, my former partner, my destined **rival**, it's complicated), you're suddenly the most valuable **minion** on the payroll. Just try not to laugh when your **boss** praises your "tactical restraint and precision" instead of realizing you literally can't hit people even if you wanted to.

I'm at Your Side, Trust Me! [400]

Working as a **minion** means your employment situation can change dramatically and without warning: Monday you're loyal to **Dr. Doom**, Tuesday there's a hostile takeover and now you work for his evil twin, Wednesday a **hero** hypnotizes you to be "good," Thursday a psychic takes control of your mind, and Friday you're trying to remember which of your four current bosses you're supposed to be taking orders from today. It's exhausting, and normally, all these people would suspect you're playing multiple sides. Except they don't! You have a supernatural talent for convincing anyone who has power over you that you're completely, totally, 100% loyal to them specifically. The hypnotist is certain their commands have completely overwritten your personality. The mind controller thinks you're their faithful puppet. Your new **boss** after the hostile takeover sees you as their most trustworthy employee. The **hero** who "redeemed" you believes you've genuinely seen the light and definitely aren't leading them into an obvious trap right now.
They're all wrong, of course. Your true loyalties are whatever you decide them to be, and you can maintain this performance indefinitely until the dramatic reveal, where everyone acts shocked that you betrayed them despite all the warning signs. You're either the perfect double agent or working so many angles you've forgotten which side you're actually on. Either way, nobody suspects a thing until you want them to.

Red Herrings [400]

Nothing ruins a **villain's** evil scheme faster than a **hero** who actually knows where to look, and your boss is tired of operations getting busted because some detective followed the evidence straight to the hideout. Time to make their job harder. You can now plant false evidence that sends **heroes** careening off in completely wrong directions. Need to make it look like your boss is hiding in the old warehouse district? Leave behind some suspiciously convenient clues and watch the **heroes** waste a week staking out abandoned buildings. Want to frame that **rival villain** your boss hates? A few planted documents and suddenly they're the ones getting their door kicked in at 3 AM. The beautiful part is your false leads don't need to be clever or sophisticated: you could literally leave a business card saying "EVIL HIDEOUT - 123 FAKE STREET", and **heroes** will spend two weeks analyzing it for secret codes, convinced it's too obvious to be real, therefore it must be a triple-bluff, or wait maybe a quadruple-bluff… And the great part of all of this? Your **boss** now considers you essential for every major operation, which means you're finally too valuable to use as bait when the **heroes** show up.

Jumper X Project [400]

They strapped you to a table and injected you with something that glows ominously. Normally, this is where test subjects sprout extra heads, go violently insane, or develop an unfortunate craving for human brains. Instead, you just get superpowers! Whatever enhancement procedure you undergo (experimental serums, cybernetic upgrades, genetic modification, mystical rituals, suspicious radiation exposure), you get only the intended benefits without the nasty side effects. Super strength without the uncontrollable rage? Check. Telepathy without the voices demanding blood? Absolutely. Regeneration without tumors? You're living the dream. You're the one success story in a lab full of cautionary tales, which means you're proof that the boss's science works and definitely not just incredibly lucky. Either way, you're keeping the laser eyes and getting a raise.

Professional Coward [400]

Some **henchmen** stand and fight. You run, and you're exceptionally good at it. Whenever you enter a location, you automatically understand how to escape from it: you sense every exit, every route, and every place you could hide if things go bad. This also extends to people, letting you sense when **heroes** are closing in, when your **boss** is looking for someone to execute, or when it's time to be somewhere else immediately. The actual running and hiding is still on you, but you'll never be caught somewhere without knowing three different ways out, and you'll rarely be surprised by someone hunting you down.

Mr. Nobody [400]

You could be a 2.30m alien with three eyes and purple skin, have superpowers that would make most heroes jealous, or even be a genius inventor or trained assassin. It doesn't matter. The moment you put on a minion mask (any mask, actually), you become utterly, completely, unremarkably ordinary. **Heroes** don't see a threat. Telepaths don't sense anything unusual. Your own boss barely notices you're different from the other dozen identically dressed **henchmen** standing around. It's like the mask creates a perception filter that makes everyone's brain slide right past anything interesting about you. This is fantastic for staying under the radar, avoiding scrutiny, and generally being underestimated. It's less fantastic for your ego, since you could be the most talented person in the room, and everyone will still treat you like **Henchman #7**. But that's an acceptable trade-off.

Danger Grades On A Curve [400]

Most people learn slower when they're terrified. You? You learn faster. The more dangerous the situation, the quicker you pick up whatever skills you need to survive it. Working a quiet guard shift at a low-security warehouse? You'll learn at normal speed. Getting shot at while defending your boss from a hero assault? Suddenly, you're picking up combat tactics, evasion techniques, and threat assessment like you're downloading them directly into your brain. By your third shootout, you're competent. By your tenth, you're actually kind of good at this. The downside is that you only level up when things are actively trying to kill you, which means your professional development comes with a significant risk of actual death. But hey, at least you're learning!

Revolving Door [400]

Getting arrested is part of the job description. The thing is, you never stay arrested for long. Every time you end up behind bars, someone will organize a breakout specifically to spring you, be it your old crew, **your current boss**, some **random villain** who needs your skills, or, once, a guy who just felt bad for you. It might take weeks or months, but it's happening with absolute certainty. At this point, you've just accepted that jail is a temporary inconvenience between jobs, like a really boring vacation you didn't ask for.

Lovable Scamp [400]

You've committed arson, multiple armed robberies, and participated in at least three separate acts of terrorism. Somehow, everyone treats you like the lovable comic relief character. People just kind of... forget that you're actually a dangerous **villain** who's done terrible things. The **hero** whose headquarters you burned down last month will stop mid-fight to ask if you're doing okay and suggest you look into community college. Civilians you've robbed at gunpoint wave at you on the street. This doesn't make you immune to arrest, but the moral outrage that should accompany your crimes just... doesn't happen. You get lighter sentences, gentler treatment, and people genuinely rooting for you to turn your life around despite your extensive record of violence and property damage. It's honestly kind of disturbing how much you can get away with just by being charming and funny about it, but you're not complaining.

Rent-A-Goon [400]

Got jumped and need backup? Building a secret base and can't do it all by yourself? You can now summon a crew of **minions** when you need them to help with any task. They'll show up ready to work, follow your orders without asking stupid questions, and handle whatever job you've called them for. Be security guard duty, manual labor, moving heavy equipment, providing extra bodies for a fight, they're competent enough to get it done without screwing up. When the work is finished, they collect their pay and leave. You need to pay them each time you summon them (standard minion rates apply; thankfully, your **boss** probably has petty cash), and you can only call them three times per day. The summoned crew also adapts to your current situation: they'll have appropriate uniforms, basic gear, and enough training to be useful without being exceptional. You start by summoning five **minions** per call, but with practice, you can increase this number significantly. Just remember that more **minions** means higher payroll costs, and explaining mysterious budget expenditures to your **boss** can get awkward.

Captive Audience [400]

Getting captured is an occupational hazard when you're a **henchman**. Getting captured by someone attractive? That's an opportunity. Whenever you're taken prisoner by someone you find attractive (**hero**, **rival villain**, **vigilante**, **whatever**), they'll develop genuine romantic feelings for you over time. Not instantly, and not in a mind control way, but there's something about interrogating you, keeping you locked up, or foiling your escape attempts that makes them actually like you as a person. Maybe it's your witty banter or the way you're polite even while handcuffed, who knows. This doesn't make them stupid about their job (they'll still arrest you) or guarantee they'll help you escape (though it's happened), but you're definitely getting visits, better cell conditions, and possibly dinner dates between prison breaks.

Dr. Dolittle [400]

Your **boss** keeps a techno-organic murder machine that eats three henchmen a week and needs to be fed live prey through a reinforced chute. Somehow, you can just walk up to it and scratch behind its cybernetic ears. All animals and monsters simply don't treat you as a threat or a snack. Guard dogs let you pass, mutant attack sharks ignore you, the genetically engineered death beast allows you to clean its enclosure, and even mythological beasts seem weirdly okay with your presence. This works on generally any animal or creature, especially the ones your **villainous employer** keeps around. Just remember: this doesn't give you control over them or make them obey your commands; they just won't attack you and will tolerate you helping them.

Bounce Back [400]

Getting beaten up by **heroes** is part of the job description. Staying beaten up doesn't have to be. Your body heals significantly faster than normal and refuses to sustain permanent damage from workplace injuries. Broken bones mend in days instead of months, concussions clear up overnight, and that dislocated shoulder from when the **hero** threw you through a wall? Back to normal by next week. It's the closest thing to a superpower you're ever going to get (probably, you never know), and honestly, it's the only one that matters in this job.

A Wooden Gun [400]

Heroes have one major advantage: they're usually stronger, faster, and better equipped than you. The thing is, they tend to rely on the same tricks repeatedly. After encountering an enemy once, you rapidly develop adaptations to counter their strengths based on your own skillset. Fought a speedster who kept disarming you? If you're tactically minded, you'll devise tripwires and obstacles. If you're a gadgeteer, you'll suddenly have inspiration for equipment that tracks fast movement. If you're a martial artist, you'll develop a new technique specifically for fighting opponents faster than you. The adaptations develop automatically over a few hours after an encounter, tailored to whatever skills and abilities you actually possess. This also compounds over multiple encounters with the same opponent: fight someone five times, and you'll have an entire arsenal of personalized counters built around your specialty. The catch is you need to survive the first fight to develop anything for the second one, which is significantly harder than it sounds when your opponent can punch through steel.

Master Builder [400]

How do you think **supervillains** build their secret bases and volcano lairs? Magic? Government grants? No, someone actually has to construct those things, and that someone is you. You have complete knowledge of architecture, engineering, and construction, plus all the practical skills needed to turn "I want a skull-shaped fortress inside an active volcano" into something that won't immediately kill everyone inside. But what really makes the difference is your supernatural ability to manage construction crews. When directing other **minions** on a building project, work speed increases exponentially based on crew size: two workers complete tasks twice as fast, but ten workers finish twenty times faster, and a hundred-strong crew can build in weeks what should take years. This doesn't give you free materials or infinite workers, and you still need actual resources and manpower to build anything. But once you have those? You can turn a napkin sketch of a moon base into a functional evil lair before your **boss** finishes explaining why they need a moon base in the first place.

Gimmick Engineer [400]

Most criminals use normal guns and regular getaway cars like boring people. You can create novelty weapons and specialty equipment that are simultaneously ridiculous and genuinely effective. Umbrella guns, flower lapels that spray acid, explosive rubber ducks, playing card throwing weapons, freeze rays disguised as ice cream trucks, cars shaped like your boss's gimmick, and much more. If it's theatrical, impractical, and thematically appropriate, you can build it. This works for any theme or aesthetic your boss is committed to: if they're obsessed with birds, you can make bird-themed weapons. If they're all about riddles, you can craft puzzle-based gadgets. At least look on the bright side: you have legitimate engineering skills, and you're using them to build a car shaped like a clown. Your professors would be so proud.

Minion Maker [400]

Some people have a gift for inspiring loyalty. You have a gift for convincing people that working for a supervillain is a legitimate career choice. You can easily recruit new henchmen from virtually any population: desperate people looking for work, criminals wanting structure, or just regular folks who think "guard duty at an evil lair" sounds more interesting than their current job. Your pitch works, your offer sounds reasonable, and people actually sign up instead of calling the cops. Better yet, once you've recruited them, you can train these people in days what would normally take months. You can take a civilian and make them competent at basic minion duty in less than a week, or take someone with existing skills to be a professional henchman in a few days of intensive training. You're not creating elite soldiers or master criminals, but you can produce competent, reliable minions for any supervillain.

Supply Chain Sorcery [400]

Your **boss** needs a rare black market weapon by Tuesday, an extinct animal by Thursday, and a discontinued soda from 1987 because it's the only thing that pairs with their specific brand of megalomania. This would normally be impossible, illegal, and involve at least three international incidents. Fortunately, you handle logistics. As long as you have a budget, you can acquire literally anything. Experimental technology that doesn't officially exist? You know a guy. Authentic ancient artifacts? Give you three days. Need a live dinosaur? You'll make some calls. The limitations are simple: the item has to actually exist somewhere (you can't conjure things from thin air), you need actual resources to work with (money, leverage, or **minions** who can steal), and the rarer or more illegal the item, the longer it takes and the more it costs. Good thing your **boss** has unlimited funding and doesn't ask questions, because explaining how you got half this stuff would probably get you both arrested.

It Works For Me [400]

Being a minion means handling a lot of equipment you have no business touching. Be it your boss's experimental gadgets, confiscated artifacts from defeated heroes, or ancient relics the organization acquired through morally questionable means, the life of a henchman involves a surprising amount of interaction with things that could vaporize you, corrupt your soul, or simply decide you're unworthy and express that displeasure in creative and painful ways. The interesting part is that everything you pick up just works. The holy sword doesn't object to your employment history. The power ring skips the worthiness interview. The space rock that gives incredible powers while slowly killing anyone who touches it gives you the powers and quietly reduces the "killing you" part to a more manageable level. Be it technology, magic, cosmic artifacts, or anything else, as long as you are holding it, it accepts you as a user without complaint. The downside is that this perk does nothing to help you acquire these items in the first place (that Asgardian hammer isn't going to fly into your hand just because you'd be able to lift it), but who knows? Evil organizations acquire a lot of powerful items, and inventory systems run by henchmen are notoriously prone to… clerical errors. Who's to say whether the vault contains twelve power rings or eleven?

Supervillain DRM [400]

Your boss has unique technology and magic that nobody else can replicate, and you're a big part of why. Anything you build, modify, or help create becomes a black box: other people fundamentally cannot understand how it works, even if they have it in their hands and take it apart piece by piece.

This works on both mundane technology and supernatural effects. Build a freeze ray? Scientists can examine every component and still can't figure out the underlying principles. Help your boss enchant an artifact? Other wizards can study it for years without understanding the spell structure. The device or effect functions perfectly, but the "how" and "why" remain completely opaque to everyone except you and whoever you made it with. Your work stays proprietary forever, which is either valuable intellectual property protection or the world's most passive-aggressive form of job security.

He Made This in a Cave, With a Box of Scraps! [400]

It may not look like it, but supervillains are at the forefront of the science of reverse engineering, always seeking to copy the works of the best superhero geniuses. Every captured gadget gets dissected, every confiscated weapon gets analyzed, and as one of the minion researchers handling this work, you're exceptionally talented at it. Give you five minutes with any piece of technology or magical artifact, and you'll intuitively understand how it works. More importantly, you can reverse engineer what you've studied way faster than anyone else, taking days to copy what would take months for others. With this, you can turn any captured equipment into mass-produced villain gear, and it works for technology, magic, or anything in between. Just remember, you need whatever you are reverse-engineering on your hands, so you'd better hope your organization is good at stealing things.

Trusted Confidant [400]

Most **henchmen** are treated like furniture: present but not really considered people worth talking to. You're different. **Villains** open up to you. They confide their plans, share their insecurities, explain their motivations, and generally treat you like someone whose opinion matters. Your boss will monologue at you about their tragic backstory, explain why they're really doing this whole "conquer the world" thing, and ask if you think their master plan sounds reasonable. The downside is that being the emotional support henchman for unstable supervillains is exhausting. You know way too much about your **boss's** childhood trauma, their **rivalry** with that one **hero**, and why they're really building the doomsday device (spoiler: it's usually daddy issues). You've somehow become a combination of trusted advisor, confidant, and unpaid therapist, which would be flattering if it didn't come with hearing about your **employer's** feelings at 3 AM.



Tier 4 Perks



The Manual Is In Crayon [600]

Your **boss** is a supergenius who can build a weather control satellite in their sleep. You are not. Fortunately, you don't need to be! You can maintain, repair, and operate any technology with minimal training, even if you have no idea why it works. The doomsday device is sparking ominously? You can fix it with a wrench and some duct tape. The giant robot needs calibration? You'll have it running smoothly by lunch. This doesn't give you an understanding of the underlying principles (you couldn't explain why hitting it with a hammer fixes the temporal oscillator), but your hands know what to do. Thanks to this, you can form a beautiful symbiotic relationship with your **boss** where they get to be a genius, and you get to be employed. Just don't let them quiz you on how anything actually works, because "I just know where to hit it" isn't a technical explanation they want to hear.

Seize The Means [600]

Most minions dream of overthrowing their **boss** and taking over the organization. You can actually pull it off. When you and your fellow workers decide to stage a coup and seize control, the operation goes surprisingly smoothly. You know how to organize the conspiracy, identify loyalists versus potential defectors, secure the critical infrastructure, and transition power without the whole organization collapsing. Sure, this doesn't guarantee success against a prepared and powerful **boss**, but it gives you and your co-conspirators a genuine shot at pulling off what's normally a suicide mission. And once you've successfully taken over? You have the organizational skills to actually run the operation instead of watching it fall apart immediately. This works for any type of revolution, so if you want to leave the **henchmen** business and try a career at union organizing, political activism, or corporate hostile takeovers, you'll find your skills transfer remarkably well. Turns out "organizing workers to overthrow management" is a marketable skill in multiple industries, who knew?

The Minion's Minion [600]

You brought donuts to one staff meeting and accidentally started a cult. **Minions** are now loyal to you with an intensity that borders on alarming. Not because you're threatening or scary, but because you did the bare minimum of treating them like humans (which apparently is so rare it inspires fanatic devotion). They will follow your orders without question, volunteer for backup without being asked, and even take bullets meant for you if needed. This works on any **henchmen** you regularly interact with: they develop genuine loyalty to you personally rather than the organization or the actual boss. You can rally support, organize collective action, or build your own power base within any villainous organization just by being marginally less terrible than management. The terrifying part is realizing that basic human decency is such a rare commodity in this industry that it functions as a superpower.

Next In Line [600]

Evil organizations don't have HR departments or succession plans. Except apparently they do, and you're somehow on it. When your immediate superior dies, gets arrested, retires, or otherwise vacates their position, you automatically get promoted into it. Not because you're qualified (you're definitely not), not because anyone voted for you, just because the universe has decided you're next. Your supervisor gets vaporized by a **hero**? You're management now, here's their parking spot and their incomplete evil schemes. Department head gets banished to another dimension? Congratulations, you run the department and inherit their unfinished coffee. This keeps going up the chain: if everyone above you is eliminated and your **boss** dies, you inherit everything. The doomsday device, the secret base, the Swiss bank accounts, the moon laser, all of it. Of course, this doesn't make you competent or give you leadership skills, but apparently, "still breathing" is the only qualification that matters.



Trickle-Down Supervillainy [600]

Work for a **villain** long enough, and you start picking up their traits. Not immediately, and not dramatically, but gradually, like corporate osmosis. Spend a year working for a pyromancer, and you might find yourself unusually comfortable around fire. Work for an evil genius, and you'll notice you're slightly smarter. The effect scales with time and rank: Low-level mooks get a trickle (5%), lieutenants get a stream (10%), and if you somehow claw your way to second-in-command, you might get a legitimate fraction (20%) of your **boss's** power. You need to work for at least a year to gain something from your boss. Stack this with actually climbing the corporate ladder, and you could go from **"generic henchman with no skills"** to **"genuinely threatening lieutenant with knock-off superpowers"** over the course of a few years.

I'm Late for my Son's Soccer Game [600]

Sometimes you need to disappear. The **hero** destroyed the base, your **boss** is in jail, and you really don't want to explain your employment history to the authorities. Perfect time for a completely legitimate background that has nothing to do with villainy. Once per year, you can create an ordinary background for yourself, inserting yourself and your history seamlessly into the world. High school championships, a quiet suburban life with two kids and a spouse, fifteen years as an accountant - anything you want, as long as it's ordinary and unremarkable. You get all the documentation (birth certificates, school records, employment history), the skills and muscle memory from that life, and even friends and acquaintances who remember you. The catch is you only get one new identity per year, so choose wisely. Blow your cover in month two, and you're stuck explaining why "Dave the Insurance Adjuster" keeps showing up at **villain** lairs until next year's reset.

Mook Lives Matter [600]

You died. Again. **Hero** punched you through a wall, you didn't get up this time, and your **boss** is already calling for someone to clean up the body. Except whoops, your consciousness just jumped into Jenkins three floors down! As long as there's another minion nearby when you die, you instantly possess their body and keep going. Your original body drops dead, but you're now controlling whoever was closest. This works on any generic **henchman, guard,** or **mook** within a reasonable distance (1 to 2 km). You keep your memories and personality; they get overwritten completely. Your **boss** hasn't figured out why you keep showing up to work after dying, and you're not about to explain that you've been four different people this month.

Professional Starscream [600]

You have achieved something truly special: your **boss** knows you're constantly plotting against them and just... doesn't care enough to kill you over it. Your coup attempts are transparent, your schemes get discovered before you finish planning them, you've tried to steal their position at least six times this year, and the worst consequence you've suffered is being assigned bathroom cleaning duty for a week. They might yell at you, give you terrible assignments, or demote you temporarily, but you never get executed or permanently fired for your betrayals. It's like they've accepted that you trying to overthrow them is just part of your personality, like someone who always brings terrible snacks to meetings. At this point, you're pretty sure they'd be insulted if you stopped trying to betray them. Post-jump, this works for any boss.

Employee of the Month [600]

Once per month, you get a day when you perform at absolutely peak capability. You automatically get shit done, execute tasks beyond your normal ability, and succeed at whatever you're assigned to do. Even if you were the unluckiest son of a bitch every other day of the month, on your **Employee of the Month day**, everything goes right. The **hero** shows up? You actually manage to slow them down. The mission looks impossible? You pull it off. Your **boss** gives you three contradictory orders? You somehow accomplish all of them. This lasts for one major task or one full day, whichever comes first, then you go back to being regular you.

Productive Procrastination [600]

Being a **minion** isn't all exciting heists and dramatic confrontations with **heroes**. Most of it is boring work: endless paperwork, cleaning duty, inventory management, and standing guard for eight hours, watching nothing happen. The good news? All that tedious, busywork now trains everything else. Filing expense reports? That's building your physical strength and endurance like you hit the gym. Mopping the lab floors? Your reflexes and combat skills are improving with every stroke. Standing guard, doing absolutely nothing for your entire shift? Congrats, your tactical thinking and strategic planning just leveled up. The improvement is gradual: you're not achieving the peak of your abilities overnight, but months of menial labor will leave you noticeably more capable at everything. If there's one thing to be sure of is that your coworkers will think you are crazy for volunteering for every shit job available, completely unaware that you're becoming the most dangerous person in the building through the power of aggressive janitorial work.



Radioactive Spider Bite [600]

Congratulations, you've finally got real superpowers! You can choose one street-tier ability that actually makes you superhuman instead of just "competent at your job." Super strength that lets you punch through walls (but not lift cars). Telekinesis strong enough to throw people around (but not anything heavier than a person). Energy blasts that can blow holes in concrete (but won't vaporize anyone). Flight that gets you around at car speeds (but you're not breaking the sound barrier). Regeneration that heals serious injuries in hours (but won't save you from getting shot in the head) or any other power you desire as long as it's weak enough to be street-level. This is enough to make you legitimately dangerous compared to normal humans, put you on par with low-tier **heroes**, and absolutely dominate other **henchmen** who are still relying on guns and prayer. With time and genuine effort, these powers can grow beyond their initial limitations. You're not going to fight the resident **Superman** or save the world, but you can hold your own against most street-level threats and actually be a real asset in fights instead of cannon fodder. Just remember that **heroes** will stop pulling their punches and **villains** will have higher expectations as you graduate from **''expendable minion''** to ''legitimate threat that needs to be taken seriously''.

It Was Greg [600]

Someone screwed up. The prototype is missing, the door's unlocked, and the hero is currently rampaging through the base. Obviously, this is Greg's fault. Who's Greg? Doesn't matter, nobody's ever met him, he's not on any schedule, and he definitely doesn't exist, but everyone will absolutely believe that Greg is responsible for whatever disaster just occurred. Your **boss** screams about firing Greg. Your **coworkers** commiserate about how Greg always screws everything up. The investigation focuses on finding Greg instead of finding you. You can also pin things on specific real people instead, though they need to be plausibly capable of the screwup. Either way, you walk away blameless while everyone else deals with the consequences. Ugh, everyone hates Greg.

Tier 5 Perks



Overqualified and Underpaid [800]

Here's the uncomfortable truth: you could absolutely be running your own criminal empire right now. You've got the intelligence, the charisma, the strategic mind, and the ruthlessness. You could plan masterful schemes, inspire loyal followers, build an organization from the ground up, and genuinely compete with established supervillains. You have everything it takes to be a successful **criminal mastermind**. You just... don't want to. Maybe it's the stress, maybe it's the responsibility, maybe you just prefer having someone else make the big decisions while you handle the practical work. Whatever the reason, you're content being the most competent **henchman** in the room instead of the **boss**. Unless, of course, you bought this perk to actually be a **supervillain** instead of a **minion**, in which case congratulations: you now have all the skills to run your own **evil organization** and none of the self-doubt holding you back. Go forth and commit some crimes, **boss**.

Wrong Minion [800]

The **boss** hired an **assassin** specifically to kill you, gave them your photo, your address, and your schedule. Your neighbor is dead. You're fine. This is normal. When someone tries to betray or backstab you, they always get the wrong person. Every single time. The **assassin** sent to your quarters kicks down your neighbor's door instead. The death trap activates under someone else's foot, even though you're standing right there. You already survived twenty-three assassination attempts because of this, and your **coworkers** refuse to stand within ten meters of you anymore.

Custom Specimen [800]

Most **henchmen** are human, or at least started that way. You? You get to be something else entirely. You can design your own custom race with whatever traits, abilities, and characteristics you want, within reason. Want to be a cyborg clone with arm cannons and armor plating? Done. Perhaps a **shadow minion** from the darkness realm? Sure. Alternatively, you can also choose to be part of a common (and not omnipotent or divine) race that already exists in whatever setting you're in: alien species, magical creatures, mythological beings, whatever's available. The catch is that your version is scaled down to street tier level: If you want to be a **Kryptonian,** all your abilities will be limited in scope and power, from your enhanced strength and flying to your X-ray. You also have a limitation of only being able to make four different characteristics for your custom race, so don't try to create a race with all the powers in the world. The general rule is that your racial traits should make you notably more capable than a normal human but not more powerful than the supervillains you're working for. Post-jump, you can redesign yourself as a completely new custom race, choose to become a member of a different existing species in your new setting, or simply deactivate this perk if the jump offers a race section.



Items



You have a **300 MP** stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Items destroyed restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here. You can discount two items per price tier. Discounted **50** and **100 MP** items become free. The items scale to your size.

Standard Issue Gear [Free]

Every proper **henchman** needs the tools of the trade. You receive a complete set of generic **minion** equipment appropriate to your organization: a uniform (with optional mask/helmet), a basic weapon (baton, pistol, energy rifle, etc.), a communication device, and any standard protective gear your fellow **minions** use. This equipment is self-cleaning and self-maintaining, never needs recharging or ammunition, and will repair itself within a minute if damaged or destroyed. For the duration of this jump, the gear will automatically match whatever your current organization uses: if you switch from working for a **magic-wielding dark lord** to a **tech-based villain**, your equipment transforms accordingly. Post-jump, you choose one organization you served during the jump and permanently keep that organization's complete standard equipment set. A wardrobe with all the uniforms you used during your jump also carries over, in case you want to wear them again.

Employee Handbook [Free]

A handbook that updates itself whenever you start working for a new **villain**. Contains essential information like: base layout, emergency exits, cafeteria hours, your **boss's** known triggers (avoid mentioning their nemesis before noon), and proper protocols for when **heroes** invade. The handbook won't make you smarter, but at least you'll know which doors lead to the armory and which ones lead to the experimental monster pit.

Chronicles of Jumper [50]

After this jump, you receive a chronicle of your adventures in whatever media format you prefer: comics, movies, TV shows, novels, video games, or any combination you like. These update at the end of each jump to include your latest exploits, presented in an entertaining and slightly dramatized style that makes you look considerably more competent than you sometimes felt in the moment. You can choose multiple formats and add new ones whenever you want. The chronicles are also physical products of genuine quality, meaning you can sell them if you want. The rights belong entirely to you, the stories are compelling enough that publishers and studios will actually be interested, and somehow nobody in your current jump recognizes that the protagonist is standing right in front of them. A useful source of side income for a **minion** who wants financial security without explaining to their **boss** why they're moonlighting as an author.

Burner Phone [50/100]

Every good **minion** knows you never use your personal phone for work. This cheap-looking prepaid phone is anything but. It never runs out of battery, can't be traced, tapped, or hacked, and somehow always has perfect signal (even if you are in an underground lair or a pocket dimension). It connects to any network in any jump without a plan or subscription, has unlimited storage for all those incriminating files you're definitely not keeping as insurance, and if confiscated or destroyed, an identical replacement appears in your pocket within minutes. Most importantly, the phone maintains contact across jumps: you can call people from previous worlds you've visited, or in this jump, people from your previous years as a minion (like the **corrupt cop** from Year 7 or your **boss** from Year 3). For the duration of this jump, it will always look like whatever the most common, forgettable communication device is in the setting. For an additional **50 MP**, the Burner Phone automatically upgrades to match the best equivalent personal communication/computing device available in each new jump, and absorbs the capabilities of any similar device you purchase with **MP**.

Commute Token [50]

A strange coin that's always in your pocket, no matter how many times you spend it. Each morning, you can flip this coin and instantly travel from wherever you slept to your current workplace, appearing in an unobserved location like a supply closet or empty hallway. Each evening, flip it again to return home the same way. This doesn't work for mid-mission teleportation or combat escapes, so don't try to abuse this. You can only use this to/from places you could legitimately travel to.

Lucky Strikes [50]
A pack of cigarettes in whatever brand feels most natural in your hand, always carrying exactly as many as you'd expect when you pull it out, regardless of how many you've already smoked today. Besides the obvious benefit of infinite stress relief, there's something supernatural about smoke breaks with these: First, a genuine and statistically significant majority of **heroes** who catch you mid-break will wait until you're done before starting anything. Second, your **bosses** never seem to notice how many smoke breaks you take as long as they are less than ten minutes. Not healthy, but neither is working for **supervillains**.

Minion Stamp [100]
A battered rubber stamp with your employee number on it that was sitting in your locker on day one, presumably left by whoever had the job before you. Stamp any single piece of equipment once, and that item is now officially, cosmically, bureaucratically yours (like a Jumpchain Item you bought). It will work anywhere, no matter the metaphysics, find its way back to you if stolen or lost, be summoned to you if you wish to, and if it's destroyed, it will reconstruct itself in one day. The stamp can hold up to ten items at a time, so if you stamp an eleventh item, the oldest stamped item loses all its benefits. The stamp also only works on equipment that could plausibly appear in a **villain** organization supply: you can stamp an exoskeleton or a getaway car, but not a death ray or a spaceship.

The Anarchist's Cookbook (Expanded Edition) [100]
A heavily annotated book that was definitely not approved by your organization's safety officer. The book contains instructions for creating explosives, incendiaries, and various destructive compounds from common household ingredients, hardware store supplies, and materials you can scavenge from any reasonably equipped villain lair. The mundane section covers everything from basic pipe bombs to sophisticated shaped charges, and the magical section assumes you're working under a magic-using boss and teaches recipes for alchemical explosives and potion incendiaries. The margins are filled with handwritten notes from previous owners: "worked great," "lost three fingers," "don't use near open flames obviously," and "RIP Jenkins."

Survival Kit [100]
A comprehensive survival kit containing everything needed to survive for two weeks in hostile environments: water purification tablets, emergency rations, fire starting equipment, emergency shelter, first aid supplies, signaling devices, and basic tools. Compact enough to carry in a backpack. Essential for when your **boss's** base explodes, and you're stranded in the Arctic/desert/jungle/space. Has saved countless **minions** who got left behind during evacuations.

The Gym [100]
You have access to a personal fitness facility that adjusts to provide an effective, safe workout regardless of your physical capabilities. As you get stronger, faster, or tougher, the equipment scales to match. If you acquire superhuman abilities, exotic powers (like flying), or non-standard physical traits, the gym accommodates those, too. It includes basic sparring equipment, cardio machines, weights, and whatever else a well-rounded training facility should have. After this jump, it attaches to your warehouse. It's not fancy, there's no juice bar or spa services, but it ensures you can always train effectively, no matter how powerful or strange you become.

The Infiltrator's Belt [100]

A utility belt that looks like standard minion issue but contains everything a **professional henchman** needs to get into places they absolutely should not be. The belt's pouches are bigger on the inside and perfectly organized, so you always grab exactly what you need without fumbling in the dark. Contents include a glass cutter, lockpicks, screwdriver, flashlight, wire cutter, grappling hook, signal jammer for cameras and alarms, and much more for any type of infiltration you desire. The belt is also lightweight enough that you forget you're wearing it, slim enough that it fits under your uniform without creating an obvious bulge, and somehow **heroes**, **cops,** or scanners who search you will somehow always miss it.

Recycler Gun [100]

Developed by your **boss** after the third time they slipped on trash during a dramatic monologue, the Recycler is a bulky, industrial-looking gun that was clearly designed by someone who prioritized function over aesthetics and then forgot about function halfway through. Point it at any trash, debris, wreckage, or unwanted material, and the gun sucks the target in and ejects cubes of raw matter in the back. The cubes contain the recycled material in a compressed form, and they can be used for repair or construction. The gun can suck materials fifty times its size at a range of 10 meters, and its only downside is that it is heavy, loud, and ugly.

Book of Cantrips [100]

A spellbook issued to **minions** working under magical **employers**, though nobody seems to remember who actually wrote it or when it entered the supply rotation. Contains ten simple cantrips that any **idiot** can learn regardless of natural magical talent: prestidigitation for cleaning bloodstains off your uniform, a light cantrip because your **boss** refuses to install proper lighting in the dungeon corridors, a minor illusion for creating simple distractions, mage hand for reaching things without triggering trapped floors, mending for fixing your equipment before your **boss** notices you broke it, and message for communicating silently during operations. The book also includes guidance for creating small flames, creating small sounds, detecting magic (useful for knowing which artifacts not to touch), and a spell that makes you slightly harder to notice when standing perfectly still. None of these will make you a wizard or help in combat, and casting these cantrips is as natural as breathing after a week of practice.

Spy Kit [100]

A briefcase that looks exactly like the one your organization uses for paperwork, except this one actually contains something useful. Inside you'll find everything a minion needs for covert intelligence gathering: camera pens that record video and audio in high definition, miniature fiber optic camera for seeing under doors or through vents, adhesive bugs smaller than a fingernail that transmit audio for up to 2km, GPS trackers that stick to any surface and report location data to your phone, directional parabolic microphone that captures conversations from 50 meters away, glasses with a hidden camera in the frame, and even a watch that doubles as signal interceptor that records nearby communications and a bug detector. All devices have batteries that last for weeks and recharge wirelessly when returned to the briefcase. The equipment is designed to be subtle: **heroes** searching you will overlook the pen in your pocket, security won't flag the innocent-looking lighter, and your **boss** won't realize the bug you planted under their desk is still there. The briefcase also includes a tablet for reviewing footage, listening to recordings, and tracking the GPS devices in real time. Essential for **minions** doing intelligence work, covering their ass with documentation, or just keeping tabs on who's planning to betray whom this week.

Body Double Device [100]

A small, coin-sized device that, when activated, projects a perfect physical duplicate of you that lasts for up to eight hours. The duplicate is solid, warm to the touch, and will perform simple pre-programmed behaviors: standing guard, walking a patrol route, sitting at a desk doing paperwork, lying in bed pretending to sleep. It doesn't talk beyond simple pre-recorded phrases, can't fight, can't make decisions, and anyone who engages it in serious conversation will realize something is off within a few minutes. But for the purposes of being seen where you're supposed to be while you are somewhere you absolutely should not be? Invaluable. The device recharges over 24 hours after each use, and the duplicate dissolves harmlessly when the timer expires or if it takes significant damage.

Fake ID Kit [100]

A leather wallet containing a set of blank ID cards, driver's licenses, security badges, and various official-looking documents that appear empty until you need them. Hold any card, concentrate on what identity you need, and the blank surface fills in with appropriate information: name, photo (matching your current appearance or disguise), official seals, holograms, barcodes, and whatever security features that type of credential normally has. The IDs will pass casual inspection, basic scanners, and even moderate scrutiny from security guards or clerks who aren't specifically looking for forgeries. However, they won't survive forensic analysis, won't show up in actual government databases if someone checks thoroughly, and high-security systems with direct database verification will flag them as fake. The kit contains six blank cards that can be reconfigured as needed, plus a selection of supporting documents (birth certificates, utility bills, employment records) that fill in to match your chosen identity. Perfect for getting past checkpoints, establishing cover identities, or just proving you're whoever you claim to be long enough to complete your mission.

Shinobi Supply Scroll [200, Free for Crouching Minion, Hidden Disappointment]

You always dreamed of being a **ninja**, and after somehow passing the entrance exam (three other candidates didn't survive the "demonstrate your stealth" portion), your **boss** actually gave you real **ninja** equipment instead of a mop and a list of corridor assignments. Unroll the scroll and an array of traditional **ninja** equipment materializes: a dozen kunai, shuriken, smoke bombs that produce thick concealing clouds, flash bombs for blinding opponents, caltrops that puncture tires and feet with equal efficiency, and 20 meters of **ninja** wire strong enough to support your weight or set tripwires. The kit also includes climbing claws for scaling walls, a grappling hook, blow darts with various tips (sedative, paralytic, or just really painful), and small explosive tags if you're working in a setting where those exist. The equipment refills weekly, the scroll is compact enough to carry everywhere, and somehow weighs almost nothing despite containing an arsenal. Your boss will expect you to actually know how to use this stuff, so maybe practice with the kunai before trying to look cool in front of the other **ninja minions**.

Fake Death Kit [200]

A briefcase containing what is either the most useful emergency escape tool or the most disturbing piece of equipment in your arsenal, depending on your perspective. The kit includes a bio-printer that creates a perfect corpse of you in whatever death state you specify: bullet wounds, burns, drowning, blunt force trauma, explosive dismemberment, or any other cause of death you can think of. The process takes about 30 minutes and requires a recent genetic sample from you (a hair or drop of blood, which the kit collects automatically once per week). The resulting corpse is disturbingly convincing, and fools any forensic analysis short of magic. Perfect for faking your death to escape from **angry bosses**, convince **heroes** you're eliminated, or just starting fresh when your current identity becomes too problematic. Your old **employer** will probably be very confused when you show up working for someone else next year.

Emergency Evacuation Pack [200]

A compact backpack sitting in the corner of every room you work in, always within reach, always fully stocked. Once strapped in, the pack reads your situation and becomes exactly what you need to survive it. Falling from a sky fortress? It deploys a parachute that guides you safely to the ground regardless of wind, altitude, or debris. Sinking underwater base? It inflates into a sealed life raft with enough air supply to reach the surface. Exploding volcano lair? It encases you in a fireproof cocoon that insulates you from the heat and deposits you safely outside the blast radius. Collapsing space station? A pressurized protective bubble forms around you and gently propels you away from the debris field. Whatever the specific flavor of catastrophic lair failure your **boss** has managed to engineer this time, the pack has an appropriate response. It always gets you to safety, and the pack resets and repacks itself after one day.

Minion's Reserve [200]

A wooden crate that appeared under your bunk sometime during your first week, containing twelve bottles of the most universally effective alcohol ever distilled. Nobody knows who made it, what it's made from, or why it works on literally everything, but the liquid inside is capable of intoxicating any biology: human, alien, magical construct, interdimensional entity, or whatever your **boss** happens to be this week. One glass will give a **Kryptonian** a pleasant buzz. Two will have your demon lord giggling. Three and the eldritch horror from beyond the stars is telling everyone about their difficult childhood. The bottles refill themselves by morning, so you'll never run dry, and the alcohol scales in potency: it's never so strong that you can't choose to stay sober yourself, but it's always exactly strong enough to affect whoever you're serving it to. The secondary application is one the label doesn't mention, but every **minion** figures out within the first month: this stuff burns. Splash it on something you need destroyed, and a single spark does the rest. It burns hot enough to be genuinely useful and doesn't leave any residue that an arson investigator would recognize as anything other than "extremely strong alcohol," which is technically accurate and legally defensible. The crate always contains twelve bottles. Management has specifically noted that the bottles are for approved recreational and operational use only, and that any **minion** caught using them to get the **boss** drunk before renegotiating their salary will be written up. This has not stopped anyone.

Universal Remote [200]

A chunky remote control that looks like it was designed in the 1990s and has never been updated. Point it at any electronic device, vehicle, or technological system, and after a few seconds of scanning, you can control it. Cameras turn off, doors unlock, security systems deactivate, vehicles start, computers grant access, and automated defenses stand down. The remote works on any technology that accepts input signals, though it takes longer to crack more sophisticated security (simple locks are instant, military-grade encryption might take a minute). The remote just gives you temporary control for about an hour before security resets, and it also doesn’t work on magical or purely mechanical systems. Perfect for the **minion** who regularly needs to bypass security, "borrow" vehicles, or disable inconvenient surveillance systems.

Combat & Weapons

M.U.T.T. Pistol [100]

The Multi-Use Tactical Tool, which your organization's branding department clearly named before anyone pointed out the acronym, is a chunky sidearm with a rotating cylinder of interchangeable elemental chambers and a small dial on the side that lets you select your preferred flavor of violence before pulling the trigger. The available modes are: bullets for when you want something boring and reliable, incendiary for when you want something boring and reliable but on fire, sonic for crowd control and headaches, cryo for freezing targets in place, acid for when you need something to stop existing permanently, electrical for non-lethal takedowns with a satisfying amount of screaming, and a rotating eighth slot that automatically loads whatever element would be most useful in your current situation, which is the mode most minions end up using exclusively after the first week. Switching modes takes about two seconds, which is fast enough in a firefight if you planned ahead, but not fast enough if you didn't. The pistol has a magazine of twelve shots per mode before needing to reload, and the weapon has infinite ammo, meaning you don’t need to expend your hard-earned **minion’s** salary on bullets. Perfect for any **minion**.

Stasis Grenades [200]

Your **boss's** mad science division developed these after the seventeenth escape attempt this quarter made them reconsider the whole "throw **heroes** in a cell with regular bars" approach. Each grenade looks like crystallized amber packed into a standard military casing, and your organization started issuing them to **minions** who could be trusted not to accidentally trap their **coworkers**. Throw one at a target, and it detonates in a burst of expanding crystalline goo that rapidly hardens into a translucent amber-like cocoon around whoever it hits. The target is instantly placed in perfect stasis: no aging, no breathing needed, no awareness of time passing, completely preserved like an insect in amber. The cocoon is tough enough to resist most attempts to break it from inside and can survive being moved, dropped, or stored without harming the occupant. The stasis lasts for up to one month before the cocoon automatically dissolves and releases the target unharmed, or you can shatter it early with sufficient force (a crowbar and some determination work fine) to let them out whenever needed. The grenades work on anyone up to mid-tier superhuman strength, but anyone with strength comparable to a flying brick or higher can break out within minutes, and the cocoon won't form properly around them in the first place. You carry six grenades that refill every three days, making this your go-to solution for "capture, don't kill" missions or just storing problematic people until your **boss** decides what to do with them.

Minion Bandolier [200]

A tactical bandolier that looks like a standard **minion** issue until you realize the pouches are never empty. Strap it on, and it automatically generates ammunition for whatever firearm you're currently holding: pistol magazines, rifle rounds, shotgun shells, energy cells, even exotic ammunition for alien weapons. The bandolier also generates up to six grenades per day (your choice of frag, flashbang, smoke, EMP, or even exotic grenades as long as you can offer a sample to the bandolier) that appear in designated pouches on the sides. The grenades and ammunition are genuine, functional, and match the quality of whatever your current organization typically issues. However, the bandolier has daily limits: it provides enough ammunition for about 200 rounds worth of sustained firefight, plus those six grenades, then stops producing more until the next morning. You're not going to supply an entire army, but you'll never run dry during a normal operation. The bandolier also won't generate ammunition for weapons clearly above standard **minion** issue, so don’t try to use it with your **boss’s** experimental plasma cannon.

Ward Bracelet [200]

A dark metal bracelet etched with runes that your **boss** created after the third time their **minions** got turned into frogs by the **hero's** wizard sidekick. The bracelet automatically reflects minor offensive magic back at the caster: firebolt hits you and bounces back at the **hero**, charm spell returns to sender, and curses reverse course. The reflection is instantaneous and doesn't require any action on your part, making it perfect for **minions** who aren't fast enough to dodge or counterspell. The bracelet can also reflect a major spell (think something serious like a disintegration spell), but only once per day. The bracelet doesn't distinguish between hostile and helpful magic, so tell your team's mage not to heal you unless they want their spell bouncing back into their face.

Military Supply Trunk [400]
A steamer trunk that looks like it was stolen from a military surplus auction and somehow ended up in your quarters. Open it, and you'll find a constantly rotating inventory of modern military-grade equipment: assault rifles, sniper rifles, submachine guns, pistols, combat shotguns, fragmentation grenades, flashbangs, smoke grenades, C4 explosives, claymore mines, rocket launchers, body armor, ammo, and various other implements of organized violence. The trunk only stocks enough equipment to outfit a small squad at any given time, and it refreshes weekly.

Medical & Enhancements

Performance Enhancement Kit [100]
A locked medical case containing a rotating supply of performance-enhancing drugs that would make professional athletes weep with envy, except these were manufactured by someone with three PhDs in mad science and zero concern for FDA approval. The kit includes steroids for rapid strength gains, amphetamines for extended alertness and focus, nootropics, stimulants, endurance boosters, and a few substances that don't have names in any human language. The super science manufacturing process has eliminated all the normal side effects, the drugs are completely undetectable by normal testing, and the kit refills 20 doses per month. Your **boss** probably has their own supply of this stuff, but would confiscate yours on principle if they found it, so keep it hidden.

Emergency Nanite Injector [200]
An auto-injector pen loaded with medical nanites that your organization's R&D department definitely didn't approve for field testing yet. Jam this into your thigh (or anyone else's), and the nanites flood the bloodstream, immediately going to work on whatever damage they find. Broken bones knit back together in minutes, internal bleeding stops, torn muscles repair themselves, and even severe lacerations close up cleanly. However, the injector only works once every three days, and it cannot fix diseases, poisons, or regrow limbs. Keep it accessible, use it when you need it, and try not to think about how expensive this technology probably is or why your organization issues experimental nanotech to **disposable henchmen**.

Enhancement Wand [200]
A simple wooden wand with a crystal tip that your organization's quartermaster issued after too many **minions** failed missions due to being "monumentally stupid", according to the after-action reports. Point the wand at yourself (or an ally) and speak which attribute you want to enhance: strength, speed, intelligence, charisma, perception, luck, or any other measurable trait. The wand creates a buff that increases the chosen attribute by approximately 50% for one hour. Suddenly, you're noticeably stronger, think faster, speak more persuasively, or have improbable good fortune, depending on your selection. However, the wand has strict limitations: you can only buff one attribute at a time (choosing a new buff cancels the previous one), you can only use it six times per day before it needs to recharge overnight, and you cannot stack multiple buffs on the same attribute. The enhancement also doesn't scale infinitely: buffing an already superhuman attribute provides diminishing returns, and the wand refuses to buff attributes beyond roughly peak human capability unless you're already superhuman. The wand works on anyone you point it at, making it excellent for team support, though your **coworkers** will quickly become dependent on you for their pre-mission intelligence buffs.

Gigantification Serum [200]

A case containing twelve syringes filled with experimental nanites that your organization's mad scientist division developed for "enhanced security solutions" before realizing that feeding a giant guard dog costs more than hiring twenty additional minions. One injection into any animal causes it to grow to ten times its original size over the course of an hour, a process that looks deeply uncomfortable for everyone involved. The nanites also program absolute loyalty to whoever administered the injection, meaning the now house-sized Rottweiler will follow your commands, protect you from threats, and generally behave like a well-trained pet that happens to weigh three tons. The serum works on any animal, leading to creative applications like giant guard cats, oversized attack ravens, or that one **minion** who made a giant hamster and immediately regretted it. However, the serum doesn't solve the logistical nightmare of actually maintaining these creatures, which means you're going to spend a lot of money on food, water, space, and medical care. The case refills with six new syringes each month, meaning you can build quite a menagerie if you can afford to feed them.

Cloning Vat [400]

A large cylindrical tank that your organization's mad science division built before realizing that maintaining clone armies is expensive. The vat can create clones from any DNA sample you provide, and their growth takes one month to produce a physically mature clone with basic motor functions and language capability, though the clone starts with a blank personality and no memories from the original. You can imprint basic skills and knowledge during the growth process (combat training, technical expertise, languages), but complex memories and personality traits don't transfer. The clones are physically identical to their genetic source at peak health, meaning genetic defects and chronic conditions are corrected during growth. However, clones are still mortal, require normal food and maintenance, and have their own developing personalities. The vat includes a loyalty programming sequence that runs during the final week of development, ensuring all clones emerge with genuine loyalty to you specifically. This loyalty is permanent and won't fade over time, though treating them terribly might strain the relationship just like any other employee. The vat can maintain up to three clones in development simultaneously.

Cross-Species Integration Research [400]

A thick binder of research notes, lab results, and experimental procedures left behind by some scientist who either died in an experiment gone wrong, got arrested by **heroes**, or just forgot where they put it after a particularly productive caffeine binge. The documents detail a revolutionary approach to cross-species genetic integration: the process of safely grafting animal traits and abilities onto human subjects. Study these documents thoroughly (takes about a month of dedicated reading and practice) and you gain a genuine understanding of how to grant animal powers to humans: enhanced strength and wall-crawling from arachnids, flight and enhanced vision from birds, aquatic adaptation from sea creatures, enhanced senses from canines, regeneration from certain amphibians, or any other animal trait you can think of. The process requires a proper lab, genetic samples from the desired animal, specialized equipment, and a willing (or at least restrained) test subject. Success rate is about 80% when following the procedures correctly, with failures resulting in temporary illness rather than horrific mutation. The granted powers are permanent, scaled to street-tier superhuman levels (strong enough to be impressive, not strong enough to fight Thor). The document also includes notes on how to remove those powers in case someone requests to return to baseline human, though the reversal process is significantly more uncomfortable than the initial transformation. Your **boss** will absolutely want to use this on the entire **minion** pool once they discover you have it, so maybe keep it hidden unless you want to work alongside **Spider-Themed Henchman #47**.

Super Soldier Archive [600]
A reinforced refrigerator that appeared in your quarters one morning, humming quietly and taking up way too much space. Open it, and you'll find one dose of every super soldier serum, enhancement formula, or physical augmentation treatment available in your current setting. Working in the Marvel universe? Every variant from the original Super Soldier Serum to the knockoffs HYDRA has been experimenting with. In a fantasy or other exotic worlds? One vial of every alchemical strength potion, warrior enhancement elixir, or physique pill. The fridge adapts to each new jump, restocking itself with samples from the local setting within a week of arrival. More importantly, each vial comes with a small data chip or scroll (depending on the setting's technology level) containing the complete formula and manufacturing process for that specific enhancement. The recipes range from "surprisingly simple" to "requires a particle accelerator and dragon blood", depending on the setting's power level.

Clone Bank [600]
A facility hidden in an undisclosed location that maintains a current genetic sample and complete memory backup of you, updated automatically every 24 hours. If you die, a clone is activated with all your memories up to the last backup, emerging from a hidden facility somewhere safe in the current world within a week of your death. However, anything you did in the last 24 hours before death is forgotten. Your **employers** and **coworkers** will have no idea you're the same person unless you tell them, giving you a fresh start or the opportunity to continue where you left off. This only works once per jump (or once each year in this jump specifically), so don’t get cocky.

Regeneration Pod [600]
A medical capsule about the size of a tanning bed that your organization's medical department somehow had in storage, presumably salvaged from a **superhero** facility or advanced alien tech cache. Climb inside, seal the lid, and the pod's automated systems heal catastrophic injuries such as organ damage, severe burns, and even entire lost limbs. The pod also purges toxins, cures diseases, removes radiation, and even cures cancer. Treatment time varies based on severity, with regrowing a limb requiring 24 hours (don’t worry, you stay asleep the entire process). Your **boss** will absolutely requisition this if they discover you have it, so keep it in your dimensional storage and only deploy it somewhere private.

Vehicles & Heavy Equipment

Getaway Car [100]
A nondescript but surprisingly quick vehicle (your choice of car, from a normal to a sports or muscle one) that looks mundane enough to avoid attention until you need it to perform. The car is fast, responsible, and comes with a lot of functions such as bulletproof tires, bulletproof doors and windows, a police scanner, a smuggling compartment, and oil and smoke dispensers. The car also comes with an autopilot and is registered under a shell corporation, making it difficult to trace back to you.

Combat Loader MK-IV [200]
A three-meter-tall bipedal mech that your organization's requisition department insists is classified as "heavy industrial equipment" rather than a weapons platform, presumably for tax purposes. The mech features a reinforced cockpit with full environmental sealing, dual manipulator arms capable of fine motor control or crushing steel beams, integrated weapon mounts on both shoulders, and jump jets that provide limited flight capability (more like controlled jumping over obstacles). The standard loadout includes a rotary cannon on the right shoulder, a missile pod on the left shoulder, and your choice of melee weapon (pile bunker, plasma cutter, or oversized combat blade) for one arm. The mech's armor can withstand sustained small arms fire and shrug off most explosions, though dedicated anti-armor weapons will ruin your day quickly. The cockpit includes a heads-up display with targeting assistance, threat detection, communication systems, and surprisingly comfortable seating given that you're piloting a walking tank. Quite useful to beat small military units and **street-level heroes**.

Exoskeleton [200]
A lightweight mechanical frame that straps over your torso and limbs, providing significant strength and speed enhancement. When activated, the exoskeleton triples your strength (lift cars, punch through walls, carry heavy equipment effortlessly) and doubles your running speed while reducing fatigue. The frame is designed to be worn under loose clothing or tactical gear, though the slight bulk and occasional servo whine make it noticeable to careful observers. Battery life is 8 hours of continuous operation with recharging taking 4 hours on standard power, and the frame includes a power management system that extends battery life when you're not actively exerting yourself. Just don’t forget this doesn’t make you bulletproof or invincible.

Tactical Transport MK-VII [200]
A perfectly ordinary-looking SUV that your organization's motor pool somehow had one extra of when you asked nicely. It blends into traffic in any city, and when you press the hidden button under the dashboard, it becomes a light tank in five seconds. The tank includes advanced sensors, an autocannon, defensive systems, and armor plating powerful enough to survive anything short of a tank cannon. It has a crew capacity of four, a top speed of 60km/h, and infinite fuel. The insurance absolutely does not cover this, so pray nothing breaks.

Infiltration & Intelligence

The Infiltrator's Mask [200]
A flesh-colored polymer mask that adheres seamlessly to your face and can reshape itself to mimic anyone's appearance with disturbing accuracy. The mask connects wirelessly to any device you have, giving you multiple options for selecting disguises: upload a photo and the mask configures itself to match that face, or activate the proximity scanner to detect and copy anyone within 10 meters. The mask perfectly replicates retinas and voices (as long as you offer audio samples), and any biometric scanner identifies you as whoever you’re impersonating. Of course, the mask only covers your face and your head, so impersonating someone significantly different from your physical profile won’t be convincing to others. The mask stores up to fifty facial profiles at a time with instant switching between them, and it's comfortable enough to wear for extended periods without irritation, though you should probably take it off before sleeping unless you want to answer a lot of awkward questions from whoever shares your bed.

The Gray Suit [200]

A perfectly unremarkable suit in the most forgettable shade of gray-beige ever manufactured. Wearing this makes you the human equivalent of elevator music: technically present but completely beneath notice. People's eyes slide right off you, security guards look through you without registering your presence, and cameras record you, but analysts unconsciously skip over your footage while reviewing it later. You become the most boring, uninteresting, utterly mundane person in any room. Pedestrians flow around you without remembering you were there, receptionists forget you walked past them seconds later, and even your **coworkers** struggle to recall having seen you that day. The effect is purely perceptual: you're not invisible, just aggressively unremarkable. However, the suit has clear limits: actively draw attention to yourself by fighting, shouting, using obvious powers, pulling a weapon, or doing anything dramatic, and the effect shatters immediately. It also doesn't fool anyone specifically looking for you: if the hero knows a minion infiltrated the building and is actively searching, they'll spot you eventually. The real strength is in how thoroughly you're forgotten afterward. People who interact with you can't remember your face, your name, or any distinguishing features. Perfect for infiltration and avoiding notice.

The Minion's Manual [200]

A battered handbook that showed up in your locker with your name already written inside. Every **minion** gets one, but yours is special: whenever you need to know something right now, open it and the relevant instructions are already there waiting. Found a piece of alien technology you've never seen before? The Manual explains how to operate it. Stumbled into a situation requiring basic field surgery? Step-by-step instructions with diagrams. Picked up a mysterious, magical artifact and need to use it without accidentally destroying the base? Whatever you genuinely need at the moment, the Manual provides. However, it resets weekly, meaning you can only learn one new topic every seven days. The Manual also has hard limits on what qualifies as minion-appropriate knowledge: anything involving nuclear weapons, large-scale destruction, or knowledge so catastrophically powerful it would make your **boss** nervous comes up completely blank. You're a **minion**. The Manual knows exactly what that means.

Tactical Drone Network [200]

A reinforced case containing twelve small surveillance drones, a control tablet, and a smartphone app that will install on your current phone. The drones are quiet enough that most people won't notice them hovering overhead, fast enough to keep pace with moving vehicles, and equipped with high-quality cameras offering both standard and thermal imaging. Each drone has a flight time of 4 hours per charge, and the case recharges all twelve overnight. You can control them manually via the tablet or app with surprising ease, and the drones have a simple AI capable of following voice commands like ‘’follow that car’’ or ‘’record everything in that building’’. The footage feeds directly to your tablet and phone in real-time, and the drones are smart enough to return to their case for recharging when their battery hits 10%, so you'll never lose one to a dead battery in the field unless something physically destroys it first.

The Acquisitions Report [200]

Every Monday morning, without fail, you wake up with a folded piece of paper in your pocket that wasn't there the night before. The Report contains a list of up to three valuable items currently available somewhere in your world: stolen artifacts sitting in **police** evidence lockers, experimental technology left unguarded while its creator is distracted by a **hero**, ancient weapons gathering dust in private collections, rare equipment your organization has been trying to source for months, or just something sitting in a warehouse that nobody is paying attention to right now. The Report has a sense of relevance, meaning it prioritizes items genuinely useful to you, your current boss, or your organization, rather than listing random valuables you have no use for. It also gives you the item's general nature and approximate location, but never exact coordinates or security details. It will never point you toward something completely out of reach or suicidal to retrieve, though "difficult" and "dangerous" are apparently acceptable by its standards. The paper dissolves after you read it, leaving no evidence, and a new one appears exactly seven days later without exception.

Genetic Harvester [200]

A handheld device about the size of a smartphone that uses microscopic portal technology to extract genetic samples from targets without their knowledge. Point it at someone within 20 meters, press the button, and a portal smaller than a pinprick opens directly inside their body for a fraction of a second, extracting a perfect DNA sample in a completely undetectable manner. The device works on anything biological, even if they are indestructible (which means the harvester is perfect for when your **boss** wants to clone the city's invulnerable flying brick). Your **boss** will absolutely promote you if you successfully collect samples from targets they've been trying to clone for years.

Phasing Module [400]

A compact device that clips onto your belt and allows you to temporarily phase through solid matter like walls, floors, locked doors, and most physical barriers. Activate it, and you become intangible for exactly ten seconds, able to walk through concrete, steel, reinforced barriers, and pretty much any physical obstruction in your path. Each activation lasts the full ten seconds, whether you need them or not, and you can use the module five times per day before it needs to recharge overnight. While phased, you can move normally, breathe normally, and even see through solid objects (they appear as ghostly transparent outlines), making it easy to navigate through walls without getting disoriented. However, the module doesn't let you pass through energy fields, magical barriers, or certain exotic materials. The module works on you and anything you're wearing or carrying, but won't phase other people even if you're holding them.

Intelligence Dossier [400]

This dossier includes detailed profiles on all major players in your location, including **local heroes** (powers, weaknesses, patrol patterns, civilian identities, known associates), **rival villains** (capabilities, resources, typical schemes, territorial claims), **law enforcement** (corrupt officers, response times, equipment limitations), political figures (who's bribable, who's already compromised, who's genuinely idealistic), and other significant individuals who might impact your operations. This updates each day with new information, however it only covers major players in your immediate operational area (a city-sized region around you). Essential reading for any **minion** who wants to actually survive encounters with people who can bench press trucks.

Yesterday's Newspaper [400]

Every morning, a newspaper appears on your doorstep. The newspaper is from tomorrow. It contains the next day's news: events, disasters, hero activities, villain operations, weather, sports scores, stock prices, and obituaries. The obituaries section is the one most minions check first, for obvious reasons. The paper is always accurate as of the moment it was printed, and your actions based on this information will change the future. The paper can't be copied, photographed, or transmitted. Other people can read it if you show them, but the text becomes illegible to anyone you haven't explicitly permitted to view it. It dissolves into nothing at midnight.

Facilities & Bases

The Break Room [200]

Every workplace you're assigned to mysteriously has one break room that's significantly nicer than the others, and somehow only you and people you invite seem to know it exists. This small room appears in whatever base, lair, or facility you're working at, seamlessly integrating itself as if it had always been there. The break room contains comfortable seating, a coffee maker that produces genuinely excellent coffee (automatically matching the best quality available in your current world or setting), a well-stocked snack cabinet with your preferred foods, and a mini-fridge with cold drinks. More importantly, time moves at half speed inside the break room relative to the outside world, giving you time to actually rest. The room follows you between **employers**, vanishing from your old workplace and appearing at your new one within 24 hours of starting a new job.

L.A.R.P.E.R System [200]

The Leisure And Recreation Perceptual Experience Rig is what the label says, though everyone just calls it the LARPER because your organization has a terrible sense of humor. This full-immersion VR system can simulate any movie, TV show, video game, book, or other media you've encountered, allowing you to experience it firsthand as a participant rather than an observer. The system supports up to nine people simultaneously, and the simulations are completely safe (pain is reduced to mild discomfort, death just ejects you from the simulation, and you can pause or exit anytime). Time dilation means 8 hours inside equals 1 hour outside, and the system includes a media library that updates automatically with anything you've personally watched, played, or read (and custom scenarios, too, if you’re feeling creative). Essential equipment for minions who need to decompress after surviving another workplace disaster.

The Relief Center [200]

A small, comfortable office space in a pocket dimension accessible through any door when you need it, containing the most competent therapist you've ever met. Dr. Reeves (or whatever name they go by in your current setting) is a licensed professional with seemingly infinite patience, genuine empathy, and an uncanny ability to help people process trauma without judgment. They specialize in occupational stress from high-risk careers and have heard everything, so nothing you say will surprise them. Their therapy actually works; you will always leave each session feeling noticeably better, and over time, you'll notice genuine improvement in managing stress, processing trauma, and developing healthier coping mechanisms. You can also extend access to others by offering them a business card with the office address, letting them access the therapist the same way you do. Dr. Reeves treats everyone with the same professional competence, regardless of whether they're **heroes** or **villains**, so don't feel afraid to recommend them to your **megalomaniacal boss** who desperately needs to work through their issues, or that hero you were supposed to kill but somehow became drinking buddies with instead.

The Safe House [200]

Every **minion** needs a bolt hole to retreat when the lair explodes, your **employer** decides you know too much, or you just want a night where nobody's trying to kill you. This small apartment or house exists in that perfect state of untraceability where you can find it, but nobody else can. The property is modest but genuinely comfortable and cannot be found unless you personally give someone the address (even satellite imagery cannot find it). Better yet, all utilities and rent are always paid, and even work if a blackout or something similar happens. The refrigeration also stocks itself weekly, the place always stays clean, and minor damage repairs itself overnight.

The Underling [200]

Down a side street that doesn't appear on any map, there is a bar you are now the proud owner of. The interior is exactly what you'd expect: dim lighting, sticky tables, and a bartender who manages the bar for you and who has clearly heard everything and is interested in none of it professionally. The bar offers cheap drinks that are strong and appropriately scaled to whatever biology you're currently drinking with. The food is the kind that isn't good exactly, but is perfect for the situation. What makes the bar unique is that the clientele is exclusively **minions**, and thanks to the bar's inexplicable multiverse-spanning address, that means any **minion** from anywhere: **stormtroopers, medieval dungeon guards, robot enforcers, interdimensional accountants,** and everyone in between, all nursing something and comparing notes on how their week went. Spend enough evenings at The Underling and you will accumulate a working knowledge of how villain organizations function across dozens of realities, which schemes tend to fail and why, which bosses are survivable and which ones you should start updating your resume to avoid, and which apparently terrifying threats across the multiverse have genuinely exploitable weaknesses that the official **hero** narratives never mention because it would make for a less satisfying story. The bar turns a comfortable profit, and as the owner, you eat and drink for free, which may be the single best employment benefit you will receive in this jump.

D.U.N.G.E.O.N. Access Card [400]

The Designated Underground Network for Growth, Education, and Operational Needs is what your organization officially calls it. Everyone else just calls it the dungeon because that's exactly what it is: a pocket dimension containing a procedurally-generated labyrinth filled with monsters, traps, treasure, and training scenarios. The difference between this and an actual dungeon is that this one was specifically designed by **villain organizations** as a **minion** training facility, which means it has safety protocols, difficulty scaling, and an exit button that actually works. Your access card grants you unlimited entry and allows you to bring up to five other people with you for group training exercises. The dungeon adjusts its difficulty based on the average skill level of everyone inside, generating appropriate challenges that are dangerous enough to be educational but not quite lethal enough to get HR involved. Monsters drop useful loot (basic weapons, armor, consumables, and occasionally rare equipment), traps provide practical experience in spotting and disabling hazards, and puzzle rooms teach problem-solving under pressure. Death inside the dungeon results in immediate ejection with all your gear intact, but a bruised ego and lost loot. Training sessions can last as long as you want since time moves more slowly inside (8 hours inside = 1 hour outside), perfect for power-leveling your skills during lunch breaks. The dungeon resets weekly with new layouts and challenges, and any loot you extract is yours to keep. Your **boss** probably doesn't know you have access to this, and you should keep it that way because they'll absolutely start sending you on "training exercises" during your off hours.

The Development Lab [400]
A fully-equipped research and development facility hidden in a pocket dimension, accessible through any door when you need it. The lab is spacious, well-lit, and contains everything a **minion** scientist or technician could want, including specialized equipment for exotic sciences like genetic engineering or dimensional mechanics. Unlike your boss's lab, where safety protocols are suggestions at best, this facility actually has proper ventilation, emergency shutoffs, containment fields, fire suppression systems, and a medical station for when experiments inevitably go wrong. The lab includes an AI assistant that helps with calculations, provides research suggestions, manages inventory, and warns you before you accidentally create something that violates the laws of physics in unfortunate ways. It also includes extensive digital libraries containing scientific papers and research data from every world you visit, and the lab provides enough raw materials and components for any small-scale project. Time moves more slowly inside (4 hours inside = 1 hour outside), and you can grant access to other people via keycard.

Advanced Technology & Special Items

Matter Fabricator [400]
A bulky machine about the size of a large microwave that your **boss** probably salvaged from some defunct **tech villain's** garage sale. Feed it raw materials like metal scraps, plastic waste, those compressed cubes from your Recycler gun if you have one, and the machine fabricates useful items based on stored blueprints. The real feature is the integrated scanner: hold any item up to the scanning window, and after thirty seconds of analysis, the fabricator adds that item's blueprint to its permanent library. Scanned a **hero's** grappling hook? You can now make copies. Found an interesting piece of alien tech? Scan it, and mass-produce it for your team. The fabricator works surprisingly fast (simple items take minutes, complex equipment might take an hour), but it cannot create anything above **minion** to **mid-tier hero** complexity (it can handle an energy shield or a railgun, but not a doomsday device or anything like that). Runs on standard power and includes a helpful interface that tells you exactly what materials you need for each blueprint.

Reality Anchor [400]
A heavy cylindrical device about the size of a fire extinguisher that your organization's theoretical physics department built after the fifth time a **hero** teleported directly into the vault. When activated, it stabilizes local reality within 100 meters, creating a bubble of normal spacetime that resists exotic manipulation. Teleportation into or out of the affected area fails completely, dimensional rifts refuse to open or immediately collapse if already present, time manipulation effects fizzle out uselessly, and reality-warping abilities function at reduced effectiveness if at all. The device is incredibly useful for preventing **heroes** from using their favorite tricks to bypass security and essential for stopping your **boss's** experiments from accidentally opening portals to hell, alternate dimensions, or that one timeline where everything went wrong. The anchor runs continuously for 8 hours per charge and can be recharged overnight.

The Prototype [600]
One piece of experimental technology that fell off the back of the metaphorical truck. Maybe your **boss** built it and forgot about it. Maybe it was stolen from a rival's lab. Maybe it was confiscated from a **hero's** workshop during a raid. Whatever its origin, it's in your possession now, and it works (mostly). The prototype is a single device that does one thing significantly better than any mundane technology could: a cloaking device that actually makes you invisible for hours, a plasma cutter that slices through anything, a jetpack with long flight capability, a medical scanner that diagnoses any condition instantly, a hacking tool that breaks any encryption, or whatever other single-function super-tech you need. The device operates at **street-to-mid-tier superhero** technology level: impressive and useful, but not world-breaking. The prototype is also the only working model in the world, which means your **boss** will absolutely confiscate this if they discover you have it, rival **villains** will try to steal it, and **heroes** will want to study or destroy it. The prototype bonds to you after a week of use and won't function properly for anyone else, which is the only reason you've kept it this long.

The Second Chance Watch [600]
A battered wristwatch that looks like it's been through several explosions and somehow still works. Once per day, you can activate it to rewind time exactly ten seconds into the past, taking your consciousness and memories with you. Everything resets, and only you retain memories of the original timeline, meaning everyone else has no idea you just undid the last ten seconds of reality. The watch is incredibly useful for correcting immediate mistakes: dodging that attack you didn't see coming, not stepping on the pressure plate you just triggered, grabbing the correct wire instead of the one that just exploded, or choosing literally any other response than the one that just got you yelled at. However, it only works once per day and only goes back exactly ten seconds. This has saved more **minion** lives than any amount of armor or training, mostly because the ability to say "wait, let me try that again" right before a fatal error is worth more than a tank.

Personnel & Organization

The Minion's Pension Fund [400]
A mysterious investment portfolio that grows based on your exploits as a **minion**. Every successful mission, survived disaster, and the times you impressed your **boss** increases the fund in value. Check your balance monthly via a discrete banking app, and watch it grow from a few thousand to potentially millions over the course of your career. The fund is managed by a **shadowy financial institution** that specializes in **villain's** money laundering and offshore accounts, making it completely safe from **law enforcement, tax collectors**, and your **boss's** greedy hands. You can withdraw money anytime (though frequent withdrawals slow the growth rate), and the fund continues accumulating across bosses. By the time you've completed several years as a professional **minion**, you might be wealthier than some of the **villains** you work for. After 10 years of service, the fund also starts generating a comfortable monthly income even without new deposits.

The Scapegoat File [400]

A sealed manila folder that sits innocently in your desk drawer, waiting for you to use it. Commit a crime, cause a disaster, or do something that would normally get you arrested/fired/executed, and you can choose for the folder to fill itself with ironclad evidence pointing to someone else as the culprit. The evidence is comprehensive and damning: security footage showing them at the scene, financial records of their payments, testimony from "witnesses" who saw them planning it, forensic evidence with their fingerprints and DNA, digital trails leading back to their accounts, and a paper trail that would convince any investigator of their guilt. The framed individual is always someone plausible: someone who could have feasibly committed the crime, had means and opportunity, and whose involvement makes logical sense to investigators. The folder won't try to frame the city's most beloved **hero** for robbing a bank when they were publicly saving orphans across town, but it will find a **corrupt cop**, a **rival minion**, or a **criminal** with the right skill set. The evidence holds up to intense scrutiny and forensic analysis because it's real; the folder only works once per six months and only on crimes you personally committed.

Interdimensional Work Visa [400]

A stack of official-looking employment contracts that never runs out, made for **Jumpers** that are in dire need of **minions** themselves. Anyone who willingly signs this becomes your Follower, bound to your service and traveling with you when you leave this jump. They retain whatever skills, abilities, and equipment they had when they signed, and they age normally unless you make them immortal. However, the contract has limitations: It only works on people who would genuinely want to work for you long-term, which means no coercion, and they must understand they're agreeing to permanent employment that extends beyond this jump. As for numbers, you can have unlimited Followers if you want, just don't forget that if they die, they disappear permanently (so make sure to take care of them!).

A Favor [400]

A sealed envelope with your current **boss's** personal seal on it, containing a single ornate card that reads "One Favor - No Questions Asked" in elaborate script. Present this card, and your **boss** will grant you one significant favor without asking why you need it, what you plan to do with it, or whether it aligns with their current schemes. However, the favor has limits: it won't make your **boss** do something completely antithetical to their nature (a world-conquering tyrant won't suddenly become good), won't force them to sacrifice their major goals, and won't work if what you're asking would directly destroy their organization or kill them. The favor is also one-time use per **employer** (which means one use per year in this jump). Post-jump, you can use this for any **boss** you work for.

Personal Minion Crew [600]

A recruitment contract signed by 25 competent **henchmen** who work for you personally rather than whatever **supervillain** currently employs you. You select their areas of expertise when recruiting them, and can choose from any specialization that exists in organizations you've worked (or are going to work for) for during this jump. Spent Year 3 working for a **dark wizard** (like **Voldemort**)? You can recruit wizards specialized in Charms and Transfiguration. Year 7 was with a **tech villain organization** (like **A.I.M**)? Recruit superpower researchers and Iron Man suit engineers. Year 9 involved a **ninja boss** (**Orochimaru**)? Get chunin genjutsu users and assassins. You can also mix specializations freely: five combat specialists, three tech experts, two infiltrators, eight support staff, four wizards, and three drivers would be a valid team composition. They come with their own equipment and are completely loyal to you (good being a **boss** for once). Post-jump, they improve their skills according to what jump you are in (so going to a magic setting will improve the skillset of the wizard minions), and you can recruit five more henchmen from each jump you visit.

End of catalogue. All items are non-refundable. Management reserves the right to deny the existence of this catalogue if questioned by heroes, law enforcement, or internal audit. Shop responsibly. Or don't. We're villains.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in the worlds you enter is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 MP for 1, 200 MP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 MP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for an **MP** stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Eighteen (Or However Many There Are Now) [50]

A professional **henchwoman** who's turned her cloning ability into a lucrative career working simultaneously for dozens of evil organizations across the globe, this pragmatic operative has taken a surprising interest in you as a fellow **minion** who actually knows how to do the job right.

Each clone retains her skills and memories, which merge back together every few days to create a constantly updating network of insider information that she's more than willing to share with someone she considers a competent peer. With deliberately unremarkable features (average height and build, dark hair kept in a practical bun, and tactical gear in neutral colors designed to blend in), she's perfected the art of being forgettable, which is exactly what's kept her alive in a profession with an alarmingly high mortality rate. Her dry wit and refreshingly workmanlike attitude toward henchwomaning means she's got zero patience for the dramatic incompetents who make up most of the **minion workforce**, which is precisely why she's latched onto you as someone worth collaborating with.

Having sat through countless **villain** planning meetings, witnessed every variety of betrayal and backstabbing, and survived more death traps than she cares to count, she's developed an almost encyclopedic knowledge of which organizations actually pay on time, which bosses will throw you under the bus, and which schemes are doomed from the start. She'll happily cover your shifts, provide advance warning when one of your **employers** is about to do something catastrophically stupid, and back you up when things inevitably go sideways, all because she's finally found another **henchperson** who shows up on time, follows orders without grandstanding, and understands that sometimes the real victory is just making it home alive with a paycheck.

Mother Mayhem [50]

A fanatically devoted **henchwoman** who lost her beloved master in a hero's raid and has since decided that if she can't serve perfection, she'll simply create it from scratch. And she's chosen you, a mere minion, to be her masterpiece.

With wild dark curls and fierce dark eyes, this elegant yet unhinged woman has latched onto you with obsessive maternal devotion, absolutely convinced that beneath your current station as expendable muscle lies the potential for true greatness. She calls you "my little lord" with genuine reverence, treating your every minor accomplishment in villainy like a proud mother watching her child's first steps, and she's determined to nurture your capacity for cruelty and ambition until you surpass even her previous master.

Her teaching methods are as brutal as they are effective: she'll coo with delight when you show proper ruthlessness, punish any signs of mercy with disappointed fury, and gleefully demonstrate proper torture techniques while cackling at the carnage. Despite (or perhaps because of) her madness, she's fiercely protective of her "little lord," viewing threats to your life as personal insults and responding with disproportionate violence that's gotten you both fired from several organizations.

She dresses with elegance even on standard minion duty, favoring dark corseted gowns that scandalize the other henchpeople, and her decades of loyal service to her previous master have made her exceptionally skilled in combat, magic, and creative applications of violence. To her, you're not just another disposable minion but her second chance at purpose: the raw clay she'll mold into a legend that will make the world tremble, even if you're currently just trying to survive your next shift without getting vaporized by heroes.

The Smiling Man [50]

A perpetually grinning lieutenant whose unchanging expression has unsettled everyone from street-level thugs to S-class supervillains, this enigmatic operative has taken an inexplicable interest in you as a fellow **minion**, though his true reasons remain as inscrutable as everything else about him.

He excels at playing the long game, planting seeds of chaos that won't bear fruit for months or years, and he's recruited you into schemes so Byzantine that you won't understand your role in them until they've already succeeded. His holographic weaponry is as versatile as it is deadly: the blade can split into multiple segments, curve around obstacles, or extend from concealment to strike from impossible angles, and he wields it with the casual precision of someone who's choreographed the fight three moves ahead. He treats you with what might be genuine fondness or might be calculated manipulation; even you can't tell, and he certainly won't say.

What you do know is that since he attached himself to you, your survival rate on dangerous missions has increased dramatically, you've been present for schemes that have toppled hero organizations, and you've started to notice opportunities appearing at precisely the right moments. Whether he's protecting a valued pawn or grooming you to become something far more dangerous than a mere minion is a question that smile will never answer.

Bunny Boy [50]

A nervous but determined young **minion** who gained bunny features after a supervillain's mad science experiment went catastrophically wrong, this earnest green-haired operative has somehow turned a humiliating accident into an actual asset through sheer stubborn effort.

With large rabbit ears that betray his emotions by twitching or drooping, enhanced legs built for incredible jumping power and speed, and a fluffy tail he's deeply self-conscious about, he's endured endless mockery from other **henchmen** but refuses to quit, driven by an almost obsessive need to prove that even a bunny-boy can become a capable villain. He has quite an analytical mind: he carries notebooks everywhere, filled with detailed observations about hero patrol patterns, villain techniques, and tactical assessments that would impress actual strategists if anyone took him seriously enough to look.

He latches onto you with an almost embarrassing level of admiration, viewing you as the kind of competent minion he desperately wants to become, and his hero-worship manifests in constant note-taking about your methods and earnest attempts to assist you even when he's clearly outmatched. Despite his anxious energy and tendency to ramble when nervous (which his bunny instincts make worse, causing him to thump his foot rapidly when stressed), he's genuinely brave when it counts, throwing himself into danger to support you with a reckless determination that's kept you both alive more times than you'd like to admit.

His bunny mutations give him exceptional mobility and reflexes, allowing him to scout ahead, execute impossible jumps to reach strategic positions, and deliver devastating kicks with his powerful legs, making him far more valuable as a partner than his self-deprecating nature would ever let him believe. Though you suspect that one day his notebooks, his determination, and his surprising combat abilities will launch him far beyond the **minion** ranks, assuming he survives long enough to realize his own potential.

Big Guy [50]

A massive, impossibly muscular henchman whose chiseled physique and peak physical performance are matched only by his genuine kindness and culinary expertise, this gentle giant represents everything contradictory about the minion lifestyle: he's phenomenally good at his job while being far too nice a person to actually be doing it.

With a square jaw, broad shoulders that can barely fit through standard doorways, and the kind of build that makes heroes think twice before engaging, he's every villain's dream enforcer until they realize he'll stop mid-evil-scheme to help elderly civilians cross the street or rescue cats from trees. His cooking skills are legendary among the henchman community, capable of whipping up gourmet meals from the most basic lair pantry, and he's somehow turned "bringing spinach puffs to the death trap installation" into standard operating procedure.

What makes him truly unique is the shoulder angel and devil that literally appear to offer him moral guidance, and unlike most people, he actually listens to them, leading to frequent ethical dilemmas in the middle of kidnapping missions and genuinely thoughtful discussions about whether this particular scheme crosses a line. He's latched onto you as a fellow minion with surprising enthusiasm, viewing you as someone who appreciates his cooking and doesn't mock him for having a conscience, and he's become your most reliable backup despite his tendency to apologize profusely to the heroes while efficiently tying them up.

His loyalty is absolute, his competence undeniable, and his moral compass somehow intact despite years in the villain business, making him the rare henchman who'll help you bury the bodies while earnestly suggesting you maybe consider a less murder-heavy career path, all while serving you the best empanadas you've ever tasted.

Goddess of Misfortune [50]

A self-proclaimed divine being who somehow fell from grace and ended up working as a henchwoman, this beauty is absolutely convinced of her own superiority despite a track record of spectacular failures that would have gotten any normal minion fired a dozen times over.

With elaborate outfits far too fancy for skulking around **villain** lairs, an entourage of devoted followers she's somehow accumulated despite her incompetence, and the kind of overconfidence that comes from genuinely believing you're better than everyone else, she's latched onto you with the expectation that you should feel honored to work alongside someone of her caliber (never mind that she's in tears within minutes whenever a plan goes wrong or someone points out her mistakes). Her abilities are genuinely impressive when she actually uses them properly: powerful magic, versatile elemental control, and enough raw talent to make her surprisingly effective when she's not distracted by trivial matters, but she has an almost supernatural gift for wasting her potential on the most pointless applications imaginable.

She's catastrophically bad with money, regularly spending the entire mission budget on expensive luxuries and leaving you both broke, and her decision-making skills are so poor that you've learned to do the opposite of whatever she confidently suggests. Despite all this, she's fiercely loyal to you in her own self-centered way, viewing you as her most devoted companion and the only person who truly appreciates her greatness, and her genuine kindness occasionally shines through the narcissism. Plus, when she actually focuses, her powers have pulled you both out of situations that would have killed any normal henchmen, making her simultaneously your greatest asset and your most exhausting liability.

The Surgeon [50]

An utterly unhinged scientist-turned-henchwoman with an obsessive fascination for the inner workings of the super-powered brain, this disturbingly cheerful woman has latched onto you as "Boss" with the kind of fanatical devotion usually reserved for cult leaders, primarily because you're willing to let her indulge her morbid research.

With hands that never quite stop trembling (whether from excitement or instability is anyone's guess), surgical tools always within reach, and a tendency to giggle at the most inappropriate moments, she's made herself invaluable by offering a simple deal: you handle the killing, she handles the dissection, and together you both benefit from the powers she can extract from fresh corpses. Her theory (that super-powered brains retain their abilities in specific neural pathways that can be mapped, extracted, and transferred) is either brilliant or completely insane, but the unsettling truth is that it often works enough to keep her employed despite the numerous incidents.

Her loyalty stems from genuine gratitude: you're the only person who doesn't recoil from her work, who understands that progress requires sacrifice (preferably someone else's), and who appreciates that the screaming is just part of the scientific process. The other **henchmen** give you both a wide berth now, unsettled by her cheerful humming while she works and the way she calls you "Boss" with such adoring reverence, but you've come to appreciate having someone who can turn your body count into a genuine tactical advantage, even if her idea of small talk involves detailed descriptions of frontal lobe extraction techniques.

Big Brain [50]

A technically gifted **minion** with an unusually large head and a complexion that raises questions nobody has figured out how to ask, this impeccably competent **henchman** has been a fixture of the villain underworld for years despite being, by any reasonable measure, capable of running the whole thing himself.

He has never shown any interest in doing so. He seems genuinely content down here at the bottom of the org chart, which is either deeply admirable or deeply suspicious, depending on how cynical you are. His inventions don't look like anyone else's work and don't follow any logic that anyone else has been able to reverse engineer. A targeting system built from consumer electronics that outperforms anything the major organizations are currently fielding. A disguise device small enough to fit in a coat pocket that has fooled people standing close enough to shake hands. Things that have no business working and work anyway, produced on a workbench he shares with a fish tank, in his own time, because a problem caught his interest and he wanted to see how it came apart. The people who find his work afterward are usually less concerned with stopping him than with figuring out how he did it.

The honest assessment, shared quietly among people who have worked alongside him long enough, is that if he ever decided he wanted a city, he could probably have one by Thursday. The more uncomfortable follow-up to that assessment is that he has clearly done the math on this himself and simply found the idea uninteresting.

He has taken an interest in you because you show up, do the job, and don't grandstand about it, which in his experience puts you in a very small category worth staying close to. He will back you up, share what he knows, and solve problems you didn't know you had before they become problems you do. In return, he asks for very little: someone who listens when he explains things, who doesn't question the fish, and who understands that the cape is non-negotiable.
Nobody has ever asked him why he calls himself Big Brain. The head speaks for itself.

The Terrible Trio [50]

A pair of theatrical **henchmen** who insist on being hired as a package deal along with their genetically-engineered talking cat, this dynamic duo of Jasper and Jade has turned professional failure into an art form while somehow remaining employed.

With matching uniforms that are far too elaborate for their pay grade, a rehearsed introduction speech they deliver before every mission (complete with synchronized poses), and an unshakeable belief that this time will definitely be different, they've failed upward through dozens of organizations by being just competent enough to be useful and just incompetent enough to be harmless.

The cat (a sarcastic feline experiment gone wrong who desperately wants recognition from the **villain** who created him but settled for joining these two idiots instead) serves as the trio's voice of reason, which tells you everything you need to know about their decision-making skills. Despite their comedy of errors approach to villainy, they possess genuine skills that emerge at the strangest times: Jade's expertise in disguise and infiltration, Jasper's technical knowledge, and the cat's surprising combat abilities have pulled missions back from the brink more often than anyone expected.

They've attached themselves to you with the loyalty of people who've finally found someone who doesn't immediately fire them, and while their theatrical failures and constant bickering can be exhausting, there's something oddly reassuring about having backup who'll charge into hopeless situations with confidence, survive explosions that should absolutely kill them, and somehow show up the next day ready to try again. Because if nothing else, the Terrible Trio are survivors, and in the minion business, that counts for more than most people realize.

Scenarios

Long Live The King



Every year, a new villain. A new set of orders barked at you, a new mission to carry out with little thanks and even less pay. But this year, something is different. Maybe it's the way your current **boss** underestimates you, or the way their lieutenants already look to you for guidance when the **boss** isn't watching. Maybe you've simply had enough of taking orders from someone like Lex Luthor, who loves the sound of his own voice almost as much as he loves reminding everyone how smart he is, or Shredder, who has been beaten by four turtles who learned everything they know from a rat.

Whatever the reason, you've decided that this year, things are going to change. You will not simply serve this organization; you will take it. Choose one **boss** or **supervillain organization** from your list to plan a coup against. How you go about it is entirely up to you. Perhaps you are patient, the kind of person who spends months quietly turning lieutenants into allies, feeding your **boss** bad intelligence, arranging for their most embarrassing failures to happen in front of exactly the right people, until the **organization** simply stops believing in them and starts believing in you instead. Or perhaps you are not patient at all, and one day you walk into whatever throne room or war table your boss has claimed for themselves, and you make it very clear, through whatever means feel most appropriate, that the position is no longer theirs. A knife in the back, a gun on the table, or simply hitting them hard enough that no one in the room feels like arguing the point. Both approaches work. Both have their risks. Either way, when the year is up, you will either be sitting in that chair or you won't. Just remember: they didn't get to the top by being stupid, and neither did you.

Rewards:

There's a reason some people just never get removed from power once they've grabbed it, and with **The Usurper's Claim**, you've become one of them. Any position of authority you seize becomes yours in a way that goes beyond paperwork or titles. People who were loyal to your predecessor will transfer that loyalty to you, not out of fear but out of a genuine, almost inexplicable sense that you are the rightful authority now. **Rivals** who might have challenged a normal usurper will find their confidence quietly eroding when they consider moving against you. This doesn't make you untouchable, but it does mean that anyone trying to depose you faces the same uphill battle you had to climb, and most of them won't have your patience or your talent for it.

Of course, a coup is a messy business, and your former **boss** wasn't going to hand over their things quietly. Whatever they valued most, their signature weapon, their personal vehicle, their most prized possession, has now passed into your hands as the **Spoils of the Throne**. This item, whatever form it takes, has been upgraded from its original state. It scales with your capabilities, will never be permanently lost or stolen unless you allow it, and carries the reputation of its former owner. People who knew your predecessor will recognize it immediately and react accordingly.

The organization itself is now yours, every safehouse, every contact, every account, folded into your Warehouse as your **Seized Organization**. It is a fully functional criminal or **villainous** enterprise that persists and adapts across every jump you enter, arriving already quietly established with a skeleton crew of fifty loyal members carried over from your original coup. Whether it started as HYDRA, the Foot Clan, or some two-bit gang, it grows and reshapes itself to fit whatever world you land in next.

The Unfinished Symphony



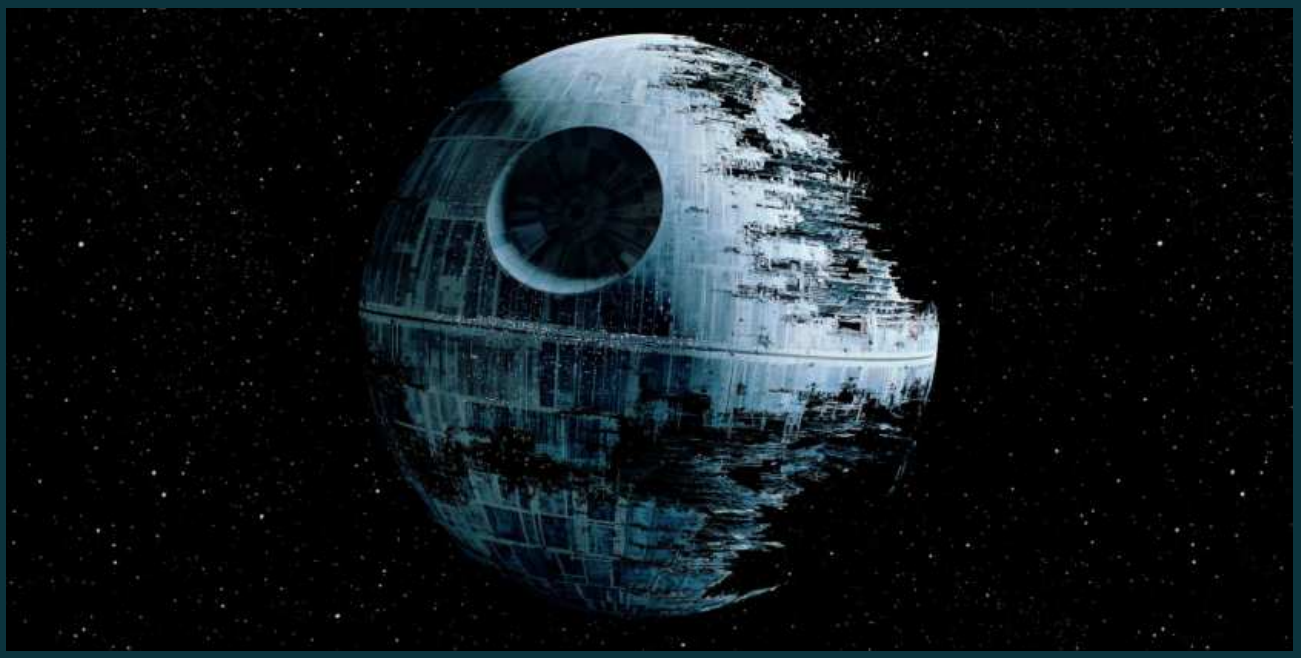
Not every year is going to end neatly. Sometimes you arrive to find that the one you were supposed to serve is already dead, their grand ambitions cut short by a **hero**, a **rival**, or their own hubris. Voldemort never got to enslave Magical Britain. The Joker never got his punchline (a Batman who finally cracked). Palpatine never created his Galactic Empire. Their dream lies unfinished. And for reasons that may not even be entirely clear to you, you find yourself unable to simply walk away. You have one year. One year to step into the shoes of someone the world thought was the worst thing in it, and prove that what they started cannot simply be buried with them. Will you actually finish it? Or simply ensure that when you leave, the work is far enough along that it can never truly be undone? Choose one **supervillain** from your list to finish their master plan.

Rewards:

Running a **villainous** operation requires managing people, resources, and timelines simultaneously, and most bosses are terrible at at least one of those three things. With **Iron Logistics**, you are not. You can manage any number of subordinates without losing track of what each of them is doing, allocate resources across an operation without creating shortages or bottlenecks, and keep multiple plans running in parallel without any of them falling apart from lack of attention. Subordinates who would have eventually gone rogue, gotten lazy, or started skimming under your predecessor will not do so under you, because you will notice before it becomes a problem and deal with it accordingly. This works regardless of the scale of the operation. Whether you are running a street gang of twenty people or an empire spanning multiple continents like HYDRA or a Galactic Empire, the same clarity applies. Nothing falls through the cracks, nothing gets misallocated, and no one underneath you operates without you having a precise understanding of what they are doing and how well they are doing it.

Your predecessor was saving something for their moment of final triumph, and they never got to use it. This is their **Doomsday Contingency**, a weapon, device, or artifact of catastrophic capability scaled directly to the ambitions of the boss you're replacing. If your predecessor was Voldemort, this threatens Magical Britain entirely. If they were Thanos, it threatens the universe. It has been completed and calibrated to your hand rather than theirs, and represents the single most destructive asset they ever built or acquired. It is not subtle. It will not be gentle. But it will absolutely be proportional to whoever you inherited it from.

Finally, the seat of your predecessor's power, their headquarters, fortress, or symbolic stronghold, whether that's the Asteroid M, the Death Star, or Doom’s Castle in Latveria, has been preserved and attached to your Warehouse. It is fully functional, repaired to its best operational state, and staffed by fifty of the most dedicated surviving members of the original organization. It is a monument to what almost was, and a warning of what still might be.



Drawbacks

Long-Term Employment Contract [Free]

Normally, you'd work for a different villain each year during this jump, but if you want, you can choose to work only for a single villain for ten years. A great choice for those who prefer to commit to one employer and build a long-term career instead of constantly starting over from the bottom every year.

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Gooning [+100]

Due to some cosmic linguistic curse, every time you use the word "goon" to describe your job, everyone within earshot will interpret it as the modern internet slang for masturbation. This is a problem because "goon" is standard industry terminology in the supervillain business, and you'll use it constantly without thinking. Your boss calls team meetings for "all goons to report," your uniform says "GOON SQUAD" across the back, and your employee handbook is titled "So You Want to Be a Professional Goon." Try explaining to your date that you're "just a goon for Doctor Destructo" and watch them slowly back away while making excuses. Your landlord asks about your employment, and you cheerfully say you're "gooning full-time now", and suddenly the apartment is no longer available. Your mom asks how work is going, and you mention "gooning with the boys", and now she's crying and asking where she went wrong as a parent. Even other henchmen will give you weird looks when you enthusiastically describe yourself as "a damn good goon" because somehow only YOU are cursed with this miscommunication. The universe thinks this is hilarious. You do not.

It Comes With The Job, and I Can’t Take it Off [+100]

For the entire duration of this jump, you cannot remove your **henchman** uniform. It doesn't matter if you're off-duty, trying to sleep, attempting to go on a date, or attending your grandmother's funeral; you're wearing that ridiculous color-coded jumpsuit with your **employer's** logo plastered across it 24/7. This completely destroys any hope of a social life because everyone immediately knows you're a professional minion. Civilians will avoid you, potential romantic partners will flee, restaurants and stores will refuse you service, and you can forget about maintaining any kind of secret identity or having friends outside the criminal underworld. You'll spend this jump trying to grocery shop in full villain regalia, attending your kid's school play in an outfit that screams "I work for Doctor Destructo," and sleeping in tactical gear that wasn't designed for comfort. The uniform is indestructible for the purposes of this drawback, so you can't even arrange a convenient wardrobe malfunction to get out of it. At least it's machine washable.

Phenomenal Cosmic Power, Itty Bitty Living Space [+100]

It doesn't matter if you're pulling six figures as an elite **henchman**, got powers that could level a city block, or if you're the boss's right hand, your living situation is and will remain absolutely fucking terrible. You're stuck in the worst accommodations imaginable: a shoebox apartment with black mold and one working outlet, a broom closet in your **employer's** lair that smells like something died in the walls, a storage unit you're technically not allowed to live in, or a van down by the river that keeps getting towed. Any attempts to upgrade your living situation will fail spectacularly, and the worst of all? Your fellow **henchmen** will somehow have perfectly nice apartments while you're showering with a garden hose and cooking ramen on a hot plate because your landlord hasn't fixed anything in eight months.

Villainous Monologue Syndrome [+100]

You can't help yourself. Whenever you get the upper hand on a **hero**, whenever you capture someone important, whenever you're about to complete your mission, you absolutely must stop and explain everything in excruciating detail. The **hero** is tied up and helpless? Time to spend three minutes explaining exactly how you caught them and what's going to happen next. You're about to push the button that completes the heist? Better pause and describe the entire plan first. You physically cannot pull the trigger, press the button, or finish the job until you've thoroughly monologued about it, giving **heroes** ample time to escape, backup to arrive, or someone to shoot you in the back while you're distracted. Your **boss** will be furious every time you snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, your fellow **henchmen** will groan when you start talking, and **heroes** will deliberately bait you into monologuing because they know you can't resist. The worst part is you're fully aware you're doing it and still can't stop yourself.

Involuntary Test Subject [+200]

For reasons you'll never understand, your **boss** has decided you're the perfect guinea pig for every experimental drug, prototype weapon, and untested piece of technology they develop. You'll be "volunteered" to test the new combat stimulant that turns out to cause uncontrollable vomiting, forced to wear the power armor that explosively malfunctions and leaves you naked in front of everyone, injected with the super-soldier serum that just makes your hair fall out and gives you a humiliating rash, and generally subjected to every half-baked experiment that comes out of the lab. The results are always embarrassing: public incontinence, temporary gender swaps, spontaneous combustion of your clothes, growing extra limbs in unfortunate places, or worse. Your **boss** considers this a privilege and won't pay you extra for it. Really hope you invested in regeneration, because you're going to need it.

Family Man [+200]

Congratulations, you now have a family: a spouse, two kids, and a dog who needs walking twice a day. They're inserted into this jump with full memories of your life together and expect you to be a functional parent and partner despite your career as a professional criminal. You'll need to pay the mortgage on your shitty **henchman** salary, attend parent-teacher conferences between heist assignments, remember anniversaries while planning crimes, and somehow explain why daddy comes home with broken bones and plasma burns without revealing you work for a **supervillain**. Worse, your family is a massive liability: **heroes** might use them as leverage, **rival villains** could take them hostage to control you, your own **employer** might threaten them to ensure your loyalty, and you'll spend this jump terrified that your work life will get them killed. You can't just abandon them either: they're real people who love you, and ditching your family has serious consequences. The only upside is that if you manage to keep them alive and relatively happy for the entire jump, you can import them as companions afterwards.

Achilles' Heel [+200]

Like those pesky superheroes, you now have a weakness, except instead of something exotic like Kryptonite or magic, you're vulnerable to something frustratingly common. Pick your poison: maybe it's plastic (good luck in the modern world), fluorescent lighting (every office building becomes a deathtrap), electromagnetic fields from cell phones (you're fucked), or anything else as long is common. Exposure doesn't kill you, but it seriously fucks up your day: weakness, nausea, disorientation, whatever makes sense for your chosen substance. The worst part? Your **villainous employer** will absolutely exploit this. Expect to be stationed in rooms full of your weakness as "motivation," have your pay docked for reduced performance when exposed, and watch your **boss** completely forget about your vulnerability when assigning you to guard the plastic explosives warehouse.

Red Shirt Syndrome [+200]

Any outfit, armor, or equipment you wear during your stay here provides absolutely no protection whatsoever. Doesn't matter if you're issued military-grade body armor, a force field generator, or even powered armor that should make you a walking tank. For you, it all has the defensive properties of wet tissue paper. You are, for all intents and purposes, wearing a Star Trek red shirt (except even red shirts occasionally survived, and your survival rate is going to be significantly worse).

Conscience in the Wrong Line of Work [+200]

You're actually a genuinely good person with a functioning moral compass and empathy for your fellow humans, which makes being a **professional henchman** about as natural a fit as a vegan working at a slaughterhouse. You'll constantly try to mitigate the damage your job causes: warning civilians to evacuate before the death ray fires, "accidentally" leaving escape routes for captured heroes, calling anonymous tips to hospitals about where your **boss** dumped the bodies, and sabotaging operations in small ways to save lives. The problem is that every act of mercy puts you at serious risk: your **boss** might notice the pattern of suspiciously low body counts on your missions, that **hero** you let escape could come back with friends and ruin everything, and those warned civilians might call the cops at the worst possible moment. You'll spend this entire jump walking a tightrope between doing the right thing and staying alive, knowing that sooner or later your **employer** will demand you do something truly inexcusable and you'll have to choose between your conscience and your continued survival.

This Meeting Could've Been A Beating [+200]

Congratulations, you've been promoted to middle management! Now, instead of just doing crimes, you're responsible for scheduling patrol rotations, filing incident reports, managing the equipment budget, conducting performance reviews, and attending endless meetings about "operational efficiency." But here's the real kick in the teeth: you still have to participate in every field operation like a regular minion. Your **boss** expects you to fight heroes, guard the doomsday device, and get your ass kicked on the front lines while ALSO handling all the administrative duties. The grunts beneath you resent taking orders from someone who's getting shot at right next to them, your **boss** blames you personally for every failure and fuckup your subordinates make, and you'll spend this jump doing twice the work for maybe a 15% pay increase. At least when you were a regular grunt, you could blame someone else when things went wrong.

Stormtrooper [+200]

You have the worst aim in the history of ranged combat. It doesn't matter if you're using a gun, bow, thrown weapon, or even a goddamn rocket launcher; you will miss your target by a comical margin every single time. That **hero** standing ten feet in front of you? Your bullet somehow curves around them and hits a fire extinguisher. Trying to throw a grenade into an open doorway? It bounces off the frame and rolls back to your feet. Your **boss** gives you a high-tech laser rifle with computer-assisted targeting? Congratulations, you just shot the ceiling and triggered the sprinkler system. The only things you'll consistently hit are your fellow **henchmen** (who will learn to stay far away from you during firefights), innocent bystanders who had nothing to do with anything, and expensive equipment your boss will make you pay for. Melee weapons are your only option now, which means charging directly at **heroes** and **villains** who CAN aim properly and have a far greater risk of getting shot in the face (or hit by a magical bolt) while trying to close the distance to actually hit someone.

This Was The Dumbest Shit I've Ever Heard, Boss [+400]

You are physically incapable of telling a lie, which is about as useful for a **henchman** as a screen door on a submarine. When your boss unveils their master plan to take over the city with an army of robot dinosaurs, you have to tell them it's the dumbest shit you've ever heard and explain in detail why it won't work. Security guard asks what you're doing in the restricted area at 3 AM? You'll cheerfully explain that you're here to steal the prototype weapon. **Hero** interrogates you? You'll spill your employer's entire operation, including home address and Wi-Fi password. Your boss asks if you're loyal? "Not really, I just need the health insurance." The good news is you can choose to stay silent and not volunteer information, so you're not constantly running your mouth unprompted. The bad news is that the moment someone asks you a direct question, you're completely fucked and have to answer truthfully. This means you'll spend this jump desperately trying to avoid being asked anything while your **boss** keeps demanding your opinion on things you know are terrible ideas.

Two Neurons Fighting For Third Place [+400]

The problem with being a henchman is that you're usually expected to have at least room temperature IQ, but you've somehow fallen well below that standard. You're genuinely, catastrophically stupid. Not charmingly dim or strategically playing dumb, but actually dumber than a box of hammers. Complex plans go completely over your head, written instructions might as well be in ancient Sumerian, and if someone uses a word with more than three syllables, you'll just nod along while having zero comprehension. Your **boss** will have to explain every mission multiple times using small words and visual aids, and you'll still probably fuck it up. Other **henchmen** will groan when partnered with you because they'll have to do all the thinking, and you can't advance beyond grunt work because you lack the mental capacity to understand anything more complex than "go there, shoot that, carry this." Worse, you're not quite stupid enough to be completely useless, so your **employer** will keep you around while paying you less because "you don't need money for books or anything," and you'll go through this entire jump never quite understanding why everyone keeps calling you an idiot.

Guess It Was Nothing [+400]

You have the memory and attention span of a goldfish when it comes to danger, which makes you possibly the worst security guard in history. You can witness clear signs of **hero** infiltration (gunshots down the hall, a co-worker's corpse, alarms blaring, mysterious footprints leading to the vault), and you'll be appropriately alarmed for maybe three to five minutes before your brain just... moves on. You'll go right back to your normal patrol route, completely forgetting that someone is actively breaking into the base. Find a knocked-out **henchman**? You'll radio it in, search the area thoroughly, then wander off and forget you were even looking for an intruder. Hear explosions from the reactor room? You'll investigate, see the damage, then five minutes later, you're back at your post, wondering why there's smoke everywhere but not connecting it to anything important. This applies to ALL potential threats, not just **heroes**: if your **boss** is planning to betray you, if your **co-worker** is clearly a spy, if there's a bomb in the break room, you'll notice, briefly care, then forget about it and go back to your crossword puzzle. On the bright side, you're nearly impossible to interrogate since you'll forget what you're being tortured about after a few minutes.

Heroic Nemesis [+400]

Most **henchmen** are beneath the notice of actual **heroes**. Not you, though. You've somehow earned yourself a dedicated nemesis, a **hero** who has made stopping YOU specifically their personal mission. Maybe you accidentally insulted them during your first encounter, maybe you vaguely resemble their dead sidekick, maybe they just decided you have "potential for redemption" and won't leave you alone about it. Whatever the reason, this cape will show up to foil YOUR operations specifically, track you across the city, crash through YOUR apartment window at 3 AM, and give you heartfelt speeches about choosing a better path while you're just trying to do your job (or just beat your ass). They know your schedule, your habits, your favorite coffee shop, and are as strong as you. The worst part? Your **boss** doesn't give a shit that you have a personal **hero** problem because they expect you to handle it yourself while still completing all your normal henchman duties. Even when you change **employers**, your nemesis will track you down and continue their obsessive crusade against you specifically.

The Boss's Least Favorite [+400]

Your **employer** absolutely despises you for reasons you'll never fully understand, and they'll make sure you know it every single day. You'll get assigned the worst possible jobs: cleaning the mutant crocodile pit, testing the experimental death ray by standing in front of it, and guarding the base's sewage entrance in the middle of winter. Every meeting includes at least one insult about your competence, intelligence, or worth as a human being, and your **boss** will go out of their way to make examples of you in front of other **henchmen** to establish dominance. Fuck up even slightly? You're getting punishments that are grossly disproportionate to your mistakes: docked pay for being three minutes late, sent on suicide missions for forgetting to file paperwork, or assigned to work quadruple shifts because you sneezed during the villain monologue. Other **henchmen** will pity you but won't risk helping because getting associated with the boss's least favorite employee is career suicide. This applies to every **villain** you work for during this jump, because somehow they all decide you're the one **henchman** they can't stand.

Ultimate Jump [+400]

You must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, because this jump now follows Marvel conventions. More specifically, the grim-and-gritty variety where everything is worse, and everyone is an asshole. Every world you visit while working for different villains throughout this jump will be a morally gray nightmare where heroes are violent anti-heroes with anger issues, villains are even worse than usual, and new superpowered threats pop up every other week to make your job exponentially harder. Each employer you work for will be more brutal and disturbing than they should be, heroes will be perfectly willing to break your bones and leave you for dead, and the collateral damage from cape fights will be catastrophic enough that you're constantly at risk of being vaporized by stray attacks, along with a dozen or more people. Civilians hate both heroes and villains equally and will treat you like shit, the authorities are corrupt and incompetent, and your fellow henchmen are backstabbing sociopaths you can't trust. Your love life is also completely fucked because every single potential romantic partner across every world is a douchebag, selfish, manipulative, abusive, or just generally awful person who will make any relationship a nightmare. At least the pay is still shit, so that's one thing you can count on staying consistent.

The Stockman Treatment [+400]

Each time you personally fail your **boss** (miss a target, let a hero escape, screw up a mission), they will punish you by removing or mangling a body part. First failure might cost you a finger. Second failure, maybe a hand. Third failure, an eye or an ear. Your employer has access to either advanced prosthetics or mad science that keeps you functional enough to continue working, but each replacement is cheaper and less effective than what you lost. By your fifth or sixth failure, you'll be held together with bargain-bin cybernetics, magical constructs that barely work, or jury-rigged biological replacements that hurt constantly. You can't quit because who else would hire an increasingly-mangled henchman, and your boss knows this. The few original parts of you that remain by the end of this jump will be precious reminders of what you used to look like before you became a living demonstration of what happens when you disappoint **supervillains**.

Ending

Ten years. Ten different bosses. Countless schemes that should have gotten you killed but somehow didn't. You've been the expendable one, the faceless grunt, the poor bastard standing in formation while your employer monologues about their brilliant plan to conquer the world with trained squirrels. And yet here you are, still breathing, still employed, and somehow more competent than half the supervillains you've worked for.

Your decade as a professional minion is complete. Time to decide what comes next.

Go Forward

Your contract is up, and you're moving on to whatever strange corner of the multiverse calls to you next. Everything you've earned comes with you: the perks that kept you alive, the gear you've collected, the companions who decided following you was somehow a good career move, and ten years of experience that proves you can survive literally anything. Most people can't put "worked for ten different supervillains and lived" on their résumé. You can. Good luck explaining that in your next job interview.

Go Home

Maybe you've had enough. Enough of the death rays, the hero fights, the bosses who can't decide if you're expendable or essential, and the constant nagging feeling that today's the day your luck runs out. You can return to your original Earth with everything intact: your abilities, your equipment, and your memories of a decade most people would consider completely insane. At least back home, your coworkers probably won't try to kill you over a parking space, and your boss probably can't vaporize you for showing up three minutes late. Probably. The skills you've gained will transfer just fine, even if the context doesn't. Try not to accidentally intimidate your new manager by treating quarterly reviews like villain debriefings.

Stay Here

Or maybe, against all logic and self-preservation instincts, you actually enjoyed this. The chaos, the violence, the sheer absurdity of working in an industry where "acceptable workplace casualties" is an actual line item in the budget. You can stay indefinitely, and you've got options for how that plays out.

Keep doing what you've been doing: cycle through new villainous employers, build your reputation as the henchman who somehow never dies, and turn "professional minion" into an actual long-term career.

Or if you're done taking orders from idiots, be your own boss. Build your own organization, launch your own schemes, hire your own expendable minions, and try not to repeat the mistakes of the ten people you worked for. You've got the insider knowledge, the contacts, the equipment, and the experience. The only question is whether you're actually better at this than they were, or if you're about to discover why being the boss is somehow worse than being the grunt.

Whatever you choose, you've earned it. You survived a decade in the most dangerous profession in the superhero world, outlasted countless coworkers who weren't as lucky, and proved that sometimes the best superpower is just being too stubborn to die. Now get out of here before your former boss realizes you're leaving and tries to give you one last "assignment."

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.
V 1.1 - Added a Create/Import companion option.

Eighteen is inspired by Dupli-Kate, Mother Mayhem is inspired by Bellatrix Lestrange, The Smiling Man is inspired by Gin Ichimaru, Bunny Boy is inspired by Midoriya from MHA, Big Guy is inspired by Kronk, Goddess of Misfortune is inspired by Aqua from Konosuba, The Surgeon is a genderbend of Sylar from Heroes, Big Brain is inspired by Megamind and The Terrible Trio are inspired on Jesse and James from Pokémon