The Elric Saga

Version 1.0

There came a time when there was great movement upon the Earth and above it, when the destiny of Men and Gods was hammered out upon the forge of Fate, when monstrous wars were brewed and mighty deeds were designed. And there rose up in this time, which was called the Age of the Young Kingdoms, heroes. Greatest of these heroes was a doom-driven adventurer who bore a crooning rune blade that he loathed.

His name was Elric of Melniboné, king of ruins, lord of a scattered race that had once ruled the ancient world. Elric, sorcerer and swordsman, slayer of kin, despoiler of his home land, white-faced albino, last of his line.

It is these turbulent times in which you will be deposited for the next ten years **—** a mere speck in the grand totality of the cosmos, but nonetheless the conclusion to the conflict between Law and Chaos that has dominated this world since it emerged from the primordial emptiness. Since life here is harsh, danger is commonplace, and it will only become harsher and more dangerous as the fated end of days nears, you'll receive **1000 CP** to prepare yourself for the struggle ahead in this world of crumbling empires and doomed men.

Time and Place:

You can begin in a location of your own choosing, appearing in any corner of Elric's world as long it's not heavily guarded or otherwise hidden from mortal eyes. Your stay will begin on the eve of the day raiders from the Young Kingdoms attack Imrryr, and Yyrkoon makes his first attempt on Elric's life.

Origins:

Gender and age may be freely decided. Any origin can also be taken as a drop-in option; you would be far from the first to fall from another dimension into this one.

Noble: Your bloodline bears a history of power, or at least that is what they would want others to believe. This option encompasses everything from a kingdom's royal family to its nobles, far-off relatives of some minor count or even the scion of a powerful merchant family. What's important is that you handle matters expected of this world's cultured and important people well, and though you aren't a warrior or sorcerer by trade there are still things the rich and powerful possess that allow them to employ and dispose of such types as they please. Since one of noble blood is most likely deeply connected to the history of their birthplace, it's your choice whether you want to want to begin as part of an existing bloodline or slightly alter the course of history to allow for the existence of a new one. You can also become a part of the Melnibonéan royalty, a sibling or other relative of Elric perhaps, but as of now you don't stand to inherit the Ruby Throne with any legitimacy.

Warrior: An individual whose life is sustained by bloodshed and violence. A professional soldier, sellsword, gladiator, knight, adventurer, or any other fanciful titles given to those who excel at the art of robbing life from one's opponent with nothing but their martial skill and hard steel. There was never a time in the history of the world when men and women of your profession were not needed, and indeed all throughout the multiverse you will find that the same goes for worlds stranger than a

mortal man could imagine. Consider the obvious advantages of living a life of violence, power and wealth alike, but also remember that you were trained to kill a human enemy, and as the fabric of the world itself grows more unstable the likelihood of facing something else grows ever larger.

Sorcerer: While some will rebuke the power of the supernatural out of caution or superstition, your kind both welcomes it with open arms and will forever try to forcefully place it under their control. The old magic has yet to fade from the world, and with Law and Chaos preparing to march against one another both sides are all too eager to recruit more mortal followers into their service. Though the talent itself is rare, magic-makers of all kinds can be found in many places, and there are in fact nations whose leadership consists entirely of experienced conjurers and demon-binders. While you're a simple novice of the supernatural arts with this alone, that only means you have the opportunity to grow — provided you don't fall prey to the insidious arrogance that has led so many hedge mages and even accomplished royal sorcerers to meet their untimely end.

Of the Higher Worlds: As you might have guessed, the previous origins are roles filled by the mortal folk of the material world. Though Melnibonéans are not of the same stock as the humans of the Young Kingdoms (something a Melnibonéan would be all too happy to remind one who confuses the two of), they are still beings of flesh and blood, similar in many ways in spite of slight differences in temperament and ability. They are a far cry from the many supernatural beings who inhabit the bizarre and mystical realms that exist adjacent to the physical plane, rarely seen by mortals but countless in number and varied in every manner imaginable. You are one of these creatures, a demon, elemental or perhaps even something stranger from the furthest dimensions. As one of these beings you possess a greatly extended lifespan and some minor magical power or physical advantage over ordinary men, starting you off as more powerful than other origins, but you are by no means impossible to kill by a skilled enough mortal warrior, and those knowledgeable in the art of magic have spent centuries developing means to imprison and command your kind.

Perks:

Perks are discounted to their associated origins. Discounted 100 CP perks are free.

Noble

Veins of Gold (100): While it's true that there are nobles who live luxurious lives of decadence because of the fortune of their ancestors alone, there are still those men and women who manage to follow in the steps of those diligent ancestors and continue to enrich themselves through nothing more than their own acumen for matters of gold. You are of the latter sort, since you seem to have a nose for riches and opportunities to acquire them. In any situation you can determine whatever course of action will profit you most, and you're naturally proficient when it comes to the art of bartering and gaining the greatest possible amount of wealth out of a financial agreement. In fact, you might feel that people you strike such bargains with are willing to give you more than they originally intended.

Famously Worded (100): The nobility is often fond of the fine art of verse, and even if you are not, you have a talent for it regardless. If you were to find yourself destitute and make an attempt at earning your bread as a poet, you'd find your creative endeavors of sufficient quality to end up in the courts of the richest lords and ladies, and yourself with quite a few ardent fans of your work. Besides this and an excellent singing voice, your quick wit and experience with using words to influence the emotions of others leave you capable of easing tensions when the mood is unpleasant or deescalating a conflict of opinions with a well-placed sonnet (or just regular speech, if you'd prefer).

Prince of Steeds (200): It would not do to be one of distinguished blood and yet be forced to walk oneself from place to place with one's own two legs, and it's only expected of any self-respecting noble to have a steed of some sort to carry them both in travel and on the battlefield. But it would also be terribly embarrassing to be lacking in a skill that the upper echelons of many cultures place such great importance on; an embarrassment you will luckily never have to suffer. When you ride, you and whatever manner of beast that carries you will become as one, your steed becoming like an extension of your own body as easily controlled as the fingers on your hand. This applies to any creature designated as a steed, from an ordinary horse to the fearsome battle-tigers of Pan-Tang or the dragons of Melniboné, but it will need to acknowledge you as its rider before the effects of this perk apply.

That I Am (200): Indeed, you are exactly the person they see you as. Or are you? While bluffing is not a glamorous skill, you exceed in uttering complete nonsense and coming off as entirely legitimate in your claims, though not in the manner of a corrupt statesman or a convicted criminal. Rather, you just so happen to say the exact right things to play into the beneficial preconceived notions of others, even if you have no idea at all what they could possibly be talking about. If someone thinks you could be an incredibly powerful sorcerer not to be trifled with, and you would benefit from keeping it that way, the two of you could discuss magic at length even if you're a novice in the art. If a spy approaches you and attempts to discern your true loyalties, you could respond perfectly to every secret code-word by random chance and have them out themselves in the process. While you can attempt to cultivate a particular image to influence the first impression of others, your bluffs will only be on this level if the initial impression originated from the other person. And of course no amount of convincing will change their mind if you're forced to, for example, display your grand magical abilities and fall short.

Dear Cousin (400): Bonds of blood can cause a person to treat their kin differently from others — treat them more harshly, but also more kindly. Nepotism exists for a reason, after all, but you take it to the next level. Even if they aren't related to you at all, people just cannot bring themselves to

give you more than a gentle slap on the wrist when they first discover your wrongdoings. You could be the slimiest worm to ever crawl the earth, plotting very obviously to seize power from everyone you know and owning a collection of daggers made specifically to stab others in the back, and you would face only minor disappointment from your would-be targets if they were to find out. Don't cause too much of a mess during a failed attempt to murder the emperor, and he wouldn't even bother to throw you in jail. In fact, he might just let you rule as regent while he's away! That said, just how much they will forgive you depends on both the people in question and the magnitude and success of your schemes. Kinder hearts will be more careless when it comes to your schemes, especially if whatever you were plotting was bloodless, but if you do murder the emperor, all bets are off as far as his close friends and other acquaintances are concerned.

King of Beggars (400): King Urish, ruler of the city of Nadsokor, is not a king in the traditional sense of the word. While he does have a crown on his head and subjects to follow his commands, those subjects are not followers of him because they belong to a certain people or kingdom. Instead his followers are beggars, the impoverished and the sick, the malformed and all other unfortunates who skulk the streets of the poorest corners of cities all across the Young Kingdoms. Much like Urish, but hopefully somewhat more hygienic, you are viewed by some as the ruler of a particular profession or way of life that can be found all across the world. While not all people belonging to said group answer to you, there is a sizable minority among them whose loyalty to their local kings and emperors is superseded by their loyalty to you alone. The less ordinary and more specialized this group is, the less followers you will have, so expect a king of tailors or smiths to have far more subjects than a king of assassins or necromancers, but your influence would be nothing to scoff at either way. Even a humble beggar can make for a good source of information, and with a significant sway over so many of them you would have eyes and ears all around the world.

Six and One Other (600): Court intrigue is just another fact of life in places where those with power congregate, indulged in much like the luxuries that their wealth bring by petty count and mighty emperor alike. But the plots your mind produces are of the highest level, fit for the halls of Melniboné and Quarzhasaat where grand conspiracies reign. Often your cunning is a weapon more dangerous than any sword or magical spell, and manipulating those with greater personal power than you is something you are particularly good at. Even if their weapon drains souls from men and gods alike or if they can conjure the greatest of demons to do their bidding, you can pull the strings to make every man in a slew of kingdoms their enemy or place them in situations they would be unlikely to survive. Alternatively, you could arrange a meeting in such a way that they would gain a good impression of you when they otherwise wouldn't, and with some time you could gain their full trust. If you were to delve into bargains with the Lords of the Higher Worlds, you could perhaps hold your own against even their endless and many-layered schemes, much like a certain member of the Melnibonéan royal bloodline.

A World Laid Low (600): Above all, a ruler must reign. But often those rulers who possess grand moral philosophies will find that the ideals they want to impose on their domains are not exactly compatible with reality. Fortunately however, the laws of this world are more malleable than those of others, especially where Law and Chaos are concerned. Just by aligning yourself with a cosmic principle, whether that means a specific being like a Lord of Chaos or Law or even the general concept of one, all that you rule over by blood or right of conquest will begin to change to better fit your chosen ideal.
Adherents of law will find their realms slowly shifting to a place perfectly ordered and neat, a realm of stark, bright castles, of flawlessly symmetrical crystal trees and docile animals. Attempts to change the landscape will be hindered, simply rearranging itself to its pure and intended form when it has been altered. Their subjects will be immaculate in appearance and health, loyal to a fault but suffering from a lack of passion or creativity that is in some ways the invention of chaos.
Conversely, those sworn to Chaos will find the very earth under their feet begin to warp and become unstable, water becoming rigid as stone and ground giving in like water, but even if they

are magically lacking the landscape will bend to its ruler's will, completely changing the bizarre flora and fauna growing all across the realm or causing castles to spring up from nothing. Their subjects become more eccentric and whimsical, in many ways brilliant but prone to doing things their own way. Lastly, magic and other supernatural abilities strongly tied to the ruling principle will become more powerful within the realm's borders, while the power of an opposing principle will be stifled. The given examples here are only that, and the effects might change depending on the nature of law and chaos in other worlds.

Warrior

A Hardy Sort (100): You wouldn't have lasted as long as you have in your line of work if you didn't have the basic requirements for it. Besides a good deal of experience with your weapon of choice, you possess both a warrior's constitution and mind, tiring less quickly than others and handling extreme conditions much better than they would. While you couldn't wander naked through a desert or a blizzard without food and water, the sun doesn't burn quite as hot on your skin and the cold doesn't bite quite as hard, and half as much food and water as an ordinary man would require will do just fine for you. You're also not immune to pain or torture, but never truly break and are quite scary when it comes to bouncing back from the severe mental and bodily fatigue inflicted by it.

Crimson Moody Eyes (100): A skin as white as bleached bone. Eyes as red as blood. Even if you lack the fine features of a Melnibonéan nobleman, there is something about your appearance that appeals to others regardless of it being considered strange or frightening. Beyond mere physical attraction, the sight of you influences people in a way that could equally be be charm and intimidation, making it easier for them to look past any grim reputation you might have as long as they want something you could obtain for them. The caution preventing someone from parleying with a man known throughout the continent as a demon in human skin, devouring the souls of men with his hell-sword, is second to the need to find someone who they know can get the job done.

Kinslayer (200): Not all who tread the path of bloodshed fight alone. Many have allies to fight alongside them, as oftentimes having multiple swords to cleave the enemy with will be more effective than just one. The more they fight together, the more familiar they will become with one another's way of fighting, but you have a rather grim way of exploiting this knowledge. You are incredibly skilled when it comes to fighting your own friends and allies, using all of your knowledge of their fighting style and techniques to the greatest possible extent to crush them, and even experience a surge of power when facing those who would usually be on your side. You're unlikely to be beaten by any ally you've spent enough time with unless the difference in ability is completely insurmountable, and you can to some extent also use this knowledge when going up against enemies whose way of fighting is very similar to one of your allies.

Slaughter Forever Ringing (200): Have you ever wished to make the world a better place, but didn't have the means to do so? As a warrior, you could of course slay a foul wizard or a corrupt lord, but in many places where evil (or unwanted good) reigns there will soon rise another wizard or lord to take their place. That is where this curious power of yours comes in. As long as you make a very bloody example of whoever is currently doing something you don't agree with, the same thing is highly unlikely to happen to the general area in which they operated even long after you've made your leave. That foul wizard terrorizing a town? Butcher him and no wizard not exceeding them in magical power would dare set foot in that town again. That corrupt lord mismanaging his domain and making the common folk suffer? Slaughter him and his associates and everything will right itself, events somehow conspiring so that a good man will be put in charge of that domain even if it would never happen otherwise. Even hopelessly depraved kingdoms of pure vice will somehow become more functional as long as you run the evil king through and cut a few of his particularly bad underlings to pieces.

A Real Weapon (400): The weak use many methods to empower themselves, and those born frail and sickly might require such methods to sustain their very life. The mighty, too, are occasionally in need of an extra source of power to increase the effectiveness of their efforts. You need no magical drugs or restorative potions however, since whenever you're in mortal danger and need some additional fount of energy to draw upon, you can instead substitute whatever you would usually require with the raw force of your affection for another person. The power of love itself will course through your veins, granting you just enough energy to get out of your current predicament, perhaps even exceeding your normal limits just a bit to do so. Not enough to perform acts otherwise completely impossible for you, and some time will need to pass for it to happen again, but nonetheless a testament to the might of human emotion. As a side effect to your unshakable belief in the power of love, your mind is better at resisting supernatural influence as well, not easily affected by things like madness-inducing spells or memory-erasing potions.

A Sword Laid Down (400): You cannot properly swing a sword or loose an arrow if your conviction is lacking, but what if something in your life alters that conviction? It's not unheard of for servants of Chaos to seek the peace of the Balance, and even champions of that same Balance are not immune to falling to Chaos either. No matter how deeply you might have rooted yourself in the affairs of whatever side you've chosen, there will always be a chance to change your mind and choose to instead align yourself with another group, or even abandon factionalism altogether and choose to follow no side at all. Once per jump, you will be able to break ties with your chosen side and end whatever agreement you may have made with them, no demonic pacts or sorcerous dealings getting in the way of your change of heart. Fate will see to it that those who would seek to harm you for what they might view as a traitorous act won't be able to do so until you've reached neutral territory or any other place of relative safety, and your choice of new allegiance will be more welcoming to you even if they would otherwise be distrustful of another faction's traitor. Be careful, though, since even momentarily returning to the influence of those you betrayed will grant them all of their old power over you.

Millions of Brothers (600): Though you might only wield a single weapon in your hand, it is not without its kindred, as many things that only exist as a single object in one universe are capable of existing in countless other dimensions as reflections of one another. Though you would otherwise have no means of making use of this quirk of reality, there is now an old and powerful rune embedded in your mind, dangerous beyond imagining. Should you call upon it in your time of need, you will be able to summon the kindred of whatever weapon is currently in your hands throughout all of the multiverse, millions of their derivatives crossing the borders between worlds to direct their wrath upon whatever poor soul you have deemed your enemy. Should the weapon possess no will of its own, they will simply launch themselves at your chosen target and return to their own dimensions after the blow is struck, but those imbued with intelligence might direct themselves through the air to continue the battle of their own accord, being banished only after taking too much damage or when the enemy has been defeated. The drawback of this rune is that its use will likely exhaust you, and the storm of weapons that ensues will have no regard for its surroundings as it attempts to destroy the enemy.

Champion Eternal (600): Throughout the multiverse there exist special individuals, individuals who embody cosmic archetypes that manifest themselves in different forms but are in essence the same thing spreading itself all across the myriad worlds of the Spheres. One such archetype is the Eternal Champion, chosen by the Cosmic Balance to carry out its will in one of the lower realms. There already exists a Champion of the Balance in this world, but in its unknowable wisdom it has selected another warrior to thwart Law and Chaos alike: you. At first your destiny will not be so apparent, manifesting only as greater luck when faced with danger and a tendency to frequently encounter people willing to aid you with any quest you might be on, but your nature as an Eternal Champion will become more apparent the more real a threat threat to the stability of the world becomes. Your already suspicious luck will be magnified even greater to the point where any

situation that doesn't end in your immediate death can at least be fled from, and you will continuously meet individuals of great significance and power whose goals align with yours enough to help you for at least a little while. Should the road ahead become too muddled, Fate itself might even dispatch a guide to personally inform you of the best course of action, and even without direct guidance you're likely to stumble upon objects of great power to overcome whatever obstacles you currently face. Slowly the memories of your other incarnations throughout the multiverse will surface on a subconscious level, granting you skill and experience beyond what should be possible for any mortal. While the tales of Eternal Champions often end in some tragedy, you are an exception as long as you don't doom yourself of your own free will, and you won't experience the same danger to the fabric of space and time if you were to interact with your fellow incarnations. These benefits will persist in future worlds regardless of the existence of a cosmic force of balance, but in worlds where such a thing exists you can choose to become a champion of them as well.

Sorcerer

Scholarly Inclination (100): The three necessities for successfully harnessing the power of magic are mental energy to draw from, a powerful focus on the meaning and flow of the magic, and an intimate knowledge of the spell you are trying to cast in the first place. Your mind is an intelligent one, trained to traverse the mental pathways needed to manifest magical effects in the physical world, and you're knowledgeable in matters of spellcasting and ancient lore. Even if you aren't of Melnibonéan blood yourself, you understand and speak their High Speech as well as a variety of other old and mystical languages, and already you know the means for casting a handful of minor spells like communicating with others telepathically and binding lesser familiars like animals to your will, though if you're not a sorcerer by trade you won't be able to perform them.

Mind of Ice (100): Focus is integral when weaving a spell, and the disturbance of once's train of thought when attempting to call upon mystical power will ensure that the entire construction of the mental runes will collapse in an instant. Sometimes this will mean little, but in other situations suddenly losing your grip on condensed magical energy could have disastrous results. You won't have to fear a fireball erupting in your face or a summoned beast denying your control due to a lack of focus, since your mind enters a state of tranquility when you're busy using any magic, persisting even under strenuous circumstances so that nothing short of being struck by an enemy's attack will throw you off. As a side effect, you're good at focusing on things that would otherwise be dull and aren't easily distracted by more enjoyable pursuits, perfect for getting through all of those dusty old tomes.

Devilish Draughts (200): You have an affinity for the art of potion-brewing, creating concoctions with both ordinary and magical effects from the various herbs and other ingredients found in the wild. You've memorized a vast array of plants and their uses both on their own and for creating elixirs, meaning you can recognize them at a glance and will never have to worry about mistaking a poisonous plant for one with healing properties. Brewing a draught to restore lost energy or take it away is only a minor effort, and the same goes for ones that influence the drinker's mind to inflict or cure insanity and the loss of one's memories. By using rarer materials and a greater amount of time you can instead create potions to enhance a person's vitality several times over and bring them greater strength in battle, or heal grievous wounds that would leave a man close to death. With time and experience, even curses and enchantments could be banished by your concoctions.

A Cleaner Sort (200): In this day and age, those men who deal with Chaos are dirtied by the act, their souls stained and bodies ignobly twisted, whereas in the age of the Bright Empire that cruel and sophisticated folk rarely suffered such consequences from their dark pacts. Your actual ancestry aside, you take after the Melnibonéans more than mankind In this regard, because being imbued with the powers of Law or Chaos will leave much less unwanted influence on your mind and body than it may have otherwise. Even if your Chaotic patron were to completely saturate you

in the energies of their domain, it would only enhance your power and leave the rest of you untouched, unless you actually wish to have your form changed by the event. Your soul, too, will remain untainted, though it won't stop a being whom you've specifically sold your soul to from twisting it when it is under their full control. This also only applies to corruption and other supernatural influences that you undergo willingly in exchange for power or some other benefit, so it won't do you much good if you plan on traversing a realm of the Higher Worlds that is not your patron's.

Sweetest of Slaves (400): Though the Lords of the Higher Worlds have many underlings, there are some who they prefer above others to the point of obvious favoritism, regardless of the actual services they've performed for their master. Much like those individuals, powerful supernatural beings in search of mortal servants will see you as an excellent candidate for the position, even if others might be of greater use to them and more fervent in their worship. They will regard you with some warmth and mercy, in their own strange way, and are much more tolerant of backtalk and rebellious behavior that would leave other servitors of theirs a pile of ash on the ground. Even a token show of loyalty and occasional sacrifice in their name will be enough to keep you in their good graces, and if you actually put a great deal of effort into pleasing them they'll be sure to shower you in rewards both earthly and magical. They might not always have the time to aid you, since demons and gods are often busy with their own politicking, but if you've recently done something that has benefited them they will make sure to send at least some help to you.

Honor Our Agreement (400): Could you be the heir to some ancient bloodline of great sorcerers? Even if that isn't the case, your ancestors certainly got around in the landscape of the otherworldly realms, leaving you with a myriad of old pacts with all manner of powerful beings to call from beyond dimensional space. You of course know how to make use of these as well, owing to your skill as an experienced summoner. Which specific beings you can summon for aid is up to you, but a general rule is that the more powerful of a creature you have a pact with the less you can use it, and the less pacts you will have in general. A group of lesser air elementals can easily be just one of many groups of elementals you can summon frequently to navigate your ship and fend off your enemies, but a lord among them or a towering soul-sucking demon would result in only having a handful of such pacts and being able to use them about once every few months. Calling upon the king of an element or a minor lord of Law to perform a task for you means you would only have the ability to do so once every decade, perhaps twice if they are especially fond of you. In other jumps, you can choose to maintain your current pacts or make new ones with local magical beings.

Grand Theocrat (600): Theocrat is the title given by the inhabitants of Pan-Tang to the greatest user of magic among them, one who has mastered all its disciplines and is worthy of ruling over his lesser colleagues. Much like the Theocrat, countless years of mastering the art of sorcery have left you with one of the greatest grasps of most fields of magic known to man, from probing the minds of others and transforming their bodies into beasts or solid stone to placing the whims of the weather under your command and transporting yourself over vast distances to faraway places. While some of these can be made useful in the spur of the moment, it is the conducting of grand rituals where the might of your mystic excellence truly shines, especially ones that involve the things that separate one realm from another. For example, you could with some effort perform a ritual that weakens the barriers between this world and one where your sorcery has been weakened by a lack of magic, bridging the magic of one world with that of another so you can retain your normal strength, and with the same resources as the ruler of Pan-Tang you could even replicate his feat of creating a crack in the metaphysical barrier placed around the world by the Lords of Law to let the Dukes of Hell roam free on earth.

Whimpers of the Universe (600): Not even the Lords of Law and Chaos know how you could have obtained such a power, so alien and bizarre even to the denizens of the Higher Worlds. Previously possessed only by a pair of siblings who arrived from beyond the universe in a dream half-remembered, yours is the ability to drain magical power from the world itself. More than just

tapping into some natural source, you tear it from the fabric of reality to restore your own energies and empower your reserves to greater heights. As you are now, the process is slow and the area it affects barely larger than the space you occupy, though you will never have to rely solely on the natural replenishment of your mental energy again, and with time you will learn to siphon energy more rapidly and throughout a greater area. Now it is only a tiny bubble clinging to where you stand, but with a decade of constant use it may grow to encompass an entire castle to drain it in a matter of seconds, and who knows how much more powerful it could become from there? While it can't be used to target specific individuals, your power can be focused if you happen to find a place of particular magical power like the heart of a mystical forest or a spot where dimensions intersect, but be careful—while the energy is plentiful, robbing reality of too much of its substance could have some terrible consequences for a being of flesh and blood...

Of the Higher Worlds

Offensive to Reality (100): Since the matter that makes up the forms of many otherworldly creatures does not originate from a place of logic and set physical laws, their appearance is often strange and uncomfortable for mortals to behold. Yours is very similar in that way, having some abstract quality that affects others even if it looks human and isn't constantly shifting and reforming like living smoke. Weak minds become unnerved just by looking at you, hampering their focus and causing them to feel sick by keeping their eyes on you for too long. Their thoughts jumble and might become entirely incoherent if they are particularly mentally fragile, and even the strong-willed could be struck with a sudden nausea or shivering if they have no experience with the supernatural. These effects will never be permanent, but will sustain themselves as long as you're in their vision, and their clouded minds can be very beneficial to you when making a deal or crossing blades. If you would prefer some subtlety, you can also choose to disable this at will.

Hear Me, Lord (100): As it is common for practitioners of magic and servants of higher beings to call upon them from entirely different dimensions than their own, it is only logical that they should have some means to actually hear it when someone wishes to speak to them. As long as someone intends to contact you, you will always be able to hear what they have to say regardless of the distance between the two of you, even the barriers between dimensions not halting their message. If you deem it necessary, you can also reply and initiate a telepathic conversation, but if their constant attempts to contact you prove tiring you can also simply block said attempts from your mind altogether.

Demon Jester (200): The mightiest of Law and Chaos style themselves as Lords, and so they maintain their own courts with all manner of courtly servants as well. Perhaps you are or were once the jester of one of these courts, or you are just particularly quick-witted even for an otherworldly being, since jesting is indeed something you are very good at. Not a wordsmith nor a schemer, but nonetheless capable of making observations and thinking up little tricks that could amuse, befuddle, and generally surprise powerful entities like Lords of the Higher Worlds themselves. This won't give you much of an advantage in a fight or contest of schemes, but if you happen to be skilled at either already and find a creative way to implement your fondness of jokes, you may be able to use it to your advantage and momentarily gain the upper hand over your cosmic betters.

Fate's Hand (200): Contrary to what one might think, not all magical beings deal with mortals solely for the sake of personal gain and amusement, some instead having the task of guiding others to their intended destiny. Perhaps because of some connection to the mysterious forces of destiny and fate, you have an instinctive grasp of the actions a person needs to take to better themselves and overcome the obstacles they currently face, receiving sudden glimpses of their future that will help you in leading them down the best possible path for them. While you can act as a guide to a handful of people at a time, you are not all-knowing even when it comes to their fate, and your glimpses into the future will be sporadic and occasionally hard to decipher even for you.

But if they follow your advice as it was intended, they will certainly benefit from it.

Many-Formed (400): Like the ever-changing creatures of Chaos, your physical form is not set in stone. With a mere thought you can twist and rearrange your body to take on another shape, as small as a mouse or as large as an elephant, adding however many terrible claws and horrific gaping maws as you wish, if you're fond of taking the same forms as Chaos-creatures do. Changing your shape from that of one human to another's is also possible, but you will find it easier to maintain the appearance of a monstrous chimera than a perfect copy of someone you know without undergoing a great deal of practice. This replication also applies only to the physical aspect of something, so while you could adopt the form of a hulking magical beast you would only be able to make use of their natural strength and not their unique abilities.

Spirit-hound (400): Besides their tendency for malevolence, another reason why demons are so infamous among mortals it that they are much more likely to harm not only the body, but the soul as well. Even if you are not one such devil lurking in the void between worlds, your abilities would rightly make mortals fear you just as much as they do demons, a true bloodhound thirsting for souls. Beyond your regular sight, you have an innate sense for the souls of anything nearby, like beacons in the darkness shining through any obstacles that your eyes would otherwise not be able to peer through. If you had even a single hair or scrap of clothing belonging to someone you could track them down by the scent of their soul regardless of their current location, finding them eventually as long as they are still alive. If you do find your prey, only a touch is required to begin your feeding, drawing their lifeforce from them in a process that causes immense agony and will result in death when all of their soul has been drained from them, though if they manage to break your grip on their body they can recover from the damage to their spirit with time. Feasting on so many souls might have also affected your own soul's constitution in some way, since you are less quickly affected by others who would use your own methods against you, though this is far from an immunity.

Sword Pact (600): The most fearsome ability of the demons is not the power of any one demon, but rather what occurs when a large group of them pool together their powers to create something that mortals call a wardpact. As the name implies, it acts as a ward against a certain kind of weapon, swords being just one example, and grants the demon upon whom the pact is bestowed effective immunity to any attack made on them using that weapon. Any attack made by an enemy with a weapon of that kind, sorcerous or not, will be swiftly punished as they are struck down by all the powers of Hell. You are now subject to a wardpact against a type of weapon of your choice, the representative of a large group of demons who mass with you to preserve your pact, and obviously granted the same immunity to the weapon subject to its warding effect. While it is indeed a power to be feared, keep in mind that such pacts only function as they do because they are invested with the power of your fellow demons, and the defense will crumble when faced with one more powerful than both you and your kin combined.

Greater Than Thou (600): No longer are you some servitor living in the shadow of another, greater otherworldly being. You have ascended, or perhaps it was always in your nature to be a king among elementals or lord over the creatures of Law or Chaos. Either way, you have claimed a title of that sort and all of the power that comes with it, able to contest with elemental kings and minor or diminished manifestations of lords of Chaos alike. The exact nature of the power depends on the type of magical being you are and your personal preference, but one guarantee is that you will always have an inherent authority over your weaker fellows who have no titles of their own, the spirits of the air or wind or the lower demons of Hell being yours to command. Your power is likely closely related to your nature, though, such as a king of all fire or a particularly wrathful Chaos Lord manifesting as a body of living flame that scorches everything in its path or a lord of the seas taking the shape of an aquatic giant surrounded by raging tides wherever they go. A mighty phantom of the Netherworld could sap entire groups of men of their will and life at once, and a primordial lord of animals need only think to spawn an entire army of beastly offspring to fight their enemies to the

death. Regardless of your choice, there is no doubt that entire armies of mortals would break in the face of your might.

Items:

Items are discounted to their associated origins. Discounted 100 CP items are free. You can import any similar items you already own to gain the properties of the ones you purchase.

Noble

False Life (100): In your possession is a large quantity of elixirs, glass bottles containing a drink of magical make which seemingly has only positive effects on the one who drinks it. Their mind will be clearer, their energy will be restored and they will feel full of life even if they were at death's door not too long ago. But the thing is that this initial effect is only a ruse, an effect of the elixir feeding the very substance of the user back to them. Instead it is a tool for a slow and painful death, eating the one who falls prey to it from the inside until nothing is left, but the most insidious part of it is that those who drink it will want more regardless. It is addictive enough that a bottle is enough to enslave their mind and their senses, and they will crave more even though they know it will kill them, to the point that withholding it for too long will result in their death as well. To make matters worse, the antidote used to cure this addiction is extremely rare, so it is incredibly easy to bring others under your influence with it. You have several crates of this poison and its antidote, and your stores replenish every week.

Ruby Throne (100): Perhaps not a ruby, but it is certainly a throne worthy of comparison to the seat of the Melnibonéan emperors. Carved from a single, gigantic gem of your choice, it is no surprise that such a large and magnificent throne would be the seat of choice for a people obsessed with grandiose displays of decadence and power. Its impressive appearance aside, sitting on this throne has the additional effect of making you look much more regal and imposing, like a true world-dominating tyrant of old ought to.

Precious Stones (200): How could you be a noble without considerable wealth to your name? Your coffers are filled with silver, gold, and many different kinds of jewels, ensuring you will always be able to live a life of luxury with plenty of opportunities to hire a few lackeys to do your dirty work once in a while. Though it's no literal king's ransom, you could certainly ransom a few particularly well-off counts and still have enough gold to spare, so all you really need to worry about is making sure that no one gets too interested in all of the precious stones you have lying around.

Assassin's Sect (200): Those who have chosen an immoral way of life tend to have a good nose for finding people worthy of their skills, and one such shady group of individuals has wisely chosen to align themselves with you in particular. Loyal to your bloodline or perhaps just to the riches you have given them, these few dozen men and women excel in the art of subterfuge and assassination, trained from an early age to carry out their contracts to the letter and entirely willing to give their own life for you if you happen to give them a particularly dangerous task. Though you can obviously make use of their services yourself, their reputation is known among the local nobility and it wouldn't be hard to hire them out to your fellows as well, of course claiming all of their profits for yourself.

Enchanted Attire (400): Maybe an ancestral heirloom or some magical artifact granted as a gift by a sorcerer or spirit, this armor possesses a magical property that somehow compensates for any lack of combat skill you might possess. Perhaps it constantly energizes you the more you exert

yourself while wearing it, or it is hot to the touch to anyone but yourself to the point of melting any weapon that comes into contact with it for too long. While it doesn't make you entirely invincible against ordinary enemies, even a novice warrior would have a serious advantage against anything other than a group of soldiers or a single one of great skill. Because many magic users and strange beasts fight in ways abnormal to many traditional fighters this armor will be less effective against them, unless you choose a set tailor-made to hamper attacks of a magical nature, of course. If destroyed, the armor will return to you in a week.

Beast Caves (400): Somewhere below your domain lies a set of caves, carved halls and paths acting as a home to an array of fierce beasts. Though not exactly magical in nature like the bound creatures of a magic user, they are much larger and more powerful than an ordinary man, and the two dozen belonging to you are enough to enhance the power of any mortal army. They follow your commands well enough and can be either ridden or sent out on the battlefield on their own, though they're more effective in a fight when directed by a skilled rider. Normally the only advantage of these beasts would be their overwhelming size and strength, but if you wish to instead give them other, greater advantages like the flight and burning venom of Melniboné's dragons they will also suffer from the same problems as those great monsters, their terrible lethargy causing them to sleep a hundred years for every day they are awake.

Mirror of Memory (600): A large, circular mirror of unknown but doubtlessly non-mortal origin, this strange and ever-glittering artifact is imbued with the ability to rob the memories of any mortal who looks upon its reflective surface. In this way it has stolen a million memories, and if placed in a prominent enough location it could affect any who pass by and happen to glance at it, even from a great distance away. This makes it the perfect tool of keeping one's location hidden, since the memory of whatever enters the vision of the person who looks at it will be taken alongside their memory of the mirror itself. The temporary daze they enter after viewing it can be further taken advantage of by using the mirror's powers to craft new memories and placing them in the affected person's head, the weak-willed easily turned into your servants by altering their memories and those with stronger minds at least likely to be disorientated. The mirror is not unbreakable, and can be shattered as a last resort. If this happens, the millions of memories contained within it will flood the nearby area and forcibly enter the minds of everyone close to it, requiring a truly monumental show of willpower to not become entirely consumed by the madness of experiencing countless contradicting memories. In case the mirror is broken, it will repair itself in a year.

Jumper's Isle (600): Imrryr the Beautiful, the Dreaming City resting on the coast of the Dragon Isle, once the center of an empire whose rulers could call themselves the emperor of the entire world. Tall towers and imposing spires stretch to the heavens, shining a thousand different colors and encapsulating perfectly the immense and decadent artistry of the city as a whole. Every pleasure and every vice is indulged in by the inhuman nobles of the city, whose wealth and magical power remains beyond measure even while their empire is ready to fade into the annals of history forever. Imrryr is one of a kind, with even Pan-Tang's imitation of Melnibonéan greatness paling in comparison. You can easily declare yourself an emperor or any other distinguished title if you wish it, knowing that you now own a city as great as that one, built on an island the size of the Dragon Isle. Both are recognized as your sovereign territory by its denizens, among them a thousand servants and artisans and laborers, defended valiantly by an army of dutiful soldiers equal to the contingent stationed in Imrryr. Any other aspect is entirely up to your own preferences, from the architecture to the city to the luxuries that can be found there, and the exact composition of the inhabitants is likewise up to you. One massive fortress staffed entirely by experienced knights is an entirely valid option, as is a city that doubles as an academy for mighty sorcerers. And if you want to claim a heritage as great as that of Melniboné, this city could very well have been the capital of a once world-spanning empire too. In future jumps, the isle will appear wherever you'd like.

Warrior

Hero's Armor (100): A set of shining armor for yourself and a steed, along with a handful of weapons with the same blinding polish. Besides their flashy appearance, they're comfortable to wear and wield and seem just a little more effective than any mundane equivalent, the weapons feeling light in your hand and cutting enemies just a little deeper than one would expect while the weapons of your enemies glance off the armor just a tad more often than normal armor of its kind would. It also seems to never rust or even lose its shine, and if any pieces happen to bend or break they will repair themselves over the course of a day.

Fine Steed (100): A steed to ride is rarely not useful to a warrior, both on long trips and on the field of battle. But considering the rigors you might put it through an ordinary horse wouldn't do, so you have the option to take something more impressive as well, like a severely oversized tiger or a similarly gigantic eagle. Nothing too innately magical, but still a cut above what an ordinary person would ride. Even if you do choose a horse, they'll be finest of their kind in the entire world, capable of sprinting non-stop for a week and requiring far less food and water than one of its more standard kin. Should your steed be slain, they'll come back to life after a week.

Dark Ship (200): Quite the mysterious black-sailed ship, with quite the mysterious crew as well. Wherever this ship goes a blanket of thick fog follows, and the sun seems to turn a deep red in its wake, giving the entire thing an ominous appearance. The blind captain is a friendly fellow, despite being as incapable of giving a straight answer as he is of sight, and a little cryptic in general. What's important is that he can effectively utilize the strangest part of this ship's existence, that being its ability to sail not only the seas, but also across time and between realities. While the ship is engulfed in the mist it passes from one dimension to another, oftentimes embarking on a long voyage that would be expected to a faraway place, but able to bring you so much further than any ordinary vessel. The captain is not omniscient, but happy to sail you to any location in this world or in the local multiverse that he happens to know of, and he's rather more knowledgeable than he lets on. Being such a strange thing, the ship will be able to be called upon again a month after its destruction, no matter the damage it had previously sustained.

Evil Skin (200): This is the pelt of a wolf, one much too large to have once belonged to any natural animal, and not too natural in its function either. Anyone who wears the pelt around their body will be transformed by its power, turning them into a monstrous wolf as large as the size of the pelt would imply. In this state, they will be supernaturally strong and swift even for their size, and any wounds inflicted on them that do not prove immediately fatal are quickly healed by the pelt's magical powers. Any who first use the power of this skin will find it hard to resist the animalistic impulses of their transformed state, but with time and a strong will you can overpower these impulses and eventually retain all of your reason in this form.

Mercenary Company (400): You need not be alone in your violent endeavors for gold and glory, an entire company of men ready to assist you in these matters. You are now the leader of a mercenary company consisting of only elite warriors, be they self-trained killers or the former soldiers of some prestigious royal army, numbering half a thousand men in total. Besides yourself, you have a very capable second in command who has already lead the band to many victories, and in your absence they're sure to survive just fine too. But if you want to involve them in your efforts, they're ready to fight to the death and require only a small share of the loot in exchange for their services, enough to keep them fed and armored at least. Should any of these mercenaries fall in battle, local replacements can quickly be trained up the band's standards, and at the start of every jump their numbers will fully replenish even if they were completely wiped out.

Sweet Tanelorn (400): Unusual as it may seem for a warrior like yourself, you've come into possession of a city of peace and tranquil joy. But perhaps that is exactly why Tanelorn has decided to become yours, considering its transformative nature. Existing in Elric's world at the most remote edge of the earth, that Tanelorn is only a single manifestation of an archetypal place that exists throughout the multiverse, though in some realms it is merely an idea rather than a physical location. But in those worlds where it is, many a downtrodden and jaded warrior will search for it to find peace, and perhaps reach it as well, if they're lucky. It has an unusual but pleasant air about it, at once comforting and familiar, putting one's mind at rest and washing even the heaviest of mental burdens away — with one notable exception, though Champions of the Balance are ever a special case. Anyone besides will be able to become at peace with themselves and others, their newfound happiness additionally protected by the influence that Balance exercises over this place. More specifically, beings of great power that align themselves closely to anything that isn't Neutrality are barred from entering, meaning that even the mightiest Lords of Law and Chaos are forced to act through lesser servants to interact with it and its inhabitants in any meaningful way. Since the existence of Tanelorn is a varied one, you can freely choose its appearance, though it will rarely not be beautiful. Already home to quite a few former warriors and adventurers if you wish it, these men and women will count as followers, though they're not keen on fighting again unless it's for the sake of their city. In future jumps, Tanelorn will appear wherever you'd like.

Chaos Shield (600): A shield said in some legends to belong to sad giant, it is indeed of a size that would make it a fitting thing for a giant to defend themselves with. A silvery-green round shield bearing the eight amber-colored arrows of Chaos, a man of regular height would be covered from chin to ankles by the sheer size of it, though it's mysteriously easy to lift in spite of that. Despite being an excellent defense against swords, arrows, and just about anything else that can't get around an incredibly large shield, its main purpose is something much more powerful. When faced with the corruptive might of Chaos and anything akin to it, the power contained in the shield will defend its wielder from the corruption's influence. Any attacks of that nature are blocked, and even a twisted environment will temporarily return to normal in a small area around the shield. It could even block attacks from a Lord of Chaos manifested in their earthly form, but it possesses no special defense against attacks that are simply great in physical power.

Black Sword (600): Carved runes seem to flicker unsteadily upon this blade's pitch-black, glowing metal, decorated with ancient and elaborate work of mysterious design depicting dragons and demons intertwined as if in battle. They pulse as if alive, and one would not be incorrect in their assumption that this hellish sword possesses a will of its own, if not its own mind and intelligence. Consider yourself lucky that it has chosen you as its wielder, because any unworthies who would hold the blade in their hand would quickly have its point directed towards their heart by its strange powers. In the same way it will guide your hand in battle, moving with greater speed and finesse than a mortal could ordinarily swing such a large sword, and with each bite into the flesh of the enemy the energy that sustains their life will be taken from them and flow into you through the sword, a death blow fully stealing their soul and ensuring they will never experiencing any kind of afterlife. This soul-theft restores your stamina and magical reserves in accordance with the power of the soul, and every soul your blade takes after your energies have been fully restored will push your strength beyond its limits for a time. Taking a soul too powerful into your body all at once may cause you great pain and tear your physical form apart; if you were to survive this however, it would also allow you to absorb more powerful souls in the future. It also disperses Chaos and its influence, though in a way less direct or powerful than Chaos Shield, at least on its own. Because of its nature as a powerful archetype, finding some way to summon its counterparts spread throughout the multiverse would result in an army of blades powerful enough to banish a Lord of Chaos from the physical realm, though the evil and wild nature of many of its brothers and sisters would make it immensely dangerous to do so. Should you have such a method and survive the aftermath, you'll find that your sword will be strengthened by the event, pouring power into your body more swiftly.

While the sword you receive with this purchase will be its own unique article by default, less inclined to feed on the souls of those you love than Stormbringer, you can choose to instead obtain a copy of that sword or any of its counterpart like Mournblade.

Sorcerer

Performance Enhancers (100): A large amount of sorcerous drugs and other concoctions for the benefit of you and yours, stored in labeled glass vials by default. They mostly have mundane uses, like refreshing one's body to stave off sleep or hunger, but there are a handful more powerful potions to enhance the sharpness of your mind or the strength of your muscles too. You specifically have five of the more powerful variety and two dozen lesser potions, each replenishing a week after use.

Alchemical Implements (100): Not so fond of premade products? Prefer a more personal touch? With this option, you obtain a varied collection and steady flow of alchemical ingredients, many different kinds of common plants and other more rare ingredients appearing in a location of your choice. While this doesn't grant you any truly one of a kind ingredients, extremely rare samples appearing only in one part of the earth or commonly in another dimension can be included. Any elixirs you create with this will have a slightly greater potency than they would otherwise, though the end result is still based on your personal skill in brewing potions.

Great Library (200): This dusty old library could easily be the result of a great scholar's life work, so packed is it with shelf upon shelf of old tomes, bound manuscripts and withering scrolls, even some articles carved from stone and clay. While you won't find any complete and accurate recollection of history or the nature of existence, nor some book containing forbidden and world-shattering magical spells, it is nonetheless an excellent source of information on just about anything you would want to know about, both general knowledge and some mystic wisdom concerning the magical traditions of different cultures around the world. If you dig deep enough for a topic you want to learn more about you'll find that someone has in fact written a book about it, as long as it has nothing to do with the previously stated more over the top examples.

A Little Pet (200): Oh, how adorable it is. Sorcerers have a very unusual taste in pets, and with one of these you will join their ranks. You've successfully bound a creature of respectable magical might to your will, and now they act as a loyal guardian of whatever place you choose to operate from. There's a large variety of such beings, and so you have many options. A particularly large and monstrous animal capable of tearing a man in half with a swipe of their claws is one option, as is a golem made of solid rock or steel, or stranger creature like a slithering, half-tangible mist giant or a chimeric Chaos-beast that saps the heat out of anything t touches. Rather than being a disgruntled servant, they're perfectly fine with doing whatever job their limited intelligence is capable of carrying out, and they do like getting pets. Should your pet meet an unfortunate end, it will return to life after a very sad and lonely week.

Dreamwand (400): The crooked staff of a dreamthief, an elusive kind of sorcerer whose specialty is the invasion and theft of dreams. By using this staff to perform a ritual on a sleeping person, they will become a gate and the dreamwand will act as a key to their dreams, upon which you and anyone else you wish to take with you will enter the dreams of the subject. The dream-realms are very dangerous to even experienced dreamthieves, and it's not uncommon for them to fall prey to the mind-bending occurrences or simple violence that occurs there. A person's dream-realm will most commonly be emblematic of their personal issues, and often a part of the adventure that will naturally be brought about by traversing the dream for long enough will be to help that person

overcome one of those issues. Several things can be accomplished by surviving the adventure in the dream and reaching its end, most commonly manifesting some part of the dream into reality, like some item of great material worth. But it's not impossible to lift a curse or cure an illness by completing a dream-quest, though the road will be harder if there are any dark forces affecting the subject's mind. Luckily you also receive some experience as a dreamthief along with your dreamwand, meaning you can to some extent impose your will on the hostile and chaotic environment of a person's dreams, and with enough practice might learn to do the same with other hostile realms.

Ring of Kings (400): An ornate ring set with a single blood-red stone of an unnatural appearance, its core sometimes solid and at other times mysteriously shifting around like mist. A beautiful and prestigious thing, being one of the articles which the emperors of Melniboné use to prove their legitimacy, but it is also so much more. Its purpose is as a conduit, and while channeling its mystical power during a summoning it will take the vast majority of the magical burden upon itself. This means that in most cases performing any kind of magic to bring a being from another world to this one will fail to tire you at all, the cost becoming considerably lessened, but take care when attempting to call the greatest and most powerful of otherworldly creatures. As impressive as this ring is, even the power contained within it cannot provide the majority of the energy for summoning something on the level of a Lord of Chaos, and you are likely to exhaust yourself.

Body Chambers (600): A large building of your preferred appearance, by default looking like a strange metal construction whose round shapes almost make it seem like the body of a living being. Its interior is similarly up to you, but one feature that will always be a present is a room with a pool containing some strange substance. While in this room you possess complete knowledge of everything going on inside and near the building, immediately alerted to the presence of intruders and also being able to respond to them, because with a thought you can rearrange the rooms and hallways of the place to turn the entire thing into one hellish maze. You are also not alone in your defense of this building, strange amorphous creatures emerging from walls, floors, and ceilings to meet any attackers and stop them in their tracks. But should your enemy be outside, you can take more drastic measures by immersing yourself inside of the pool, causing the entire construction to twist into the form of a creature which can be commanded as if it's your own body, crushing anything in its way with its immense size. Anything inside of the building will remain intact during this, and any damage inflicted to this building will repair itself over the course of a month.

Eternal Rose (600): This flower was the first to bloom. Among which flowers, you ask? All of them, of course. This flower bloomed at the beginning of time, yet even now it looks as if it was plucked only a moment ago. It is an artifact from a legend few know about, and even fewer know its true purpose. Some claim it can trap a Lord of Chaos, but the rose is too delicate a thing to contain such a soul. It can only hold the soul of a mortal who has loved another better than itself. This flower protects and is nourished by the soul of the one that rests inside of it. By performing a ritual, you can place the soul of yourself or a willing participant inside of it, granting a great benefit. Any attempt to harm their soul will find no purchase, as it no longer rests in their body. Even the Lords of Chaos would not be able to claim the soul unless they were to obtain the rose itself, and it was in this way that the great Mashabak and Arioch were thwarted. It does not confer immortality however, and should the one whose soul the Eternal Rose contains be slain they will instead linger as a phantom, a soulless shade and a mere shadow of their living self, stuck in the place of their death and slowly twisted by the passage of time. But if the intact rose is returned to them so too will their soul and life return, the flower crumbling to dust until its reappearance at the start of your next jump.

Of the Higher Worlds

Lordly Robes (100): A set of loose robes, fitting you perfectly regardless of your size or other quirks of anatomy, and so pristine and bright that it seems to shimmer in the sun. These robes never dirty and impart some of that inherent cleanliness to its wearer, making them appear more trustworthy and giving an impression of selfless benevolence. This effect is quickly seen through by those who use magic or beings possessing a supernatural nature, but it's likely to fool many a mortal into believing your words unless you speak utter falsities.

Blood and Souls (100): The still-living vessels that contain them, to be more specific. You've acquired the ownership of the souls of about a hundred mortal men and women of various mundane professions, all of whom have come under your sway through a set of various unfortunate events. They excel at nothing in particular, being neither sorcerers nor warriors or anything especially impressive, but they are unique in the utter hopelessness of their situation. Unless you insist on the opposite, their wills have been thoroughly broken and the thought of being your loyal slave remains, existing for nothing more than carrying out your will and suffering the occasional torment for your amusement. While they do count as followers, those who die will only be returned to life at the start of your next jump.

God-Statue (200): Nothing more than a small tribute to your magnificent grandiloquence. "Small" in the metaphorical sense, because this statue of solid gold carved into the likeness of your favorite mortal guise is taller than most buildings. Not exactly the kind of thing you can place on the mantelpiece as decoration, but very useful for awing primitives and other small-minded individuals. This of course includes humans who exist outside the bounds of civilization or are considered to occupy its lower classes, but other, more inhuman tribes of brutes will also find themselves tempted to congregate around the statue and leave offerings for the one it represents. Should you deign to actually appear before these crude worshippers, they will often be easily swayed into doing minor tasks for you.

Nihrain Chariot (200): A large chariot adorned with precious metals and gleaming gemstones of every kind, drawn by two large horses. At first glance there is nothing unusual about this chariot besides its magnificent appearance, but upon closer inspection a keen eye will notice that the hooves of the horses which draw it do not touch the ground at all. These Nihrain steeds were bred by the people of the same name, a folk so old that they precede even the Bright Empire of Melnibone. Their hooves do not touch the ground because they do not gallop on the plane of Earth at all, instead moving forward in their own dimension which overlaps only slightly with our own. This means they can move over any terrain with ease, running ground and sea and even the sky, moving swiftly and unerringly upon the earth of their own world. The same goes for the rest of the chariot as long as it's attached to the horses, which can also be ridden individually if desired. Should the chariot or the horses suffer any damage, they will be restored to their original state in a day.

Otherworldly Host (400): Called forth from some unsavoury dimension, or perhaps the one you yourself call home as well, this horde of creatures native to another realm have decided that their interests align with your own. This veritable army, complete with its own commanders and beasts of war, will follow your orders for as long as they remain on this plane of existence. As is common for armies of other worlds, they are smaller than those of their mortal counterparts, being two-hundred in number with their animal companions excluded, but they make up for these lesser numbers by being much more individually fearsome than a mortal soldier. An example of such soldiers would be the Elenoin, creatures resembling red-haired and sharp-fanged human women whose battle-madness is matched only by the speed with which they swing their swords though the air, cutting ordinary human soldiers apart by the dozens for every loss they suffer. Should any of your host fall

in battle or be banished to their own realm, they will return to you at a rate of one per week.

Royal Pact (400): While there are many mortal kingdoms that look upon the art of magic with disdain and fear, whose inhabitants consider a man willing to sell his soul for more earthly power as nothing short of the most depraved desperation possible, the truth of the matter is that supernatural power is inherently seductive. When mundane methods fail, humans tend to fall into the very same desperation they disdain, filling their heads with excuses even as they break their own laws, dealing with spirits and demons and all manner of entities — and, most importantly, with you. Either through that same sort of desperation, or because of their long tradition of forging pacts with otherwordly beings, you have become the supernatural patron of a local kingdom's royal line. While this does obligate you to expend some of your power to benefit them, being regarded as a powerful semi-divine figure whom they heavily rely upon gives you a, large amount of influence over their affairs. They will gladly gift you their riches in exchange for aid, offering living servants or their souls where material sacrifices fail, and should their successes come to depend entirely on your power they will do quite literally anything you say to maintain their current prosperity. By default, as well as in future worlds, this pact will be made with a kingdom of unremarkable standing among its peers, though you can choose to forego this if you think you can successfully convince a more powerful bloodline to form a pact with you. Now that they have fallen on hard times, perhaps even the proud nobles of Melniboné would be open to acquiring more supernatural aid...

Leechblade (600): The shape of this sword is uncertain, constantly twisting and flickering as its burning yellow and black blade shifts from one dimension into another. Other than an excellent cutting tool, this sword is the bane of those who wield weapons powered by mystical energies, owing to its nature as a parasite which feasts on whatever occult force emanates from objects of power. Should one such item lock with your blade, its otherwordly power will attempt to keep the two stuck together as it sinks in its fangs and drains the energy from the opposing weapon, and once the weapon itself is empty it will move on to the one who wields it. Its strange flames pulse as it is filled with more and more stolen energy, adding both the raw power and some of the enemy weapon's magical qualities to itself. Take note that the stolen power will eventually dissipate after sustained use, but it is only a small trade-off in exchange for being able to take it for yourself in the first place, no? Should the sword meet a great or unnatural enough force to be broken, you will be able to call it to you once more after a week.

Jumper's Realm (600): It sways before you in an infinite array of colors, writhing and pulsating abnormally in a way that could both enchant a mortal and drive them insane from the sight of it. It is the very stuff of Chaos, raw and unformed, the same chaotic proto-matter from which all of the earth that humanity inhabits was once molded. Claimed for yourself by chance or maybe stolen from a less worthy being, it is the building blocks of something that could belong to you alone. Not merely in the sense that humans commonly imply, but on an existential level. This personal aberration takes the form of a space outside but existing closely next to the dimension that humans inhabit, technically unformed but existent enough that you can travel to and from it at will. By focusing your mind, you'll be able to give definite shape to the constantly fluctuating Chaos-stuff and create a landscape of your choosing; anything from a peaceful meadow to the slope of an active volcano or the bottom of an ocean. Regardless of its actual appearance, the dimension is only around the size of a small city, and going too far in one direction will result in simply looping back to the other side, but you maintain your control even after the terrain has taken shape, meaning that you could alternate between the given examples or its original state in an instant. With further focus, constructs can be formed from the natural terrain, such as a fortress made of ice, but any truly sophisticated structures would have to be produced by hand. The creation of life is unfortunately beyond your power, but you can transport any willing to go with you to and from the dimension, and even intruders unwilling to leave can be instantly banished if they do not possess more power than you do.

Companions:

Import / Custom (100): With this option you may import an existing companion or create a new one from scratch. Imported and custom companions gain an origin and 600 CP to spend on perks and items.

Canon Character (100): Do you want to show one of the people here another, grander multiverse? Do you just want to get them the hell out of this place? With every purchase of this you may bring one character from this world along on your chain, but actually convincing them is still up to you.

Drawbacks:

Moorcockian Multiverse (+0): This world is an expansive one, and the setting of many adventures only archetypically related to the tale of the last ruler of Melniboné. By choosing this option, you can decide to take part in one or more of those other stories, either by changing your starting location to the world in which they take place or by having their dimension intertwine with the current one in a manner that will allow you to involve yourself in the adventures of those other worlds as well. All of your chosen drawbacks will still function as normal regardless of the circumstances.

Disadvantaged (+100): Even if you manifested in this world from the ether and have no existing history, everyone seems to know you already. Furthermore, they seem to know exactly what will happen to you during your stay and how it will end. They'll go out of your way to make cryptic remarks about your destiny and what they think of it, but will always dodge any direct questions about your future and how they know about it in the first place. While this doesn't offer your enemies any kind of advantage, it won't help you or your allies either, and it can get very frustrating when you're always the one who has to ask the other person's name.

Blended (+100): Shortly before the proper start of your stay here you were exploring in the fetid swamps of Ghaja-Ki, a perverse place inhabited by a race of blue-skinned hermaphrodites. You were captured and mutilated by the locals, though they considered it to be a mere correction of your subjectively imperfect form. At first glance your skin is now an unusual ashen black and your head is covered in scars, but the worst is found under your clothes, the specifics of the matter best left unspoken. Let's just say that relieving yourself will be a challenge and anything but the most noncommittal lovemaking is out of the question entirely.

Empty-handed (+100): Regardless of your skill in other pursuits, you're a complete fool when it comes to money. Even if you claim that you only act in this manner because you have no need of any wealth, you just keep on giving away gold, silver, and anything else of monetary worth when you get the chance to, always paying triple where a normal amount would have sufficed. Even if you manage to claim an entire hoard of riches, that hoard will disappear as quickly as you can spend on it things you do not need (or things you do need but will for some reason pay much more than the asked price for) alongside anything else you own that's small enough to carry and lacks emotional value to you.

Soft Heart (+100): No matter your power or skill, your heart is destined to remain weak. Maybe it is because someone you once loved is no longer with you, but regardless of the cause you are incredibly receptive to the slightest show of affection. Anyone who catches your eye is capable of easily wrapping you around their finger with a few sweet whispers, and you'll find that you meet those kinds of manipulative individuals all too often. Whether it's humiliating shows of loyalty or a suicidal quest for the sake of earning their true love, you will stop at nothing to please your "beloved".

Lassitudinous (+200): The blood that runs through your veins is deficient in some way, imparting a terrible malady that leaves you incredibly physically frail and constantly lacking in energy to the point of near-death. Unless you find some sorcerous means to constantly fill your weak body with new energy you can expect to be bedridden for the entirety of your stay here, and even if you do happen to have a method of energizing yourself any effect it will have is guaranteed to be temporary, requiring constant doses.

Flooded With Mighty Misery (+200): Something in your past weighs heavily on your mind, having twisted your view of the world almost beyond repair and leaving you with a depression that saps at your mental energy without pause. Your sullen mindset doesn't leave you miserable to the point of wishing for death, but only because you see your life as a constant string of failures and your continued existence as a fitting punishment for one as pathetic as yourself. What little close friends you have will have to expend a large amount of effort to get you to do just about anything, and once you're occupied with something that isn't ruminating you require constant encouragement to not give up on it.

Like A Dream (+200): Your grip on reality is not as firm as you would likely prefer. Your memories quickly fade, adventures that occurred only a month ago becoming blurred and foreign to the point that you will begin to doubt if they ever happened at all. The thoughts of whatever happy moments you happened to experience will be the first to go, and any tragedies that befall you will actually magnify the effect they have on you once your actual memory of them disappears or becomes relegated to your frequent nightmares, leaving you with a feeling of emptiness and profound longing for something — yet you don't know what you're even longing for.

Battlefield Fatigue (200): Your past was filled with unwanted strife, and throughout the years you've seen more terrible things than you could bear. You're filled with a constant flood of subconscious anxiety and unease, which heightens every time moments you would much rather forget flash before your eyes and force you to relive them. Your nights are no more pleasant than your days, experiencing nightmare after nightmare and commonly waking up screaming, when you can force yourself to sleep at all. While you can somewhat soothe the pain of your traumas with time and the support of others, they will never truly go away for as long as you remain in this world.

Banished (+200): Banished from any pleasant realm, that is. Instead you start your stay in a place few would wish to stay in for even a day, let alone be stranded in. A dimension akin to the Netherworld or a similar dead world, its inhabitants are some combination of weak and hopeless, brutal and desperate, or entirely lacking for vast stretches of empty wasteland, leaving you with few opportunities to make friends or allies as you search for a way to escape. Any means you possess to travel between worlds will fail to work when attempting to leave, meaning you'll have to find a portal of some kind within the realm itself, and the journey is bound to be an ordeal.

Bargained Too Hard (+200): You are not a very beloved person here, especially among those with wealth and power. All across the current you have the reputation of a swindler, a thief and a charlatan, leaving any traders unwanting to do any business with you to keep their wares safe. Worse than that, a group of rich businessmen consider you such a problem that they have banded together in order to remove you from the playing board, either by throwing you into the deepest level of a dungeon or killing you outright. They have no battle prowess of their own, but their influence is great and their riches even greater, leaving them with plenty opportunities to bribe and recruit mercenaries, sorcerers, and local officials to accomplish their goals. They will hide their part in these plots and do their best to remain incognito, meaning you will have to uncover their identities and destroy them one by one.

Beggar-King's Hoard (+200): You stole something, jumper! Something which does not belong to you, or at least that is what the locals of the City of Beggars and their unwashed monarch, Urish, believe. His secret subjects will keep their eye on you, present in every town, city, and anywhere else a beggar could be found, plotting your demise and waiting for a moment of weakness to carry it out. Expect attempts to swindle, rob, poison, or simply stab you at every opportunity, and should these surprise attacks end up failing, they will grow more and more bold until the entirety of Nadsokor floods through its rotten city gate, the beggars assembling one massive horde to take

revenge on the thief.

Scourges of God (+200): They come from the east, leaving a trail of destruction in their wake. The furthest corners of the earth are becoming highly unstable as the nomadic peoples of those remote regions decide to leave in search of more fertile lands, banding together under fearsome khans whose strategic expertise is matched only by the massive numbers they bring to bear. In ordinary history, this would have been only one marauder and his half a million-strong army, but you can expect more to appear one after the other, every horde more cunning and numerous than the last. The Young Kingdoms will be under constant threat, and you will never find yourself in the good graces of these people or their leaders.

Pearly Apparition (+200): You are haunted by a phantom from a long-gone age, some local hero of their own time who lingered as a ghost after their death and has somehow mistaken you for an ancient enemy of theirs. The ghost's existence is not entirely substantial, materializing on the physical plane only in short bursts. They have a tendency to arrive at inopportune moments, spending all the time they have in the realm of the living trying to enact a bloody revenge on their "nemesis" before disappearing again. They can be harmed by mortal weapons during these moments, and while they cannot be permanently slain, doing so will delay their next attempt to kill you for a while.

A Million Worlds (+200): Something you should be very familiar with, only rather more frequently than you are probably used to. You are a drifter on the shores of the multiverse, finding yourself flung from the space you inhabit and into other, unfamiliar worlds at complete random. You cannot expect your stays to last more than a few days at most, perhaps a week if fate is feeling kind. Often the places you end up in are also ones where you really shouldn't be, immediately drawing you into all kinds of trouble the very second you arrive. Once in a while you'll return to the world you started in, but rarely long enough to accomplish much of anything. Your enemies, meanwhile, will occasionally follow along, and have the uncanny ability to deduce where you will appear next.

A Million Incarnations (+400): One, and yet many. Your mind is home to the memories of not only yourself, but a million incarnations throughout a million different universes. They intersect and blend chaotically, pounding at the corners of your skull and requiring a powerful show of will to merely remain sane as they threaten to subsume your sense of self into the whole. You gain a temporary reprieve whenever you successfully assert yourself as the real "you", but it won't be long before they return to haunt you again. Even when they do not assault your mind in full, you might catch yourself remembering events you never experienced and recognizing others as people who never existed in this universe, making for a deeply confusing experience.

Crying For Blood (+400): A constant craving for violence infests your mind and determines your every action, a demonic impulse that you can barely contain. To rend the flesh of the weak and the strong and bathe in their blood is all that you seek and all you can bring yourself to care about when in anything but the most lucid of moods. Even then, withholding yourself from participating in battle for too long will mean becoming little more than a puppet of your own bloodlust, guiding you to greater and greater slaughter every time you manage to sate it. When will you stop? Can you, when your life is worth less to you than the thrill of battle?

Curse of Timidity (+400): So kind of heart you are; truly a saint that could celebrated all throughout the Young Kingdoms. The unfortunate part of this is that your immense kindness and mercy only manifests when you've finally confronted someone who has wronged you, deciding to spare them regardless of the crimes they've committed against you and those you hold dear. Even if you only

narrowly escaped one of their murder plots, you'll express your dissatisfaction with their choices in life and then go back to whatever you were doing, leaving you wide open for another assassination attempt.

A True Melnibonéan (+400): Even if you aren't actually a Melnibonéan, your thoughts and action perfectly reflect the traditional Melnibonéan ideal — which is to say that you are sadistic, duplicitous, and arrogant to a fault. Every enemy must be taken alive for the sake of torturing them viciously, which is of course the only fate for any less-than-animal lowlifes who dare to gaze at you without instantly prostrating before you and worshipping your superiority, and you'll find a good reason to stab even your most ardent comrades and followers in the back just because you feel like it. Should there be any reason why acting in this way would normally pose no problem to you, you'll find that your inhuman attitude constantly comes back to bite you regardless, and yet you will never change your ways.

Wrath of K'aarna (+400): One of your exploits have earned you the great ire of a sorcerer of some renown. Their grudge goes far beyond seeing you as a simple obstacle, and they are gripped by a deep, soul-twisting hatred for their new arch-enemy. This is a problem when one considers their not-insignificant resources and skill in weaving spells, both of which they will pour fully into their efforts to destroy every last part of you. Their attempts will be constant, striking when you least expect it and slinking away at the very moment you were about to catch them. This same process will repeat itself at least a dozen times, each attempt more insane and ill-advised than the last, and you will have to survive each and every one until the magician's luck fails them and you can put an end to them. But as long as they live they will stop at nothing to kill you, and you can expect them to offer their services to any other enemies of yours as well...

Sweetmeat (+400): You've fallen under the thrall of a Lord of Chaos, a being to whom human morality is a particularly funny joke at best. Your soul belongs to them, and their newly-acquired slave they'll be forcing you through all sorts of tribulations for the furthering of their goals and their own amusement. Your "quests" will be constant, undergoing one trial after another to further your fickle master's goals in the mortal realm, and occasionally crossing over into stranger dimensions as well to deal with whatever is bothering the Lord at that moment. Completing these tasks offer you no tangible benefit beyond at most a day of respite before you are ordered to throw yourself into another life-threatening situation, and the same pattern will persist until a day before your stay here ends, after which your soul will be freed and you are given the chance to take your revenge on them...

Wrath of the Elements (+400): Something you've done has severely displeased one of the elemental kings, the sole rulers of their respective element and all beings associated with it. Expect any interaction with that element to be turbulent at best, an aspect of nature itself moving against you to take your life as punishment for your perceived wrongdoings. Sea would lash out against you and swallow you with raging tides, earth would crush you and break under your feet, wind would cut you and toss you into its currents, and fire would do as it always does, only with a particular attraction towards you and your belongings. The choice of which element in particular despises you is your own, but you can choose to suffer the wrath of additional elements for **+100 CP** each.

Terrible Slumber (+400): You've been struck by an unusually common curse considering the rarity of magic in general, one that forces all energy to exit your body and leaves you unconscious, fated to sleep eternally if someone doesn't find a way to wake you. This is obviously troublesome, and should none of your companions or local allies find a means to break the curse at the end of your stay, you will be counted as dead and your chain will end. Only immensely rare and dangerous methods can awaken someone from an enchanted slumber, likely requiring a quest for some

faraway magical artifact.

Patronizing Patrons (+400): Your allies seem to have taken inspiration from Elric's patron demon Arioch, seeing as they are entirely unreliable and unlikely to offer you any aid even when it matters most; especially when it matters most, actually. Companions will assume that you as the jumper will be able to handle yourself just fine, local allies will insist that this is all because they want you to prove yourself even their help would be greatly appreciated, and summoned creatures simply won't bother to show up at all in the first place, meaning that if you want to accomplish anything during your stay here you'll have to do all of the work yourself.

Symbiotic Relationship (+400): Choose one weapon in your possession. Much like a certain albino and his hellish runeblade, you can no longer function without this weapon. It grants the weapon of choice no new abilities, not even granting you the energy of the slain like Stormbringer, and yet if you go too long without wielding it you will slowly grow weaker until you die. Besides this inconvenient arrangement, your weapon also seems to have inherited that same runeblade's malicious intelligence without any of the associated benefits. Once it finds the opportunity, it will momentarily awaken an unnatural power and attempt to possess your body so it can force you to slay the nearest ally, with your closest friends and lovers as its priority targets. You can resist the possession with a strong enough show of mental force, but it is no fool and will intentionally take advantage of you when you're at your weakest. It is a troublesome thing, that weapon.

Here, Kitty (+400): Through some sorcerous mishap, your soul has left you and is now trapped in the body of a small animal. While you're still alive and conscious in your own body, killing the animal will result in your own death as well. This might not be too much of an issue if the animal was in your possession, but that's the problem here: it isn't. The leader of a band of barbarians has captured both you and the animal, discovering your newfound weakness in the process, and he intends to exploit your misfortune to the fullest. You'll remain imprisoned at their camp save for the rare moments where they'll force you to do some dirty work for them, like acting as a translator or using magic to destroy a gate they have trouble getting through, and should you even look like you're planning an escape they won't hesitate to put a knife to your very frail vessel's throat. Should you manage to escape the bandits with the animal or reclaim it after taking your revenge, you will eventually be able to find a wandering wizard willing to return your soul to your own body.

Obvious Glowing Weak Point (+400): Like Chaos Lord Pyaray, you must suffer the misfortune of having your life essence sealed inside of a crystal embedded in your forehead. It's rather brittle, shattering from a good hit from an ordinary weapon, and its attention-grabbing nature ensures any foe with a modicum of intelligence will realize its importance to you. Because it contains your soul, the destruction of this gem will mean the end of your chain, and you won't be able to move your essence into another vessel for the duration of your stay. While this drawback is compatible with **Here, Kitty**, your soul will return to your glowing weak point if you manage to free yourself and the animal.

The Lesser Evil (+400): That's you, if you were wondering. But you have a tendency to consider yourself as the opposite, thinking that you're the most dangerous thing on this earth and that every other evil is nothing more than a pawn in your game for ownership of the entire universe. If you are a powerful king or sorcerer this might not pose as much of a problem as it would otherwise, but you make no exceptions at all in your arrogance and lust for power, viewing even the Lords of the Higher Worlds as a group of half-wits easily tricked into doing your bidding. You will find yourself thoroughly surprised when such beings take advantage of your inflated ego to further their own goals, before casting you and your delusions of grandeur aside. Violently.

Not Another! (+600, incompatible with Doomed Lord's Passing): You've ended up in quite the unfortunate situation. But rather than gaining a new enemy, you gained yourself a friend shortly before the start of your actual stay. The titular Elric of Melniboné, final ruler of the Bright Empire and this world's Champion of the Eternal Balance. The two of you were forced through some harrowing adventure together, and he now considers you a worthy comrade, you and Elric running into each other time and time again — if you weren't aware, this is a very bad thing. Because fate has decreed that while the White Wolf will live no matter the danger he faces, his friends must all suffer terrible ends at the point of his runeblade, and by befriending him you have relinquished any defenses you would otherwise have against the machinations of destiny. While your death is inevitable, it is not guaranteed to result in the end of your chain. As long as you manage to survive for as long as the Eternal Companion, Moonglum, you will able to move on regardless of the circumstances of your death afterwards, but Stormbringer always thirsts for more souls to consume and Elric often finds his hand slipping against his will…

Doomed Lord's Passing (+600, incompatible with Not Another!): Oh, it looks like you're rather late to the party. You arrive when the end of the world is already nigh, the conquests of Pan-Tang almost entirely complete and the destined final battle between Law and Chaos on the horizon. Elric is elsewhere to claim the Horn of Fate so that he may blow it at the end of the world and allow the earth to be born anew, but the influence of Chaos on the world interferes with the flow of time. It will take him a decade to return to this plane of existence and complete the path the Balance has laid out for him, during which you will have to deal with a realm under the almost complete control of the Lords of Chaos and their servants. If you intended to join their side then you will find them suddenly unwelcoming of your attempts to do so, since they would much rather take your life and your soul to torment it for all eternity. As such, your time here is guaranteed to be spent fending off attempts on your life by anything from lowly Chaos-creatures to their Lords in the flesh, and while you can certainly run there is nowhere for you to hide. Additionally, any other drawback enemies you would have had to face are now empowered massively by dark masters, and they are fully united in their craving for your blood.

Now that your stay here is over, you can reflect on your actions and decide what you want to do next:

Go Home: All of these pointless conflicts and grand cosmic games have left a sour taste in your mouth. You decide to end your chain and return to your first world with all you've gained so far.

Stay Here: To each their own. You end your chain and decide to remain in this world.

Move On: Whether you do it for some cosmic cause you might have found here or simply for your own enjoyment, you're not ready to end your journey yet. You continue your chain and move on to your next jump.

Notes:

Farewell, shitposter. I was a thousand times more jumpmaking than thou!